

Descent 1071

Chapter 1071 Raised Blade

Leonel took a light breath, his body relaxing and his heartbeat becoming smoother.

Beneath the gaze of the warriors of Earth and the Heads of the Invaders, he walked forward with a slow and deliberate pace. A crackling of Force silently built around him as a spear appeared in his palm.

Even beneath this artificial atmosphere, it was difficult for sound to travel very far. It made the heaviness of Leonel's steps feel just that much more substantial as his King's Might spread outward, an aura of undeniable superiority bearing down upon the junior starship.

In the face of five Sixth Dimensional experts, Leonel didn't flinch, he didn't wait for them to come to him, he didn't even show an ounce of hesitancy. These were his lands, his people... Unless they could get past his blade, they could forget about stepping foot on Earth.

The blood of those around Leonel boiled. He didn't give an impassioned speech, he didn't goad at their insecurities or pry into their dreams... Instead, he took the simplest and most direct form of action.

Leonel had always believed in this truth. A King should be at the very front.

When you felt weak, look toward his back. When you felt that the mountain ahead was too tall and the task was too difficult, look toward his back. When you were on your last legs, your lungs on fire, your limbs unresponsive, your energy drained to its final drop...

Look toward his back.

"This weight on my shoulders is too light."

Amid the silence, Leonel's voice pierced through it all. It boomed amid the stars, seemingly causing them to twinkle in response.

In that moment, a cube appeared above Leonel's head as his foot rose and fell. Its jigsaw pieces were all attached by a dully glowing lighting, making it look quite enigmatic as it hung there in their silence, an ominous feeling being exuded from it.

When Leonel's foot touched upon the chains once again, he vanished, appearing in the air above the five Heads and falling down at an ever quickening pace. He streaked down like a falling meteor, his gaze hidden behind his flickering silver-black visor.

"[Star Fusion]."

BANG!

Leonel's body suddenly erupted with a vibrant blue light. It shot out from the gaps in his armor like jet fuel, his strength skyrocketing in the blink of an eye. The sudden oppression was so violent and heavy, not to mention bright, that Leonel seemed to have taken up center stage.

The Segmented Cube burst to life, its pieces fragmenting and spreading outward. A surge of pure energy swept out from within its depths, matching the very same radiant Vital Star Force that Leonel was making use of right this very moment.

BANG!

Leonel landed heavily on the helm of the junior star ship, its body waving about wildly beneath the control of the countless heavy chains. His armor continuously billowed with bluish-white vapor, his aura still steadily climbing even as the metal beneath his feet crumpled and shattered.

He rose up his dual sided spear, an arc of blue Force following its path. It seemed to draw a line through the air, its body vibrating wildly with excitement.

When the blade stopped, it pointed toward the five Heads, radiating a blinding light.
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A subtle silence fell over the battlefield once again before thousands of roars pierced into the dark veil above. The warriors of Earth responded with their own pride, their blood surging to unconscious degrees as their gazes glazed over and their hearts beat wildly. Each and every one of them suddenly gained a slightly violet hue to their Force, their strength rising by a half step.

The chains rattled and the platforms shook. One after another, the warriors began to charge.

The people of Camelot. The people of the Moon. The young noble men and women. The geniuses from lesser families. The army veterans.

All at once, they brandished their blades and weapons, appearing on the junior starship and lighting the final spark of battle.

Leonel's eight brothers grinned wildly, their Force rising like tides and their muscles bulging.

"The one with the least kills washes Raj's laundry for a year!" Gil roared.

"And what if Raj is last?" Milan laughed.

"Then he has to wear a thong for just as long!" Gil's body sparked with crimson lightning. In the blink of an eye, he vanished, not even giving the others time to protest.

Leonel stood before the five Heads, his Force still billowing wildly. Torrents of the bluish white vapor rose up and away, even making his blade seem like it was being steamed beneath a smoldering heat.

Even as the battle erupted, the five Heads didn't move. They looked toward Leonel with brows furrowed, seemingly not realizing that their starship had suddenly fallen into a battle they weren't ready for. With the people of Earth taking the initiative like this and their warriors not being organized, it could very quickly become a problem.

However, what was more shocking about all of this was that Leonel actually dared to face them. Not only did he dare to face them... But exactly what had just happened to their junior starship? On top of that, why was it suddenly so difficult for them to absorb Force? And what was this blue Force coming off of Leonel in waves?

It was clear that Leonel actually planned on stopping them all himself, but wasn't this too ridiculous? Was he an idiot? Or was there something else that they were missing?

Leonel didn't move a single inch, his blade still stretched forward in an act of blatant provocation. His breathing was steady and his back was straight. Nothing could make him waver at this moment.

"He's bluffing. What are you all still waiting for?! Kill him!"

The first one to act was Avarone. He didn't even wait for the others to react after he spoke. He struck forward with a palm instantaneously.

In that moment, it felt as though the world was collapsing. Even in the face of Leonel's earlier momentum, it was like an impossibly vast mountain, towering above, unblemished.

Beneath his visor, Leonel's gaze flickered.

"Shit."

Chapter 1072 A Step Back

Leonel had indeed been stalling. He needed to take the initiative so that the morale of Earth could be as high as possible, that was why he had acted so recklessly. Thankfully, due to the chaos of the current battlefield, all of which was taking place on a singular ten kilometer long ship, it was harder for them to actually pay attention to what was going on in Leonel's battle. This was especially so since Leonel and the five Heads were still on the roof of the ship while many of the other battles had begun within the ship itself.

Leonel was trying not to move right now because this inaction would cost him the least amount of Vital Star Force. If he went all out, he could last in this state for three to five minutes max. If he added the supplementation of the Segmented Cube into the mix, he could last about half an hour.

The trouble was that the Segmented Cube's supply was limited. Right now, he was using what remained of the excess energy it absorbed, but it was only a tiny sliver. The only reason there seemed to be so much was because that tiny sliver was Seventh Dimensional and Leonel had converted it to Fifth Dimensional Vital Star Force.

But Avarone had actually been so impolite as to actually attack. That would make things troublesome.

Leonel quickly reacted. 'Duality.'

His spear swung forth, slicing the palm Force in half. But he was blasted backward to the edge of the ship, his armor fracturing before quickly mending itself beneath the large amounts of Star Force.

Avarone frowned. He had only casually thrown out a palm, but he hadn't expected Leonel to truly be capable of receiving it. In fact, Leonel didn't even seem to be particularly hurt.

'What is this weird feeling?'

Avarone felt an odd oppression around him, as though a formless energy had taken form and latched onto his skin like a thick humidity would. But, he couldn't truly touch or feel it, it was as intangible as it got.

'That's impossible. My attack was weakened but there shouldn't be any ability a Fifth Dimensional existence could possibly have that could weaken me?'

Avarone couldn't wrap his head around it. The gap between Dimensions wasn't a simple step. You were quite literally shedding your imperfections to become a greater being. This was why a powerful ability might be so in a lower Dimensional world, only to become useless in a Higher Dimensional one.

Many who were born in the Milky Way who had brought their abilities to the third or fourth level of their Ability Index, might not even be at the second level upon stepping into a higher world.

Knowing this, how could Avarone not be shocked? He had actually felt his attack weaken just then.

Leonel's head leaned from side to side, his neck cracking. He took a deep breath and waited for the rumbling of his inner organs to calm. Then, he began to pour his King's Might into his Duality Domain, its layers becoming sturdier and sturdier with each passing moment.

"Go kill the rest." Avarone said coldly. "I alone am enough to deal with him."

"Is that so?" Leonel's cold voice sounded.

In that moment, it felt like he was whispering into all of their ears, causing the Heads to remain rooted in place. Head Umbra especially narrowed his gaze, his feet spreading apart and his back arching as though he was prepared to pounce at any moment. An alert of danger sounded off in their minds.

"I promise you that the first of you to try to leave this battle we have here will die. Care to try it out?"

The five Heads stared at Leonel for a long time. There were a few that wanted to call his bluff, but seeing Silam's reaction, they weren't foolish enough to do so.

The Umbra family Head had the best instincts of them all. If he was reacting like this, they would truly be asking for death if they ignored it all. They could only look toward the youth before them, their nerves standing on end.

"See? Isn't this better? If we all just stand here everything will be fine." Leonel said lightly.

BANG!

At that moment, a pillar of fire shot out from the hull of the junior starship. Several screams of agony followed it as what looked to be dozens of Florer family members were tossed into the depths of space. Well... Their ashes were tossed into the depths of space, anyway.

The gaze of Belize turned crimson when she saw this, her large belly rolling and the spider lily growing from her forehead writhing.

"Attack him as one. When he's dead, there won't be any threat left."

Leonel watched on coldly from within his visor. This was exactly what he needed. As long as they weren't attacking others, he could do what he needed to do.

Taking a steady and long breath, Leonel concentrated his Duality Domain, imprisoning the six of them.

Before him stood five Sixth Dimensional existences. In fact, they weren't normal Tier 1 Sixth Dimensional existences either, each of them was at least Tier 3 or 4. To any objective outside observer, Leonel was seeking death. In fact, even Leonel felt that he was a bit too crazy.

But in life, there were certain things you had no choice but to do.

"This weight on my shoulders is still too light."

Leonel exhaled, his Universal Force surging.

Ash colored snow began to fall from the skies even as five Radiant Cores appeared before him. Leonel chose to forgo A Slow Death and Golden Drops, focusing all his strength into Radiant Core and Withering Snowfall.

There was no path for a loss. Even if he died today, he had to win. He would win.

Leonel's ankle flexed downward, his calf springing to life and his thigh bulging.

When you couldn't afford to take a step backward, the true strength of a person would shine through.

Chapter 1073 Molten

The metal beneath Leonel's feet crumbled as he vanished. His spear spun in his hands, wild lines of silver, white and blue following its arcs. It felt as though it was both everywhere and nowhere at the same time, touching upon a realm of speed, dexterity and skill that made the pupils of the five Heads constrict.

When Leonel appeared once again, the lines of his blade became less important than the shimmering mark of the golden spear that hung before his forehead. The world fell into a calm silence as every stroke of his blade suddenly gained the ever so slightest golden hue.

It wasn't immediately obvious to the five Heads just exactly which of them he was attacking. The current Leonel felt like the center of a budding rose, his blades outlining each petal one by one. Before the five realized it, his blade had appeared before Belize, descending with every intention of splitting her skull in two.

"Is this a joke?"

Belize's rage filled eyes hardly fluctuated as she reached out a finger. But, before she could counter, her expression slightly changed.

A swarm of ash snowfall disrupted her flow of Force, shocking her and causing her reaction to be slightly slow.

A spray of blood shot into the air as her finger was severed. The line of blood played beneath the whites, silvers and blues, looking especially striking in contrast.

Belize didn't feel pain or rage for just a moment, her expression colored in shock. She turned her gaze toward Leonel, but the latter had already vanished, appearing to her back.

Leonel figure seemed to be enveloped by a shadow as his spear pierced forward. His technique shifted, his demeanor morphing and his artistic conception became several times more layered.

A Radiant Core appeared before his piercing blade, a spiraling Spear Force beginning to spin wildly about it. The Force became so fast that the core itself vanished, as did the spear blade. All that was left was a drill of pulsing energy, carrying the momentum to pierce all things with it.

Belize, who had still not quite begun to take Leonel seriously despite Silam's reaction was in a daze. She had just had her finger cut off by a Fifth Dimensional ant. Her world spun about her and she couldn't quite regain her bearings. By the time she realized that her back was about to be skewered, it felt like it was all too late.

Unfortunately... There were four others.

At that moment, Siris Midas' hand reached down like a clamp. Without a care for the spinning blades or the Radiant Core, his finger scraped through the air as though grating against metal. The sheer force of his strike left tears in the artificial atmosphere, leaving a trail of true space for just a moment.

BANG!

The sight was enough to shake one to their core. It was like watching a mortal stop a drill the size of their body with nothing more than a hand.

Motes of shattered blade lights spun about wildly, some cutting into Belize's back and some even slicing into Leonel himself. And yet for Siris, his hand remained completely unscathed. It was as though he had just stopped spinning cotton. But somehow...

"Retreat!" Silam's voice boomed.

Unfortunately, it was already too late. Level Two Spear Force might have been a Fifth Dimensional equivalent, but much like Domains, it existed in a categorization of its own, allowing it to affect those of higher Dimensions. Even for Siris who had an extraordinarily powerful body, such Spear Force would at least leave shallow marks on his skin. The fact it left nothing at all smelled of a conspiracy. And a conspiracy...

Was exactly what it was.

BANG!

The Radiant Core imploded on contact, attaching to Siris' arm and Belize's back like leaches.

On the surface, Radiant Core looked like a bundle of flames, but it was fundamentally very different from this. Radiant Core was Leonel's artistic conception for Summer, an artistic conception built on the core of a Disaster World. The core of a planet wasn't a ball of flames...

It was a ball of molten metal.

Belize shrieked, feeling as though her body was being burnt from the inside out. She and Deloris had, by far, the weakest defenses of the five, making them easy first targets. It wasn't long before the smell of cooked skin and fat rose into the air.

It would be one thing if Leonel had formed his Radiant Cores normally this time around. But, what if he had formed them with the very same Shearing Ore he had taken from Avarone's younger brother? The radiation of the Radiant Core wasn't potent enough to affect Sixth Dimensional existences, but this heat and metal most definitely would be.

Plants sprung up around Belize's feet as Siris' clawed hand changed angles and swung for Leonel.

However, Leonel had long since retreated, his figure blinking several times, jumping a meter or two backward every moment. But, when the four Heads expected Leonel to take another meter or two step back with his fourth blink, he suddenly vanished.

Deloris' pupils constricted, feeling danger bearing down on her. Beneath the ash snowfall, she couldn't seem to accumulate her rain clouds. To make matters worse, even if it hadn't been for Leonel's artistic conception, the odd environment they were in made it difficult to deploy area of effect abilities, especially ones that relied on atmospheric Force.

That said, after watching Belize suffer and seeing that Siris had taken serious damage as well, Deloris would never be caught off guard in the same way. During the Fifth Dimension, one's mind would be raised to another state. Deloris' speed of thought and the pace at which she processed information was far beyond the enemies that Leonel was used to dealing with.

In a single exchange, she had already adapted and taken note of Leonel's propensity to scheme.

Her dress fluttered and her palm struck out. The air rippled like the waves of a disrupted lake.

Without waiting for the result, her palm flipped over, revealing a sapphire blue whip that instantly arched through the air right for Leonel.

Chapter 1074 Angles

The whip was fast and swift. Despite having used the palm as a diversion tactic, the whip itself actually reached Leonel first, causing his pupils to constrict.

For one, this told him just how cautious Deloris was being and it marked a change in attitude amongst the five of them. Secondly, it revealed the true strength of these Sixth Dimensional monsters.

It was clear at a glance that Deloris was using nothing more than Level One Whip Force. However, the Sixth Dimensional Force backing it made Leonel's Level Two Spear Force look like nothing more than child's play.

However, this was a reality that Leonel had already long since become ready for.

'Duality.'

In that instant, Deloris' whip accelerated, its tip turning into pure Water Force. But, under her own astonished gaze, it shot over Leonel's head, missing him by several centimeters.

'What...?'

The flat of Leonel's blade shot upward, slapping Deloris' whip even further off course. It was a subtle tap that hardly slowed his forward momentum, but simply due to the fact that her momentum had already been heading in that direction, the change was exponential. By the time she realized Leonel had closed the distance, it was too late to pull her whip back.

However, Deloris didn't panic. Her whip had reached Leonel much faster, but that just meant that her palm energy was still a layer of protection for her. Though it was sent out quickly, it still carried at least 50% of her strength.

'Duality.'

Deloris' palm strike suddenly decreased to half its size, allowing Leonel to slide by it with deft steps. Blinding golden lights wrapped around Leonel's body, his speed stepping onto a completely new tier as he flashed through space once again.

His spear spun before snapping into place, the momentum carrying his blade toward Deloris' neck.

Deloris still had an arm up, connected to her whip. As for the other, it was still in the position of sending out a palm strike, but the energy from it had long since been dissipated.

Still, she was an expert among experts. How many battles had she already been through in her lifetime? To be outmaneuvered by a child several times in a row was already humiliating enough. She most definitely wouldn't allow him the satisfaction.

Her Force circulated, her eyes glowing with a gentle blue.

'Separation—'

'Duality.'

Leonel's blade suddenly accelerated, causing Deloris' eyes to widen. The skin on her neck bloomed with a touch of red. In that moment, she truly felt the scent of death, her body freezing over and the horror being painted clearly on her lovely features.

It was right then that her body collapsed into a pool of water, Leonel's blade cutting through the curtain of liquid blue but ultimately gaining nothing.

A moment later, Deloris reformed from a surge of water, her face pale and crimson dripping down her swanlike neck. Her blue dress still fluttered, but its collar was slowly being dyed red, her chest heaving as she was caught between shock, horror and rage.

Leonel stopped moving, suddenly finding himself encircled by five absolute experts. Avarone and Silam had yet to move an inch. Siris had chopped off his hand at the wrist, and yet had already replaced it with a bronze fist he likely got from Avarone, resulting in his combat prowess practically being the same. Finally, there was Deloris was bleeding and Belize who was in the worst situation of the five by far.

The sight of Belize right now was truly horrid. Her entire back had been covered in Leonel's Molten metal. By now, she had already gone through several flower constructs, each of them burning to ash as they tried to deal with the situation.

Right this moment, if not for the massive carnivorous plant sucking at her back like a leash, she might have been dead already. In fact, her state was so bad that all of her clothing had already been burnt to a crisp. Only the vines of her leach flower were keeping up her modicum of modesty at this point.

Leonel took a deep breath, his body thrumming.

His Duality Domain allowed him to pick a character to shift the balance of. This character could be either speed or power, and how much Leonel wanted to shift it decided how easy or difficult it would be. The difficulty was also influenced by whether he was giving or taking away as well.

Obviously, when facing Sixth Dimensional existences, doing this was almost impossible. And even the small bit he could, he could only manage a few percentage points of a percent.

This was where Leonel's genius came into play. He didn't need to take away from them, why not give them more power? Not only would this cost almost nothing to him as he was taking away from himself, but it would also throw the timing of these experts completely off.

A few percentage points here and there with Leonel's calculative abilities was enough to change the tide of battle completely. It was just unfortunate that he didn't manage to kill even a single one of them before they noted that he could do this.

"I'm going to kill you!"

Both Belize and Deloris spoke at that same time, their fury and humiliation being practically palpable.

Leonel didn't respond, his gaze remaining as cold as ice. In the skies above, the fluttering ash continued to fall. Four Radiant Cores spun silently around Leonel.

"I see. You're using angles to your advantage." Silam spoke lightly, a twin pair of jet black daggers appearing in his hands as snaking black tails slowly rose out from his back. "But, I wonder what good accelerating my attack will do for you if my blade is completely straight?"

Leonel's pupils constricted. But, they hardly had time to do even that before the blade appeared right before him.

Leonel tried to dodge, but the blade pierced through his armor without suspense, splitting his collarbone in two and threatening to take his entire arm with it.

Chapter 1075 NO!

The pain was like a shock through Leonel's system. It felt as though his entire arm had been dipped into a vat of lava. Even the smallest twitch sent signals that felt like arm thick strikes of lightning right to his mind.

Silam, who had casually thrown his dagger over as a test, was now rightfully assured and his words enlightened the others. So long as they were facing directly in front or directly behind the path Leonel was taking, it would simply be impossible for his Domain to be of any use.

Leonel coughed up a mouthful of blood, but there wasn't any time for leisure. The five Heads had already moved.

Leonel's steps shifted, his body falling out of the way of a swing of Silam's tail. The sound of whistling wind shot over his head even as Siris swung in his direction with his new bronzed fist.

Leonel rolled to the side, his palm latching onto the dagger stuck in his shoulder, having had no choice but to put his spear away to do so. His left arm couldn't move at all and his right hand pulled at the dagger, the searing pain racking his body.

Silam didn't say anything toward this, but his gaze twinkled.

In that moment, Leonel felt as though tendrils of darkness had drilled their way into his body, anchoring the dagger within him. They reached outward, drilling through his flesh and squirming toward his heart. The feeling was both the most disgusting and the most painful thing that Leonel had ever experienced in his life.

'His body...' Silam's irises flashed.

Using such a technique against a Fifth Dimensional existence should have meant an instant death. But, Silam had actually already used more strength than he would have to even against some Sixth Dimensional existences and yet he was still several seconds away from Leonel's heart.

The shock of this made Silam almost miss something that was even more baffling...

Where was the scream?

At that moment, Leonel's gaze had become frighteningly cold. A murky crimson crept through his irises, mixing with the original pale violet. He felt absolutely furious at this moment, but it only made him calmer and more detached.

Deloris' wrist flexed, her instincts catching hold of an opportunity. Her whip reacted in kind, tearing a path through the air and right for Leonel's other shoulder.

The golden spear on Leonel's forehead flashed, but he didn't move. Or rather, it seemed like he didn't have the time to move.

The whip's tip turned into pure Water Force once again, lashing against Leonel's right arm and shattering the sleeve of his armor into tiny little pieces. In the blink of an eye, all that was left behind was a beaten and bruised arm covered in Bronze Runes that had lost much of their light.

Siris rapidly approached. Long distance combat was most definitely not his forte. Seeing how easily Leonel dodged his earlier Fist Force and seeing his current state, he no longer held back, charging forward.

However, he quickly found four Radiant Cores blocking his path.

The pressure of what had happened earlier weighed on Siris' heart. He retreated explosively, but Leonel didn't dare to allow his Radiant Cores to travel too far from himself.

Rolling to the side to avoid another attack, Leonel flexed his beaten and bruised right arm. A surge of Vital Star Force returned, pouring into his pores from the Segmented Cube above and quickly healing his injuries.

His arm flipped over, revealing a javelin.

He quickly planted his leg, his torso torquing as he unleashed it with all his might. The streak of silver light appeared before Deloris in an instant, but she had long since been prepared.

With another plop, Deloris collapsed into a pool of water, appearing even further away than last time.

Right this moment, Silam's gaze had narrowed, gazing up at the Segmented Cube above Leonel's head. He hadn't missed the fact that Leonel had just healed himself using the energy coming from it. If not for

the fact his dagger was slowly digging toward Leonel's heart, maybe that injury would have been dealt with already as well.

Leonel suddenly exploded forward. Taking advantage in the gap of the encirclement that Deloris' retreat caused, Leonel's body alternated between a mad sprint and several teleportations.

Beneath the influence of these five Sixth Dimensional existences, he didn't dare to teleport too far, but he was supremely confident in these short spurts and so long as he could just burst through...

It was then that Avarone, who had done little to nothing since the very start of this battle took action.

He pointed a singular finger toward a particular direction. The instant he did so, Leonel's expression changed and he came to a grinding halt.

A solid beam of bronze jetted outward, crashing into the metal flooring before Leonel and causing a massive upsurge of explosions.

Avarone drew a calm line down Leonel's exit path, the beam coming from his finger never breaking once.

It was clear that he had found yet another weakness to Leonel's Domain. What good was accelerating a continuous attack like this one? So long as it made it to Leonel's destination first, he would have no path toward escape.

Avarone took his time blocking Leonel's escape before his laser slowly began to push back, inching toward Leonel who was forced into quickly retreating again and again.

It was exactly then that Silam pounced. However, his goal wasn't Leonel, but was rather the Segmented Cube above his head. With a single whip of his tail, he crumpled the metal beneath himself and shot his body into the air, appearing near the Segmented Cube in the blink of an eye.

"No!"

Leonel shouted out for the first time since the battle began. But, before he could do anything, Deloris' whip lashed out once more, this time carrying even more power than it did before. As distracted as Leonel was now, he was completely finished.

But, Deloris had never expected for the flustered Leonel to suddenly turn back toward her as though nothing had happened. She could almost feel the coldness of his gaze beneath his visor, causing her to shiver uncontrollably.

'Duality.'

Chapter 1076 A Second

Silam's expression changed. He felt as though all the strength he had put into his daggers was suddenly sapped away. His control was broken in an instant and all the effort he had put toward digging toward Leonel's heart went up in a puff of smoke.

However, he was already in the air and the Segmented Cube was in arm's reach. Who cared what happened as long as Leonel could no longer heal himself? He had already torn a path through Leonel's

bones and lungs. Practically the entire left side of his body had become nothing but a useless pile of mush. If he lost the ability to heal, he would be finished.

It was right then that Leonel's arm reached out, grabbing onto the end of Deloris' whip to pull hard.

At first, Deloris thought that Leonel had a death wish. Firstly, her whip had the ability to turn intangible just like she could. With just a thought, she could freely turn its body into pure Water Force. And secondly, did Leonel think that just because her whip looked flexible and flimsy that it truly was? A single snap of her weapon could shatter an entire mountain range, even Siris wouldn't casually reach out to catch it.

And yet... That was exactly what happened.

Deloris' expression changed, immediately reacting to turn her whip into pure Water Force, but in that moment it felt like all the Force she poured in was sucked out by a powerful vacuum. No matter how much effort she put in, her whip remained solid.

By the time she realized the problem, it was already too late.

Her body propelled through the air like a streak of blue.

In one swift motion, Leonel released the whip and flipped his palm, revealing his spear once again.

His arm, beaten and bloodied, erupted with Vital Star Force, healing in the blink of an eye as he pierced forward with all his might.

A spiraling vortex of Level Two Spear Force manifested, twisting and spinning about Leonel's Radiant Core.

"NO!"

Somehow, Deloris' screech made just how fake Leonel's earlier outcry was seem all the more obvious. They had been lured into a false sense of security. But, their mistake was ever believing that they could be safe around Leonel at all.

SHUU! BANG!

Deloris' Force shield was blown into smithereens. Her dress was shredded to pieces, allowing the underlying armor to save her life for just a moment. Unfortunately, Leonel's drill was too large.

Her torso remained somewhat safe, but her arms, legs and head were all torn to shreds, causing a rain of blood to fall upon the battlefield. In ironic fashion, it was only after the Head of the Rain family fell that the first rainfall followed.

Silam and the expressions of the others warped wildly. The idea that one of them could die had never truly crossed their minds.

Silam had no choice but to continue reaching for the Segmented Cube. But, he too was stunned by what happened next.

The Segmented Cube suddenly shifted, opening wide. Before Silam could stop himself, he fell into the midst of the lights, vanishing before all their eyes.

In a final struggle, his roar pierced through the battlefield, but he still vanished nonetheless.

BANG!

Leonel was sent flying as Avarone's beam finally reached him. The back of his armor was torn to pieces and blood gushed down. However, that was all. Even with five now becoming three, Leonel still stood.

Coughing heavily, Leonel rose to his feet once more. He ripped the dagger out from his shoulder, Vital Star Force erupting around him. Slowly, the pieces of his armor began to reform even as his body itself healed at a speed visible to the naked eye.

The battlefield was quite chaotic at this moment, however there were still plenty of individuals who were still within earshot and eyeshot of this battle. Seeing the five Leonel was facing be whittled down to just three, a surge of fire was lit beneath those of Earth while the exact opposite occurred for the Invaders.

"I see." Avarone spoke lightly. "When your armor broke, you purposely revealed your broken and bruised arm, displaying none of the blue Force. Then you absorbed it from the cube above even though you could produce it yourself to goad Silam into falling for your trap, now maybe the most dangerous one of us is out of the way for you, hm? But, I really don't understand how you managed to gain enough strength to kill Deloris with a single strike."

Leonel remained silent.

"No, no. It wasn't that you have the strength to kill her in a single strike, it was Silam who did, right?"

Leonel's gaze narrowed, but he still said nothing.

"That odd power and speed displacement ability you have, I bet it works better based on proximity too, hm? I guess we're all fools in your eyes, then? Silam was pouring in his own strength into your body, likely trying to kill you. But in the end, all he was doing was giving you the exact strength you needed to kill one of his allies. Fascinating..."

Avarone looked Leonel up and down.

"You know so much about our abilities and you always act accordingly. Yet, we know absolutely nothing about yours and fall into such simple traps.

"Let me guess... You managed to open my younger brother's bronze eye?"

Leonel's gaze narrowed further, but silence was still his choice, his breathing becoming more and more even. He had only 10 more minutes of Star Force left, he couldn't afford to waste it. He needed to kill these three swiftly.

"I'll take your silence as affirmation." Avarone chuckled. "Siris, kill her."

At that moment, Belize's expression changed. She had been putting so much effort into silently healing herself all this time, not having taken any action whatsoever. It was clear that she had expected something like this to happen. But, now that it was actually happening, she was completely flustered.

Siris sprung into action, brandishing his fists as he pounced toward Belize.

"Avarone, you dare!?"

Avarone didn't even look in her direction. Instead, he looked into the skies as the boundary of this Fold of Reality began to splinter and crack once more.

"It's about time we end this."

On the horizon... A second junior starship made its presence known. And it seemed that when it came to this one... Avarone was confident that Leonel didn't know a thing about it.

Chapter 1077 Skit?

The battlefield came to a grinding halt. The pressure of a second junior starship weighed down on them all.

Leonel wasn't the only one who was having a tough battle. All around, blood and tears were being shed, flesh was being torn and bones were being shattered. They had all pushed so hard to reach this step, all for it to come crashing down on their heads like this.

Space crackled and twisted, familiar streaks of black lightning nearly warping reality as it pushed its way through, having every intention of crushing everything that lay in its path.

To the side, the battle between Siris and Belize raged on. However, the latter already hardly stood a chance. She was already on her last legs to begin with and had used up much of her Force in an effort to heal herself.

She did everything she could to try to get to Deloris' corpse, but it was all meaningless. Siris was far too familiar with the abilities of the Florer family. After centuries of battle, they finally had a chance to get a slight one up on the Florer. How could they not take it?

With a world to take root in and grab energy from, the strength the Florer were known for couldn't be displayed. To make matters worse, Belize had already used her Elite Spore in an attempt to heal herself. If she separated from it mid process, not only would she worsen her injuries, but she might even directly die soon after.

"Boy! Help me!"

Reaching out for a last line of hope, Belize looked toward Leonel. It was quite ironic, the boy that she had been looking down upon all this time might be her only chance at surviving.

"Don't be stubborn! There is no such thing as eternal enemies as long as the benefits are great enough! Even my Florer family chose to ally with these bastards for a time! Look at the bigger picture! If you remove these metals from my body, I can heal in just a few seconds! Alone I'm already powerful enough to fight these two. With you, we can crush them!"

Leonel didn't even gaze toward Belize.

Work with her? People like her were the absolute scum of the earth.

Leonel had read about how the Elite Spores were formed. He couldn't even imagine how many thousands of lives Belize had sacrificed just to cause hers to sprout. To make matters worse, to get it to grow to its current size would have taken tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, even.

Even without the earth to root in, with the Elite Spore, Belize was likely the most powerful warrior on this battlefield. That was why Leonel had taken her out first while all of them were still underestimating himself. Even now, he was tormenting her with the molten metal that was still stuck to her back. The fact she was alive at all was a testament to just how powerful she truly was.

"BOY!"

Belize almost lost her cool entirely, her rage reaching a palpable level.

The truth was that her death wouldn't change much. They might have been the Heads of their families, but there were still numerous elders and hidden experts they hadn't brought out for this battle. How could a mid-level Sixth Dimensional world possibly only have a single Sixth Dimensional expert?

The reason Avarone still insisted on killing her was because of her talent and the potential trouble she might bring in the future, in addition to the potential that she might be carrying something important about the Florer family's legacy.

At the same time, even if she wasn't a talent or wasn't carrying anything so important, her death would guarantee that the Radix and Midas families would be able to monopolize Earth for themselves without having to share.

Once these two families established themselves, even if the Florer, Umbra and Rain families came later, defending was far easier than launching an attack. By then, the power dynamic between the families would shift and in a few decades, the Radix and Midas would gain enough power to crush the Florer themselves and complete the legacy.

"Just... Think about it. This second junior starship has nothing to do with me. It's obvious that the Radix and Midas decided to send more experts. Without Sixth Dimensional experts, how will Earth defend itself? Don't think that just because you killed Deloris that you can do it yourself!

"The trick you used with Silam won't work twice and Deloris was by far the weakest of us all. In addition, now that they know how your ability works, they won't make the same mistake Silam did again and you won't have a chance to kill another one of us with a single strike!

"I can tell that your body is very powerful and this is likely the reason you've been able to fight and harm us, but I can also tell that you're relying heavily on that blue Force to boost your strength. How much more time will it buy you? Five minutes? Ten minutes?

"Even if it will last you an infinite amount of time, I can tell you that it won't matter. These two are still hiding their Ability Indexes because they don't want to expose themselves. In addition, they've yet to use the true prowess of Sixth Dimensional existences because this odd atmosphere is restricting it. But, once this second junior starship descends, this environment you've created will shatter and their strength will at least double!

"I won't ask for much in return! Just save me and allow me a piece of the spoils! I won't take any of Earth's territory! I wouldn't even have the numbers left to continue fighting you all after this, the warriors of the other families would not listen to me!"

Belize did everything she could to convince Leonel and all of her arguments were perfectly sound. In fact, though Avarone had said nothing from start to finish, he was ready to stop Leonel at any time, his gaze firmly locked onto the latter.

However, Leonel himself was still looking toward the ship that had finally broken through the final layer, his gaze somewhat vacant, though it was difficult to tell beneath his visor.

On the helm of this second junior starship, a man stood with a tall back and wide shoulders. Though Leonel had never personally laid eyes on him before, he almost instantly recognized this man as Guild Head Augustus Ovilteen.

However, a half step to the back of this man was a woman he was actually a bit surprised to see there. Not because she was alive, he had already guessed that. But it was rather that she was actually standing a half step behind her father. He had thought that the two of them were enemies with differing goals... But if they weren't, that meant...

Leonel's lip suddenly curled into a smile, his gaze shifting toward Avarone. He could hardly control his amusement, causing his cold exterior to collapse.

"What? Did you all prepare a comedy skit just for me? You really shouldn't have."

Avarone's gaze narrowed. What the hell did Leonel mean by that?

Chapter 1078 19%

Up above, even Heira's gaze narrowed. Leonel had very clearly seen her, but his reaction was actually so nonchalant. Was her survival really not that surprising to him? How could that be possible?

"Even up until now, you still don't get what's going on?" Leonel looked toward Avarone. Though his gaze was hidden behind his visor, his mockery was practically palpable. It hung in the air like a venomous snake, making Avarone, who had always felt supremely confident in himself, feel his skin slowly become prickly and uncomfortable.

At that moment, the forward momentum of the second junior starship came to a slow halt. The speed it had been building up to shatter the artificial atmosphere Leonel had built here dropped to zero, stunning Avarone and the others.

"I'm not entirely sure why you think yourself to be so clever," Leonel continued. "Did you think that just because one of you two protected her initially that I would forget that you were mortal enemies? Even now you don't understand that I could kill her whenever I want, so why do you think that she's still alive?"

Avarone's gaze narrowed.

He had forgotten one very important thing. From the beginning, the reason why they were forced to fight Leonel all at once instead of spreading out to support the rest of the battlefield was that they felt

he was too dangerous. If one of them turned their backs away, they would most definitely die. And yet to this point, Leonel had yet to use that ability.

On top of that, with Belize's current state, she would have been the easiest target to get rid of. So why was it that Leonel had hounded Deloris so much?

At that moment, Belize, who no longer had the leisure to split her mind and her focus screeched. Her voice was like that of a banshee, making all those who heard it feel as though their very blood was vibrating as their ears threatened to burst.

"I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME!"

The leech-like carnivorous plant attached to Belize's back suddenly pulsed as the spider lily on her forehead sprouted and bloomed. The roots of the spider lily double in size, wiggling beneath Belize's skin as it sucked her completely dry.

In one moment, she had been a morbidly obese woman. In the next, she was nothing more than skin and bone, what remained of her face actually carrying some of the charm a beauty would have. Unfortunately, that beauty was warped by a twisted expression and a leeching spider lily that made it difficult to appreciate.

Belize's naked form appeared before them all, but there were no curves or healthy, glossy skin. Her body had been completely drained of its blood and its fat. Being too weak even to walk on her own two feet, the vines of the carnivorous planet attached to her back propped her up, raising her into the air.

With another vicious screech, a vine whipped outward, slamming into Siris. The devastation made Deloris' whip look like nothing more than child's play.

The air split, the space cracked and Siris' ribs caved in as though a god had drawn a finger across his chest. In just a single attack, he was put in a half dead state, shards of his own ribcage tearing into his lungs and heart as he coughed up several mouthfuls of blood.

Belize lost her rationality, chasing after Siris like a madman.

"See that?" Leonel spoke casually as though he was watching theater.

"You..." Avarone's pupils constricted.

"Do you know how many battles between your Radix and her Florer family are recounted in your records?" Leonel continued to passively observe without a word. "The answer is just 10 706. Of course, these aren't all of the battles, just the ones of note.

"Of those battles, about 2 803 of them are between experts of your families. These can be considered small scale battles with between two to five people participating at once. Regardless, it's usually less than ten.

"Do you know how many of those battles your family won? Don't worry, it's a bit embarrassing, so you don't need to answer. The percentage is about 24%. As for how many the Florer outright won, that would be about 57%. So, what do you think happened with the remaining 19%?"

Siris lost his arm to pure blunt trauma. Without relying on the slightest sharpness, it was ripped from his in terrible fashion, his blood pooling out to the ground.

"Fascinating, don't you think?" Leonel asked. "Of that remaining 19%, all of them were counted as draws. These weren't any normal draw, but rather they were draws where all parties died."

Leonel looked away from the battlefield and back toward Avarone.

"Now, if you're like me, you'd find this statistic to be weird. A situation where everyone dies is too odd, especially since your records didn't seem to have an explanation for it. And, after reading through all the techniques and abilities of your Radix and Midas families, you most definitely didn't have what was necessary to force such a draw in a fifth of cases.

"The only logical answer, then, is that it wasn't you forcing the draw. It was, rather, the Florer family forcing it. And, lo and behold, in 93% of the cases where the battle ended in a draw, it had been an ambush by your Radix family, meaning the Florer had been forced into a desperate situation and left without a choice but to use their hidden trump card."

Avarone's breathing was no longer as steady as it was before.

This Leonel wanted him to believe that just by reading the outcomes of battles, he was able to deduce that the Florer family had a hidden ability that even they hadn't been aware of?! Not only did he deduce this ability, but he was able to grasp the nature and even the timing of it to the point he could make use of it in his plans?!

Just what kind of monster was standing before him now? Just who was this Prince Leonel and how could he possibly out calculate his Radix family?

Avarone took several deep breaths. This wasn't the end of it, so what if the Florer had such an ability. The fact that Leonel dared to stand here meant that Belize had lost her rationality. She would likely burn herself out fighting Siris and when she was dead, everything would go as planned regardless. This was all meaningless!

So why did he still feel like Leonel was smiling?

Chapter 1079 Based On

It made sense that the Radix never saw this pattern. They had accumulated this data over several centuries and they never categorized them in terms of wins, losses and draws, they just documented what happened. For Leonel to draw that connection himself after flipping through them spoke for itself...

However, that didn't explain why any of this was important.

"I'm not entirely sure why you're so confused." Leonel said lightly. "The fact you don't think it's important that you're standing here, doing nothing, while your supposed partner and equal is fighting down to his last breath doing something you commanded him to do... You don't really understand how people work, hm?"

Avarone's pupils constricted.

"If you still don't get it, I can give you another stat, maybe that'll help things sink into place for you. Of those 10 706 battles fought, there were 17 092 members of your families that died. Of that number, 64% were from the Midas family.

"How about another stat? There were 27 893 participants of the battles total. That means that there were 10 801 survivors. Of the number of survivors, 72% of them were members of your Radix family."

Avarone's expression darkened with every word Leonel spoke.

"And now, once again, a member of the Radix family is watching a member of the Midas fight to the bloody end. But do you know what the difference is between this time and all those other times?"

Leonel smiled, and looked around. "You have spectators."

The battlefield had already fallen into a silence the moment the second junior starship appeared and it felt like the tides were shifting. However, because of all the commotion and noise the battle between Belize and Siris were making, not to mention the distraction of Leonel's words, Avarone hadn't even noticed the issue until it was pointed out to him.

His gaze subconsciously swept about, only for him to find several members of the Midas family looking back toward him. His expression couldn't help but turn ugly.

The glue that held the Radix and Midas together was the outside threat of the Florer family. The Florer were simply far too powerful as they had monopolized an entire half of the Inheritance all to their own. Without banding together, they would die separately.

Due to this, a lot of the internal conflict between the two families was ignored and allowed to fester. But, having a spotlight shone on it like now made the problem several orders of magnitude worse.

Because the Midas always had such powerful bodies and because the Radix were so calculative, the nature of these battle stats had always been an open secret. If there was anyone that would be smart enough to survive a close battle, it would more likely be the Radix.

And now this scab wound would be torn open for all to see.

"But I know what you're thinking." Leonel continued with a smile. "Or rather, I know what you'll eventually conclude, because right now it seems that you're too flustered to think properly.

"Once this Head of the Florer family dies beneath the backlash of her own technique, the Florer family will retaliate fiercely. After all, it's been 207 years since one of their Heads has died, and last time that occurred, they were able to retrieve their corpse and not lose anything.

"Now, however, this woman will die in the midst of a battlefield with no other powerful enough members of the Florer family here to retrieve her. There's about an 83% likelihood that she's holding something supremely important and precious on her person as well.

"Because of this inevitable and fierce coming retaliation, the Midas will have no choice but to swallow their discontent and your issues can once more be swept under the rug, right?"

"But... There's just a small problem with that."

Leonel's head angled up to the second junior starship whose engine was still stalled.

"The problem is that you're a fool and you still think that they're on your side when they've obviously already decided to betray you."

The moment Leonel said these words, both Heira and her father narrowed their gazes.

"I bet you that by now, all of the members you bribed and placed on their council have been assassinated. I can also see, no matter how he tries to hide it, that Guld Head Ovilteen has entered the Sixth Dimension.

"Now you think about it yourself. The goal of your Radix-Midas alliance is to combat the Florer family. The Midas allow the losses they've accrued over the years because when it comes down to it, your Radix family's intelligence is the backbone of your operation while they are the brawn.

"But, what would happen if the largest scale plot you had cracked was thwarted by another? What if all the resources you had poured in, all the effort, was meaningless? How would the Midas continue to trust you all if you can't do the one thing you're meant to do? What are they losing their lives for everyday if you can't complete a single task?"

Avarone's chest heaved, his gaze practically red at this point.

"I'm not sure why it is that you're getting angry with me, I haven't done anything but point out the obvious. Your Radix family got played. If the Milky Way Guild succeeds in getting a foothold in Earth's Fold of Reality, you all won't even be that large of a threat to them anymore and everything you've done to this point would be meaningless.

"So, don't you agree with me? Isn't this a funny little skit you have going here?"

Avarone suddenly began to laugh, the sounds of clinking resonating throughout his body as the gears of several mechanisms sprung to life.

"I'm going to enjoy killing you." He growled.

The metal beneath Avarone's feet warped as he suddenly shot forward. His strength bloomed and his Force threatened to collapse the space he shot through. Since everything was falling apart around him, he would piece it together himself!

In all this nonsense Leonel was spewing, he had forgotten that he was the most vulnerable person.

However, it was then that Avarone felt that something was wrong. Leonel stood there, unmoving as he rapidly closed the distance between them. It was as though he hadn't noticed the murderous intent at all.

Leonel slowly shook his head.

"If it was possible for them to lose their minds to the point of getting hyper fixated on a single person, how is it that all of them would die 19% of the time? Do you know why I haven't moved an inch since she began to rampage? It's because carnivorous plants find their prey based on movement."

A vine appeared above Avarone's head, slapping down with the weight of a mountain.

"Dumbass."

BANG!

Chapter 1080 Luck

Avarone's head was blasted into pieces. The power gap between a Belize who had activated her secret technique and him was simply too far apart. In fact, for the past several dozen seconds now, Belize had already been beating nothing more than Siris' corpse. The only reason the latter was even relatively intact was purely because of how powerful his body was. Nothing more, nothing less.

Leonel watched as Avarone crumpled before him. Bits and pieces of his skull and brain flew out in all directions, falling to Leonel's feet.

His eyes only barely managed to remain intact, their gaze locked onto Leonel, flickering through a whirlwind of emotions.

Various colors of anger, fury and rage, dipped in a layer of helplessness and pleading... But it was all meaningless. Even if Leonel wanted to save him, he couldn't. Healing a Sixth Dimensional existence was beyond his abilities, not that he would even try to do so to begin with.

The instant Avarone plopped to his knees, another vicious vine whip descended from above, booming down again and again. He lost the rest of his head, then his neck, then torso. Eventually, he was nothing but a lump of meat and metal heated through repeated pummeling.

The entire battlefield remained silent as Belize rampaged about, not a single soul daring to move even an inch. Leonel could tell that there were a few madmen who wanted to sacrifice their own lives just to force him to move, he could sense the look in the eyes with his Internal Sight. But, toward this, he only smiled. He was very much ready for whatever they brought.

Smartly of them, though, they didn't take action in the end. Just ten minutes later, Belize released a final screech, her wrinkled body writhing wildly as the spider lily on her forehead squeezed. In the next moment, she fell into a pile of ash, the leech on her back screaming as it had lost its final support.

At that moment, Leonel suddenly sprung forward, a snowglobe flickering in his hands as he stored away the carnivorous plant before it could truly wither away. As he was the only one even remotely close to the incident, no one was even in position to stop him.

Then, with light steps, he walked to Avaron's bloody pulp.

Little Tolly wiggled around Leonel's wrist, squeezing out from the cracks in his armor and borrowing into the steaming pile. When the little guy came out, it was still a pristine and shimmering silver as though it would forever remain unblemished. However, within its body, a large amount of Sixth Dimensional Ores had been excavated. In fact, the amount dwarfed Avarone's younger brother by several measures.

After working at his own pace for several moments, Leonel finally looked up to the ship above. By now, the father-daughter pair had been completely surrounded, several thousand Oryx driving them into a corner. Their expressions remained placid, however the conclusion of all of this seemed quite obvious.

At this moment, the people of Earth couldn't help but cast worshipful gazes toward Leonel's back. Although they weren't quite sure what was happening, it was clear by Leonel's earlier words and everything that happened after that he was well aware of how things would play out.

Completely beside himself, Augustus began to clap slowly, his placid expression giving way to admiration. It was the kind of look one wouldn't expect to see from an enemy. Even Leonel could only say that he was taken aback.

The truth of the matter was that he had gotten lucky, and he knew it. If not for the Oryx becoming such a backbone of the Milky Way Guild's plan, things wouldn't have been able to end so simply. Just the odds of such a thing happening alone were baffling, and yet he had greatly benefited from it.

Leonel couldn't help but think what would happen if one day he was the unlucky one? This Dimensional Verse seemed so fickle at times. It was impossible that he would have every tidbit of information he'd need at every turn.

If by some miracle, Leonel gained that ability, it would be amazing. He didn't believe that there was anyone he could ever lose to if he did. But, was that even realistic?

'I have to awaken Goggles as soon as possible... Only when I have someone with his abilities by my side can things become a bit easier...'

"I can only say that I should have killed you that day." Augustus said lightly. "I've lost, thoroughly."

Leonel didn't need to think much to know what Augustus was talking about. That day on Planet Solara, he had definitely locked onto him. However, Augustus had chosen not to act to stop Leonel back then, likely wanting to use him as a tool to whittle down the geniuses of the Radix and Midas families. But in the end, that choice came back to bite him.

"You were just unlucky." Leonel said lightly.

Augustus gazed toward Leonel deeply.

Right now, he had more than enough power to charge out of this encirclement and leave this place. But... Then what?

He had spent his entire life building the Milky Way Guild. Before coming here, he had killed off more than 70% of their core strength, weeding out the plague that had been infecting them for so long. Now, they were nothing more than a shell of their former selves.

Augustus had wanted to use this foothold in Earth's Fold of Reality to recoup his losses, but he had been stonewalled before his dreams could even take flight.

Hearing Leonel's words, he wanted to be angry, but he was appreciative at the same time. This young man's view on life... It was one even he could admire.

Only those at the bottom thought that everything was due to luck. Only those at the top thought that everything was due to hard work.

To meet a young man who could be so superior to those around him and yet acknowledge the nuance of it all... It was rare. Rare indeed.

Heira stood in silence, her gaze locked onto Leonel from start to finish.