

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2181: Foreign

Leonel exhaled a long breath, his face marred with fatigue. Even Little Tolly, who Leonel had never seen exhibit such signs before, also seemed to be worn out. It was clear that this was already pushing the little guy's ability.

If others knew that Leonel had accomplished so much with a Fifth Dimensional Metal Spirit, it was hard to say how they would react. However, this was meaningless to him, what was important was that he had succeeded..

In a spacious field of the Segmented Cube, three ships, each exactly a kilometer long large. They were all sleek and powerful, and yet despite hovering in the air, the grass beneath them only swayed gently as though a delicate gust of wind was passing by instead of the behemoth-like Starships they really were.

In Leonel's estimation, this Starship was at least twice as strong as the previous one in terms of both offense and defense, and in terms of speed it was three times faster and more agile. On top of all of that, it would last five years instead of the previous estimation of one despite having had its fusion core separated into three pieces, and on top of that it could not only form space tunnels, unlike the larger Starship, it could cancel mid flight and avoid an interception.

Leonel believed that this ship was no worse than the Tier 1 Starships of Shield Cross Stars, despite the fact it was made only of Tier 2 materials. On top of that, it was far more versatile and stealthy.

If Leonel ever got his hands on a Tier 1 Starship, he wouldn't need his enlightened self to return. With what he had learned building these three, he would be able to modify any that came across him.

What was maybe the best about this Starship, though, was the fact that it could be controlled by a single person. Usually, Leonel had to make hundreds

of clones, thousands for the larger one. Only then could he barely control one at great cost to himself.

But now, even someone far inferior to him in terms of mental capacity could control these ships. This Starship was truly on a level of its own.

Leonel dragged his body to a pod and remained inside for half a day. This was the equivalent of an entire 48 days, but when he came out, his aura was primed and powerful. A large rush of Auspicious Air manifested around him and his Ten Stars appeared.

He closed his eyes, the sweatpants he wore fluttering in the air wildly as he continued to take deep breaths.

[Dimensional Cleanse] had always been a unique technique to Leonel, it almost felt that it had come to him by choice rather than him conspicuously picking it out after exiting the Mayan Tomb. There was clearly a tie between it and the Cataclysm Zone. This was something that Leonel had only casually concluded in the past, but the more he learned about the Cataclysm Zone, the more he felt that [Dimensional Cleanse] wasn't as simple as he thought it to be.

[Dimensional Cleanse] had opened up the world of true Universal Cycles to him, teaching him the uniqueness of it all and giving him a peek into a power that exceeded himself. As a result, his own Universal Cycles were extremely powerful.

By this point, especially considering his enemies, the Heavenly Body Realm he had once been in should have been useless, but he was still able to use it to fight against the likes of Amery. Now that he had entered the Natural Light Realm, he felt that it, too, was somewhat connected.

The sounds of a shattering barrier resounded and Leonel's body pulsed with a wild light, his body expanded and contracted wildly, seemingly growing to as much as double his size before shrinking back down to his original again and again.

It was an incredibly odd feeling, and it was the kind of breakthrough he had never experienced before.

An overwhelming power ascended from within the depths of his body, his strength leaping to tens of times his original in an instant before beginning to double continuously as though it would never stop.

Leonel exhaled a slow breath as it all came to a stop. When he opened his eyes, the world seemed simpler, less involved, easier to manipulate. His Dream Force affinity seemed to have increased again and he remembered even more of what his enlightened self had experienced, albeit still a fraction of a fraction.

'It's time to go,' Leonel said lightly.

His first destination wouldn't actually be the Morales family. Instead, it would be the Umbra family. It was about time he cash some checks.

He didn't even bother to think about the Skies family and the likes. He felt they were too inferior for what he needed to do, and though they were currently benefiting from the evolution of their land under Earth's influence, it would take at least a generation for those benefits to truly settle in. By then... he would hopefully be on to other things.

The moment Leonel stepped out from the Segmented Cube, though, a gust of gentle wind formed a beautiful woman appeared before him. A familiar fragrance assaulted his senses before he even looked down to find Aina.

She had a complicated look in her eye, not quite certain of what to say or how to say it. She was also worried about how Leonel would react to her presence, she felt like she was walking on eggshells. She was faintly aware that it wasn't normal to feel this way, but there was also nothing she could do about it.

In the end, she simply wrapped her arms around Leonel tightly, burying her head into his chest. She didn't say anything.

She had lost her mother as well, and she knew just how much Leonel cared about his father. This was a pain that she understood all too well.

She felt Leonel hesitated slightly, but she relaxed when she felt his arms wrap around her as well.

At that moment, a golden-haired woman emitting an air of maturity appeared. She looked quite dignified and sharp, an aura familiar to her and those that had known her for many years, but one completely foreign to her son.

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Chapter 2182: Your Plans

Leonel met his mother's gaze. He didn't really react very much. Usually, he could be quite charismatic, but that wasn't because it was his true personality, it was rather because he could analyze a situation and understand the best way to respond. But he simply wasn't in the mood. It could be said that he was rarely his true self, but right now, he very much was.

He didn't have much to give, and he didn't really want to take either. But given his mother's expression, it seemed that she was well aware of this, something that surprised Leonel..

If he had known that she had been a bundle of emotions just a day prior, he probably wouldn't believe it. However, this sort of reaction suited him just fine. He wasn't in the mood to console others. If he had to, he might very well just directly leave so that he wouldn't say something he would come to regret.

"What are your plans?" Alienor asked.

"Kill." Leonel replied simply.

"Okay," Alienor replied simply. "Mom will help you."

Leonel's gaze flickered, but he didn't say anything else. He simply vanished out from Aina's arms, disappearing from everyone's sight.

Aina lowered her arms, feeling somewhat helpless. However, she knew Leonel well enough to know that he dealt with things his own way. Remembering the words that his other self seemed to have spoken, she regained some of her calm. The fact that he had spoken those words meant something clear, this wouldn't last forever, and that was all the confirmation she needed.

When Leonel had first begun to pursue her, he had been the one that was extremely patient. Because she never said no and gave him no signs of direct refusal, he continued to ask. That was his own sort of resolve, and it was because of her own complicated feelings that she had strung him along for long, but not once had he ever complained about it, nor had he ever held it against her.

He had just lost his father. If she didn't even have this much patience, then what good was it for her to be in a relationship at all?

**Leonel took control of one of his Starships the moment he entered Earth's orbit, zipping out of Earth's solar system in the blink of an eye.

"Yip! Yip!"

An adorable little mink appeared above Leonel's shoulder, slithering down and curling in his lap. Leonel took a glance down before looking away. The small bit of warmth on his thighs, silent and guarded, was all he felt he needed.

The Starship appeared within Umbra family territory with a great amount of speed. Leonel descended and sent the ship into the Segmented Cube's finger sleeve before descending. He didn't wait for anyone and directly entered the capital building of the Umbra, or maybe it was more accurately a palace. It wasn't long before people reacted, and even more quickly, Radlis' aunt, Seltin, appeared before him.

"Leonel," Seltin greeted, though her expression was a bit weird. She, along with many others had seen what had happened that day, at least vaguely. The system was only designed to follow lower-level Seventh Dimensional battles, so one could imagine how many details had been missed when observing a battle nearing the Ninth Dimensional level and even directly entering it.

However, it was still enough for her to understand the gist of what had happened, at least up until the death of Leonel's family.

"Mm," Leonel nodded faintly.

Seltin frowned inwardly, feeling that Leonel's attitude was a bit too disrespectful. Her strength level wasn't something the current Leonel could fathom. She was well aware of what had happened in the Heir Wars, she had watched attentively along with everyone else. After all, they had sent some of their best inside and wanted to be ready to take action in case any of them were exposed.

However, Seltin restrained her true inner thoughts. She could imagine what Leonel was going through, she too had lost many people she cared about, many at the hands of the Three Finger Cult. So, she didn't blame him too much and simply waited for him to explain why he had come, but what she heard next caught her completely off guard.

"I will give the Umbra family a choice now, there is no in between, and there won't be time to regret later. Stand by my side in a war against the greatest powers of the Human Domain, or don't. What will your choice be?"

Seltin froze.

Of all the things she had expected to hear, this was the very last. Hadn't Leonel just become the Patriarch of the Morales? Was that why he was asking? Did he believe that the Morales were about to be attacked by the rest of the Human Domain? That was possible, but it shouldn't happen for a while, though? Who would attack right after a Domain War? Especially right after it was a Morales' death that had pretty much protected them all?

"You... You mean you would like to ask us whether we want to help defend the Morales?" She probed.

This was a much different ask than the meaning behind Leonel's words, but she felt that she had to ask anyway.

"I meant exactly what I said," Leonel replied plainly.

Seltin's frown deepened. By this point, the rest of the upper echelon had realized that something important was happening, but their reactions were much fiercer than Seltin's, and they were much more unable to hide their expressions.

"We can't just..."

"The Three Finger Cult's upper echelon has been almost entirely destroyed, all that remains are likely their Variant Invalids and maybe a few hidden branches. There is no reason for you to continue to hide."

"This..."

Seltin's heart skipped a beat, but her resistance seemed to only grow.

"Alright," Leonel said coolly. "The Bronze Tablet. Return it."

Seltin froze and her resistance reached its peak.

Leonel didn't seem to want to waste any time. The moment he saw Seltin's hesitation, he knew what the answer would be. However, when he saw her

reaction to the returning of his property, his gaze became frighteningly cold, so much so that Seltin seemed to be snapped awake.

It didn't feel like she was facing a youth any longer.

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Chapter 2183: Indifference

Leonel didn't move; he only continued to look at Seltin. His expression didn't seem to have changed in the slightest, but the frigid aura emitting from him was palpable.

At that moment, Radlis and Patriarch Silam both appeared. Radlis had long since returned to the Umbra family, and the latter felt quite helpless. Silam was nothing more than a figurehead; he was only in the Sixth Dimension, and he wasn't in a position to truly lead the Umbra family. But Leonel's strength was something that was deeply imprinted into him.

Although he couldn't use his full strength at the same, Leonel, a boy at merely the Fifth Dimension, and not even the peak of it but rather only at Tier 1, fought several Patriarchs all on his own, killing most of them and forcing the rest to heel.

There was an imprint of Leonel deep within his heart, an imprint that Seltin clearly didn't share despite having been present for Leonel breaking through two Tiers of the Sixth Dimension in a single bound.

The Umbra family had been on the sideline for too long. If Silam had to be honest with himself, although their stated goal was to gather their strength and eventually eliminate the Three Finger Cult, the reality was that they weren't doggedly pursuing this goal every waking minute.

They had grown complacent, and now that the Three Finger Cult had been dealt such a devastating blow even without them lifting a finger, they were even more so. Many had changed their goals. They felt that they could finally appear in the outside world once more, competing for hegemony in the Human Domain and even the wider Dimensional Verse.

As for the Bronze Tablet, they had never had any intention of returning. Their Ancestors were part of the founding of the Three Finger Cult, and though they

had to escape, if there were any remnants of the Cult, then it was rightfully their own.

Of course, they didn't know that this Bronze Tablet wasn't from their Cult at all. Rather, it was a reward that Leonel had taken for himself from the Cataclysm Zone. It had nothing to do with them outside of the fact it happened to complete the same function.

But even if Leonel explained this matter, something he couldn't be bothered to, would this change their position? At most, it would just make them more shameless.

"Three," Leonel said lightly. Seltin frowned, understanding what this meant.

"Two." She froze. Suddenly realizing what Leonel was doing, the humiliation and pride within her chest exploded. How dare he-?

"One." Leonel suddenly punched out.

"Auntie Seltin!" Radlis roared out, but it was too late.

BANG! Leonel's fist shot through Seltin's chest, shattering her heart into pieces. It was so furious and fast that Leonel's knuckles and wrist were entirely untouched by flesh and blood, a hole around his arm forming large enough for it to pass through unobstructed.

Seltin froze, looking down and not quite believing what had just happened. She was dead? That was impossible, there was still so much to do, she still had so much talent to unearth, she hadn't even brought out her greatest strength, she hadn't even...

Her eyes dimmed and she fell back, crashing into the ground.

"LEONEL!" Radlis roared. He couldn't believe what was happening, there was still room for discussion, why did he attack without saying anything. That was his aunt, a woman that had doted on him since he was a child. Although they weren't that close, he still saw Leonel as somewhat of a friend, just that they were unfortunate enough to separate before their relationship could deepen. But now...

Leonel couldn't seem to hear him at all. He stepped over Seltin's corpse as though it was worthless, moving slowly into the Umbra family's territory. His

Internal Sight flourished, and he locked onto a certain location. There simply wasn't anything in the whole of this planet that could escape his senses.

The elders in the surroundings had been stunned into silence. But when they finally processed what had happened, their eyes turned red with rage.

Several manifestations rose into the air, some were still Shadow Tails, but many more were Dusky Steel Bats, and even more than that were Aurora Black Pandas. Seltin was a woman they all respected to the bottom of their hearts. Although she only led the surface of the family, it was only a matter of time before she entered the true core of the family and became one of their pillars, but now she was dead far too early.

Their fury reached a tempest, but for every one that charged forward, Leonel would only punch out once. Chests caved, heads burst like watermelons, cries of agony and pleas of murder echoed through the skies, the thick scent of death filling the skies and rising like a tide before washing down like a tsunami.

Leonel didn't have any leniency, he didn't have any mercy, he killed indiscriminately. The moment he had taken Seltin's life, there was already no more room for negotiation, and he didn't care to negotiate either. You were either with him, or you would die. There was no other option.

At that moment, truly powerful auras began to approach one after another. The majority were infinitely close to the Eighth Dimension, definitely in a Quasi Realm of sorts, but at least three of them were true Ancestors. It was clear with a thought that the Umbra family had indeed been hiding away their true strength, but this was something that had been obvious to Leonel the moment he had learned that they were in fact once a part of the Three Finger Cult.

"Stop!" One of the Ancestors roared. He was a stalwart man and seemed to look like a himself, even having dark, deeply sunken eyes. His words were forceful and powerful, but his expression was ugly as he looked at the carnage before him. Just what had happened here?

Leonel looked up, his expression indifferent.

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Chapter 2184: First Casualty

When the panda-like Ancestor's eyes landed on Seltin's body, his expression became even uglier, but he struggled to force himself to calm down. How could he not recognize Leonel? He knew that this man was the current Patriarch of the Morales family, if they were to do something to him it would be about as good as declaring war, and if they were ready for something like that against such a behemoth, they would have already attacked the Three Finger Cult to get their revenge.

But at the same time, he couldn't just let things go like this, that was impossible. They had their own bottomline as well.

The Ancestor, a man named Gefnor, took a breath trying to calm himself. He didn't interact with the world much for obvious reasons, so these types of matters weren't what he was good at, but he was still sharp and astute. He immediately thought of a solution.

"... I know that you're able to revive people. Bring them back to life and we will pretend like this matter never happened."

"My tablet. Return it. Now." Leonel said coldly.

Gefnor's expression darkened. So this was what this was about?

"Revive her first, then we can discuss this matter..."

"She will remain dead."

Gefnor and the others were stunned into silence. They thought that maybe Leonel would demand to see his tablet first, maybe he would talk about not trusting them to keep their word, maybe he would try to work out some other deal... But what they never thought was that he would respond like this.

He didn't want to revive her. He would revive her. He had given her three seconds, and she didn't cherish it. What right did she have to live after offending him? What right did she have to revive when he couldn't do the same for his father?

The dead should remain dead.

Gefnor didn't know how to reply, but his fury did. It continued to bubble upward, threatening to spill over. Whether he interacted with the world or not, he understood the kind of weight the title of Ancestor brought, and he understood even greater than that what a gap between strength levels represented. No matter how talented Leonel was, even if he had been at the pinnacle of the Seventh Dimension, bridging the gap to the Eighth was absolutely impossible. That was only an understanding that one would gain after touching upon the threshold.

How could he allow a child to talk to him like this? But before he could say anything, Leonel nodded.

"You can all die, then."

At that moment, three Starships that had been hovering in the skies made their presence known. They rumbled just a single time and then their lasers shot out, piercing forward. The laser whizzed by Leonel's ear, a searing heat erupting that would have burned practically anyone else to ashes.

The laser was too quick for Gefnor to react. A hole was torn through his head and his gaze became vacant almost instantly.

The remaining two Ancestors were shocked away, quickly reacted to pull their strengths together, but Leonel had already spoken again.

"Rise."

Gefnor shuddered and a violet spirit came from his body. It didn't even get a chance to bow to Leonel before it was forced to attack.

Tragic cries echoed once again. The two remaining Ancestors were entirely occupied with waiting for the next strike of the Starship. By the time they realized the rest of their family was in danger, it was far too late and over half of their Quasi Eighth Dimensional experts had been crushed to death beneath Gefnor's might.

Leonel continued to walk forward, slipping by the two Ancestors as though they weren't worth much and entering the depths of the Umbra family compound.

By the time he came back, Bronze Tablet in hand, only Gefnor and the two Ancestors remained. Unfortunately for them, it wasn't easy to deal with an

Ancestor who could endlessly regenerate. The two were on their back legs and struggling mightily against Gefnor's suicidal attacks. He had already been the strongest amongst the three of them, which was why he was the first one to speak, and now they were suffering an obvious fate.

"Fight to the death," Leonel said indifferently, stepping out from the palace and preparing to leave. He didn't have the time to waste here, and he didn't feel like using more of his power on something so insignificant.

However, when he stepped out, he found a red-eyed Radlis kneeling by his aunt's corpse. He cared about his aunt greatly, and their relationship had always been extremely close. Although the latter was always teasing him and saying ridiculous things about her beauty, it was exactly that that made Radlis love her so much. It could even be said that most of his perversion came from the influence of his aunt, she had practically molded his personality.

But now she was dead, and at the hands of a person he had thought was a friend.

When he met Leonel's gaze, he thought he would see some helplessness, maybe an understanding that they were simply standing on two separate sides and that this matter was inevitable, maybe a certain level of understanding for his pain, maybe even a little remorse, but he saw none of that.

There was only an endless depth of indifference, as though he saw Radlis' emotions as nothing more than a fixture in his life that would pass away given enough time. There was no humanity in there, no care, no sympathy.

Radlis was in a complete daze. Could that even be a gaze that a human could have? Did he not understand human emotion? Did he not have a heart?

By the time he awoke from his daze, Leonel and his three Starships had vanished. The Umbra family, filled with hope and expectation for the future, had been razed to the ground. Those that remained alive were only those Leonel felt to be insignificant existences, and of those that were important, only Radlis and Silam remained, their silence palpable.

They were only the first casualty of Leonel's wrath.

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Chapter 2185: Army

"How do you get to the Spirituals Domain?" Leonel called out Wise Star Order, asking him a straightforward question. But this sort of question threw the latter completely off guard.

Wise Star Order had practically been ignored by Leonel, so he spent his time training his two disciples. He had thought that maybe Leonel would ask them to help during the war, but that time never came.

In Leonel's opinion, it wasn't yet the right time to use them, and they wouldn't have been much help to begin with. They wouldn't have changed the outcome. Savants were secret weapons that were best used when the enemy knew nothing about them. Otherwise, it would be possible to plan for their abilities and counter them ahead of time. Once their abilities were countered, Savants were no different from mortals.

But to call him forward so suddenly and for this reason...

Leonel's enlightened self could make it to the Spirituals Domain with ease, but that was also because Dream Force could envelop an entire Domain; it was easy to find entrances to other Domains like this. But without this ability, travel was much more difficult.

The Void Battlefield wasn't just a Battlefield, it was also a buffer between regions and it was incredibly difficult to cross without the right tools. Leonel didn't want to go to other Domains now, but he wanted to understand what he had to prepare first. Since Wise Star Order had spent quite a bit of time in the Spirituals Domain and had even hidden a great amount of treasures there, he definitely should know how to get there.

As expected, after regaining his calm, Wise Star Order gave a brief explanation. It was also about as complex as Leonel had expected, but it wasn't just because of the Anarchic Force, but rather because the Spirituals had gone out of their way to corner themselves off as though they were some sort of untouchable existence.

But it was greater than this for Leonel.

'They know something.'

From Wise Star Order, he had gained something he hadn't expected and he could see a bit of why the Spirituals acted the way they did. He could also see just how rare it was for one of them to exit their world, and how much importance they had placed on his father for one of them to show up, especially since I was their Emperor.

Leonel slotted this to the back of his mind.

Given what his father had done to King, there would very soon be huge changes to these "simulations." However, due to the time dilation between the worlds, where even a few split seconds was years, it was hard to tell when exactly it was this would happen. Or, it might very well be possible that they could adjust the time dilation at their will to mitigate these factors.

Regardless, he had to be faster, sharper.

Leonel waved Wise Star Order off and left swiftly, not looking back and leaving the extraordinarily handsome man in a bit of a state of shock.

In the blink of an eye, this young man had caught up to him, but it was worse than that. Wise Star Order felt that now, even if he racked his mind for schemes, catching Leonel off guard would be absolutely impossible.

All he could see was death. If he even tried, the afterlife was all that awaited him after all these years of living. Leonel didn't even feel the need to worry about him anymore... And that was despite the fact his father was no longer here to ensure his safety.

Wise Star Order sighed. He wasn't sure what to do. Did he really have to give up all of his hopes and aspirations?

...

Leonel entered the Lab Setting, but the region had stepped into was one that only himself and Aina had been in. No one knew what was here, and even if it was explained to them, they would likely never believe it... and yet here it was.

Before Leonel, countless human-sized tubes filled to the brim with light blue liquid floated. There were easily millions of them, the space simply felt endless. But what was more important than these fluid filled tubes was what was within them...

Demons. As far as the eye could see, countless demons rested within these test tubes, waiting to be awakened.

At the very forefront of these demons, was one that Leonel recognized intimately. It was a beautiful, blue-scaled demon with a flesh hood that connected its shoulders and the top of its head. Every time it breathed, a tongue would slither out, snapping at the air and colliding against the body of the tube, causing it to shake and quake despite the fact it was formed of nigh indestructible materials.

That was right, this was none other than the Cobra Demon, the very demon that had eaten him alive. Not just one of them, but over ten thousand. And this... what nothing more than just a single one of Leonel's troops, each of which he had forged a special unit binding armor for. This was the handy work of the Tentacle Womb, a process that had taken many years to finish.

This was an army that he had planned to unleash to protect the Morales family from the onslaught of the wider Human Domain, but now their purpose had changed. The Morales had pissed him off, greatly.

If the Umbra family had seen this army, it was hard to tell how they would react. If they were paired with the Starships, it was hard to say if there was a single army in the Human Domain that could deal with them properly. They were existence that were nigh undefeatable in the Seventh Dimension, and now they were about to be released on the world. If such an army just had the backing of a handful of Ancestors, just how powerful would they be?

Leonel took a step and exited the Lab Setting. He found Aina standing, seemingly waiting for him.

"Let's go, we're returning to the Morales family."

Aina didn't say much and only nodded, the two of them vanishing. Alienor followed along, the family of three moving toward a behemoth of the Human Domain.

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Chapter 2186: Encirclement

The atmosphere of the Morales family was odd. The death of Velasco wasn't lost on them. It was only after he was gone that they seemed to understand

just how much of a looming presence he was. Long before Leonel, there was Velasco, and it could be said that the amount of pride and joy he had brought the Morales family despite his personal attitude issues was impossible to measure.

How long had he been the symbol of the Morales? The untouchable expert who stood above them all? Even though he didn't hold any power in the family, he was subconsciously understood to be their most powerful expert, and as a result, he was likewise a badge of projection. The Morales family was powerful enough in their own right, but anyone who wanted to do something to them needed to think twice, and then thrice, not just because of them, but because of what that one man might do.

The day of Velasco's rampage was something that had left a scar on the whole of the Human Domain. It was something they all remembered profoundly, and it was something that the Morales had hung their hat upon for the longest time. And now... That man was gone.

Subconsciously, they all felt a little less safe, a little less confident, a little less prideful... That sort of emptiness wasn't something that even the Ancestors could immediately contest against. Despite their best efforts, the somber atmosphere was heavy, mixing into the once happy and jovial atmosphere and creating an odd mixture.

It was impossible for there to be 100% acceptance of a matter in a family that was so large, and there were of course some who simply didn't care and even some who felt that a scourge was finally gone, many of those being members of the older generation.

Leonel didn't feel anything different when he entered the Morales family. He wasn't very familiar with it, nor did he have any close feelings of familiarity with it. It was already much different from the first time he had been here, but once again he didn't seem to care much.

Rather than reporting to the central region of the Morales family territory, Leonel had other plans, and that was of course to finally allow Little Tolly to evolve. In order to pick the perfect evolution path for the little one, he needed a Force Eruption.

Force Eruptions were the method by which worlds evolved. They pumped a world with a large amount of higher quality Force than it was used to, but as a result, they were also quite dangerous.

The last time Leonel had been caught up in the Force Eruption, he had to fight tidal waves of beasts, and because he had been on an island at the time, oceanic beasts got involved and caused a great deal of damage to the land.

He didn't think about those memories much, though, mostly because the friends that he had made on that island had all died due to the Terrain invasion. War was a cruel thing, and people died. It was a blunt and all too obvious truth. But Leonel had always been good at ignoring it... At least when it didn't involve the people who had large pieces of his heart.

Clearly, there was no avoiding it now.

These matters, though, weren't on Leonel's mind at all. He didn't care about the danger, nor did he care about those that had died all that time ago. Instead, he was more interested in finding the location of such a Force Eruption. Luckily, they weren't hard to find at all.

The Morales World had been a Seventh Dimensional World previously for many generations. It had long since reached the end of its potential and if not for Leonel, it would have never crossed over to reach an Eighth Dimensional world. It had to be remembered that Earth was supposed to be the only world in the Human Domain with Eighth Dimensional potential.

This aside, as a result of this, the Morales World was impossibly vast, covering several Sectors. In order for such a large region to enter the Eighth Dimension, the number of Force Eruptions necessarily was uncountable.

It wasn't long before Leonel was able to find one. He just needed to map out the regions of Force from lowest concentration to highest and move toward the flow of the latter. Once the Force Eruptions ended, the Force would equalize. But for now, things were still very much imbalanced.

Controlling the Segmented Cube shuttle, Leonel whizzed toward the Force Eruption.

The Segmented Cube's shuttle mode was sleek and powerful, formed of jigsaw pieces of black and radiant blue, it looked like an enigma racing across the skies.

The moment Leonel got into range of the Force Eruption, though, he sensed that his shuttle was locked down upon by several auras.

Leonel didn't need to think very hard to understand what was happening.

In such a situation, especially one so unexpected, there would of course be many bad actors. Evolving into an Eighth Dimensional world involved much more than just Force, but resources as well, and many of these resources were concentrated in regions of Force Eruptions as well.

If the Morales were smart, they would of course leave guards in these regions, stopping both fellow Morales and bad actors from other families from taking advantage.

However, Leonel simply didn't care. He was the Patriarch of this family supposedly. He didn't feel any sort of guilt. Though, even if he wasn't the Patriarch, it would be hard to say if he had the capacity to feel such a thing at the moment at all.

The Segmented Cube was much too fast after entering the Ninth Dimension. Leonel knew without a doubt that there was no one in this world that could catch him in this shuttle, so how could he not get by a mere encirclement of a few?

He zipped by, leaving them in his dust.

However, it was clear that this matter wouldn't end so simply. And maybe Leonel didn't want it to either.

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Chapter 2187: Who Cared?

Leonel landed, the raging Force Eruption spewing like a geyser before him.

"Go," he said lightly.

Little Tolly rushed forward greedily.

Leonel had never forgotten the innate instinct of Little Tolly, and that was of course to consume, and consume, and then to consume some more. If the little one's food intake wasn't regulated, it was quite easy for it to go on a complete rampage. So, when he saw how excited Little Tolly was, he wasn't surprised at all. It seemed that the little Metal Spirit was happy that it could finally release.

Leonel didn't say or do much. He had already prepared everything long in advance, and Little Tolly had been ready for this evolution for even longer than that. It had to be remembered that Tolliver had waited for Leonel for over 20 years; it could be said that they were overprepared.

Better than that, the Morales seemed to have set up some sort of barrier to stop outsiders from interfering with this region, or maybe more importantly than that, beasts. As such, all he really had to do was stand here, but that sort of leisure could only last for so long.

Soon enough, the auras that he had sensed previously quickly closed in. But in a comical scene, the three that had appeared were stuck out of the barrier that the Morales had erected. All three had thought that Leonel would be stuck outside as well, but who would have thought that he would be just fine?

There were two men and a woman, all of them wearing the bronzed, and somewhat rustic and brushed armor. This armor also seemed to carry some rust on it, but it was impossible that the Morales would dress their guards in such shabby attire on purpose; there was either some historical significance to this, or there was something special about the armors themselves.

These three, though, were part of the Morales Divine Guards. They were all well into the Seventh Dimension, and they had the sharp eyes of spearmen and the valiance of warriors. Despite the fact they felt somewhat humiliated by the situation, they calmed down quickly, realizing that Leonel could only leave this region once he was done; they just had to be prepared to intercept him.

From this vantage point, they could only see Leonel's back view, but all Morales had bronzed skin, darker to bronze hair and dark to bronze eyes. Even when they married out, the genes of the Morales were so strong that this would always be the case. Unless, of course, they married into a bloodline of equal standing, but this had never happened in the history of the Morales.

Due to the hidden Fifth Door of their Lineage Factor, even Morales who had illicit affairs with Suiard family members, or even other Races, never experienced anything different. This was such a hard rule that many had just become used to it, and their first assumption was that Leonel wasn't a member of the Morales at all, something that made their killing intent much deeper.

But then, they frowned. That hair color...

Leonel's hair color was extremely unique, and it didn't even seem to be a color alone at all, it was rather like a negative light. It appeared white in some light, an extremely pale pink in others, and a fierce violet in others. It moved in the wind as though it had no weight to it, and it seemed to be made up of countless strands of fiber glass material instead of hair.

It was truly beautiful, and it only seemed to become more so the longer one looked at it. But it was also due to this uniqueness that it was very familiar.

That hair color, they had seen it before. Their Patriarch, Leonel Morales, that man's son, didn't he have the same hair?

The three looked toward one another, not knowing what to do immediately. There were some odd rumors circulating about their Patriarch, but it was hard to verify them because it hadn't come right from the mouths of the Ancestors. But, for them as Divine Guards to learn of this information, especially considering the kind of circles they kept, it was more likely than not that there was some truth to it.

The first rumor was that their Patriarch had been called back by the Ancestors over a month ago, but he still hadn't appeared. That was all the rumor said, but if it was true the weight behind it wasn't small in the slightest.

Leonel was ultimately still a junior and the greatest power of the Morales was in the hands of the Council of Ancestors. Plus, Leonel had yet to have his coronation ceremony, so technically, Adawarth's father was still the Patriarch to this point.

The second rumor, though, made the first even worse. And that was that Leonel was like his father, the only difference was that he didn't mind using others to reach his goals. And if that was true, then would Leonel abdicate from the position like all others before him had?

It was impossible to know who had started these rumors, it was done too cleverly, and things were to the point that even these Divine Guards believed them.

But that was the thing... these matters were the truth. These rumors weren't lies at all. Leonel had indeed received a summons a month ago that he had completely ignored. Although he had been in a coma at the time, even if he had been awake, he would have directly ignored it.

As for the matters of abdication, it was less that Leonel had intentions of spitting in the face of tradition, and more so that he felt that by the time enough time for abdication had passed, the situation of the Morales would be so different that these old and ancient rules likely wouldn't be worth a damn at all.

At that moment, the ground quaked and the earth rumbled.

Leonel raised an eyebrow, but then he shook his head. He didn't care, it was just one mine, who cared if Little Tolly swallowed it all?

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2188: ROAR!

"Shit!" The female Divine Guard cursed. They were all Morales, and they were well aware of the existence of Metal Spirits. Though Divine Guards were part of the Spear Domain Faction, they had enough interaction with the Metal Synergy Faction to understand what they were seeing.

This was a textbook example of a rampaging Metal Spirit, just what was this young Patriarch of theirs doing?! Was he trying to get revenge on the Morales for something by destroying their resources?

No, this didn't make any sense. He was already caught after the first time. One mine wasn't enough to even put a dent into the Morales.

But then they remembered that shuttle that Leonel was using. It was so fast that they barely caught wind of it. In fact, if it wasn't for the fact that Leonel had slowed to so that he could detect the flow of Force more clearly, they might not have been able to track him at all.

Even so, now that he had been found, did he really want to continue?

"Stop! Don't do this!" The female Divine Guard could only say this, it was happening too quickly to explain anything else.

Under normal circumstances, a Patriarch would be able to control something as insignificant as a single mine. But setting aside the fact that Leonel had yet to be coronated, the Morales were currently in their own state of Martial Law. Their alert state gave power over most decisions over to the Ancestors and it

also made even petty crimes that would usually be dealt with a slap on the wrist far more severe.

These rules were put in place to control the population and to also keep bad apples from poisoning the well. It only made it worse that although this mine was fairly insignificant in the grand scheme, for it to have three Divine Guards guarding it, it wasn't too bad either.

Suddenly, a geyser shot into the air, overshadowing the Force Eruption. But very soon, it became clear that it wasn't a geyser, but rather the roaring form of a rampaging Metal Spirit.

The expressions of the guards changed once again.

"Run! Leonel!"

No matter the situation, they didn't want to see a young genius of the Morales to die just like that, but Leonel didn't move at all.

Leonel looked up, his gaze calm. Mother Nature didn't make mistakes, or more accurately, it couldn't. Given enough time, any existing creature would tend toward perfection. That was the simple fact of evolution. Those with defects, those that were inferior, would die off, while those that were strong would continue on.

For the Metal Spirit, one of the most ancient of creatures, for it to have such a tendency within it... could it really be a mistake? Or was this just how Metal Spirits should be?

The Cataclysm Zone gave Leonel the answer to that question. Or more accurately, it had given him the clues he needed to reach his own conclusion. He needed Little Tolly to be stronger, he needed a way to bridge the gap and deal with his own current weakness.

And this was that way.

Leonel was of course choosing the Jack of All Trades path for Little Tolly. However, being a jack of all, of course came with being a master of none. That was the catch, but he would also be able to improve upon these weaknesses, it would just require a great deal of effort and resources. Unless, of course... this worked.

The four paths of the Metal Spirit were straightforward. The first allowed the improvement of ores, helping them tend toward perfection. The second allowed the fusion of ores to create new ores that combined the abilities of both. The third allowed them to swallow Universal Force, supplementing their Crafter and helping their stamina while also increasing the chance of success. The fourth was, of course, what Leonel was choosing... but with a twist.

After reading the method of breaking through, Leonel got an inkling that something was missing, and he felt that intuition was very correct.

The original breakthrough method had a great deal of precaution around the potential rampaging of your Metal Spirit. In fact, most of the so-called method was actually a series of Force Arts that could suppress this wild ambition of a Metal Spirit.

However, the reason Leonel was standing here, arms crossed, doing absolutely nothing, was because he had cast away all of those methods. The only things he had prepared were what he needed to force Little Tolly onto the fourth path. And now, it was time to see if he was correct or not.

Maybe if he was in another state of mind, he might feel nervous, maybe feeling a bit of fear, or maybe a bit of hope. But the current him looked forward quite coldly, watching as Little Tolly got so big that the once little guy could be seen across the entire hemisphere.

The Divine Guards had already retreated a great deal, feeling like they "understood" Leonel all the more. They felt that this was his plan all along. If he allowed his Metal Spirit to rampage, then it would only be a matter of time to swallow up everything. Soon, there would be no one but the Ancestors that could stop it.

A Metal Spirit that had swallowed up such a large amount of condensed Eighth Dimensional Force, but swallowing up an entire Eighth Dimensional Mine on top of that, wasn't a level of existence that they could deal with confidently alone.

The commotion grew so large that the planet began to rock back and forth. Without a choice, the Divine Guards hurried to report this matter to the Ancestors. They had had some thoughts of maybe turning a blind eye so that this situation wouldn't become too complicated and they wouldn't get caught in a whirlwind of what seemed to be an internal conflict, but now they simply had no choice.

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Chapter 2189: Success?

Little Tolly's roar shook the skies. It was hard to believe that an adorable blob of silver could make such a sound, but this was the reality before them all right this moment.

The once little one raised into the skies like a roaring dragon, snaking through the skies, but even that form didn't last for long. Tolly couldn't seem to decide on a form, shifting through countless mystical creatures. Sometimes it was a dragon, sometimes it was a qilin, sometimes it rose into the skies like a majestic, silver phoenix, and yet some other times it became something far more sinister, a vast, endless and casting net of silver that seemed prepared to swallow up the entire world.

'Something is missing...' Leonel thought to himself.

If things continued like this, he felt that he would fail. He felt that his general idea was correct, but it was impossible for things to go perfectly just because he had this idea.

Just think about it for a moment. In order for this method to be created, others had to have failed before. They had all likely witnessed a rampaging Metal Spirit and decided that it couldn't be allowed to happen. That meant that if he did nothing and simply continued to observe, whatever terrible outcome the people of the Cataclysm Zone had wanted to avoid would be exactly what happened here.

It was just unfortunate that Leonel hadn't figured out what that was ahead of time. He felt that he was still missing something to complete his deduction, and the only way to do that was to observe the process in person. But he only had one Metal Spirit and there was nothing else that he could observe in its stead...

So he chose this approach. It was either he succeeded here, or he would lose his Metal Spirit.

Tolliver was a precious friend of his. It couldn't communicate, and it hadn't even chosen an identity for itself, but the teachings of his father was something that Leonel took up with the utmost seriousness.

Now that he thought about it, he had never seen his father's own Metal Spirit. In all likelihood, that was related to exactly why his father was so serious about the matter. His father had lost so much in his life, and maybe his Metal Spirit was just yet another sacrifice on that path...

Leonel closed his eyes, the net of Little Tolly expanding to the point that it crashed against the barriers that the Morales had set up, pushing against it and causing it to crack once, and then crack again. It seemed that even this barrier designed to stop the most powerful of the Seventh Dimension could barely resist against the current Tolliver, the rampaging Metal Spirit having lost its mind entirely.

Suddenly, Leonel's eyes opened. 'That's it.'

With calm movements, Leonel slowly took out something that he had been saving for a long time. In fact, he had never thought that he would come to find a use for it, and even if he did, he thought that maybe it would be used in one of his final Divine Armors, but it seemed that all of that preparation had instead led up to this very moment here.

In his hands, Leonel held up none other than his very own strand of hair.

Leonel didn't know why, but every time he had a great boost in strength, his hair would likewise grow. After recent breakthroughs, his hair became like flowing rivers, extending outward for dozens of meters, even hundreds recently.

What was most shocking about this was that if it wasn't for his Emperor's Might Lineage Factor, he would just have to let it be. The reason for that was because... his hair was truly indestructible. He thought that maybe it was just because he was weak in the past and couldn't gather enough strength, but even now, he was unable to do anything to the hair that had grown back when he was still merely in the Third and Fourth Dimensions.

In fact... even his enlightened self couldn't do it.

Luckily, his hair was attached to his body, it was a part of it, and thus he had perfect autonomy over it. Using his King's Might to allow him to cut it was as easy as breathing, but it was also the only way to do so.

It was truly an anomaly, the other Morales didn't seem to have this problem at all. Leonel actually felt that due to his Lineage Factor deviation back when he

had originally tried to open up his first set of doors, he had caused this mutation within himself.

Either way, right this moment, Leonel felt that this was somehow the very best solution to the problem.

He needed something to ground Tolliver, something that made their connection even stronger. Another person might be helpless in this sort of situation. What part of themselves could they feed to a Metal Spirit if not their own flesh and blood?

However, Leonel had a true solution, one he felt had a better than 90% chance of working.

He threw his long strands of hair into the air as Little Tolly dove toward him. Sensing the powerful metals coming his way, Tolliver was immediately distracted, swallowing it all up. But to both their surprise, Tolliver couldn't seem to absorb it all instantaneously like it had done in the past.

The little Metal Spirit bundled up, wrapping around the long strands of hair until it was nothing more than a small silver ball that landed with a plop upon Leonel's hands.

'Corrosive...'

Leonel had long since gotten used to touching Tolliver directly, but it seemed more dangerous now than it ever had been. Even so, he didn't seem to mind.

He nodded to himself, watching as Tolliver pulsed, slowly digesting his ore-like hair. It was hard to believe that this same bundle of silver had just been about to swallow a planet, but here it was.

He had succeeded.

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Chapter 2190: How Many?

The rumbling earth and the collapsing skies came to a pause. The Divine Guards, who had escaped into the distance, thinking that everything for this planet had come to an end, were stunned into silence. They truly hadn't expected that things would actually end like this, and so... simply at that.

They had heard tales of rampaging Metal Spirits. Although it hadn't happened in a very long time, there was a special alert placed on Divine Guards like them to watch out for them this time, that was why they were so quick to report things. During a Force Eruption dense region like this one, the Metal Spirits that were native to their world could very easily go out of control. Luckily, this hadn't happened yet, or rather not until now, but that was beside the point. What they were more keen on was the fact that things shouldn't have ended so easily.

A Metal Spirit was a force of nature. The more it observed, the more powerful it became, and in the end, the worst of them could even stand toe to toe with monstrous existences like the Void Beast. Of course, that was only in the most extreme of cases, and unlike the Void Beast, such Metal Spirits would usually not have their minds intact when they reached such a state. But it was a huge worry nonetheless.

Often, it took the efforts of an entire seasoned army, at the cost of many, to reel in this sort of enemy. So how had Leonel done it all on his own?

At that moment, several auras that both matched their own and even surpassed them rushed in from the distance. In the lead, there was an Ancestor Issa, but this wasn't too surprising to them. Most of the Ancestors were still focused on elucidating the secrets of their new Lineage Factor to worry about other things. So, currently, only Ancestor Issa and Ancestor Alvaro were heading the charge and leading the family currently.

However, when they approached, ready for battle to deal with the Metal Spirit, having responded quite quickly at that, they found... nothing?

Ancestor Issa frowned. Her time as an Ancestor was very precious, she couldn't just move around as she pleased. If it wasn't because the fluctuation of Force in the air was a bit odd, she would have already turned around and left the punishment to the forces beneath her. However, since something seemed off, she turned to the female Divine Guard.

"Divine Guard Elilen, what is the meaning of this?"

"This... I..."

Seeing the flustered appearances of not just Elilen, but all three of them, Issa's gaze narrowed. What was happening here?

In the end, Elilen could only just describe the happenings to the best of her ability.

"A Force Eruption? Littlest Nova? Metal Spirit..." Issa mumbled, looking down.

But... why was it that there was no Force Eruption here? And mine, there was no mine either. There was Leonel, she noticed, looking down toward the earth below, but he didn't seem to have acknowledged their appearance at all, remaining entirely focused on Little Tolly who was in his hands. In fact, after several moments, he put Little Tolly away and caused the Segmented Cube's shuttle to appear before him with a wave of the hand. It really seemed like he would just leave like that.

Ancestor Issa frowned and she waved a hand, clearly having plans to seal Leonel in place. But the moment her Force moved, a rippling barrier of the Segmented Cube seemed to have deflected it, as though it stood in a world of its own that Issa couldn't interfere with.

Leonel finally looked over, a sharp coldness in his eyes that made Issa's pupils constrict. She saw Leonel as nothing more than a child, but at the moment he was anything but. It even felt that he had the ability to kill her if he truly wanted to, an illusion that she couldn't shake no matter how many times she tried to reset her mind.

Her frown deepened, but she soon relaxed. What kind of nonsense was all of this, exactly?

They had summoned a child of the Morales back, and yet he had ignored him. Then a month later he shows up and rather than appearing with an explanation and an apology, the first thing he does is plunder their resources? What kind of joke was that?

"Arrest him," Ancestor Issa said lightly. The other Divine Guards had heard the story clearly enough. They made a move to apprehend Leonel immediately, some more hesitant than others, but none daring enough to show so physically. In the face of an Ancestor, Leonel's prestige wasn't nearly enough, and that was doubly so since he had yet to be coronated and his father had died.

However, they had only moved a small measure when a golden laser suddenly whizzed by. The heat seared their faces, their bodies going taut before they could even fight against the instinct.

Issa was the most frozen. An entire half of her long hair had been sliced off at the ear, her earlobe bleeding just the faintest bit before the wound quickly corroded under heat.

Leonel took a step into the Segment Cube and almost vanished from view. But before the hatch closed, he looked up.

"If the Morales family wants to take the Patriarch position away from me, feel free to do so. Just know that I'll then treat you like every other family in the Human Domain. Don't test my patience. I'm not a child that you can order around as you please.

"How many Ancestors have you killed in your lifetime, Ancestor Issa?" Leonel asked coldly.

Issa, still in a state of shock, seemed to have been frozen cold all over again.

"No answer?" Leonel spoke lightly as he looked away, the hatch slowly closing. "Well, I've personally killed over 50, a sight I'm sure you personally witnessed. That number seems to be more than the amount the Morales have in total."

Click. The hatch closed and the shuttle shot off into the distance, closing in the central city of the Morales.