

Dimensional Descent

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Chapter 1661: Lion's Roar

Derrion had the robust and stout figure all the men of the Lio family seemed to share. His aura was brazen and his presence arrogant. However, between Conon and Gunter, he seemed to be far more like the latter in that his disposition was quite untalkative and uncaring. If it wasn't for the given situation and the fact he truly did not recognize Leonel, he wouldn't have even bothered to say so much.

But as things stood now, Leonel wasn't in a very talkative mood. He continued to walk forward, his left in hand Aina's right, and his own right hand still raised into the air.

With a gentle tap, the wind rippled once again, a spiral of golden Spear Force manifesting like swirling rays of light that formed a vacuum in the air before speeding forward like a bullet out of a gun.

Derrion's eyes narrowed.

When in the presence of a dense Anarchic Force, attacking from a distance was incredibly difficult. This was why archers were among the absolutely strongest experts the Void Palace had on hand purely due to their being better equipped than others to deal with these challenges.

To attack from a distance using not Bow Force, but Spear Force, was an absolutely rare concept.

Although the distance that separated the two of them was no more than eight to ten meters, it was still enough of a gap to be insurmountable to most. Under normal circumstances, at least 80% of the Void Palace's disciples would have to close this distance in hopes of entering a bout of close combat. So just from Leonel's actions alone, Derrion had already concluded that he wasn't normal.

It also had to be taken into consideration that distance was a relative matter. The higher you were in Dimensions, the more even seemingly large distances were completely irrelevant.

In a pinnacle Seventh Dimensional world like this one, eight to ten meters to a Fifth Dimensional existence was a large one. But to a Sixth Dimensional existence, it was already worth no more than a single step. If not for Anarchic Force, it would be a pitiful gap.

But this truth only made Derrion's eyes narrow further.

At that moment, a golden ray enveloped Derrion's body and he shot out a powerful punch, his thoughts not impeding the speed of his movements in the slightest.

His gaze flashed with a ruthless light, the speed of his fist suddenly accelerating while it was already deployed.

BANG!

Fist and Spear Force met, the sound of the collision causing the ground to rumble.

DONG! DONG! DONG!

Derrion's expression warped as he was forced to take three heavy steps backward. The echoing of his footsteps filled in the harsh silence that suffused the air, the spectators watching with their hearts trembling.

Leonel had attacked with his Spear Force at a distance and Derrion had waited until it was in range to use his Fist Force in the most optimal range for himself. The former had weakened itself and hadn't even made use of a weapon, all while facing the latter which was in its strongest state... And yet this was still the ultimate result?! How was that possible?!

Leonel's footsteps never paused, the distance between them being increased to 15 due to Derrion's retreat, only to be cut down to 10 again by Leonel's slow and deliberate approach.

Derrion met Leonel's gaze, but all he saw was an indifferent coldness, a depth of unfathomable air that made it feel more like he was facing a towering behemoth as opposed to a young male human.

His heartbeat slowed and his blood ran cold for a moment before a rush of golden Force rushed through his veins, causing his skin to redden and his body temperature to skyrocket.

Derrion released a roar, veins popping across his forehead and his body growing a size as his muscles bulged. At the same time, his wild golden hair fluttered wildly, truly becoming like the man of a lion.

CLANG! CHINK! PSSS!

The sound of armor snapping into place resounded as Derrion's God Runes and golden Force fused into one, manifesting into a radiant defense that seemed one part beast fur and another part refined white-gold metal. However, regardless of which part of it was in question, all of them had God Runes floating about them, exuding a tremendous aura.

Leonel continued to walk forward, his palm flipping over to reveal a spear that was an even more radiant white-gold. Just the harpoon-like blade alone shimmered as bright as stars, radiating out with a light so blinding that it seemed to split the natural gloominess of the Void Palace in two.

Derrion slammed his gauntlet covered fists together, a rippling Force of gold spreading out into the surroundings with a mighty and unrestrained air.

He stomped the ground, hard. His hair rose into the skies and the roar of a beast left his lips. With a twist of his torso and hips, he unleashed one of his absolute strongest fists.

In the surroundings, the weak fainted one after another, unable to withstand the roar. It felt as though consciousnesses had been gripped by the jaws of a lion and crushed with a single bite, their gazes falling into darkness.

Those that were further away were lucky enough to rush back to avoid the brunt of the effects, but even then, they felt their knees go weak. They knew all too well that this was one of the most basic abilities of the Lio family's famous Lion Pride Lineage Factor.

However, at that moment, Leonel only casually pierced out with his spear.

It looked as though he had done nothing more than tap at the air. Despite the fact he was using a spear now, the feeling was just as casual, just as unbothered, just as unhurried.

And yet... The entire world seemed to fall into silence beneath the presence of that spear strike.

The wind grinded to a halt. The churning black clouds above stopped moving. Derrion's roar was silenced.

There was only a single ray of gold that appeared before the Lio family youth's chest in a single blink, piercing past his fist and through him as though he was nothing more than the very air that had come to a stop.

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Chapter 1662: Timeless Relics of the Past

Derrion froze, his fist still hanging out in a punching position, but its momentum having already been stripped away.

He looked down at his chest, his body quivering once before he fell to his knees.

He coughed, blood flowing from his mouth like a waterfall as his radiant armor dimmed and lost its corporeal air. And then, it vanished entirely, his consciousness wavering under the intense pain.

Shockingly enough, though, this pain didn't come from his wound. Leonel's Spear Force was so concentrated, so fast... so Swift, that it made it feel as though he was poked through by a needle. He probably wouldn't even notice the problem until several more seconds passed by.

No, what was truly the intense pain was that he had lost in a single strike to someone who was three Tiers beneath him in strength. This wasn't something he could even fathom.

He had always thought that the only reason the Cataclysm Generation could suppress him was because they were older and of higher Tiers than him. He thought that there was no one who could match him at the same level, even them.

But today, that dream came crashing down, harshly.

The worst part was that Leonel's steps still hadn't paused. He took Aina's hand, not sparing Derrion another glance as he crossed the second checkpoint, his spear having already disappeared as though he had regretted taking it out in the first place.

Derrion could be considered a decent talent. However, he was still someone that Leonel felt that he could have defeated back when he was in Tier 9 of the Fifth Dimension so long as he went all out and used his Scarlet Star Force. At best, he was firmly within the standard of Higher Class Demon and wasn't nearly enough for the current Leonel to take with any sort of seriousness.

The more he saw of these "geniuses" that could suppress the rest of the Void Palace, the more Leonel realized just how large the gap between the Human Domain and that Zone was.

Leonel and Aina approached the third checkpoint, but by this point, no one dared to casually block their way, even the so-called guards didn't make a move, their eyes still locked onto the sorry state of Derrion. If Derrion couldn't last even a single move, what good were their numbers, exactly? They would just find themselves crushed.

If someone was going to stop Leonel, it would have to be those VIP guests that had already entered the core region, or maybe even one of the participants for today's events. If they got injured, who was going to help them? Their Faction would help a bit, but it would still mostly rely on themselves.

The most dangerous state any disciple could be in when within these mountains was injured. The Void Palace was a dog eat dog world, how could they put themselves at risk in a battle they knew for certain that they would lose.

It was then that Leonel crossed the third checkpoint and the individuals of the core region who had heard the commotion finally came to make their presences known. It had been too long since anyone had dared to stir up a commotion in a region controlled by the Cataclysm Generation. Never had they expected that today of all days, something like this would actually occur.

However, when they laid eyes on who it was, most tilted their heads in confusion.

Who the hell was this? Tier 1 of the Sixth Dimension? Was this a newly admitted disciple?

That wasn't impossible. The most recent recruitment selection wasn't too long ago and those freshmen should have just been allowed in. it wouldn't be unreasonable for one of them to have broken through into the Sixth

Dimension in that time. Some of the older participants of the Selection often spent years suppressing themselves in wait for the God Path breakthrough method.

They looked toward one another to see if there was any among them who had a definitive answer, but all they saw was mutual confusion. It seemed that none of them were aware.

The crowd, though, was well aware of the faces of these individuals.

Chrisdal Tarius of the Tarius family. He was in Tier 5 and he was an extremely talented individual of the Bow Constellation Alliance. If Nazag was considered to be in a tier all to his own in terms of archery talent, then Chrisdal shared the tier right below along with a few others.

Quonor Pyius of the Pyius family. She was in Tier 6, and if Simona was considered to be in a tier all to her own, Quonor could also be considered to be a tier right below.

Wymlan Taurus of the Taurus family. He was by far the tallest of them all and standing at a height that approached two and a half meters tall. His arms and legs were impossibly thick and he had an odd pair of shin guards that were actually a pair of radiant brass battle axes.

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No matter who you looked at in this group, each one was more powerful and prestigious than the last, and though they weren't a part of the Cataclysm Generation, they weren't too far away. Although none of the generations following the Cataclysm Generation could match up to them, it was well known that the generations that came after were far more powerful on average than the usual batches of students the Void Palace received.

This was in part due to Earth's rise, but it was also said that the Human Domain sensed the danger it was in and was reacting appropriately... Maybe very soon, there would be a generation which even the Cataclysm Generation couldn't hold a candle to.

Among these individuals, though, there was one who didn't come after the Cataclysm Generation, but instead came before.

Even though everyone was excited by what was fresh and new, this was only in regard to the holistic picture. There were still timeless experts of generations gone by that stood at the same peak at the Cataclysm Generation, and this individual was the only one among the entire group that recognized Leonel.

He stood tall, his arms crossed about his chest, watching as Leonel approached with a cold indifference in his eye.

This individual was none other than Valor Morales, Sixth Nova.

"So you've returned," he said coldly.