

Dimensional Descent -

- Chapter 2774: Decision

Chapter 2774: Decision

Leonel stepped out of the challenge with a smile on his face. But because he was still keeping up appearances, rather than a cocky smile, it looked like a relieved one. He swept Aina into his arms and gave her a huge bear hug, causing her to chuckle.

"You're much more adorable when you're pretending to be Aerin," Aina spoke into Leonel's soul. "If you were being yourself, you'd already be taking advantage of me."

Leonel scoffed. "Are you saying you like another man?"

He pretended to be offended, though he could tell Aina's true intentions with ease. With their souls fused, how could he not tell what she actually meant?

Aina giggled. "No, I prefer when you're aggressive-"

She cut off her thoughts, suddenly blushing down to her collarbone.

The outside world could have never guessed what they were talking about. To them, it seemed that the relationship between the two was so innocent that even a hug made Lyra react like this, and that made the two all the more endearing... and shocking!

Leonel tried his best not to burst into a fit of laughter, but his soul was convulsing. He might as well have been inwardly dying.

He knew that Aina was a masochist. A man that coddled her feelings too much wasn't what she wanted, though she also didn't want a man that ignored her feelings. It could be said that Leonel was and always would be the perfect man for her. She had only been teasing him.

However, him knowing was one thing, but her saying it out loud was something she had never done before.

That was the thing with communicating with your soul, your true thoughts spilled down usually before you could filter them. This time, she couldn't escape at all.

Leonel suddenly really wanted to take her to bed again, but unfortunately, they had things to do.

The world was in an absolute uproar. It wasn't just the victory, but what Aerin had displayed.

The appearance of the Silver Tablet overturned their worlds. Could it be that Races other than Humans could be Wise Star Orders? Or was it that the Dwarven Race in specific had figured out such a method?

The Dwarven Race rarely interacted with the world, and many thought that this was because they were weak and easy to bully. It could be said that after the Human ascended to become the Envoy of the God Beasts, the Dwarven Race shared the bottom of the barrel with no one other than themselves. They were by far the weakest Race and they couldn't stack up to the others. As such, just to protect themselves, they had no choice but to hole themselves up and ignore the outside world.

But what if this wasn't just a method of self-preservation, but also a method of finding a way to counterattack?

The intelligent didn't feel that this was a coincidence. The Dwarven Race was obviously using this as a chance to warn the world. Not only were the waters on this side deeper than they seemed from an outsider's perspective, but they even had more support from powerful Mortal Races like the Spirituals. In fact, the implication seemed to be that the Prince and Princess of both Races were together now.

Watching this scene, it could be said that whether it was Aerin or Lyra, both were blushing profusely. They didn't even know how they would face one another when they finally saw each other again.

BANG!

This time, Flaura couldn't control her temper at all. She whipped her glass of wine at the wall with all the strength she could muster, watching the sparkling fine mist of rouge liquid and glass crystals fall...

The sight was only beautiful for a moment before it bared its teeth. The wine soaked the white carpet through and the shards of glass ruined the paint on the wall. It looked more like a crime scene than anything remotely approaching beauty.

Flaura's chest heaved, her fury towering along with its movement.

This was a huge deal, an enormous deal.

Whether it was Little Fox, Morgok or Patriarch Khafra, they were all important chess pieces. They were the best she could bring forward now without exposing what was going on in the background, and now they had all died one after another.

But the largest change was the Silver Tablet.

Unlike the Life Tablet, in order for Leonel to display the prowess of the Silver Tablet, he had to quite literally take out the Silver Tablet. Of course, that was exactly what he wanted them to see. If he hadn't taken it out, then he might have shot himself in the foot.

From the perspective of others, the only thing they had ever seen to display such abilities was the Life Tablet. If they assumed Aerin had a Life Tablet due to their ignorance, it would be a disaster, especially if Flaura uncovered the fact he was Leonel.

But bringing out the Silver Tablet left no room for confusion.

All of this was terrible.

If she just replaced Patriarch Khafra now, even laymen would start questioning what was going on. The Nomads were strong, but not to the point that they could just casually pull out so many high-level Life State Dream Force users on a whim.

By then, the entire point of remaining stealthy would be crushed. At that point, wouldn't all of her plans be ruined?

The only option seemed to be to stall for a few decades and hope it blew over. By then, she hoped that the war with the Owlans and Void Race descendants would still be ongoing. That way, she could fly under the radar again.

But now, there were suddenly too many variables involved.

Everything was ruined. Absolutely everything was ruined.

"Who is playing on my board?!" She shrieked.

Flaura took deep breaths, trying to calm herself down.

Since all of this had fallen through, there was only one thing to do.

She would ruin Leonel's life and expose him. The world would come to know that he was a Fawkes.

Chapter 2775: Information

Leonel appeared outside the courtroom as the Khafra Dream Pavilion's projection vanished. He found Old Bastian standing before him, his expression somewhere halfway between relief and rage.

He could see the kind of storm that Leonel had embroiled them in, there was simply no escaping it now. However, to his back, the rest of everyone else was looking toward

Leonel, or rather Aerin, with worship in their eyes. They were even looking at Lyra like she was already their Queen, their gazes sparkling.

At this point, even if Old Bastian wanted to, he couldn't reprimand Leonel. Not only would it ruin everything, but it wouldn't change the outcome.

"Come with me," Old Bastian finally said, sighing and releasing what felt like a pent-up breath.

The skies rumbled and Old Bastian shook his head as he looked up. It seemed that what would come would come.

Leonel sent Aina back into the Segmented Cube and pulled Aerin out before he changed his own appearance to that of a normal looking Sparrow.

Just as he finished, two auras descended and entered the Dream Pavilion.

They were both about the same age as Old Bastian. One was an old Sparrow with three pairs of translucent dragonfly wings to Old Bastian's two. The second, however, was an old Pixie.

If Sparrow's wings grew larger in their old age, then for Pixie's, it could be said that their souls became larger. In fact, her eyes practically seemed to sparkle, carrying the youthful vigor of a teenage girl despite the fact she had the features of a woman well into her sixties.

It could be said that these were the main flaws of the Dwarven Race. They unlocked exceptional talents in their old age, but by then, they were already past their physical prime and had a problem with taking true advantage of them. This was just the reality of their lives.

"Avlauren, Spector," Old Bastian greeted with a smile.

Despite the Pavilion Head's politeness, the two old fogies didn't seem to be very happy. Their eyes landed like daggers on Aerin who immediately went pale.

In truth, Aerin had always been pampered. It was rare for his elders to look at him like this. Even when he wanted to go to the Gathering of Minds, their reactions weren't so fierce. It was obvious that he had definitely crossed their bottom lines this time, but what else could he do? He felt like they were being slowly pushed into a corner; if they didn't take action now, then when could they?

"What the hell is going on, Old B? I know this wouldn't have gone through without your approval," Avlauren turned her attention back to Bastian.

"Ask him," Old Bastian tossed the ball to Leonel.

"What the hell, old man? Where's your backbone?" Leonel asked half-jokingly.

He suddenly felt two auras lock onto him, as though they were wondering who he was. Originally, they had wanted to kick Leonel out, but they realized that just because they were angry, it didn't mean that they should take it out on an innocent party. The Dwarven Race had always been harmonious... for the most part. There was no reason to harm one of their own unnecessarily.

Old Bastian looked away as though he hadn't heard Leonel's words at all.

Leonel shook his head. All the old people in his life were so unreliable. He still had no idea where that useless grandfather of his was, was he just supposed to handle all of this on his own?

It had to be remembered just how severe the time dilation between the Complete and Incomplete Worlds were. Leonel had only been delayed a fraction of a second during his teleportation back to the Dimensional Verse from the Vast Bubble, and yet he lost almost 20 years of time.

By this point, he had already been in the Complete Worlds for years. It made no sense for his grandfather to be delayed this long. In fact, logically, he should have died of old age by now.

Leonel shook his head and focused. He looked the two old Dwarven Race members right in the eyes, and unlike Aerin, he didn't waver.

"Tell me clearly," Leonel spoke word for word, "do you want to spend your whole existence under the thumb of others?"

The expressions of the two changed before they got angry. They were about to speak, but they were cut off by Leonel.

"The Cloud Race and Nomad Race have been hounding you at your borders, coming after something that you earned with your own two hands. Or, rather, your courageous Prince did.

"Do you want to hand it over?"

The words of the two were caught in their throats. How could they be willing?

"I can help you crush all of these people."

"Why should we trust you? You're not even a member of the Dwarven Race, are you?" Specter looked at Leonel. Although he couldn't see through the disguise, the way Leonel talked about them clearly drew a line between them. He even called Aerin "your" Prince.

"Because I have information on all of you that could completely cripple your empire, do you believe me?" Leonel asked with a smile.

This time, even Old Bastian frowned. Leonel hadn't mentioned this before, so why was he suddenly doing so now? What was he playing at?

Was he just using different tactics for different people?

"I can tell you what's going to happen right now. For now, there's a great number of people who are in awe and worshipping your Prince, but very soon there will be many dissatisfied voices.

"They'll be asking why their Prince is marrying outside of his race, they'll question the motives of the Spirituals and try to drive a wedge between you all.

"No Race is perfect, and as harmonious as you all seem on the surface, it just makes you all the more susceptible to such ploys.

"And you know why this will work, right? Probably because you all know that there's a certain Pixie noble that's already madly in love with Aerin, no?"

Leonel's lip curled.

Somnus had done so much of the legwork collecting all of this information for him; wouldn't it be a shame if he didn't use it?

Chapter 2776: Lumielle

The two older Pixie and Sparrow looked embarrassed after Leonel said as much. That was because the young Pixie they were referring to was actually their granddaughter.

The two of them, Specter and Avlauren, were actually husband and wife, and they had given birth to many great talents of the Race. It could be said that this was their greatest contribution, funny enough.

As a result, though... it was impossible for all of their descendants to be perfect examples of piety and patience.

This unruly granddaughter of theirs was one such example. It could be said that if Aerin was the greatest Crafting talent in the Race, then Lumielle was the best combat-focused talent of their race.

Due to this, many had shipped the two of them together, believing that they would be the glue that helped their Race to rise to another level.

Lumielle wasn't particularly in love with Aerin, at least not in the beginning. But after hearing so many people talk about how good them being together would be, since she never really took a fancy to other men, she began to fantasize as any other young woman was.

As Aerin and she grew up, she began to take a real liking to his character as well, and eventually she wasn't so resistant to the idea.

This wasn't entirely her fault. It could be said that the reason the two old fogies looked so embarrassed was because this was exactly what they expected would happen.

They knew that their granddaughter was a bit unruly so they chipped away at her slowly over time. It wasn't something that they were too proud about, but in their minds, it was quite a benign action.

They had watched Aerin grow up, and they too loved his character. They believed that there was no one better suited to be with their granddaughter than him. Not only did he have the patience to deal with her character, but he was a good young man and would treat her well in general.

It could be said that, the entire time, they thought that the troublesome character to deal with would be Lumielle, not Aerin. They knew that Aerin was always willing to listen to his elders and do what was best for his Race, so they hadn't put nearly as much effort into "converting" Aerin; they thought that it would just happen naturally. In fact, Aerin was smart enough that he would likely figure out the best path forward even without them pointing it out.

Unfortunately, they had neglected the fact that Aerin was a young man. Ultimately, no matter how vast his array of knowledge, his experience was lacking. He had grown up with Lumielle, so he didn't even really think of her that way. When others spoke about how beautiful of a Pixie she was, he would only smile as though they were praising his little sister. He had no other thoughts.

That was why when he suddenly fell for Lyra so hard, he had no idea how to deal with it, and he was entirely flustered. He had never thought about women in that way before.

It could be said that the Dwarven Race's comradery had become a bit of a double-edged sword as a result of all of this. They all saw each other as family, and there was hardly any distinction between bloodlines. Due to this, those that were as innocent of mind as Aerin often didn't get into romantic relationships until very deep into their lives when they realized they had to have children even if it made them slightly uncomfortable.

This was one of the key weaknesses that Somnus noted to exploit. It was also the reason why a Race that shouldn't have any reproductive issues had such low birthrates nonetheless.

Spector and Avlauren were so deeply entrenched in this culture that they couldn't see the forest for the trees, and they ended up lost in the whirlwind of it all as well. So they couldn't see this happening before it was all too late.

This didn't sound like a big deal at first brush. This was just a childish romance; many had had their hearts broken in their youth and it was only natural. In fact, the relationship between Lyra and Aerin was such that the odds that Aerin ended up marrying Lumielle anyway were so high that other things weren't even all that necessary to consider...

Until two factors were considered.

The first being Lumielle's character.

The second being her strength.

Lumielle was younger than Aerin, but comparatively speaking, her strength was on another level. In fact, while the world now thought that their Race's secret weapon was the Silver Tablet, the reality was that their real secret weapons were Aerin and Lumielle.

Aerin had been able to shroud his genius before with the shroud of Lyra taking cover from him. And now, with blueprints in hand, he would be able to exploit his talent to the greatest extreme.

However, Lumielle didn't even participate in the Gathering of Kingdoms. The Dwarven Race focused on reaching the 10% standard of the Preliminaries and ignored everything else.

Lumielle was already in the Eight Dimension, and not only that, but she had comprehended a Quasi Creation State Force in her young age. This was something that only the best Demi-God geniuses of her age could accomplish, and it was also information that even Aerin wasn't privy to!

It could be said that Lumielle spent all her time training under the tutelage of her grandparents, and when she wasn't, she was dreaming about the family she would build with Aerin.

Even if she wasn't yet the strongest of the Dwarven Race, she wasn't very far from it already.

The second issue was her character. When Avlauren and Spector said that she was unruly, that was their assessment as grandparents, filtered through years of love and watching their baby girl grow up.

To an outsider's perspective, she was a little she-demon.

If she wanted to wreak havoc, she would do so.

Chapter 2777: Dearly

The problem wasn't that Lumielle was a loose cannon that might attack to kill Aerin. But she would attack to kill Lyra, that was well within her degrees of tolerance.

The first problem with that was what it meant for her to kill Lyra in the first place. She would certainly leave the Dwarven Bubble, and certainly expose herself. Then she would be putting herself directly in the line of danger on top of that, where the Spirituals would have full rights to kill her if it ever came to that.

But that was only the first problem. What kind of strife would this cause to the Dwarven Race?

Even if Aerin didn't know the extent of Lumielle's true power, he did know how important she was to the Race. Everyone placed both of them on the same level.

If she ended up rampaging because of this, many would take her side. And if she ended up dying because of Aerin's actions, the result would be even worse. It would cause a fissure in the Race that couldn't be solved.

In fact, this might have been part of Flauro's plan as well. If Aerin died after going out to pursue Lyra, the situation would be the same but in reverse.

It was just that Leonel's plan was even more sinister.

If Aerin had been the one to die, the fissure would appear, but it wouldn't be that severe. After all, the main culprit was already dead, so who were they rallying around to be mad at?

However, if Lumielle died, it was a completely different can of worms. In this case, the main culprit-Aerin-would still be alive and well, and presumably still pursuing a relationship with a woman outside of his Race.

That was a powder keg waiting to happen.

When Leonel laid it out like this, even Old Bastian couldn't help but erupt in a cold sweat. If Leonel didn't warn them ahead of time, what would the result have been? If he had real sinister intentions, he could have started a civil war in their race and none of them would have been any wiser about what the hell was going on. They wouldn't even be able to find the first initial spark that triggered all of it.

"What...? Lumielle is in love with me?"

Surprisingly, it was Aerin who spoke first, looking a bit dull. It looked like he really had no clue. When the two old fogies saw this, their expressions paled, and the guilt in their hearts grew deeper.

They were just a pair of old codgers, what were they doing interfering in the relationship between two little kids? If they got together, then they got together. It wasn't like the Dwarven Race's fate could be turned around in a single lifetime anyway. What were they thinking?

Honestly, they weren't thinking so far, and that was the problem.

It had originally sparked as a casual conversation. As they watched the two grow, they felt that it would be cute, and it reminded them a lot of themselves.

Much like most Dwarven Race members, it took Spector and Avlauren a long time to get together. They saw a lot of themselves in the young duo, and they projected those thoughts onto them.

Honestly speaking, although Leonel didn't like what they had done, he wasn't mad at it either. He could tell that their intentions were pure and their goals innocent.

He had bad experiences with the older generation interfering with the love lives of the younger. Aina's father had once done that, but to be fair, in his situation, he wasn't even aware of Leonel's existence. And by the time he was aware, he learned that he and Aina had broken up. Plus, considering how Leonel was acting back then, he wasn't really in the right to launch a complaint.

Even so, it had always left a bad taste in his mouth. Especially since people had recently tried to pawn off their daughters on him as though his wife wasn't the best woman in the world.

Aerin's face had paled considerably, and he looked as though he was going to collapse if Leonel didn't catch him.

This wasn't him realizing that he, too, was in love with Lumielle, or at the very least, it wasn't so obvious to him now. The main problem was that he truly cared for the Pixie, and realizing that he might have unintentionally hurt her hit him like a truck. It was like countless small needles were picking away at his heart.

"I... I need to see her-"

Aerin panicked and began to fidget.

When the old couple saw this, their expressions were even worse. From beginning to end, Aerin didn't blame anyone, not even Leonel who knew of this from the beginning and still went along with this plan anyway.

All he was thinking about was the role he played in it all and how he could have acted to make sure it didn't happen.

He took it all on his shoulders like he usually did. In fact, even if it meant ignoring his love for Lyra, so long as he could make Lumielle feel better, he would marry her right now.

Although he had fallen for Lyra, how could that compare to someone he had known his whole life? If he had to make a decision, there was only one to make.

Just like he had chosen to cut Lyra off the first time, he could do it again.

Leonel's hand suddenly firmed up. "Relax for a bit," he chuckled, "the end of the world hasn't come just yet. If my information is correct, the odds that she's seen the Dream Pavilion battle is close to none, correct?"

He looked toward the old couple who seemed even more shaken now. Just how much did Ryu know, exactly?

"If we're going to do this, then we need to do this right. If you all listen to me, we'll come out on top and make a certain someone pay dearly."

Chapter 2778: Crass, Hairless Monkey

Flaura sat back in her chair. Her temper had cooled somewhat and she felt better. After sending off a wild stream of information to her agents to spread, she was confident that Leonel's life would be ruined. There was no longer a need to be worried about anything else. On this day, she would be the victor. She would lick her wounds, and when the time came once more, she would counter attack.

What she didn't expect was that she would only just settle down when her butler rushed in with another message. He looked somewhat flustered, so he only handed Flaura the information and then bolted away at his fastest speed.

This was a very rude action on his part. According to etiquette, he could wait until Flaura had read the letter and for him to be dismissed. Only then should he leave.

But at the moment, he didn't seem to care and it didn't matter if Flaura was enraged because soon she wouldn't have much power over him anyway. This was how the Dream Asura worked. They moved only for benefits, and so long as there was the slightest problem, they would jump ship.

Why would he give Flaura the chance to kill him? The fact he had stepped into the room in the first place was already the greatest sign of respect he could show. Otherwise, he would have sent something like a messenger bird instead.

Flaura frowned, realizing the problem immediately. But instead of chasing the butler, her hand trembled with the letter in her hands. What could have happened?

She opened it slowly, and what she saw inside would have made her pass out if it wasn't for the fact the shriek of a banshee came from her red lips a moment later.

She was so enraged that all the glass in the room shattered at once, her fury reaching a towering pedestal that seemed to dwarf her entire living abode.

Many of the Race looked over indifferently. It was just a new day, another one of their own falling beneath the weight of their schemes. It wasn't too much of a surprise.

A legion of black armored Dream Asuras walked in a unit. Their destination? Flaura's home.

This only happened when one was about to be forcefully expelled from the Clan.

Orion fell to his knees.

Even now, he didn't know how his Cloud Race had gotten mixed up in this nonsense. They weren't involved, he swore that they weren't involved. But it didn't matter how much they swore up and down if the world didn't believe them.

Ever since the Gathering of Minds, Orion had been laying low. His partner at the time, Lumina, the descendant of the Owlans, had been directly killed by Minerva. After that, because he had lost his partner, he obviously lost the right to continue participating and could only leave with his tail between his legs.

Because of his loss, the Cloud Race had lost out on the treasures they thought they were promised.

Back then, before Leonel's appearance, they thought that they had third place locked up. Because so few Demi-Gods had shown up, a grouping between a fallen Demi-God and a strong member of the Mortal Races was a perfect combination for third place.

His talent as a Crafter wasn't bad either, obviously, or else his elders wouldn't have forced him to participate. Much like everyone else, the Cloud Race, too, wanted to become a Demi-God Race and they were doing their best to right to that pinnacle.

However, Lumina's stupidity had lost them that chance, and for the first time, his elders didn't actually blame him for once.

However, that didn't mean that they had given in. In fact, when they learned that the Dwarven Race won the very rewards they wanted, they had to apply pressure onto them. They were close by, and the Dwarven Race was also weak, what chance did they have to protect their treasures?

This was also a matter of life and death. The reason so many Mortal Races were racing to become Demi-Gods now wasn't just because of the strength and prestige, but also the protection.

They could see the writing on the walls. It was likely that soon, the Gods would force even the Demi-God Races to participate in the Culling. If that happened, then what would it mean for their families and Races? If they weren't at the level of Demi-Gods by then, what chance did they stand?

As such, even if the Dwarven Race was powerful, they would still be forced to take this step, let alone the fact that they weren't.

What none of them could have expected that such information would begin to spread.

First it was news that the Lyra they had all seen on the screen wasn't Lyra at all, it was instead just a disguising technique. But how could there be such a good disguising technique?

This immediately made people think of the Cloud Race. How else could it fool so many Dream Force experts if not like this?

Then came the information that seemed to suggest that Aerin was fake as well.

At that point, people began to put two and two together, feeling that after all the pressure the Cloud Race had been putting on them in recent months, that the Dwarven Race's defenses had finally cracked.

But then the world had a question. Why was the Cloud Race doing this? Why did they want the world to think that the Dwarven Race was so powerful?

That was when another shocking bit of speculation was leaked.

Didn't the Cloud Race genius team up with the descendant of the Owlman Race during the Gathering of Minds?

This tidbit of information was like a bomb, especially when others remembered why Lumina was killed.

The world began to circulate with her last words.

"You're a fucking crass, hairless monkey!"

Every time Orion watched the video, the more his heart sank.

The world started to put puzzle pieces together all on its own and the situation only got worse with every passing hour.

Chapter 2779: Coincidence

The information seemed to spread as though it had legs of its own, and no one could seem to understand where it started from at all, and that was because they had no right to know.

After awakening his Fawkes Lineage Factor once more, the options available to Leonel were on an entirely different level. While it seemed that he was lazing around after he fought the Moonstone Lord, this wasn't the case at all. In fact, he had already forcefully turned several, turning them into useful puppets that did his bidding.

These people had already died after the 24 hour period was up, and it had already been weeks since then. It could be said that Leonel was on an entirely different level.

You couldn't just casually spread news and expect for it to catch on, it took time and patience. He had gotten this plan moving long in advance so that it was ready to explode forth this very moment.

After the oddity of the Spirituals targeting the Humans during their ceremony, there were many intelligent people who had their brows furrowed. Not everyone could be led by the nose so casually, and that allowed them to be just susceptible enough that Leonel's methods spread like wildfire.

However, this alone wasn't enough. Or rather, it could be said that this was just the first leg of Leonel's plans. Relying on just one, vastly variable method was difficult. Even for him, it was impossible to account for every single variable at once.

So that was where the Dream Pavilion came into play.

The Life Tablet had more control over the Dream Pavilions than any other treasure. Even if Leonel stepped into the territory of another Dream Pavilion, he would likely wield more power than even their Pavilion Head, whether by actively taking strength of his own or suppressing that of others.

But that didn't mean that this was all he could use it for.

The projection abilities of the Dream Pavilions, the capability of spreading information far and wide and nigh instantaneously was maybe the most underrated of the Dream

Pavilion's abilities. But it wasn't just this alone... it was the method through which this information was spread...

Dream Force.

Manipulating people with Dream Force was difficult. Manipulating experts of the Eighth and even Ninth Dimension was even harder. And manipulating those with Dream Force affinity was a completely different can of worms.

However, Leonel had not just one opportunity, but three. Two of which took place over several long months.

And he didn't need to lie to them either. He just had to tell them parts of the truth and let them fill in the gaps for themselves.

Nothing that Leonel said was a lie.

The Cloud Race and Owlans descendants did team up. The Owlans were now in a war after receiving the ire of the Void Race. Lumina did make her hatred of humans and inferior races clear. The Cloud Race was aggressively going after the Dwarven Race for their treasures.

Each one of these things were true. You couldn't fool a Dream Force expert by pulling the wool over their eyes or trying to outsmart them, but preying on their emotions and making them draw the wrong conclusions on their own...

Now that was something that was extraordinarily difficult to defend against.

And the best part about all of this was the fact that Flaura had her own younger brother to blame. It was by studying the methods that Somnus had taken with him when he left the Clan that Leonel was able to piece these things together.

How was it that Flaura could manipulate the Spirituals from so far away? How could Somnus gather so much secret information about the Dwarven Race? Information their own Prince wasn't even aware of?!

Studying those methods gave Leonel ideas that he had never thought of before and it opened his horizons toward how Dream Force could be used to wreak havoc on a large scale.

However, even all of this was just the beginning. It wasn't the nail that drilled into Flaura's coffin. Not just yet.

In fact, that nail came not from an expected source, but rather the fact that Leonel had revealed himself to be a Fawkes.

The moment he did, Leonel knew that Flaura would almost certainly try to lash out with this information. But like he had said, sometimes you had to reveal a weakness to force your enemy to overextend themselves.

Information about Leonel being a Fawkes began to circulate not long ago, triggered by Flaura's intentions. The problem with that was that the man who "revealed" himself as a Fawkes in the Spiritual world was a man who was distinctly not Leonel. And yet, despite so many Spiritual experts being around, no one could see through his disguise?

Were they supposed to believe that on top of being a Spear and Bow Sovereign, and a Destruction Sovereign and Dream Sovereign, Leonel had yet another shocking level of Force control that allowed him to display such might?

Plus, who didn't know that the Fawkes had golden hair and green eyes? Even when he used the supposed Emperor's Might Lineage Factor, it had a purple aura and not the usual green aura.

Normally, this might still be acceptable. Though rare, it wasn't impossible for Lineage Factors to mutate. With how many people there were per given family, it was bound to happen once in a while.

But there were too many issues.

One, the Fawkes had been wiped out. Even if there were some stragglers, wouldn't that also mean the odds of the Lineage Factor mutating plummeted to an already near zero chance to near impossible?

Second, why would such a weak Fawkes randomly expose himself? If he was going to, shouldn't there be some incoming wave of Fawkes as well? Where were they? Or was it just one idiot?

Third, wasn't this sort of timing too coincidental? It just so happened to appear all at the same time?

Chapter 2780: Drown

Calling a human a Fawkes was probably the next worst thing you could call them adjacent to an Envoy of Creation or Destruction. The Fawkes were hated by even many of the Gods. Their abilities were legendary and the fear they struck in many was great. There was a reason they were betrayed by even their own people in the end before they were systematically wiped out by everyone else.

So they were supposed to believe that a Fawkes just happened to appear around the same time all of this other stuff was happening?

Why had the Cloud Race chosen to impersonate Lyra in specific? Wasn't pretending to be a Dwarven Race member enough? Why go the extra step?

And why did this "Fawkes" just so happen to appear in Spiritual Race territory as well?

It felt like someone was trying to frame the Spirituals and Dwarven Race at the same time.

And that was when Flaura's tail was caught.

Leonel understood intimately the way the Dream Asuras did things after studying the methods Somnus left before. It was because of this that he learned of how Flaura was sending her letters and was able to expose her in this way.

As he had found out through Wicked, the Nomads somehow gained the capability of using the Dark half of the Northern Star Lineage Factor. This almost certainly related to their God.

After seeing Little Fox's hands, he was able to put two and two together.

The hand of an Owlman, a beast, a Dream Asura and what was, supposedly, a human.

These hands were obviously the result of Little Fox mingling with these Races and fusing his own path with their unique abilities. But how?

The answer was obvious: the four of them had been working together all along. He had stumbled into maybe the largest conspiracy in all of Existence, and this was likely a coalition of Races and powers readying themselves to battle with the Gods themselves.

But Leonel didn't care about any of that for now. What he did know was that the Dream Asura who was targeting him, had conveniently co-opted a method of the Envoys of Destruction to send messages through the Inbetween Worlds, ignoring the Anarchic Force, or more accurately, even using its unpredictability to their advantage.

All Leonel had to do was allow the right person to find it, and that right person was none other than the Emberheart Lord.

Leonel hated the Spirituals. He didn't know why they had done what they did, but what he did know was that they had slandered his wife and the rest of the Human Race for no other reason than to protect themselves.

But in a matter of life and death, this didn't matter as much. All that mattered was whether they could be used.

When the Emberheart Lord found out how Flaura was sending his messages, he was intelligent enough to understand what was going on. He didn't need to know the full

picture to understand that the ability to control Anarchic Force was a huge taboo as it was something only the Void Beast, its envoys and Regulators could do.

When the Emberheart Lord caught onto this weakness, he counterattacked immediately, and Leonel had given him the perfect reason to do so.

Hadn't his daughter been impersonated? Wasn't it only right that he lash out due to being targeted?

This action not only sealed Flaura's fate, but it also invalidated the Fawkes story even further.

Why would the Emberheart Lord be helping the Fawkes who killed his brother's son? Unless he wasn't actually helping him at all and was just exposing the fact that his identity was a lie all along?

When all of these pieces sifted into place, there were only two paths left to the Dream Asuras, one of which they didn't even consider.

The first was to drown with Flaura.

The second was to abandon her like they had done everyone before her.

They expelled her from the Clan, and unlike everyone else, they didn't even allow her the chance to take her valuables. She was completely shunned and ostracized, her name stricken from all records.

As for her life and death, they didn't care. Everyone knew that this was the policy of the Dream Asuras, and maybe were dissatisfied about it, but they didn't dare to do anything.

The Dream Asuras were too strong. They were the Demi-God Race that had formed the most number of Gods and their strength was constantly shrouded by mystery due to their scheming.

Even if the public wanted them to punish the wrongdoers more, what could they do? They had no right to force the Dream Asuras to do a single thing.

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Beaten and ragged from fighting back to no avail, Flaura stood in the midst of the swirling madness of the Inbetween Worlds. She had known that fighting back would do nothing, but she had mostly done it out of pride.

How many times had she watched others be kicked out? She had even warned her own little brother against it, but she never thought that she would be one of them. She thought she was above it all, that she was untouchable by the standards of the masses.

And yet, she had messed with the wrong person. Now, everything that she had built had come crumbling down. She was forced to watch it all slip through her fingers, and no matter how hard she grabbed out, she couldn't grasp any of it at all.

Soon, there would likely be people who came to hunt her down. Some of them might even be Gods.

If she went to the Human Bubble now, she would only be making herself a live target. That was probably one of the first places they might check for her because they knew she'd have a grudge.

She wanted to go anyway, she wanted to vent her hatred, but in the end, she laughed.

She raised her head high into the skies, her violet hair dancing and her cherry lips parting as her laughter echoed.