

Dimensional Descent

- Chapter 2817: Careful

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Leonel had already sensed the presence of these people. It was just that there wasn't much he could do. He wasn't Little Blackstar, unfortunately, and he also didn't dare to take the little guy out so casually in this world, either.

Blackstar and Kira had been spending all their time near the Void Beast corpse. It could be said that of Leonel's subordinates

, if Elorin cost the most money, these two had the greatest improvement. A close second to that would probably be Emna, who spent much of her time refining her blade again and again.

The trouble with that was that they had reached a Demi-God standard even before Leonel had. Their path of growth was clear, and the Void Beast corpse had more than they could study in a lifetime.

The only Race that even had Void Beast corpses on hand were the Gods, and unless you had standing equal to Shan'Rae or better, it was a pipe dream to hope that you could spend your time studying one.

On top of that, Blackstar was at the Seventh Dimension. The backlash he would face would probably be even harsher than Leonel's own.

There was some leeway to this, but it was mostly just speculation on Leonel's part.

The Regulator worked using Anarchic Force, the very Force that Little Blackstar was quickly growing more and more proficient in. So there was a chance that Blackstar could withstand the backlash even better than Leonel, even if it was worse for him.

But Leonel had long treated Blackstar like a little brother and a cherished pet. If he didn't have to make him suffer at all, that was for the best.

As for his wife, she would probably kill him if he said anything remotely similar to her, so he could only let her bear the brunt after accessing the risks.

This was all to say that there was simply no avoiding all of this... especially since their actions were so curious in the first place.

They had noticed Leonel already, their Ancient Battlefield protected by an organization not too different from the Void Palace that Leonel was used to.

But they didn't attack him immediately. It was as though they were waiting and biding their time for something. It wasn't until it looked like Leonel would escape into the distance that they took action.

And that intrigued him.

What were they biding their time for?

At that moment, a surge of power came over from the distance.

'A few Quasi Seventh Dimensional, and one Tier 1 Seventh Dimensional existence.'

Leonel nodded. This was almost the perfect mirror of the Dimensional Verse. This was around the strength of the truly elite disciples of the Void Palace, as well.

There were six of them, and with the dense fog of the region, almost another thing much like the Void Palace, they had closed off the areas of retreat quickly.

They had been nearby the entire time, and though Leonel felt that he could have escaped, he was more interested in why they had acted the way they had.

Understanding this was important for how he would proceed. Plus, they also might know the exact location of the last bastion of the Human Race as well.

The Oryx all stood tall, the Seventh Dimensional one loomed at over three meters while the others were at least two and a half meters tall.

Rather than the usual brown fur that coated their lower bodies, three of them had striking red fur, two had jet black fur, and the last had fur Leonel had only seen from Elthor... a beautiful white.

Well, in reality, Elthor's lower body was entirely human, unlike this Oryx. He only showed that fur when he entered his full beast mod. But this still reminded Leonel of that, nonetheless.

"You are surrounded. Drop your weapons and come with us," the white-furred Oryx spoke coldly.

Leonel gave Aina a look, and she just shrugged. He couldn't help but chuckle at that.

"My wife is becoming such a passenger princess."

"What can I say? I've gotten used to being pampered." Aina blinked innocently.

The Oryx didn't understand what they were saying because neither used Dream Force to project their intentions. Not wanting to take the risk, the white-furred Oryx signaled for an attack.

The three red-furred Oryx shot forward simultaneously. Each one wielded a halberd just as crimson as their fur, but what was interesting were the runes that rotated around their tips, making them look particularly sharp and striking.

Leonel protected Aina to his back and readied his spear. His gaze flashed with a dangerous light as he took a step forward.

Compared to the first Oryx he had fought in this world, these six were on another level. Not only were they part of a Void Palace-equivalent place, making them absolute geniuses, but their Dimensions were also far higher.

Also, from what Leonel could see, there was a special aura radiating from their third eyes that made him think.

In the Dimensional Verse, to become a member of the Void Palace, you had to follow the God Path. Could it be that these Oryx were following a similar path? One tailored for their third eye?

He had to be careful of that.

Leonel thrust out his spear thrice in quick succession, meeting the exact tips of their halberds for a brief instant every time.

The deviations in their weapons were precise and delicate. Leonel seemed to barely move them off course a centimeter or two, but by the time their momentum carried them over to Leonel's body, their halberds slipped by him as though they had missed on purpose.

One crashed into the ground between his legs, and the last two crisscrossed over his shoulders, missing his throat by a hair's breadth.

Leonel didn't even flinch at the near-death experience, his leg lifting and kicking downward at the halberd that had been pierced into the ground.

The strength caught the Oryx off guard, causing him to lose control of his weapon.

Chapter 2818: Interesting

The red-furred Oryx saw his life flash before his eyes. The moment he lost control of his halberd, he understood that he had lost all rights to protect himself.

If he tried to hold on to it, he would basically be presenting his neck to Leonel. If he let go of it, he would have nothing to use to protect himself.

No matter how he looked at it, he was truly finished. The other Oryx were shocked by the result, but the three red-furred Oryx had all surrounded Leonel from the front, and both sides. There was no easy path for them to interfere with what was happening.

The two red-furred Oryx that had missed over Leonel's shoulders could only pull their halberd's back with as much speed as they could muster, trying to hook their blades around Leonel's neck and cut his head off from the back. Although they were meant to capture him alive. It was better for this human dead than their companion.

Unfortunately for them, Leonel was entirely unmoved. He pulled a hand away from the shaft of his spear and struck a palm upward, colliding with the exact location the two halberds crisscrossed. They were both sent upward at the same time, the blades leaving a sharp wind up the back of Leonel's skull, but missing entirely nonetheless.

At the same time, the hand that remained on his spear wasn't slow in the slightest. It pierced right through the final red-furred Oryx's chest, leaving him clutching at his heart and falling back.

Right then, the two red-furred Oryx found their halberds intertwining in the air. The hook of their blades latched onto one another, and because they had been pulling so hard, they ended up fighting against one another. Their strength was too even, and not expecting the sudden reverberating force, they're not only lost control of their weapons in the air, but they both stumbled forward.

Leonel pulled his spear out of the heart of the fallen Oryx, bracing it against his hip and sweeping it out in a wide arc. From a third party's perspective, it looked as though the final two red-furred Oryx had stumbled into his blade all on their own, disemboweling themselves. Three Oryx fell to the ground in quick succession.

From start to end, Leonel hardly moved his feet. The only time he did was to stomp down in the middle Oryx's halberd. Other than that, he was perfectly still, as though nothing could faze him at all. Perfectly at peace, perfectly unbothered.

The eyes of the final three Oryx opened wide. They hadn't expected this sort of result at all. In their eyes, it was fine if Leonel won, but he had done so with great ease and such grace that they couldn't fathom the real limits of his strength.

Was it possible for someone to have such a grasp of timing, to have such untouchable skill?

Just who was this human?

Leonel didn't find it all very surprising at all. In fact, he quite missed this style of combat. In the distance past, this was how he fought all the time, using his Control Ability Index to calculate and time every movement.

He was finding that in this new world; he was relying on the strength of his Forces more and more. While it was true that Aina's style of combat worked for her, and she had reasons to favor it over his style... But was that him?

In a lot of ways, not being able to use his Spear and Bow Force so freely anymore was actually a positive for him. It returned him to his roots. The difference was that the Leonel in the past relied purely on calculation and lacked in skill and understanding of his spear. The Leonel of today, however, awed everyone with every stroke of his spear.

In the past, he had tried to fuse these two paths into one, but when he never truly understood the latter, how could he ever?

Now, his skill in the spear stood near the pinnacle of Existence. He might not be in the Creation State, nor did he had a Dharma or Idol just yet, but he still had the confidence to put up his blade against anyone.

Leonel's grip shifted, and he pointed out his spear toward the final three Oryx.

"Come."

The three Oryx let out a furious roar.

Leonel stomped a foot, sending the three dying red-furred Oryx flying out of his way. One of the halberds was kicked up and Leonel lashed out with a leg, his foot colliding with its butt and sending it flying forward at tremendous speeds. The halberd seemed to blink through space, appearing before the white-furred Oryx in the blink of an eye.

The black-furred Oryx didn't expect their leader to suddenly be delayed, but that didn't slow their own attacks. Both of them raised up a pair of heavy sabers.

Leonel was finding that sabers were rarer than he thought. The only person he knew who used one was Noah, and though Emna somewhat used a saber as well, there was a subtle difference between Blade Force and Saber Force.

However, these two Oryx were quite proficient. The both of them seemed to have reached the Third Layered State and had Seventh Dimensional Saber Force. This was quite a surprise. That meant that if they had kept their Saber Force at the Sixth Dimension, it would have been in the Fourth Layer, just a step away from the Impetus State, which was the minimum requirement to enter the Ninth Dimension.

The fact they were in the Third Layer and had a Saber Force that was beyond their Quasi Seventh Dimensional Realm meant that they weren't suppressing themselves. They were exceptional geniuses.

Even Leonel's own Spear Force was still in the Seventh Dimension. Though, he was obviously far ahead of them in Force Manipulation nonetheless, being at the Quasi Creation State. Still, for an Incomplete World, this was excellent...

'Interesting...'

Chapter 2819: A Woman Called...

Leonel couldn't deal with these two as casually as the first, and the white-furred Oryx was already prepared to parry away his first assault.

'Hm...'

Leonel grabbed out with his Earth Force and suddenly slightly changed the direction of the halberd flying toward the white-furred Oryx. The man was taken aback, realizing his fist was about to miss the mark.

At the same time, Leonel took another step forward.

The two black-furred Oryx were relying on absolute strength to overwhelm them, a fury fuelled by their hatred of him for what he had done to their companion.

It was harder to deal with such a thing without exhibiting some more of his strength.

He had some leeway because it was doubtful that anyone would be coming to support these six in short order. If Leonel was correct, this outpost was theirs to manage, and they probably wouldn't have thought it necessary to send a message back.

In that case, he could take a less forceful and speedy approach to the situation.

His spear danced, using three or four attacks to counter just one Oryx. Light Force wrapped around him and several clones began to appear around him. In that moment, mirrors of gold filled the Ancient Battlefield and Leonel seemed to enter and vanish from one, instantly appearing in another without any time passing by at all.

This was the technique he had been playing around with after his spar with Cindra. In this world, it was probably better to use less of his true calling cards.

The world knew him best for his Dream Sovereignty. After that, his Destruction, Spear and Bow Sovereignty were close seconds.

This didn't mean that Leonel wouldn't use them if he absolutely had to, but there was no point in doing so against opponents this weak.

It wasn't yet time to go all out, and he certainly wouldn't expose himself as Leonel Morales just yet if he could help it.

Luckily... he had plenty of abilities.

The white-furred Oryx let out a roar as a tendon in its arm was cut. It had managed to save itself from a fatal injury, but now one of its arms hung limply by its side, unable to move.

At the same time, the two black-furred Oryx were being swiftly overwhelmed. Leonel used his speed to stifle them, attacking them from all sides until their bodies were littered with wounds.

Leonel had started off skillfully crushing them, and now he suddenly erupted with strength that was beyond their understanding.

The white-furred Oryx rushed forward to support his men, only for a golden mirror to appear to his back.

Leonel stepped out of it with a calm gaze, severing the white-furred Oryx's spine in a single thrust.

A mournful howl came from his lips and he fell to the ground, his body convulsing but his legs not listening to his commands.

Leonel vanished again, his spear becoming akin to a golden whirlwind.

In the middle of the Ancient Battlefield, it looked as though the leaves of a golden tree were falling down in a trickle. It was an absolutely gorgeous sight. Light Force was capable of pulling on the heart strings even when it was being shattered.

Soon, Leonel stood in the middle of the battle, exhaling a calm breath as he slowly lowered his blade.

All six Oryx lay dying or close to it, but none had breathed their last just yet. It could be said that they were truly strong of vitality. In that way, they were a lot more similar to beasts than they were to humanoids.

Leonel walked forward and bent down by the paralyzed, white-furred Oryx. He helped the Oryx flip over and then looked into his eyes.

"Now, do you plan on tell me why you followed me for so long and didn't attack?"

This time, the Oryx could understand Leonel loud and clear.

A look of defiance was clearly reflected in the white-furred Oryx's eyes, but Leonel had already expected this. He had only been in this Oryx Domain for a short time, but he had seen their overall culture.

They were warriors, much like the Rapax. Although their methods were much less cruel, they all took honor very seriously.

So Leonel hooked a thumb over his shoulder, pointing toward the dying Oryx.

"Tell you what. You tell me why, and I'll save you and your companions. They don't really have much time left, you know. It's probably best if you hurry up. If they die first, I can't really help you anymore, now can I?"

Struggle appeared in the depths of the white-furred Oryx's eyes, but soon it became resolve. If he did this to save his companions, then he would be tarnishing their honor. At that point, they would rather die anyway, so what would be the point?

Leonel chuckled. He could have expected this as well.

"Seems I don't have a choice."

Leonel reached down and killed the white-furred Oryx. He would have preferred to not do this, but there was no other choice.

[Arise].

Soon, Leonel had a group of 24-hour minions, and he came to understand the situation.

It seemed that the humans weren't just resting on their hands. They were actively trying to find ways to survive rather than sitting on their hands.

It turned out this final human empire was known as the Fleeting Cloud Empire. They were an odd mutation of offspring between humans and the last remnants of the Cloud Race that had been wiped out from this world many generations ago.

As such, they had a few abilities in the Cloud Race as well, though not as perfect. They were using those abilities to infiltrate and wreak havoc, trying to find a path out for themselves.

Ultimately, they had assumed that Leonel was one of these people, and they wanted to see what his intentions were.

None of this was what was most interesting to Leonel, though... what truly caught his attention was when his Oryx summons mentioned a leader of the Sea Gods in passing.

A woman they called Wise Sea Order.

Chapter 2820: Reminded

Leonel wasn't sure what to believe when he heard this name. It felt like it could both be a coincidence, and yet too coincidental at the same time.

If it had been a name like Wise Sea God, or Intelligent Sea Order, it would have been fine. But the simple swapping of Star for Sea made him pause... especially when it was his Dream Force doing the translating right now.

If he could speak the language of the Oryx and this was just a quirk on their part, it was one thing. But for his Dream Force to translate it in this way and elicit such emotion in him, it could one mean that these two titles were truly mirrors of one another.

But the question was... why?

Were there tablets in this world as well? He guessed that could be possible. There was no reason for the Dimensional Verse to be the only Incomplete World the Cult and the other envoys were dabbling in.

Wise Star Order was an anomaly Leonel still hadn't figured out. Of course, this time he was referring not to the title, but rather to the man.

He had just upped and disappeared, somehow slinking past Leonel's safeguards and even out of Anastasia's world without any of them realizing. On top of that, he had taken away two Savants with him as well.

Candle and Vice were huge parts of Leonel's trump cards. If he had the Life Tablet and two Savants under his belt, just how much more powerful could he make the two of them?

But that much was beside the point. The core of it was that because of Wise Star Order's existence alone, there might even be an organization that was the antithesis of the Cult.

How else could the Silver Tablet appear in Valiant Heart Mountain? Or a Bronze Tablet appear in the Luxnix?

The fact that a member of the Cult had only a Black Tablet made it all even weirder. How was it that an Incomplete World had stronger tablets than the Complete World it was an offshoot of?

On top of that, none of these things seemed related to the Pluto or the Fawkes. It was clearly a third party dabbling in these matters, so who was to say that they hadn't dabbled here as well?

Leonel wasn't entirely sure what was going on, but what was certain was that he would need to see this Wise Sea Order at least once.

One way or another, if he wanted to claim this entire world, he would not only need to understand it, but he would need to subdue it.

That was easier said than done, though, not just because of the suppression he was facing, but because of the other characters moving in the dark. But for now, he could only take things one step at a time.

He stored the Oryx summons into the snow globes and then rushed away. There would certainly be people who noticed their deaths, but this wasn't his problem for now. His only goal was to make it to the last bastion of Human power, and now he knew where that was.

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Emperor Fleeting Cloud was an old man. Though he didn't have a foot in the grave, his wrinkles were clear and defined, and his white hair had a more wispy and dry quality to it than a 40 or 50-year-old man would have. He seemed to be in his 60s, still a bit vibrant, but also clearly beyond his peak.

The heaviness of the current circumstances only made his condition seem worse. He had no choice but to project an outward feeling of confidence. That was his duty to his people. But what he exuded and how he truly felt were two different matters entirely.

Watching his court ministers argue about the same thing for the tenth time today, he released a deep sigh in his heart, closing his eyes for a moment.

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Outside the final capital of the Fleeting Cloud Empire, there was an army... no, it was armies. There didn't seem to be a single old soul in sight, as though the Sea Gods had chosen to unleash their children on this last bastion of humanity.

And maybe they had such a right, because the title of Sea God Race didn't seem to be empty... at least if their appearances were everything one should go by.

The shortest of them were two meters tall. But they had such immature and doughy-eyed features that it was clear that they were teenagers at best.

The tallest of them cleared three meters, but this was hardly the most imposing part of this Race. In reality, there were many larger, many who were taller, many who looked more imposing from just a silhouette alone...

But they were beyond this.

Their skin was tinted a slight greenish blue, ranging from pale greens to pale sky blues. Beneath their eyes, along their forearms and down their shins for those where it could be seen, there were gorgeous, polished scales. On first look, these scales seemed to look like refined emeralds or glistening sapphires. But when you took a deeper look, you could find whole worlds within them, seas of green and blue rising up to form tsunami-like waves or gently bobbing in the wind.

Their ears were pointed like elves, long and angular, and their eyes seemed slit but not quite. Rather than looking sharp, their pupils looked like small pills of black, their irises reminding one of exploding stars of green and blue, while their hair wasn't much unlike this at all.

They didn't look like a Mortal Race at all. It seemed as though they had been plucked out from the God realm and then deposited here.

When Leonel laid eyes on them for the first time, he couldn't help but feel a strong feeling of danger in his heart, a feeling that shouldn't come from a Mortal Race, especially not only of an Incomplete World...

They reminded him of the Pluto.