

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2193: Patriarch |

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2193: Patriarch

Leonel lowered his hand, his gaze indifferent and unmoved. He already expected much of this to happen and none of it surprised him. However, this sort of commotion was the kind that could easily catch the attention of an entire family. Even while so focused on understanding all of the secrets of their new Lineage Factor, the Morales Ancestors couldn't help but be alerted by this matter, and even the deepest reaches of them, existences that hadn't appeared in the light of day in centuries, came forward.

Obviously, this was caused by one very important reason... the World Spirit had vanished.

Ancestor Alvaro landed not far from Leonel, his brows knitted into a tight frown. He had witnessed everything with his own eyes and the shock within him wasn't small in the slightest. He didn't quite know how to react. Should he be angry? Impressed? Should he reprimand Leonel and try to punish him? Or should he pretend as though he hadn't seen anything?

But the problem with the latter choice was that there was simply no way that others would let it slide, and it seemed even less likely that Leonel just planned to leave things as is and stop causing these things to happen.

"Littlest N..."

"Gather the various elders and Ancestors of the family. I have some things I need to say. I will make some things clear first, though. This is the one and only chance that I'm giving the Morales, and for no other reason than the fact half of my blood comes from here. If it was another family that cowered in their own dens while others fought for the safety of the Human Race, there would be no negotiations at all."

Leonel walked by Ancestor Alvaro, leaving him far too stunned to speak. He in one part couldn't believe that a junior was talking to him like this, but on the other hand he didn't quite know how to refute.

Staying here and adding to their fortifications seemed like the obvious and natural thing to do, but when he heard Leonel describe it as a cowardly act, his old face became a bit red. The Morales were naturally straight forward and valiant people, they knew what it meant to be brave and what it meant to lead a battle with the tip of your spears. It should have naturally been they, who were among the strongest humans, who led the forefront of the battle.

Instead, though, the human army had been made up of juniors and a hodgepodge of geniuses from lesser families that had worked their way up to the pinnacle of the Seventh Dimension. Not a single of the Human Domain's most prominent families had appeared, and it seemed that they had taken the fact that Leonel had repelled the Invaders for granted.

But what else was new?

Leonel reversed the entrapment of countless geniuses in the Cataclysm Zone, saving the hopes of countless families, and yet this seemed to have been forgotten.

He had become the Patriarch apparent of the Morales family, completing a shocking feat and defeating Seventh Dimensional geniuses while only being in the Sixth... and yet this seemed to have been forgotten.

He had killed dozens of enemy Ancestors, he had crushed the scourge of the Human Domain, he had wiped out threat after threat, and yet this had been forgotten.

And why, exactly? Because he was too young? Because his feats were too ridiculous? Because it was easier to accept the status quo? Because others felt that he was too arrogant? Or maybe it was because they felt they could do with him as they pleased now that his father was dead.

Amusing.

Leonel walked into the grandest room in Morales territory. It was embroidered in gold, brass and bronze, the workmanship of the Morales on full display as ancient depictions of battles long passed were etched into the very walls that seemed forged of dozens of meters thick bricks of metal.

Every step he took was resonating, and Ancestor Alvaro's action seemed completely unnecessary. One after another, the pinnacle existences of the Morales appeared. Whether it was those of the Spear Domain Faction or those of the Metal Synergy Faction, they arrived in full force, originally believing that their family was in danger, and only now understanding that Littlest Nova had appeared.

Without a hint of ceremony, Leonel reached the throne and sat upon it. The floors rumbled and the planet shook, a surge of King's Might taking hold of the Morales land. At that moment, even without making a single move, the Morales Ancestors seemed to feel that none of them stood a chance against the current Leonel.

"Sit." Leonel commanded coldly.

The elders and Ancestors subconsciously moved. Many of them were able to resist and continued to stand, hidden in the shadows or in plain sight, but the majority could not, following along one after another until the hall was completely filled.

In a daze, they didn't even realize what had happened until they had already sat down. And now, most were far too embarrassed to even stand once again in a fit of rage, feeling that it was better if they pretended that this was their intention all along.

At that moment, Ancestor Issa caught up, her expression twisted. What had happened, how had things ended up like this?

She had faintly heard Leonel's earlier words, and she couldn't quite believe it.

Many of the Ancestors were more than a little unsatisfied, feeling as though a junior was trying to step on their heads, but the current Leonel's presence was too suffocating, almost like he could snuff out their lives with a single word.

"Littlest Nova, what is the meaning of this?" A certain Ancestor Wenrow spoke, his distaste clear in his voice. "That throne can only be sat upon by the current Patriarch, you've yet to be coronated. In addition, when all Ancestors are present, the level of the throne must be brought down in order to show respect to those that came before you. There are several here who've served as Patriarch before, you aren't the first, and you won't be the last."

"Are you finished?"

Ancestor Wenrow froze.

"Now, I have some things I would like an explanation for. The family made a decision to hole up and retreat from the battlefield without my consent. Why?"

Silence fell. No one knew how to answer this question because they felt it was too ridiculous.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2194: Overlord

Leonel didn't seem to pick up on the reaction of his elders. He sat on his throne stoically, his eyes even partially closed. It didn't seem like he cared at all about their response, and yet he didn't say a word after. It was as though he was just fine with the silence, just fine with letting this sort of atmosphere brew and breed, just fine with allowing the pressure to slowly and steadily rise, pressing down upon the shoulders of these Ancestors in a way they had simply never experienced before.

The silence was deafening and persistent. Many thought that Leonel would eventually fold, but eventually it looked as though he was simply taking a nap, his aura dormant, rumbling like a sleeping dragon.

Eventually, it was Ancestor Alvaro, the very one who had witnessed this process from start to finish that spoke. The others were aware that something big had happened, but they had no idea just how big it was. However, even Alvaro never guessed that he wouldn't be able to speak.

An aura the likes of which these Ancestors had never felt before descended. The expressions of several changed, as though waiting for an oncoming enemy. But those that were in the know and recognized this aura all too well felt their faces go pale. Just what had occurred for this individual to be stirred?

The most senior of the Ancestors was Ancestor Hito, or so it seemed to be so on the surface. The truth was that the true depth of a large family's prowess was more than even deeper than most of their upper echelon knew, let alone outsiders.

There were two separations of such existences within the Morales.

The first were the Death Sworn. These were individuals born and bred their entire lives to give up their very breath for the sake of the family. Often, even to their former family members, they had died long ago. It wasn't until the day they were needed that they would step forward, but most often they would die of old age, never able to take up their role they were meant to. After all, for such a large family like the Morales, how many could threaten them enough that such a trump card would need to be used?

For many powerful families, the so-called Death Sworn were mostly made up of Savants that were taken and raised from birth. Such was the fate of Savants in the Dimensional Verse, a sad fate for many.

Normally, though, these Death Sworn Savants would be used in ways much more cleverly than Anya had used hers. Anya used her Savants as though they were her personal attacks, throwing them out like tamed beasts. But a family like the Morales would only use them in key areas and they'd be highly protected. For example, as the core of a large scale Force Art...

The second were the Overlords, the truest and deepest reaches of the family and existences that stood beyond the Ancestors. These were existences that while still in the Eighth Dimension, had abilities that approached the very limits and sometimes even surpassed it. These were old men and women so ancient that many thought that they had already died of old age, but due to the use of special methods, they were able to extend their lives...

Special methods like the use of a World Spirit.

It seemed that Leonel's deductions were both correct and incorrect. It was true that the World Spirit was weakened due to the actions of the Morales, but the purpose wasn't just control, it was to extend the lives of these Overlords of theirs.

It took far too long to practice to the extremities of the Eighth Dimension, and by the time that happened, many would be at the end of their lifespans. Only the most powerful of families could circumvent the tides of times, and it could be said that one of the reasons World Spirits didn't play a prominent role on the largest stages was precisely because they were the most useful in this role.

As for why the Void Library didn't talk about this sort of thing, it was obvious. Why would these large families allow such a thing to be casually shared?

Leonel realized all of this the moment he sensed the aura of death around the man who descended.

His face was filled with a countless number of wrinkles, so much so that his eyes were barely visible. His eyebrows were overgrown and a densely packed grey, while his hair was sparse and his skin filled with aged spots.

When he descended and touched down, the Ancestors who knew who he was kneeled down immediately. They didn't have the slightest bit of arrogance and loftiness on their faces any longer. This was the same even for Ancestor Issa and Alvaro, both of them bowing their heads low.

The more regular elders of the Morales, many of whom were getting on in age and were stuck at the pinnacle of the Seventh Dimension, didn't understand what was going on at all. However, they knew that if an Ancestor was kneeling, they had no right to stand on their feet. As such, they immediately followed suit without the slightest hesitation.

The old man continued to walk forward as though he hadn't seen anything. It seemed, though, that every movement he made only caused the aura of death to thicken.

He stopped before the throne, seemingly unsurprised that Leonel hadn't kneeled.

"Like father, like son. The World Spirit of the Morales, return it."

The old man's words startled everyone but Alvaro who had seen what happened. But even more so than that, his voice shook their hearts. It felt like walking on a gravel road, but in their ears instead. Their eardrums themselves felt uncomfortable, like they had been aged to the same level as this man in an instant.

Leonel didn't respond. It was as though he hadn't heard the old man speak at all. He, the Patriarch, had asked a question, and yet no one had answered it, but now they wanted him to answer to other things? He didn't have the patience for it.

The atmosphere grew dense and the old man chuckled. "Indeed, just like the father."

It was odd for him to be laughing in such a situation, seemingly moment away from death, but here he was, having the time of his life. He didn't seem to be laughing out of rage at all, but rather out of true amusement. He hadn't seen the world in a long time, but he had actually run into such a scene the moment he did.

"What was that question he asked? Indeed," the old man looked toward Ancestor Alvaro, "you and Issa should be in charge. Explain."

Leonel's eyes suddenly opened, but he could only now see the back view of the old man. He had already looked away, completely focused on Alvaro.

"This..." Alvaro, who was still kneeling, was taken aback. "... the family entered a state of Ancestor Rule, all decisions were made by us. In addition, Little Nova wasn't yet the Patriarch, it is still technically First Nova's father. There is no protocol or need to communicate with him at that moment."

"Logical," the old man nodded and looked toward Leonel, "but it seems like there's more to the story, no? As far as I'm aware, when the family enters a state of Ancestor Rule, every member should be informed of the current situation and understand that the Patriarch has been stripped of their power. Is Littlest Nova not a member of the Morales?"

Alvaro froze. This was true, but...

Back then, they had felt that Leonel was a bit too arrogant and they could feel his ambition seeping through, especially when he refused their order to release Third Nova. As such, they had thought of teaching him a small lesson. The only purpose was to show him how well the Morales family functioned without him, nothing more, nothing less.

What they hadn't expected was for this to come back and bite them like this.

They didn't know what the Overlord was trying to do, but wasn't this a bit too biased? If he really wanted the World Spirit from Leonel, couldn't he just snatch it back, why did an Overlord have to say so many words?

"At the same time, though..." The old man looked toward Leonel. "... It seems that this little one has far too much ambition. What is it that you want to do with my Morales family, exactly?"

Leonel looked into the old man's eyes, the scent of death permeating the air as the Overlord seemed to wilt right before their eyes.

After a long while, Leonel waved a hand and a strong surge of Force appeared before flooding into the old man's body. He, who had just been on the brink of death, while he wasn't suddenly young, looked as though he could live several more years with ease.

The Overlord's pupils constricted, but he remained silent, seemingly still waiting for Leonel's answer.

In the end, Leonel answered simply.

"The Morales family will go as far as I take it."

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2195: Haven't Realized...

The Overlord looked toward Leonel, his expression changing from its baseline for the first time since he had appeared. While his old age wasn't suddenly cured, it felt like his Life Force had been stabilized in a way that he had simply never imagined to be possible without the help of the World Spirit, and there was a very obvious elephant in the room... Just how had Leonel done this?

Leonel hadn't originally come to the Morales territory knowing of the existence of these Overlords. He was sure that his enlightened self had likely battled it out with these individuals, but he simply didn't remember enough details to know for certain. However, the matter of this Overlord's life wasn't too difficult for Leonel to handle because in this territory, he was practically invincible. He even had ideas on how to make this matter more permanent by using methods of separating soul and body and the like. Though, he held off on these matters for now.

Much like his grandfather and the Ascension Empire, the Morales territory had become the domain of Leonel's King's Might, and as a result of that, there were several benefits to be had.

For one, he could draw on the strength of the entire world, and that was World Spirit aside. It was simply impossible for even an Overlord to match him within the walls of this territory so long as his mind was fast enough to keep up with the battle and his mental strength didn't fatigue.

This was precisely why he had directly given up on the World Spirit. A World Spirit had limited amplification to strength outside of one's territory, which was why the young generation of smaller families didn't suddenly enter and become little overlords of the Void Palace.

To Leonel, he didn't need a World Spirit to access such strength within Morales territory, because he had the function of his own Lineage Factor for that, and it could even be said that his King's Might Lineage Factor was far better than a World Spirit in this regard.

That said, that didn't mean that he had lost access to the strength of a World Spirit either, it was just that it was distributed across the many rather than the few, while likewise being amplified through their Constellation.

Helping the Overlord to stabilize his Life Force was as easy as redirecting some of the strength of the distributed World Spirit and concentrating a bit more of it on the old man before him. In fact, the results were even better now than they had been in the past because the World Spirit had been strengthened several times over, on top of evolving into the Eighth Dimension.

Whereas in the past the World Spirit would struggle to maintain the life of an Eighth Dimensional existence, now it was as easy as breathing because they were on the same level.

This simple action by Leonel made the Overlord realize that he had still underestimated the young man before him. That said, he still had several questions and this matter couldn't just be allowed to rest as it was.

No matter what rules Leonel was using to wiggle his way out and be placed firmly in the right, the obvious truth was that Issa and Alvaro's worries were very much warranted. It was true that Leonel wanted to do away with the former system of the Morales, it was true that he likely would have no intention of abdicating when the time came, and it was true that he would have ignored this so-called Ancestor Rule even if they had taken the steps to contact him. Leonel wanted far more than most of the Morales elder generation were willing to give him.

"Littlest Nova, I hope that by this action you aren't hoping to buy my acceptance," the Overlord spoke slowly.

"With all due respect, senior..." Leonel spoke slowly. "... what the Ancestors and elders of the Morales family are worried about is that I will refuse to comply when necessary and that I'll refuse to abdicate when the time comes.

"The reality is by the time this worry is playing out in the present, the situation of the Morales family will be so far different than what you know now that these worries will all seem like worthless sophistry. Do you believe me?"

"No." The Overlord replied simply. "And it's also not just a matter of what will come in the future, it's also a matter of what actions you might take now that will come to shake the family in the future. The internal structure of the Morales is complicated, but what it has always remained is whole and balanced.

"It is not lost on me just how much ambition you have, but even further than that how good you are at scheming and planning. What if you are wrong and the matter of abdication remains a big deal in the future? What reason does the family have to believe that you won't have left several counter measures to ensure your success one way or another?"

"You've already displayed the ability to kill Ancestors now, what will it look like in 10 years? We cannot skip a generation of Patriarchs or else it will cause an imbalance in the family's future that won't be easily corrected. Because the Nova Generation was stuck in the Cataclysm Zone, your time of rule must be cut down and shared with the Comet Generation, this has already been decided. And yet, you still talk of how much the family will change in that shortened time frame, just how do you expect others to believe you?"

Indeed, the Ancestors had already decided to compensate the Comet Generation in this way. Both the Nova and Comet Generation would serve for shortened sentences. Maybe if Leonel had the normal reign, he would be believed. But with the length of time shortened so considerably, how could they? They felt like he was just saying anything he could to get his hands on the position, then he would likewise do whatever he could to guarantee himself a position into the future.

But toward this explanation, Leonel only responded lightly.

"It seems you haven't yet realized... The Morales family has already changed beyond your recognition. What need is there for 10 years? Or even five or less?"

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2196: Cowardice

The Overlord frowned, not quite understanding what Leonel was trying to get at. But in a rare moment of patience, maybe due to the attitude of the Overlord to begin with and how he had approached matters, Leonel chose to explain.

"How have Heirs been chosen in the past?"

The Overlord's pupils constricted into pinholes.

"It seems that you understand already," Leonel continued indifferently. "An Heir is a man or woman with both Lineage Factors of the Morales. It's always been easy enough. There are billions born to the Morales in every generation, deciding a ruler among them would be a ridiculous task to take on every few decades. So, instead, this route was chosen. It was also a method to bring together the two bashing heads of the Metal Synergy and Spear Domain Factions, allowing them to unite under one person. But..."

"Is that even possible anymore?"

The Ancestors and elders who were still kneeling on the ground were shaken. They had spent so long trying to make clear the new changes of their Lineage Factor that they had forgotten one very important thing... There were no longer two Lineage Factors; the two had been fused into one supremely powerful Lineage Factor, and on top of that, every currently living Morales had been granted it under the power of the Stars.

If the rules of the past were taken literally, the Comet Generation had no Heirs. If they were taken loosely, then everyone of the Comet Generation was an Heir.

This was a huge change that they hadn't even considered until this moment. They were too focused on other things, so much so that they had neglected something so obviously right before them. How would they even begin to deal with this?

Hold an Heir War with them all? But there weren't even remotely enough powers in the Human Domain to do such a thing, setting aside how difficult it was to set up such an event.

What if they forgot about the leadership part of the Heir Wars and just had the Morales fight amongst themselves? But that wouldn't work either. For one, it would breed a lot of animosity, and it would also result in various factions helping their descendants in one way or another, the very matter that the original rules were supposed to stop.

To make matters worse, the Morales didn't want to choose an Heir just based on battle prowess. Not only would that greatly dissatisfy those of the Metal Synergy Faction, it wouldn't be smart on their part either. They wanted someone who could lead, and this was especially important for the members of the Morales family who were all too used to being free-spirited and hot-headed; they needed a steady hand.

The more they thought about this matter, the more of a headache they got. They suddenly understood that Leonel was right, this was already a version of the Morales that they had no understanding of, it had completely changed... and it was mostly because of the young man right before them.

If not for his performance in the Heir Wars, their Constellation would have never awoken.

While it was a headache, would any of them choose to go back to the old way? Of course not. While it was extremely rare to have a single family with two Lineage Factors, what was even rarer than that was having such a powerful and synergized Lineage Factor like this new one before them.

The Overlord looked toward Leonel deeply.

"This is still not enough. We figured out a method in the past, we can figure out a new one now. Once the new Lineage Factor is understood, it will be easier to pick out those with great talent and those with less. We can simply create a new standard."

"And by the time you do that, how many more changes do you think there will be?" Leonel asked.

The Overlord fell into silence. It was hard to tell a young man that had already done so much what he could and couldn't do, no matter how unlikely it seemed.

"Beyond that, I think you're wrong about something, I do not need 10 years. It took me not even two years to go from the Sixth Dimension to the Seventh. I

could kill Ancestors at the Sixth Dimension... What do you think I can do now?"

The Overlord's eyes narrowed. "Are you trying to threaten the Morales?"

"I should be."

The pupils of the Overlord constricted, he suddenly felt a very dangerous aura coming from Leonel, one that could snuff out his life with a thought.

"The Morales have greatly disappointed me. Weakness, I can tolerate. Cowardice and inaction, I cannot."

The Ancestors and elders had a fierce reaction to this. Yes, they had chosen not to go to the Void Battlefield, but it wasn't out of fear or cowardice. They were Morales, they didn't have such a bone in their body!

"Unwilling to admit it? Ask yourselves why you chose to remain behind. You wanted to protect this land. You feared that if you left you would be vulnerable, that the Morales you left behind would be taken advantage of by others.

"You would rather allow the Human Domain to be broken into, to be plundered, to watch the weak from families you probably feel superior to fight the battle for you.

"Is this not a form of fear? Of cowardice?"

Leonel never raised his voice, and yet the Morales Ancestors couldn't seem to raise their heads, their throats constricting and their chests feeling heavy.

"Would you like to know what I want to do with the Morales, that matter is simple enough, you're welcome to stay and listen to the changes I'm about to make."

The Overlord frowned, but he didn't say anything else. Technically, Leonel wasn't allowed to make any changes while they were in an Ancestor Rule state, but it was also clear that Leonel didn't care. Currently, the Overlord was more interested in what Leonel had to say.

"The first is the most simple. From now on, no member of the Morales will enter the Void Palace."

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2197: A Pride Beyond

These words weren't as crazy as what they expected, but the more they thought about the implications, the heavier they felt.

The Void Palace was the symbol of humanity. Sending their descendants was more than about training. If it was just this, they would be able to train their own descendants far better. After all, they had the deepest understanding of their Lineage Factor and how their bodies worked, figuring out a training plan for just a single kind of person was far easier.

No, sending their disciples was in one part to remind the Human Domain of the kind of potential the Morales had, making their prestige greater and making it so that it was even less likely that others would have designs on them. But, more importantly than that, it was to forge a united front.

The humans had an obvious weakness... they followed too many paths as a Race. It was easy for them to butt heads and to push and pull in all sorts of different directions. The Void Palace was needed.

While smaller families fought for a place in the Void Palace, for larger families... it was almost a tacit mandate, one accepted by them all. If the Morales truly decided not to send anyone, it would be adjacent to declaring themselves an enemy of the Human Domain...

Looking at the indifferent Leonel, they felt that this was truly what he wanted. His sights were set beyond the Morales. They faintly gained the understanding that when Leonel said that he would change the Morales, he didn't just mean them... he likely meant the entire Human Domain.

"The second thing will be a replacement for the Void Palace, whether that is in battle, Crafting, or Force Pill Crafting."

The Morales were shaken when they heard this. They had never had many Force Pill Crafting talents. It could be said that part of the reason it was so important for them to remain on good terms with the rest of the Human Domain was so that they could continue to be supplied by such things.

But then they remembered... This Littlest Nova's woman, wasn't she one of the only few Life Grade Force Pill Crafters in the Human Domain?!

After they thought this, though, they felt a sense of shame. Leonel's words about cowardice and fear rang in their ears once more.

They should have cut ties with the Void Palace the moment Ishmael died, but they hadn't. Now Velasco had died, and anyone who wasn't a fool could be certain that the Void Palace had some hand to play in this matter as well... would they still swallow that sort of insult just for the sake of some pills?

"The Crafting curriculum will be designed by my father. The Force Pill Crafting will be designed by the best elders you have here. The battle curriculum will be decided after the secrets of the new Lineage Factor are fully understood."

Confusion colored the faces of the people here. Some thought the worst and even thought that maybe Leonel and Aina were no longer together. But Leonel explained the matters quite simply.

"My woman's Ability Index is the reason that she can enter the Life Grade of Force Pill Crafting, this isn't an ability that she can casually hand off to others." Before the elders could be disappointed, Leonel continued. "However, what she can do is provide many Life Grade recipes, from the Fourth Dimension to the Seventh. It will lay a foundation that can allow those who are close to the Life Grade to cross over the final barrier."

The hearts of the elders skipped a beat. Fourth Dimensional Life Grade?

Suddenly, they remembered Leonel's armors. Could it truly be that a Life Grade treasure didn't have to be Eighth Dimensional? Just this information alone was groundbreaking.

Recipes to Force Pill Crafters were just like Blueprints to Force Crafters. Leonel's words seemed to imply that Aina could actually provide many, and it didn't even sound like a handful or just a few either. This was something that was hard for them to fathom.

For Force Pill Crafters, as rare as they were, they would often just have a single Life Grade pill that they could Craft. The idea that Aina was so far beyond this made it difficult for their heads to wrap around.

"The third thing is a return to the status quo. The Morales will not live in fear. Those that are here, once the Force Eruption is through, will be sent back to their homes to take care of the land."

These words were ones that the Ancestors had the fiercest reaction to. However, it was only because of Leonel's words about Force Pill Crafting that many of them only frowned, not immediately lashing out. Still, it was clear that they didn't like this decision at all.

Leonel's actions were akin to placing the commoners of the Morales in the line of fire. They would be vulnerable and prone to dying. It would also be harder to manage the resources as well.

In a family so large, there were bound to be bad actors. If they also left these fringe families unprotected, that would breed a lower class and crime would ramp up, making this population of bad actors even larger.

If a group decided to start smuggling their Eighth Dimensional resources to the outside world, what would they do? It was impossible to manage such a large group of people without extremely strict rules.

There was no way other families wouldn't take advantage of this.

If they could think of these matters, how could Leonel not? But his thoughts were quite firm.

"The Morales need a family of warriors, not a few warriors and a large group of commoners. You still think yourselves to be valiant men and women, willing to stand with blade in hand to face death, and yet what decision did you make when it counted most?"

"That identity of the Morales has long since been forgotten, and the people beneath you have forgotten how good it feels to fight and earn what you deserve.

"The most important part is that no matter how thorough you Ancestors are, unearthing all of the secrets of a new Lineage Factor in just a few weeks or months is impossible. You need to give as many people as possible a chance to unearth new techniques and abilities you had never thought of, you need to incentivize them with rewards, and let them feel a pride that comes from being a Morales that goes beyond just a name and a skin tone.

"Do you understand?"

Leonel's indifferent words made the hearts of the Morales tremble.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2198: Second Question.

Leonel listed off many other things and the elders slowly began to feel numb. They felt that everything he said was quite reasonable, but there was also another clear undercurrent to it all. This was especially so when Leonel spoke about creating an identity for the Morales...

Everything he said was perfect, it even made their blood boil, but then old men and women were all savvy and well experienced. Everything about this identity that Leonel was trying to create existed outside of the Morales themselves. To put it bluntly, he was trying to create a culture that had nothing to do with their bloodline.

As expected, his sights were far beyond the Morales. In fact, it seemed that the Morales were just a stepping stone to what he truly wanted to accomplish. When he succeeded in that goal, and conquered other families, this sort of culture that he was breeding would be perfect for that...

But what it also made clear was that Leonel's loyalty to the Morales was questionable. In fact, he had made it obvious that he wasn't very satisfied with them at all. But it was also this that made them fear this young man all the more.

Not only did he not feel a need to fawn over them, but it even gave them the feeling that they wanted to prove him wrong. They, as elders countless years Leonel's senior, actually wanted to prove themselves to a junior. Just what kind of ridiculous situation was this?

However, those here also knew that there were clear undercurrents in the Morales family that Leonel had most definitely not dealt with just yet. They wondered how Leonel would deal with these matters. But it also seemed that they wouldn't have to wait long to know.

After everything had settled down, and Leonel seemed to be finished, Ancestor Issa stepped forward once more.

"Littlest Nova, if you want to push the family in the right direction, a better, stronger direction, I can respect it. However, we need to deal with some ugly matters first. If we concede to you and allow you to take on the role of Patriarch despite the rules you've broken, then you must concede in some

facets as well. It's not lost on me that you seem to have a grudge with Third Nova as you've still not released him from your captivity even until this point, can I ask why and when do you plan on letting him go?"

There were two main factions within the Morales, but there were also many branches of families. These family branches weren't named for the sake of cohesion, an effort taken on by the Ancestors and something that only became more troubling with every passing generation, but these solutions obviously weren't perfect.

Ishmael, Velasco and Leonel, along with his uncle Montez, represented one such branch. First Nova, the current Patriarch, and First Nova's mother represented another. And, of course, Third Nova was the representative of yet another, a branch that Issa had obviously been a part of until she departed for the sake of serving the family as an Ancestor, another measure that the upper echelon had taken for the sake of maintaining cohesion.

However, this measure was obviously not perfect either, because this was already the second time that Issa had been the one to speak up for Third Nova. Although, her words were perfectly reasonable as well. If Leonel wanted cohesion, he couldn't be so biased. The point of the Heir Wars was for all conflict to start and end with the rise and fall of its banner. If conflicts were taken outside those limits, how would the Morales continue to exist?

The Overlord, who had remained silent all the while, continued to do so. He had obviously watched the Heir Wars he watched every single one, which was why he was familiar with how Leonel did things. But Leonel also wasn't the type to leave such a large flaw in his plans either, nor did he seem like the type that would rely on emotion to make decisions... at least not when it came to things other than his father.

So the question was, what was his plan here, exactly?

The Overlord was obviously privy to a lot of information that others weren't, as were the other Overlords who had yet to appear. But it was also because of this that he didn't have a fierce reaction to Leonel's choice, while also waiting to understand how he planned to deal with it.

Even those that weren't part of Issa's branch felt that she was correct. If Leonel didn't do this, then their resistance to other matters would be far greater, and he might not even be able to get off the ground. It wasn't lost on them that Leonel had yet to be truly crowned their Patriarch.

Leonel didn't answer immediately. Instead, he waved a hand.

At that moment, a chained and almost far too scantily clad demoness appeared. As disheveled as she was, even the private and intimate parts that even she usually left hidden had quite literally fallen out, but she didn't seem embarrassed enough to try and fix it, or maybe she was simply too tired to do so.

"Do you know what race of being this is?"

Issa frowned. "It could be a demon, but it could also be a human with a special Ability Index or Lineage Factor, it would be impossible to tell at a glance. Are you trying to incriminate Third Nova with this? You used Cloud Race members during your battle, did you not? Wouldn't you be incriminating yourself? There are no such rules in the Morales."

Many nodded, this much was true.

"When did I say anything like that?" Leonel asked.

Usually, this would be a rhetorical question, but after several seconds, Issa realized that Leonel was forcing her to respond.

"... You didn't."

"Good. Don't make assumptions about what my thoughts are, it makes it too obvious when you're trying to poison the well. I suggest a more subtle approach."

Issa's gaze flashed with rage, but she quickly calmed down, looking toward Leonel indifferently.

"Please continue," she said lightly.

"Second question," Leonel replied unperturbed. "Do you know what relation these demons have with the Silver Empire?"

Issa's pupils constricted into pinholes.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2199: Third Nova's Demise

Leonel didn't react much to Issa's shock. The line he was drawing was something others probably didn't expect him to know or to understand, but there were clearly many here who were shocked by more than just the fact he had said the words Silver Empire.

"What are you trying to say?" Issa said with narrowed eyes.

"This woman has a relation to the Silver Empire. It was the Silver Empire's Emperor that fought my father in his final battle, and this woman and your Third Nova are closely connected. What should I think about that?"

Issa's gaze narrowed further. "You've simply said this with no other kind of proof. On top of that, even with such choppy visuals, it was clear to anyone with sharp eyes that the Silver Emperor in that battle was nothing more than a puppet on someone else's string, how can that matter even be blamed on the Silver Empire, especially when they died so long ago?"

"Taking a thousand steps back, the Silver Empire, like I've said, is long gone. Even if this girl is their descendant, how can she still be related to the Silver Empire of old? And even if she was somehow related to all of this, once again, the Silver Emperor you saw was nothing more than a puppet."

Issa's words were once again reasons. Leonel had not shown any proof, he had just spoken as though his word was law, this was already something that the various elders didn't like. But on top of that, the Silver Empire wasn't clearly on the side of the wrong either.

While the Silver Empire had been destroyed due to its connection with demons, these elders and Ancestors knew that that was nothing more than a pretext. Powerful families didn't like other powerful families to exist, and the Silver Empire just happened to give them a good reason to target.

Plus, since Leonel had made use of the Cloud Race, where was his moral superiority in this case?

"Mm, that would be a good rebuttal. If not for the fact that one of the three founding members of the Three Finger Cult, the organization behind the descent of the Cataclysm Zone and the very same organization that both sunk

its claws into the Void Palace and took part in this Domain War on the side of the Invaders."

Issa was shaken again, but she didn't have an immediate response outside of the fact that Leonel had yet to display any proof. Unfortunately, she was far more unwilling to say this now because she felt like Leonel was goading her into doing so, all so that she could embarrass herself again.

This time, Leonel didn't wait. He waved his hand and an old man appeared. He waved his hand again and another old man appeared, then another. The fourth time came an old woman, and then another, and then an old man again.

This continued until the hall was filled with what looked like dozens of old timers, each of them exuding powerful auras, and yet each one of them subdued and unable to do anything but look around with sharp gazes.

"Do you know who these people are?" Leonel asked.

Issa grit her teeth, but outwardly she looked just the same. "No," she finally said.

"These people are the leaders of the families and organizations that Third Nova had under his wing. Do you know what they all have in common?"

Leonel waved his hand, and a powerful Spear Force that made Issa's spine tingle manifested, shredding their clothing apart in various locations. One after another, a simple tattoo of an unadorned line of three appeared. The tattoo couldn't have been blander, just three straight, thick lines of black. And yet, with it appearing on them one after another, a pattern was revealed all too easily.

The Three Finger Cult. Each and every last one of them.

How Third Nova had managed to get so many family geniuses to defect to his side was entirely unknown. But what was even more unexpected than that was that Leonel had actually gone out to find each and every one of them, bringing them forward just for this moment.

Just with this alone, Leonel had no need to prove any sort of connection to the Silver Empire. It made others wonder just why he had at all... it was like he

was trying to goad Issa into looking foolish, as though he was trying to make a point.

For those that understood what was happening right before them, it was something they found a difficult time accepting... but they knew exactly what it was.

A warning.

"Third Nova has broken the most sacred of Morales family rules. Over 20 years ago, when I first stepped foot into the Void Palace, I was sent into the Rapax Nest along with my fellow members of the Cataclysm Generation. During that time, my woman was targeted, yet again, by members of the Three Finger Cult.

"The ones behind that sudden change to the structure of the True Selection was none other than the Unfettered Blade Party under the behest of none other than Third Nova. He tried to kill me once back then, then he tried to kill me again during the Heir Wars, he's spat in the face of what it meant to be a Morales, even relying on such an evil organization for the hope of becoming the Patriarch of his very family.

"You tell me, what should happen to Third Nova under these rules?" Leonel asked calmly.

Issa looked Leonel dead in his eyes before slowly responding.

"According to the family rules... he should be executed."

"Mm," Leonel nodded. "Sounds about right. None of you have to worry, though. I've long since taken these matters into my own hands, Third Nova is no longer in this world."

Issa's pupils constricted, her fists clenching, but there was nothing she could say. Of all the things she had expected to happen, this was the very last. But here they were.

Leonel stood up and walked down from the throne, walking by the Ancestors one by one until he disappeared from sight. He didn't even bother to say goodbye.

Not long later, Leonel appeared within a certain section of the Segmented Cube, looking down at a chained individual with his hair drooping over his eyes.

This man was none other than Third Nova.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2200: Let Me Know

Leonel had purposely left the various Patriarchs and Matriarchs of the families that Third Nova had made use of behind. It not only showed confidence in his story, but it also allowed the family Ancestors to double and triple-check his story. In the end, they would have no method of refuting him. He had even left Third Nova's favorite little demoness behind as well.

But therein lied a question. Why did he lie about Third Nova's death?

Really, he just wanted control. Lying about Third Nova's death was an opportunity he couldn't pass on because it would save him the trouble of dealing with other variables. So long as others thought that Third Nova was dead, they wouldn't ask to see him, or for him to be put on trial, and it would stop his branch and those that sympathized with him from finding a way to weasel him out of the situation.

But that obviously left another question. Why hadn't he actually killed Third Nova?

That answer was more complicated.

Truthfully, in his rage, it seemed only natural that Leonel would do so. After all, someone with a connection to the Three Finger Cult that had in many ways caused his father's death truly infuriated him. The problem was that the risk wasn't worth it, not now. That risk was, of course, the matter of information.

There seemed to be an obvious solution to that, and that was to kill Third Nova, use his King's Might Lineage Factor, gain himself an obedient soul, and then ask this soul everything that he wanted to know.

Unfortunately, this wasn't the perfect solution, and that was something that he had learned from questioning Simeon, the first important member of the Brazinger family that he had killed.

Leonel had only managed to get rudimentary information out of Simeon, but this made sense. The Four Great Families had once had a great fear of the Fawkes family, and this was also what led to their destruction. How could they not have countermeasures to deal with their strength, especially when they released that tablet into the world once more through that gathering of geniuses event?

It wasn't certain that Third Nova had similar protections, but Leonel kept remembering how after the Savants of the Three Finger Cult died, their souls couldn't be controlled by him indefinitely, as though some power was pulling them away. He had no choice but to Assimilate them so that he didn't lose their powers indefinitely, but this didn't allow him to gain the information he wanted.

This ultimately meant that he had to question Third Nova the good old-fashioned way, or else he might not gain any information at all. But such a thing would take a great amount of patience.

Of course, there was also the second method... And that was to find and undo whatever restrictions there might be on him and then do it the far easier way. But the unfortunate part was that the progress of the Cataclysm Zones was too far beyond that of the Dimensional Verse and Leonel's current understandings.

Leonel could practically storm through the Dimensional Verse thanks to his self-created armors by his troops, but such armors were commonplace in the Cataclysm Zone. And that was just one example. He could only leave this matter up to Anastasia and hope for the best.

At that moment, seemingly sensing Leonel's arrival, Xavnik slowly looked up, his gaze swimming with a gaseous green that slowly faded away. He revealed a menacing grin before lowering his head once more, ignoring Leonel entirely. At the very least, he had the heart of a Morales. Even in this situation, he had yet to show any weakness...

But neither did Leonel care.

He turned and left, going to see Aina and explaining to her what he needed her to do for the sake of his plans with the Force Pill Crafting division.

"No problem, leave it to me," Aina said lightly.

"Thanks," Leonel said before vanishing.

Aina smiled bitterly. 'You really don't need to thank me, idiot...'

...

Leonel appeared not long later before his mother.

"Mom, I need your help with something," Leonel said.

Alienor's eyes lit up. They had been in the Morales territory for almost a day now, but she hadn't done anything. She really wanted to support Leonel, but she also didn't want to be in his way.

"What is it, Little Lion?"

"With your World Spirit, you have a strong understanding of the Camelot Magic System, right?"

"Mm," Alienor nodded.

"Have there been any other Zones like Camelot in the time that I've been away?"

"There've been some, but none as good or worthwhile. That said, we're quickly approaching the Eighth Dimension, and I can sense that another one is coming. That Zone will probably appear soon."

Leonel's gaze flickered. He didn't expect that his mother would be able to sense such a thing as well, but it made sense. It wouldn't be impossible that soon, the Morales family world that hadn't had to deal with Sub-Dimensional Zones in a very long while might have yet another wave on their hands as well. But Leonel was far more interested in Earth's Zones now that he was hearing that there may be some interesting ones.

"I see..." Leonel nodded. "Can you please make a comprehensive plan for how one would learn the Camelot Magic System from simple to complex,

according to your understanding? I would like to give it as an option for certain members of the Morales."

"Okay," Alienor nodded without hesitation. Her understanding of the Magic System was better than anyone else's, even his enlightened self. It was practically an innate part of her; she was by far the best for this task.

"Also, please let me know when those Zones start to appear. I'm a bit worried about Earth, things are happening too fast, and I have a feeling that they'll speed up even faster. There likely isn't anyone on Earth outside of yourself who has the ability to clear Eighth Dimensional Zones."

Alienor's gaze flickered with worry as well, but she nodded.

This would be the first time that the Human Domain was dealing with such powerful Sub-Dimensional Zones. While it was a great opportunity... It was also a great hidden danger as well.

Whether it would lead to treasure or death would be decided within these next few years.

"... One more thing, mom... If you hear of any Zones with the prefix 'Merlin's Prophecy'... Let me know."

That person that called themselves God in the Joan Zone and the Camelot Zone... Leonel was certain that he was King, the very man that his father had risked it all to kill with a single spear strike.... The very man with the ability to gift Ability Indexes through Force Arts.

One had to wonder why such a lofty existence cared so much about treasures in a world he had supposedly created himself. It seemed backward and illogical... Why would someone who could create this world be interested in any it could produce... But then again, why create this world at all if there was nothing to gain from it?

Leonel wanted to know why.