

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2211: Hourglass

El'Rion looked back toward Shan'Rae and waved a hand. A palm appeared in the air, formed of Force. It somehow looked as though it was a part of El'Rion's body despite the fact it was clearly entirely separate. Almost like a breath of air, connected and yet not, but as important as life despite the latter feeling.

Shan'Rae frowned, not liking what she was seeing at all. She had originally made the assumption that El'Rion had stepped in to stop this human so that she would leave him alone later after he was dead, but she most definitely didn't expect that he would step up in this way. However, if he thought that he could deal with her as easily as that human, he was sorely mistaken.

Palm and scythe met, the plains of the earth below being completely flattened. The strikes they sent out casually collapsing Leonel's strikes. Shan'Rae's expression changed, and she retreated quickly, managing to remain unscathed.

"Leave." El'Rion said coldly.

"Are you really in the state to talk to me like this?" Shan'Rae asked coldly.

"Do you think that you are your Ancestor?" El'Rion replied, taking a step forward. "Since you won't leave, I'll send you on your way."

El'Rion flipped a palm, and an hourglass appeared. It was simple, small, and unadorned. In fact, it was so uninteresting and ordinary that it was even cracked. However, the moment Shan'Rae saw it, all of the stars across her body lit up at once, her expression, or what seemed to be her expression, changing wildly.

"Are the Plutos crazy?! How could they give you such an item?!"

Shan'Rae shook from head to toe. Even if her Ancestor had still been here, he would react like this. This seemingly small and insignificant hourglass was the

most fearsome item in all of existence. It was a treasure that even the most senior powerhouses of the Plutos should have never taken out. It didn't make sense for El'Rion to have access to it, especially not for a meaningless mission like this one.

This item was known simply, almost too simply... The Hourglass. It didn't have any fancy prefixes or suffixes. It was that and nothing else. But it was because it could stand out with such a simple name that it was so special.

The Hourglass gave one control over maybe the most mysterious Force in existence, that being Time Force. However, it was on a level that could manipulate Existence itself.

Usually, Time Force manipulators were restricted to small regions, whether that be a limited time or a limited region, usually both. If you could ignore any one of these parameters, you were a genius the likes of which even the Gods would have to respect. However, The Hourglass had no such limitations.

To make a complex matter simple, when The Hourglass turned a second of time back, every world, every planet, every star, every universe, experienced the same reversal. No matter where you were, no matter how powerful you were, no matter how high you had reached or how low you had sunk.

But... this was said to be the simplest ability of The Hourglass.

Fundamentally, it could warp reality. It just so happened that doing so was made simpler and more convenient with Time Force as a base...

That was right. The manipulation of time by The Hourglass was nothing more than an act of convenience that made the rest of its abilities simpler and less complex to execute, eliminating the need to care for Karma and the Laws of Cause and Effect entirely.

The instant it appeared, Shan'Rae no longer hesitated. She didn't even look toward her ship, nor the members of her race that lagged behind. She brought out an item of her own and crushed it, vanishing into a swirling blackhole that blinked out of existence the moment she did.

El'Rion didn't do anything, he just felt that Shan'Rae was foolish. What did an escape mechanism mean in the face of The Hourglass? He could easily reverse time to a point where she right back where she had just escaped from

and then killed her. But he didn't say anything. This result was exactly the result he wanted.

He put The Hourglass away without a word, but when he looked back to Leonel, he noticed that the latter was entirely focused on the hand that had just held The Hourglass, even following it to exactly where it had disappeared.

El'Rion didn't think that the look in Leonel's eyes could get any colder. He seemed to have already reached his limits before, but at this moment, even El'Rion felt a chilly wind tingle his smile.

Leonel raised his spear.

El'Rion's gaze narrowed. "It can't do what you think it can."

Leonel didn't say anything, his spear tip growing incomparably steady. A gentle and almost mist-like swirl of Spear Force slowly gathered around him, his Divine Armor growing brighter and brighter.

"That item can kill quite easily, but when it comes to life... It's a completely different matter. The only way toward eternal life is through rebirth. Nothing that can be reclaimed so easily was all that important to begin with."

Leonel's gaze only became sharper. "When did you become so talkative?"

"Take it as pity," El'Rion responded.

"Wrong answer."

Leonel's aura flourished, his blade becoming sharper and sharper. His Spear Force rose, emitting the aura of the Seventh Dimension.

El'Rion closed his eyes. His patience was wearing thin. He was a mighty Pluto, and yet just in the last hour, his body had been taken over by a human, he had been disrespected by the junior of the Void Race, a so-called Ancestor had attacked him for nothing more than words, and now this boy was spitting in the face of his efforts to help him.

Leonel had no idea what kind of consequences he would face for killing Shan'Rae, yet he wanted to do it. And yet, whatever those consequences were, they would pale in comparison to him actually succeeding in taking The Hourglass for himself.

El'Rion took a breath and opened his eyes to find that Leonel's spear had already closed the distance, but in his palm, The Hourglass had already appeared once again.

Leonel froze in place, completely unable to move.

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Chapter 2212: Bipolar

The atmosphere was quite somber, and maybe the location didn't help very much. Leonel's brothers sat in silence around a table, bottles of alcohol sitting half finished as they reclined, lost in their own worlds. The smell was so strong that it felt as though a mixture of 99% rubbing alcohol and a field of roses were smashed and mashed into one, releasing a peculiar scent that made one's nose red.

They had been stuck like that for quite a long time. It was as though they could feel the heaviness of Leonel's mood, and it had been transferred over to them. This couldn't be helped. After being resurrected under Leonel's power, they felt the influence of his soul. Once they regained their own bodies, they no longer felt that sort of fanaticism that his soul constructs did, but they could still feel Leonel more clearly than they could in the past. This was only more exaggerated since some of them had experienced that feeling not just once, but twice.

Leonel hadn't come to see them since his father had died. He didn't even have much patience for Aina and his own mother, let alone others. But that didn't mean that they weren't very worried about him.

James suddenly sighed. "That guy..."

"What do you think, James? Is he finished?" Raj asked somewhat absentmindedly.

James laughed. "Why are you asking me? Do I look introspective to you?"

"Dumbass. We're asking you about someone else, what would you need to be introspective for?" Milan mumbled.

"Smart ass, don't you know you're supposed to be a dumb jock?"

"Then what's your excuse?" Milan snorted.

"What are you trying to say?"

"Don't think I forgot. All those dropped passes in the championship game? You can't even call yourself a jock, so what are you exactly? Just dumb?"

James' gaze flashed. He seemed to be about to lose his temper, but in the end he sighed, just leaning back and pretending as though he hadn't heard anything. He truly didn't have much of a right to get mad about this matter.

"What happened that day anyway? You never told us," Raj asked. He didn't seem to get the memo that they were trying to move on, but truthfully they felt it was about time they talked about this matter. James had been gone for so long, he couldn't just come back after betraying them not just once, but twice, and expect not to have to explain himself.

Of course, the championship game was a minor matter in the grand scheme. They already had three trophies and they didn't really care all that much about winning again, especially when the Metamorphosis came afterward. But the reason why they separated in the first place, the matters of the Royal Blue Fort and how Leonel and Aina almost died... those were completely separate matters.

In reality, they wouldn't even know the details of this matter if it wasn't for Leonel getting drunk that one time on Planet Luxnix. He had been with Joel back then, and he opened up about a lot, including the matter that separated him and James. If not for this, who knows if they would even be aware of what had happened. That man hated explaining anything.

James sighed again. "Fine, fine. I guess I should be an adult and own up to my mistakes, huh?"

"Oh man, he finally grew a pair, look at my boy grow up."

"Fuck you," James said with a laugh. "It's not that complicated. You know that the quarterback of the Angels Academy pricks was Conrad Siegfried? The Siegfried family is a Governor Duke family, or rather... was. My old man wanted a favor from them. Well... it was probably more complicated than that?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"My old man rarely has one-step plans. Conrad is also a bit of a dumbass. He would be an easy pawn to use so long as he was buttered up. Too bad my sister-in-law killed him for being a horndog."

"Too bad, is it?" Milan sneered.

James shrugged. "It's fair of you all to be mad, but quite frankly, I still can't be bothered to care about football. It was just a means to an end to me, and it was also too easy. But in typical Leonel fashion, he went and won it on his own without considering anybody else."

"You actually still have the cheek to say that?" Franco laughed.

"Well, I do know him the best. I just accept him for his flaws."

"What about your flaws?"

James laughed again. "I didn't say I didn't have any... But Leonel's flaws... Well, they're more complicated."

"So you do have an answer? Then what're you tiptoeing around it for?"

"Because even if I said it, I don't know if you guys would believe me."

"Just say it."

James fell into silence, his gaze flickering. His eyes were half closed due to the alcohol.

"Leonel's a bit of a... sociopath. He doesn't have normal emotions I don't think, and he fakes most of it because he's smart enough to do so. You wouldn't even realize if you didn't spend a long time with him, and even then you wouldn't notice unless you piss him off enough like I have.

"But that's not the important part. I don't even really think it's his fault, not that it's a choice to be a sociopath. Before the Metamorphosis, I thought he was bipolar, he had two personalities. If I had to name them, I'd say that one is probably his "true self" and the second is the man his father raised.

"Well, that's what I thought before the Metamorphosis anyway. But now, I think I have a better explanation.

"You know how everyone's always saying that the future affects the past? I think that Leonel is in that sort of situation. His two mentalities... one is his "true self", as in his current immature self, and the second is his "future self".

"The reason he's so arrogant, the reason he's so indifferent... it's probably the reason he loves my sister-in-law so much. The reason he doesn't take anyone seriously isn't because he's stupid, it isn't because he's a prick, but it's because there's a very important portion of him that's already earned the right to have that level of confidence.

"Unfortunately... his current self hasn't earned that right yet."

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Chapter 2213: Weight of a Planet

"What's all that supposed to mean?" Milan asked.

James shrugged. "You asked, I answered. I don't know what else you want from me. Believe in my guess or don't, not like we can do anything about it anyway. That man won't listen to anyone right now. The only person he would listen to is dead now."

"Not necessarily," Joel suddenly spoke.

"You think Aina can do something?"

"Maybe, but that's not what I meant. Though... probably not. He still has that silver dictionary. Maybe it can talk some sense into him."

The group fell into silence again. It made sense, the trouble was... who would do it? That silver disk was probably the possession Leonel valued the most right now, it would always be in his possession and on his mind. It also didn't respond to anyone's voice but Leonel's own. Expecting someone who was hurting to find their own path to healing was like asking a baby to feed and dress itself.

Just like that, even if they felt that they had the solution, they would never be able to use it. Maybe only Aina or his mother could get him to try and use it.

Like James had said... the so-called "true Leonel" was the man his father had raised. The other Leonel wasn't exactly a real person, but rather the influence

of one. The first usually trumped the latter, unless... the first completely shut down.

James shook his head. "You lot are too depressed about this."

"Fuck off. You said all of that and now you want us to act like everything's fine? What if he goes out there and gets himself killed, what then? No one's gonna be there to resurrect him like we were. He's the only one with that ability."

James laughed. "I did say all of that, but I also didn't hold back in one aspect. The operative word was yet. He hasn't earned that right yet. But every time he's been given an opportunity to prove it, he has. Does the process matter if he wins in the end anyway?"

Milan took another swig of his beer. "Winning a football game is a little bit different than challenging all the families of the Human Domain on a revenge vendetta."

"That depends, it's all relative. A normal, Third Dimensional boy, facing off against a team with far more Five Stars than his own, while his only Five Star receiver is throwing the game on purpose, probably has no business winning that game either, right?"

The room fell into silence and James closed his eyes with a grin.

"Now he's in the Seventh Dimension with access to far more weapons than just his arm alone... All I'm saying is that if I had the choice..."

"I probably wouldn't piss him off when he's in this state."

James fell into silence, his smile slowly fading. Pissing Leonel off now wasn't just a small matter. In fact, it could very well be an existential matter. The usual Leonel had an off button, he had a limit, he had values that he would usually stick to. As for this Leonel... it was doubtful that he even had a conscience.

...

Leonel stood frozen in the skies, unable to move even a single inch. It wasn't a matter of effort, because the truth of the matter was that he couldn't even try to move. He couldn't feel his muscles flexing, he couldn't even send the

command to his brain to try. Even his thoughts themselves had been frozen in place.

This was what it truly meant to be frozen in time, and this was the power of The Hourglass. One didn't even have the right to fight back. However...

El'Rion's expression changed, but he was a step late.

SHUUU! PCHU!

An overwhelming power pierced into El'Rion's wrist, cutting through it and almost exiting from the other side. Although it failed to make it all the way through, it didn't matter. What needed to be done had been done, the hand that El'Rion had been using to hold The Hourglass was rendered almost completely useless.

El'Rion was in shock. What had just happened? How was it possible?

It had to be known that fooling The Hourglass was next to impossible. He hadn't even aimed it, he had just thought of Leonel and willed him to be frozen. It shouldn't have mattered what schemes Leonel had in store, even if he used a clone as a decoy, even if he vanished from his Divine Armor and left it out in his stead, nothing should have worked.

Of course, El'Rion had miscalculated one very important thing. The Leonel that he thought of in his mind was in a very special state, not only was he fused with the World Spirit of this world, but he was also, obviously, in this world.

While it sounded convenient to just be able to think of someone and freeze them, it was also more involved than it seemed. A significant change to a person's state, especially since El'Rion wasn't intimately familiar with Leonel, could easily throw the lock off.

In that moment, Leonel had indeed used his Divine Armor as a decoy, disappearing from within it. But, he had also disassociated from the World Spirit, and at the same time, he had entered the Segmented Cube, an entirely different and complete Ninth Dimensional world.

When El'Rion was confident in his success and was ready to speak with Leonel calmly to try and talk some sense into him, Leonel had appeared

again, this time with one of his Starships, concentrating all of its power into a fine line that attacked El'Rion's wrist.

Leonel appeared in the air, his Divine Armor slowly fading away.

The Hourglass tossed and turned through the air.

He simply extended his hand, allowing it to land there as though he had calculated even this much.

When he made contact with it, he looked down, his gaze cold. It felt light, almost too light, like it was a flimsy toy rather than the powerful tool he was certain that it was.

Suddenly, Leonel's body trembled, and the ultra-lightweight Hourglass multiplied in weight several times over. In the blink of an eye, it had become so heavy that even moving Planet Earth itself would be easier than holding it up.

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Chapter 2214: Hesitation

Leonel frowned. He was able to hold it up for a while, but it was clear that The Hourglass planned on getting heavier and heavier until he was truly out of options. Realizing this, he immediately tried to send it into the Segmented Cube, but then he realized something even more devastating.

In order to send items into and out of spatial devices, it required Internal Sight. Namely, the intention of Internal Sight. It was the locking of senses that allowed the ring, brace, or the world, in this case, to understand that something wanted to be transported inside or outside. It was similar to El'Rion and his intentions of locking Leonel down with the thought of him, though a bit different.

To make a complicated matter simple, it felt like Leonel's Internal Sight couldn't wrap around The Hourglass no matter how hard he tried. It was as though every time he was almost there, its size would increase, requiring more and more effort, more and more Internal Sight to make the attempt.

Leonel was a person who had never struggled with such a thing before. Others had a limit to how large an item they were moving in and out of a

spatial device could be, and for some who didn't have limits, there was a definite and long lag that took place the larger the object in question was. But, Leonel had never worried about this. He could even move something the size of a Starship in and out of the Segmented Cube in a split moment.

But now, this Hourglass in his hand, that was still the same size as always, seemed to be forming a larger and larger picture in his mind. He realized instantly that no matter how large his range was, The Hourglass would always be just a hair better.

His frown deepened, the coldness in his gaze flickering. In another split second, any attempt to continue holding onto this item would shred his muscles off the bone. But more importantly than that, there was El'Rion.

He had just used a Starship capable of one-shotting most Ancestors, and yet he hadn't even managed to sever El'Rion's hand completely. No, it was even worse than that. The Starships in his possession were upgraded using the blueprint of his enlightened self. They were easily twice as powerful as Cynthia's already modified and improved Starships. On top of that, he had concentrated all of the power into a thin line barely three to four inches thick...

And yet he still couldn't sever maybe the weakest part of El'Rion's body?

How would he continue to fight this person?

In terms of a straight-up battle, Leonel didn't fear him. While he had long since acknowledged that there was a limit to what scheming could accomplish, he still firmly believed that he had yet to run into that peak just yet.

But if he couldn't at least store away The Hourglass, even if he couldn't use it himself, it would definitely land in El'Rion's hands once more. At that point, he wouldn't stand a chance.

When The Hourglass appeared, he had realized how special it was immediately. Other ignorant individuals would think it to be a worthless ornament, maybe even making the assumption that the reason Shan'Rae was scared off was because the item was akin to a badge, representing someone with a bit of an eccentric personality.

But he could feel it. Any item that he couldn't completely cast into his Dream World was one that existed on a plane far beyond his understanding.

So, the instant he had seen it, he had already thought of thousands of methods to get his hands on it. He felt that it might be a chance to reverse what had happened to his father. So long as he could figure out how to use it, he could return to that moment, he could be more prepared, he could find a method to deal with the Regulator, he could...

Leonel's teeth clenched. It was only a split moment but his mind simply worked far too fast. It had only gotten several-fold faster after he entered the Seventh Dimension and it was prone to overrunning even its own self, accelerating past what maybe even Leonel himself was consciously aware of.

Leonel clenched his jaw so hard that some of his teeth cracked, but no matter how fast his mind ran, he couldn't figure out a solution.

Ironically, he had run into that peak schemes were useless again just when he thought he would be undefeatable...

No.

That was actually a lie.

He did have a solution... but when he was about to use it, his mind working in a frenzy, he hesitated. It was something he never thought he would do in such a situation, and especially not in his current state of mind. But he simply... couldn't bring himself to do it.

Unfortunately, a split moment of hesitation was all it took to lose a battle like this one.

CRACK.

Leonel's arm snapped like a twig. The recoil was so strong that even after The Hourglass fell from his palm, his bicep tendon snapped and his arm swung down and back. The sight was grotesque, but how could it not be when the back of his hand slapped against the back of his shoulders?

El'Rion appeared before Leonel, almost carelessly catching The Hourglass. His eyes, though, seemed to carry more emotion than they usually did. He had actually been out maneuvered by a human?

This ending was still inevitable, that was only logical. The Hourglass was forged by the Constellation of the Pluto Race, how could it respond to the call

of anyone else? Even if he left it in the middle of the road of the busiest city of the God Domain, no one would even dare to touch it.

But... why did he still somehow feel that this had ended far too simply?

He looked down at Leonel, his wrist having already healed, his thoughts unreadable.

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Chapter 2215: This Year

El'Rion looked at Leonel, but the latter seemed to be in a bit of a daze. Despite this, El'Rion still felt a prickling sensation at the back of his neck, one that grew stronger every time he hesitated. Even though he felt this way, he didn't move, his expression remaining the picture of indifference. It was hard to tell if this man had any emotion at all. Even after being humiliated like that by the entity, he didn't even so much as clench his fist, nor did he care to take it out on his descendant.

This kind of man was one who had a mind that was impossible to pry into. But interestingly enough, though El'Rion felt that Leonel was quite easy to read as someone who was grieving, he still couldn't seem to grasp the exact depth. As for the depth of what exactly, even this was a blur, as though even making guesses about Leonel's state of mind was impossibly muddled.

At that moment, Leonel suddenly looked up at El'Rion. The height difference between them could only be said to be exceptional, one stood at two meters or so tall, but the other was almost at four. Even so, Leonel's gaze didn't seem to give off the impression of a person who was inferior in any way.

"Why aren't you attacking yet?" Leonel asked coldly.

In a battle like this one, Leonel knew that he couldn't take the initiative. His Ability Index worked best when he had data, and in order to have data his enemy had to take action, only then could he read, react, counter, and force his enemies to regret their choices.

The only reason he had attacked first before was because he had already predicted how El'Rion would react. Others might find this man to be unreadable, but Leonel felt that it was obvious enough, his Emperor's Charm had only made him better at reading people.

El'Rion was a carbon copy of his cousin. The difference was that El'Rion had unmatched talent while Noah did not. This simple difference is what had led to a deviation in the direction their personalities had brought them down.

How had Noah reacted the first time he met Leonel? Of course, he was a stickler for the rules and he had acted in accordance with the law. Unfortunately, that had gotten him beaten within an inch of his life by Leonel because he had dared to touch Aina.

This man was the same.

He was probably ordered to come here by his family, so he had. He wasn't angry with the entity because he felt that it only made sense someone so powerful would have a temper, he also felt there was no need to get angry because he would surpass this individual soon enough. As for taking it out on Shan'Rae? Why would he do something to put his family in a poor situation just for his own personal grudge? He was better than that, and most importantly, the likes of Shan'Rae weren't worth his effort.

He was arrogant, but only rightfully so, and he was the furthest thing from a hypocrite. Although Leonel asked him why he wasn't attacking, he already knew the answer.

Attack Leonel? Why? What would that get him?

Even compared to Shan'Rae, Leonel was even more inferior. Attacking him out of rage would only be like admitting that he had suffered a loss and that he took it more seriously than he did. Of course, that didn't mean that he didn't acknowledge Leonel's victory, he did, and he would also adjust his expectations and future actions such that this wouldn't happen again. However, it wasn't worth attacking over.

It was infuriating, indeed. It was even worse than disdain. Like he had said before, would a passerby disdain a dog for digging into garbage bins for scraps to fill their belly? Of course not, what human would waste their time disdain a dog? The only appropriate reactions would be indifference, maybe a bit of aversion, but most importantly... they would feel that it was just natural. That's where a dog belonged, digging in the trash, so what was the use of an overblown reaction?

However, this time, Leonel didn't attack, he just stood there, looking up at El'Rion as though he was trying to remember this person's face.

"The Hourglass doesn't do what you think it does," El'Rion explained simply. "Well, it does, but it won't work out in a way you think it will. In addition, the Pluto Race wouldn't be willing."

"Make sure you keep it safe." Leonel replied just as simply. "Soon enough, it'll be mine. The more you stall, the greater price it'll have to pay."

Leonel's meaning was simple. The more time passed, the more time would have to be rewound, and the greater pressure there would be on The Hourglass.

El'Rion looked toward Leonel, but he didn't reply immediately. Both of them seemed to be exceptionally okay with silence. If it wasn't for Leonel's hostility, and the fact that he was too weak, they might have been able to be friends. While he didn't disdain the weak, El'Rion wasn't a fan of the idea of watching such a weak species of people die long before he did.

His gaze flickered. What a peculiar thought that was.

Friends? With a man who had tried to steal the symbol of his Pluto Race? If others found out about this, even just the threat he had levied just now, even his bones wouldn't be left.

But he suddenly felt compelled to change Leonel's mind.

"Do you understand what you are saying?"

"It doesn't matter," Leonel replied simply.

"It does." El'Rion responded. "Do you understand how strong the existence who separated you from my body was?"

Leonel didn't reply, he wasn't a fan of repeating himself. Since he had said it didn't matter, he meant that it didn't matter.

"In order to do what he did, he would have to have the power to ignore the Regulator of your Incomplete World," El'Rion continued as though he didn't need a reply. "If that's not enough of an answer for you, do you have any idea how strong Shan'Rae is? How strong I am?"

Leonel once again didn't reply.

"This year, if converted to your time, I am 14 years old. My strength level, if converted to your understanding, is at the Quasi Sixth Dimension."

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Chapter 2216: Maybe...

The reaction that El'Rion might have expected wasn't the one he received. If anything, he was underwhelmed.

Leonel had already seen just how far apart the strengths of various Races could be. Setting aside the Spirituals, there was himself. When that figure in the blood pool moved, it had to be understood that Leonel's Dimension didn't change, the only thing that changed was how much access to his own personal talent he had. That meant, the man who could kill Ancestors, and even Overlords, as though they were wet tissue paper, had been the very same Sixth Dimensional Leonel.

Of course, that was still not as impressive as El'Rion who was only in the Fifth Dimension. Though the latter had said Quasi Sixth Dimensional, this was the reality. Quasi or not, it was still the Fifth Dimension. However, it wasn't enough to completely upend Leonel's reality.

As for why he was underwhelmed, it was because he would expect such an existence to be further along at 14 years old.

If he had been born in the Morales family, he would have most definitely been faster than that. He had entered the Dimensional Verse at 18 years old. He was now 26 years old, and most of that time had been spent struggling on his own. It was completely unlike El'Rion who even had access to such a treasure.

That said, Leonel still stored away several things from this information, much of which was speculation.

El'Rion had said if his age was converted, it was very possible that he had experienced much more than 14 years, but just like dog years, different species experienced the years differently. This would explain why there wasn't even a hint of childishness on his face, though that could also be explained by his race itself.

The second important speculation was that he didn't believe that El'Rion was actually just slow to progress. Or, rather, even if he was slow, every step he took was far more substantial than Leonel's own. That meant that the Pluto Race had a different method of progression, one that Leonel was very much interested in.

A part of his senses drifted down to the members of the Void Race that Shan'Rae had left behind, a cold glint lighting his eyes.

El'Rion shook his head. It seemed that this kind of man couldn't be swayed in such a way. He didn't know why he had wasted his time, it was truly uncharacteristic of him. There also wasn't a point in converting his strength and age like that, this man would have no reference for what that truly meant.

Seeing that Leonel seemed to have some intention toward the other Void Race members, he was rendered somewhat speechless. Laying a hand even on a servant of a God Race would get your entire race eradicated.

He had yet to get to it because Leonel didn't seem to be paying attention, but if Leonel had truly killed Shan'Rae, it would have been like sentencing everyone to death. He didn't know why, but he didn't want to see this man die, at least not in such a ridiculous and unfair way.

He truly wouldn't even see his enemies if he made such a folly. He would likely spend his years in eternal damnation, never laying eyes on the person who put him there in the first place.

At that moment, El'Rion suddenly remembered something his father had told him. He was used to being reprimanded for his straight forward ways, he might be talented, but he lacked in charisma. As a leader, this was a deathly sort of flaw.

His father had once said that smart people couldn't be convinced with reason. Usually, they had already thought of every possibility. Telling them facts would do nothing to change the situation. He had already assumed that giving a person the facts was only right, any logical person would obviously come to the same conclusion as him, right?

But his father had said no. Humans were emotional creatures, no matter how smart they were. If you wanted to convince someone of something, you had to understand their why and manipulate that. Unless you could understand that, it would all be useless.

Even if a person was stupid, so long as they had enough bias, even if you laid out all the facts before them they might nod to your face then return to their ingrained beliefs later.

But what was Leonel's why?

El'Rion's gaze flickered and he remembered that the World Spirit had responded to Leonel. The only way that would happen would be if...

"Don't." Leonel suddenly said, raising up a hand.

El'Rion froze, not quite understanding.

"I don't care how powerful your people are. I also don't care what your original purpose here was, or how you might be related to my grandfather or the Fawkes family. I truly do not give a damn.

"I can see it in your eyes. You're looking, trying to find a light of reason, trying to understand me, trying to convince me. I originally didn't know why you were deviating so far from your original personality, but now that you've told me your age, it's too obvious. You're still a child and still don't have any sort of real conviction."

El'Rion frowned for the first time.

"I wasn't even trying, but I was already leading you by the nose. What do you think I am? A broken vase you need to put back together? Maybe because your family gave you a mission to fulfill that promise you want to complete it to 100% of your ability and maybe pull me out of an abyss to help the descendants of your benefactor? Is that it?

"It's all worthless. You may have all of the "facts", but those facts are just your understanding of your Race. Do you even know who I am? Do you know what I'm capable of? Did you check to see who you were speaking to first? Or was it that because I'm a human ant in your eyes, you believed that you could understand me in just a few seconds of thought?"

Leonel rose into the air until his nose practically touched El'Rion's, looking into those eyes that held the weight of the universe within.

"Since you're being so "helpful" with your words, I'll ask you a question. Do you have any idea how close to death you were just now?"

That cold shiver El'Rion thought had vanished appeared again.

"You might not believe me, but I'll lay it out for you. You see that beast corpse over there?"

El'Rion subconsciously looked toward the Void Beast corpse ship.

"I have a beast companion that's been by my side for almost a decade. He's an adorable little mink, his fur is quite soft, and his soul would be very useful to me. If I killed him, animated him, and then used this beast corpse to breathe life into him again, making him my puppet for life, how powerful do you think he would be? Would your little prepubescent body be able to handle it? What Shan'Rae be able to handle it? I have a feeling that even her entity wouldn't be able to handle it."

The more Leonel spoke, the colder his gaze became, and the worse the shiver up El'Rion's spine became.

"Do you know why you're still standing here, alive?"

This time, it was El'Rion's turn to remain silent.

Leonel turned and walked away. "... Maybe... it's because I'm not angry enough yet."

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2217: Sturdy?

El'Rion found that his heart was beating too rapidly for him to control. Leonel had already gone off far into the distance by the time he regained his bearings. He didn't seem to snap out of it until he realized that Leonel was actually going down below to the location of the partially built pyramids.

El'Rion took another deep breath, trying to settle himself. He looked toward the corpse of the Void Beast. Controlling that? Wasn't that too ridiculous? Who was he trying to fool? Who would believe that a human could take control of a Void Beast's corpse?

He had some understanding of the Fawkes family's ability. Of course, he knew that Leonel wasn't talking about taking control of the corpse. He was speaking of using Arise on Little Blackstar and then using Assimilate and Breathe on

him. That way, Blackstar would gain the strength of the dead Void Beast. If such a thing succeeded, Blackstar would indeed become an existence the likes of which even the entity feared, and he would indeed become a puppet of Leonel.

But how could such a thing be possible?

Killing Little Blackstar and animating his soul was easy enough. Leonel could easily use Arise on the Ancestors of the Dimensional Verse, so Blackstar was well within his abilities. However, while Assimilate and Breathe worked better the better the material was, the energy couldn't come from nowhere. It would obviously need Leonel to provide the catalyst for the fusion. If it was too far beyond Leonel's abilities, how could he possibly succeed?

El'Rion was smart enough to think of all of this. If the Fawkes family didn't have such limitation, it would be they who were the Gods and not the other way around. In El'Rion's opinion, the so-called Ninth Dimensional Lineage Factor was barely passable. Of course, that didn't assume that there were Tenth Dimensional Lineage Factors and above, rather it was that the title of Ninth Dimensional was just a world, and the ones that Leonel knew of were just the outskirts of this world.

In fact, El'Rion didn't call Lineage Factors by such titles. He divided them into Complete and Incomplete. Only when you were Ninth Dimensional could you barely be considered Complete.

El'Rion knew all of this. So why... why was it that he still felt that Leonel wasn't lying to him just to save face? Was it truly because he was too young and easily led by the nose? Or was it because there were other matters that Leonel couldn't be bothered to explain?

If El'Rion had known Leonel, he would understand just how rare it was for Leonel care to explain anything in the first place. The idea that he would explain everything... especially to a potential enemy...

Well, wasn't that too ridiculous?

After one final breath, El'Rion exhaled another breath and managed to fully reclaim his calm. He descended after Leonel, wanting to understand what this man was doing. Regardless of the circumstances, he had entered a state of complete curiosity. Someone else might have already been completely enraged, but El'Rion was someone who had taken the humiliation at the

hands of the entity as though nothing at all had happened, so how could he take a few words from Leonel seriously?

...

Leonel landed on the ground, gliding across the grown sandy plains. The World Spirit that had been fused with him had long since separated, but now it followed over his shoulder, an amorphous blob of energy.

Somewhere inside, Leonel wondered if this World Spirit had followed his mother because it had truly chosen her, or if it was his fault. After he left this place, he couldn't very well take the World Spirit with him, so it would be stuck here until Alienor was born. Who knew, maybe it attached itself to her because it had finally sensed an aura similar enough to Leonel's.

Though he thought this, Leonel didn't accept it right away. For one, World Spirits weren't foolish creatures, they had enough intelligence of their own though it didn't manifest in the same ways. Secondly, he felt that this current World Spirit was very different from the one he knew... it was too strong.

Leonel had noted this the moment it appeared, but since he was in the midst of battle, he couldn't exactly explore this idea. But now, he felt that he had quite a bit of time on his hands.

Because he had been forcibly expelled from El'Rion's body, for all intents and purposes, they had already failed this Zone.

This was unfortunate because his mother wouldn't be able to gain the benefits of completely understanding a new Magic System this time. But it was fortunate in that he didn't have the same restraints.

At the same time, although the rewards would be lost to them, there would be other rewards here. There were still the Void Race members above and there was still this pyramid being built here.

How much had Leonel gained just from entering the Zone of the mere Dwarven Race? It benefited his combat prowess even now and it was a large part of the reason he had mastered his spear so quickly.

The benefits waiting here for him were on a completely different level.

As for why the Void Race members above had yet to run for their lives... the truth was that they didn't dare to. Only the likes of Leonel would dare to even speak so brazenly to a Pluto. As for them? The moment Shan'Rae escaped, even though El'Rion had yet to speak even a single word to them, they acted as though they were captives.

Leonel waved his arm and his injured elbow snapped back into place. With a clench of his fist, it was soon as though nothing at all had happened.

When he entered the range of the pyramid, his eyes narrowed.

With the evolution of his Lineage Factor, he had gained a great deal. One such thing was that his Earth Force affinity had risen to an entirely new level. So, when he stepped foot into range, he felt as though he was standing upon the sturdiest earth he ever had.

It was a completely contradictory feeling. What about sand could possibly be sturdy?

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2218: Incomplete World

It reminded Leonel of Elthor's Chaotic Particle Force. It was formed of granules of earth as well, and yet it was the number one Earth Force in all of existence.

Well... he wasn't sure if he could say that anymore. He wondered if these Force evaluations were just limited to the Dimensional Verse's understanding of them or not. Although he reacted as though it was nothing much, that didn't mean that he didn't take note of the existence of the Pluto and Void Races. Their existence clearly meant that this world was much larger than he knew.

There was a second pressure Leonel had felt just now as well, though... and that was the pressure of the others of the Pluto Race.

They were dressed simply, but even the shortest was at least five meters tall. It seemed to be reminding Leonel of El'Rion's age again and again. They didn't seem powerful outside of their size, and yet their every moment seemed to rock the earth.

As Leonel walked forward, he felt that El'Rion was holding back a great deal. At the very least, when a Pluto sweat, it seemed that the entire world worked as well. Every drop of a Pluto's body was precious and couldn't be shed without an equivalent exchange.

'A powerful race, indeed...' Leonel thought to himself.

Even so, it didn't stop his steps forward. He didn't even react when El'Rion appeared by his side.

He really didn't understand this boy. But, he had learned that different cultures of humans could react to things differently. The Morales were a prime example, they were almost all fiery and battle-hungry, but that wasn't entirely because of their blood, it was also because of their culture.

It was clear that the Pluto Race had its own unique culture. They felt that they were so above everything that they weren't quick to any emotion at all.

Even though Leonel had appeared, they had ignored him. Only when El'Rion appeared did they look over, but even after this, they looked away.

'It isn't appropriate to call them servants, they don't seem to be despite their style of dress. They're artisans, and those are most definitely not limestone like the history textbooks say. As for what they're resonating with... it seems to be quartz...'

Quartz, back in this era, or rather a few hundred years later, would be quite widely used. It was one of the most abundant substances on Earth, and it was useful in a wide range of applications from glassware to powering watches.

It was completely unremarkable, at least at the time.

In Leonel's era, though, the importance of quartz skyrocketed, and it was likely also part of the reason that Earth hadn't reached the point of having to gather energy from the stars either. On Earth, by the time Leonel was born, they were able to build surface cities around quartz deposits, using the existence of these quartz deposits to power the cities entirely without the need for fossil fuels or other types of renewable energy.

The best part was that this energy seemed endless and inexhaustible because it relied on the natural chemical bonds of quartz, bonds that were

incredibly difficult to break as it was the fourth strongest material on Earth at the time.

Quartz was quite fascinating... at least to a Third Dimensional Leonel. The current Leonel had already long since stopped caring about this level of material, and had already come across a countless number that had similar and even stronger effects. Compared to Third Dimensional electro-chemical effects of the like, just how far beyond was a trickle of Force from a Fourth Dimensional Ore? It could completely crush the former.

But then why? Why were the artisans of this mighty race relying so heavily on this material?

Leonel could tell after a few moments what was happening. They were using the pyramids as a foundation to resonate with the quartz of Earth. This would thus execute some unknown action still elusive to him... but wasn't there a better way?

The obvious answer to this question seemed to be that they were on Earth so they were just using what was available on Earth, but something was telling Leonel that things weren't as simple as they seemed. He was missing something. He would have to get closer.

Just as he was going to, El'Rion suddenly spoke.

"This pyramid is one of the symbols of our Pluto Race. It's being used to harness the energy of your planet, it will ultimately downgrade its level, an unfortunate price to pay."

Leonel's gaze narrowed, and he looked up and toward El'Rion.

"In the past, a member of the Fawkes family did a member of our Pluto Race a favor. It has been many generations since then, but the favor was cashed in upon the destruction of the Fawkes family.

"This place is what you call an Incomplete World. You see how all the planets and stars are scattered? This is what happens when a world fails in its birth. What you call stars are not technically real stars, they're kernels of a universe's energy. You would normally not be able to see them as they would all be fused into the land. The fact you can see them so clearly is evidence of this world being incomplete.

"A Complete World has one land, one star, one being. An Incomplete World does not, and phenomena like Sub-Dimensional Zones appear as a result. Though..."

El'Rion trailed off as though not wanting to explain the rest of this matter fully.

Leonel's brows furrowed. Why was this man explaining this to him? He suddenly found himself getting annoyed. He knew that his temper wasn't the best in recent days, but this was ridiculous even for him.

It was then that he calmed down. He understood that maybe the rest of the Pluto Race was quite calm, but El'Rion was still a child. How could he be as unbothered as he seemed?

It seemed he had begun to understand more about Leonel. A person that Leonel had just reprimanded explaining things to him that he didn't understand? Was there even a better way to annoy him?

"Usually, Incomplete Worlds are disseminated to the Gods as they're still valuable commodities. But this time, my Pluto Race... commandeered them to return this favor and help in something they called the Dream Project.

"The parameters of this Dream Project, though, are quite strict. The last remnants of the Fawkes family need safe passage, and the only way to allow that is to weaken this world. But should everything go well, this world may rise again."

Leonel's gaze turned frighteningly cold. What did he just say?

[Author's Note: Sorry everyone, I've been feeling like shit all day and tried to ride it out... which is part of the reason GAB chapters were so late today though many of you DD readers probably didn't notice that. I'll spare you the more gory details as this is a family friendly server. Only managed to write two today. The good news is that I almost just wrote one... yay? *tears*]