

### Dimensional Descent

#### Chapter 1971: Keiza

##### 1971 Keiza

Huon, Droet, Hulot and Druid all looked forward with shock. Listening to the report of their subordinate, they didn't know how to react immediately.

They had upgraded their main territory to the Silver-Grade not long ago and they were preparing to continue their momentum swiftly as they approached the appropriate time to unleash their trump card and deal with Leonel. But they didn't expect that Leonel would react before they could.

To the side, Keiza, the Heir of the Gemin family, a young woman that Leonel had met and clashed with during the True Selection of the Void Palace.

Back then, Keiza had taken interest in Leonel because her mother had been one of the many to fall for his father, Velasco. She was very curious to learn about that man through Leonel, mostly because her mother was a woman she couldn't see falling for anyone. Of course, that included her father who she had little to no respect for.

It could be said that Keiza took after her mother in her disregard for most men. Unfortunately, she didn't get the chance to probe Leonel as much as she had wanted as the True Selection had been too hectic back then, not to mention the Cataclysm that occurred not long afterward.

However, hearing about his movements now, her interest had suddenly returned. In truth, she didn't think of Leonel much, and decades had passed since then. She was surprised, though, when the Libra family chose to change up their original plans by moving their cooperation up. When she learned that it was because of Leonel and the fact he had already taken out Nazag, she became even more intrigued.

Her eyes couldn't help but narrow, a playful smile spreading across her vibrant pink lips.

"What do we do? How did he gather millions of subordinates already?" Huon spoke with furrowed brows.

"It's not millions of subordinates." Keiza suddenly spoke.

Their heads turned toward her all at once. Although she had a playful smile on her face, they didn't take it as a joke. Keiza looked like an airhead, but in terms of intelligence, she was ranked amongst the best of the Human Domain. There was a long time, before Leonel had done it, that many believed that if anyone were to surpass the Scorned Queen Beauty on the Void Library's leader list, it would be her. But for whatever reason, Keiza had never bothered to enter the Void Library.

"They're soul constructs. You people really have no idea how the soul works, tsk tsk tsk..."

Hulot and Druid, the two female Libra family members, were very much annoyed by Keiza's antics. But Huon and Droet, who had practically grown up with her, were already wrapped around her little finger. Despite their genius, they practically just did as she pleased, which was also why it was so surprising to Keiza when they contacted her to change their original plans.

Much like Wise Star Order had told Leonel all those years ago, the Gemin family was the only family of the Human Domain with any true understanding of the soul, and that was because their Lineage Factor allowed them far more free range than most humans. As such, when Keiza had sensed the unique fluctuations in some of the battles Leonel had fought, she had already sensed the uniqueness.

Now hearing that he had suddenly manifested millions of subordinates, she put two and two together.

"Soul constructs? Where would he get so many soul constructs?"

"By killing, of course."

The group of four frowned, they didn't understand.

Keiza shrugged. "I'm very curious about certain things. The person who fascinates me more is Alienor Morales, I really wanted to know what about her was so much better than my mother, so I investigated her. She has a very

uncanny ability to use soul constructs, and this was obviously passed down to her little boy."

Although Keiza was smiling, Huon and Droet looked away from her gaze, feeling a cold shiver down their backs.

The two had had a crush on Keiza for the longest time, but they had never bothered to pursue her. That was because this woman had no heart. If that cold lump of coal in her chest opened up for anyone, it was her mother and her mother alone. Often... that love crossed a line that mother and daughter shouldn't have, and it also turned into a level of fanaticism that led to results like this.

Although Keiza was speaking casually, the amount of killing intent she was exuding was palpable. There was no doubt she wanted to kill Alienor.

"Even so, that doesn't explain where he would get so many soul constructs.

Also, if he could get millions of kill exchanges, why wouldn't he exchange them for real people?"

Druid and Hulot, who didn't understand Keiza as well, asked with questioning tones. Their two cousins shuddered but didn't say anything.

"Can't you Libras use your heads? There are two of you and you practically share all thoughts, shouldn't that make you smarter?"

"First of all, using soul constructs wouldn't necessarily stop you from using kill exchanges, they're mutually exclusive. Secondly, where would he get millions of subordinates from? He entered the Heir War games later than anyone. Earth is still too weak to produce so many Seventh Dimensional experts, while the Morales wouldn't provide him with such support for the sake of fairness. If I'm correct, he's probably already converted all of his kills into points by now.

"As for where he would get millions of kill exchanges, that's even more obvious. What is the easiest way to gain kill exchanges?"

Their eyes suddenly widened and they stood to their feet.

"Gold-Grade? Already? How is that possible?!"

The hearts of the Libra family shook. To clear the Gold-Grade, one had to have the equivalent of millions of subordinates. Even if they were soul constructs, didn't gaining those soul constructs mean that Leonel had such means already?! Why was Keiza so casual about this?!

"How do we deal with this?"

Keiza leaned back and reclined. "What do you mean how do we deal with this? We don't. We are on opposite sides of the supercontinent, his soul constructs won't last the trip all the way over here, don't you think it's about time the Nova brothers clashed? Let them wear each other down."

Keiza took a sip of a drink and closed her eyes.

Huon and Droet looked toward one another.

They knew Keiza better than anyone. If there was anyone who took Leonel's words the most personally, it was her. She seemed carefree, but she was the most arrogant person they knew. Leonel claiming that he would kill as many as he saw was probably the one thing that actually made her take these Heir Wars seriously...

And when Keiza was serious, she didn't have just one plan, she had at least three. As for what those other two were, until they moment they were revealed, maybe no one but her would know.

There was maybe nothing more dangerous than a scorned woman. Though, if one said such a thing to Keiza, she would probably kill them without the slightest hesitation.

If the person she hated most was Alienor, the person she hated the second most was none other than the Queen Scorned Beauty.

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### Chapter 1972: Agreement

#### 1972 Agreement

A tide of violet swept through the day side supercontinent. Nothing could seem to stop it.

Leonel and Little Blackstar took the vanguard, causing death and destruction. Every time they took action, the opposing armies were thrown into chaos and disorder. After they were finished, the strongest of Leonel's subordinates would rush over, splitting up the most powerful combatants and stopping them from having the opportunity to support the more average fights. Then, the army of millions would swoop in.

The army of soul constructs was relentless. They maintained the same savage air that they had during the upgrade challenge, their bloodthirst often overwhelming the enemies before them. Even when one managed to hold their ground and fight back, witnessing one rise back from the dead as though they had never been harmed in the first place was enough to shatter even the strongest morale.

By the time half of Leonel's 13 or so hours were through, his territory had already expanded by as much as 30% and the hold he had over the day side supercontinent had begun to approach as much as 60%. He suffocated and suppressed the other territories, and his blade never seemed to show mercy.

Given the circumstances, his kill rate had dropped from 100% of Heirs. It couldn't be helped, some didn't have the fortitude to stay until the final moments, or the stupidity, depending on how you looked at it. One after another, Heirs abandoned their chances at glory and vanished.

When they appeared on the glass cube once again, they gasped for breath, their expressions pale and their gazes flickering with fear. In those moments, they had truly felt the scent of death.

Seeing the states, flashes of pity couldn't help but spark in the eyes of their elders. True death was one thing, but this sort of death of the heart was another kind altogether. The image of Leonel, standing loftily atop the back of a roaring black dragon was simply far too much for them to handle.

Maybe in their lifetimes, they would never be able to raise their heads and face Leonel as equals, in this lifetime... they could only submit.

Noah fought valiantly on the battlefield. His saber was bold and his courage was commendable, however he could only feel that the gap between him and Leonel only seemed to be widening.

Much like the elders of the Human Domain, he too had sensed the fork in the road that Leonel had just faced, and quite frankly if it had been up to him... He wasn't sure if he would have chosen to take this route.

Things seemed to be going smoothly now, but Leonel's current actions, his boldness, his trumpeting victories, was only provoking others. It seemed like a simple choice to use an army of millions to face off against groups that were only a few ten thousand at most, but that was only surface level analysis from those with little understanding of military affairs and war.

Noah had spent much of his life on the battlefield, and he knew Leonel wasn't a fool. One of the worst things a military commander could do was to overextend themselves, and there were very strong arguments for the fact that this was what Leonel was doing right this moment.

Even so, he stood in the skies with a cold expression. Every time they conquered a territory, he would snatch its city core and leave it ruins. Then, as though it was an adequate replacement, he would leave behind an outpost and move on without a word.

He continued to grind away at his enemies, making bold move after bold move.

Noah could see that some fatigue was already accumulating along Leonel's brow, but the latter didn't seem to notice. It wasn't a simple task to just reform the destroyed soul constructs, every time he did so another bit of his stamina would be sapped away. Although his Stars could quickly replenish it, he was wasting more than he was recovering.

Even so, the fact that Leonel could sustain millions of soul constructs at all was a great shock. A slight fatigue after what should have been doing something impossible for most was far too difficult to fathom, and yet it was happening right before them all.

Seeing Leonel crush the dreams of one Heir after another, though, the conflict within Noah's heart only continued to grow.

He truly couldn't understand the difference. Were some people simply born better?

He knew about Leonel's life. He knew that Leonel was a normal teen of the Entertainment stream for most of his life. Other than being a Five Star Professional, there was nothing special about him.

Whereas he had been a Prince of the Empire from the day he was born. He had the best teachers, the best resources, the best training. So why was he so inferior?

The harsh reality was that Noah knew that Leonel agreed with him as well, not just Leonel, but even his own grandfather.

Leonel had always thought he was better than others, the difference was that he felt this "betterness" was superficial and not enough to calculate the worth of a person. As such, he was determined to use the fact he was simply born better than others to help those around him and create a world where such heartache wasn't necessary. This was why he had always taken these burdens on his shoulders, why he had wanted to be a King and not an Emperor.

Although his ruthlessness had increased in recent times and his views had shifted somewhat, this was still the very foundation of his being.

Emperor Fawkes, however, was a bit more difficult to read. Even so, his actions seemed to state that he didn't care much about the world at all. He got rid of the useless, slaughtering them en masse. His true goals and aspirations were unknown, but it was safe to say that he wanted to maximize the growth of his Empire, even if it meant sacrificing innocents.

As for whether there was a deeper layer to that story... only he would know.

The irony to Noah, though, was that these two men that he respected greatly... both of them agreed on a fundamental level... There were simply certain barriers one couldn't overcome without being born with a certain advantage others didn't have...

The army came to a slow halt.

In the distance, the flag of a Silver-Grade city with walls even taller than Leonel's Gold-Grade city appeared.

Fifth Nova's territory.

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### Chapter 1973: Only as Good...

1973 Only as Good...

The armies of Fifth Nova had long since prepared, but it wasn't the armies that had made Leonel pause.

His eyes narrowed as he looked at the tall walls. He still had two wall collapsing exchanges that he hadn't used yet, he simply hadn't run into any enemies that were worth the effort, the Pisc and Quarius families had been the only ones that made the loss worthwhile.

But now he realized even without trying that the remaining two that he had wouldn't work now. These walls weren't built by a mysterious system, they were almost certainly built by Fifth Nova and his subordinates. They were several times more powerful than a Gold-Grade wall and were probably more powerful than even the Heir-Grade walls would be.

One shouldn't take the pre-generated walls lightly. Even the Sub-Grade wall had taken a combined effort of Leonel and Aina resonating their attacks to take it down in one strike. The difference between each subsequent grade of wall was only more exaggerated.

During Leonel's battle with Nazag, his territory had been too small to accommodate everyone and as such they had gathered outside, plus their walls had only been at the Sub-Grade and not very useful. When he fought with Armand, their village had only been at the Bronze-Grade and they faced a similar problem with Nazag. Plus, Leonel had descended from the skies back then, making it difficult for even those walls to have much use.

However, upon reaching the Silver-Grade, dropping down from the skies was already an impossible work around as the walls came formulated with a built in formation that protected both around and above. At the Gold-Grade, this formation was obviously even stronger, and as such, Ramon's self-created walls were even more devastating on the defensive front.

Leonel stopped the army because he knew no amount of forward momentum would be able to crush what was before him, he would only waste stamina going headlong without thinking.

He couldn't help but silently nod to himself. Indeed, he wasn't the only person in the Heir Wars with such grand methods, he didn't have a monopoly on Force Crafting or scheming. His fifth cousin was the most silent of the bunch, allowing Valorie to take the reins, but as a man born with both the Metal Synergy and Spear Domain Lineage Factor, he had his own strengths.

At that moment, atop the tall silver walls, a young woman, wearing bronze armor and wielding a spear that looked a lot more like a glaive with a blade half the size of her body, appeared. Leonel recognized her at a glance as Valorie.

From what Leonel understood, she was one of the last to be born in his father's generation. But in reality, she only counted as such because she was born to parents of his grandfather's generation. The truth was that she couldn't be considered to be a part of the Nebula or Nova Generation.

Leonel knew very little about her, but of what he did know he understood that she was very unsatisfied with the current Heir Wars system. She had only been born with the Spear Domain Lineage Factor and as such, hadn't had the right to participate. It also didn't help that she was born sort of in between generations, making the logistics even more difficult on her.

Members of the Morales family weren't technically allowed to participate in the Heir Wars so that it didn't seem that the family was supporting one over the other. In addition, this rule minimized infighting and maximized the cohesiveness of the group. Even if a few Heirs butted heads, there would be no deaths, and because their family branches wouldn't be involved, the grudges would be at a minimum.

However, Valorie had become Ramon's wife and as a result she was granted a unique exception.

Even amongst the Morales family, rumors couldn't help but spread. A strong woman like Valorie was obviously well known, and her fierce personality was even more so. Everyone had thought that she would end up with a man even more head strong than she was, but to end up with the silent Ramon of all people, no one could have expected such a result, until they suddenly

"understood".

If Valorie was going to fulfill her dream of becoming the Heir Apparent of the Morales family, who would be a better puppet than Ramon? He was silent,

closed off, and even his own family knew very little about him. From the thoughts of others, Valorie strong-arming Ramon into marriage was an easy feat.

Valorie being Valorie, though, never cared to address those rumors. Anyone she caught talking about such things would just taste her blade and that would be the end of it.

Now, however, Valorie stood on top of the walls, her gaze narrowed and sharp. She had been expecting to see a Nova on the other side, but she hadn't expected it to be Seventh Nova.

If Valorie was honest, she quite liked Leonel. He had given the Morales family a great deal of face with his attitude. Although she was worried that he had spoken a bit too arrogantly and might end up falling hard because of that, the fact that he was here seemed to mean that he had backed up a lot of what he had to say.

Even so, seeing that they were enemies now, it didn't dull her blade in the slightest. In fact, it made it stronger.

Little Blackstar moved forward until his shadow loomed over the city. By this point, the moon was looming high in the skies, but with Blackstar's appearance, his head overshadowed it, casting a mighty darkness over the city.

At this moment, many of Fifth Nova's subordinates had been resting, but upon hearing the commotion, they immediately lined up. They had known that something was coming, but even so, they had slept like babies. With a single glance, Leonel could see just how well trained these warriors were, and the look of respect they gave toward Valorie was an even more striking sign.

Archers lined the walls and prepared for battle. They all held real bows and powerful arrows, Leonel knew that even if he crushed their Bow Force, the power of the Crafts backing them would be enough to do some real damage.

A single one of those arrows could kill a Gold-Grade threat, if they sent volley after volley, within a few minutes he would be drained of Dream Force even if he revived them all.

Leonel analyzed the situation quite quickly. There was no doubt that this would be his greatest challenge since stepping foot into the Heir Wars. Even so, his gaze was calm.

Little Blackstar lowered his head until Leonel was eye level with Valorie. He smiled slightly for the first time since entering this place. It was clear that he treated them far differently than he did the others he had come across.

"I guess I should call you big sis, right? Let's have a good battle. These walls though... I'm afraid they aren't enough."

Valorie's gaze softened somewhat before they sharpened once again into a sneer.

She raised her spear and pointed it at Leonel's head, but at the same time, Leonel had raised his arms, his left kidney beginning to shine with a burning glow.

"A formation... Is only as good as its weaknesses," Leonel said softly.

Within the core of the city, Ramon's eyes suddenly snapped open.

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### Chapter 1974: Weaknesses

#### 1974 Weaknesses

Leonel irises danced with complex Runes that fused and separated before fusing once more. A great feeling of danger suddenly took hold of Valorie and she felt like something she should stop was about to happen. But before she could, dozens of fireballs appeared in the skies, the temperature skyrocketing as they descended quicker than Valorie could react.

**BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!**

There didn't seem to be a rhyme or reason to the descending balls of fire, but every collision caused a quake that rocked the city. By the time the third had descended, the invisible barrier had taken shape and become very real, cracks spreading across its transparent surface. By the time the sixth descended, the walls had begun to shake as well, their structural integrity

seemingly in jeopardy. Then, suddenly, all of the remaining over dozen descended at once.

The reaction was immediate.

The invisible barrier cracked like glass, motes of light descending from above and a beautiful, yet tragic sort of way. The balls of fire only continued to rain downward, setting fire to the city and laying waste to much of what was in its path.

Valorie's expression changed.

She understood Ramon's skill quite well. By this point, he had already overshadowed many of the older generation in terms of his Force Crafting.

There shouldn't have been anyone amongst the Heirs that was his match in this regard, and that was only further proven by the Gold-Grade armors that fitted each and every one of their warriors.

Ramon hadn't slept a single wink since the Heir Wars began. Even though the fatigue had set in for him long ago, he only continued to press forward.

Valorie had seen his hard work personally, and she knew how meticulous he was. There was simply no way he would have made any large mistakes that could be so easily explored.

In that case, the only explanation was that... Leonel was just far superior to him.

The only things stopping Leonel from forging true Eighth Dimensional treasures currently was a lack of Force strength and Little Tolly's limitations.

He had already stepped through the boundary of the Life Grade, and the gap between that and the Gold-Grade could only be said to be enormous, there was simply no other explanation.

What Ramon saw was a perfect construction, one that he had poored his blood and sweat into. In terms of Gold-Grade constructions, it was probably among the best possible, period.

However, what Leonel saw was a construct that wasn't whole.

The definition of the Life Grade wasn't a level of strength. Rather, it represented a product that was so perfectly synergized that it seemed to have life, a product so perfect that it seemed as though the universe itself had created it.

Ramon's construction, however, was far from that, and to Leonel, every point of imperfect synchronization was only another weakness... A weakness that could be exploited.

Despite the change, Valorie reacted quickly. "Fire at will!"

Her roar echoed across the skies.

The archers raised their bows, but with a flicker of Leonel's radiant crown, their Bow Force winked out one after another.

Before the archers could respond to the change, Leonel's brothers, Aina and the others charged. Little Blackstar whipped his tail out just once and they were all sent flying with great speed toward the walls. The moment they landed, a catastrophe seemed to have descended and the archers were thrown into complete disarray.

Leonel reached out a palm and leapt forward, a black rod billowing dense fog darker than even the night sky appearing in his hand as he swung down toward Valorie.

Though Valorie was shocked, she pivoted once more. She slid a foot back, gliding into an attack stance before piercing out toward Leonel's chest. If her attack landed, there was no doubt Leonel wouldn't even get the chance to step onto the walls.

Leonel's gaze narrowed. 'What a perfect spear strike...'

Valorie's skill had returned to simplicity. Unfortunately... What good was a spear against Leonel?

Just as Leonel had this thought, though, Valorie's spear strike smoothly turned into a javelin's throw, a strong bronze Force coating it as she threw it. She had known long ago that Leonel had the Spear Domain ring and had lured him forward as such on purpose, lulling him with a false sense of security.

Leonel's expression flickered. She hadn't used any Spear Force, and even if her spear crumbled, the Force surrounding it definitely wouldn't.

It was already too late to change his spear trajectory, but with a thought, two more Stars appeared to Leonel's back. Ten Stars shone with radiant splendor, three silver, three sky blue, two red-gold and two dark ocean blue.

His aura changed and reached its peak, the presence of the Heavenly Body Realm finally shining forth in full effect. Ever since he had shifted his perspective on Universal Force, this was the very first time Leonel had unleashed it fully.

Before, the aura of Universal Force was far too subtle as it could only be displayed when he brought forth all of his Stars. But now... There was no denying it.

The Human Domain was shocked once more. They had never seen a Heavenly Body Realm like this... a Heavenly Body Realm that was so perfect, so powerful.

Void Star Force descended and formed a Force Art before Leonel that quickly solidified into a shield.

The moment the Force Art was completed, more Runes formed within his two Void Star Force Stars, strengthening them once more, but he didn't seem to notice at all as his spear continued to descend toward Valorie.

Valorie's pupils constricted. She was still in a throwing motion, she wasn't in any condition to counter attack, she could only raise her forearm.

But right then, an action that looked like a desperate attempt, shifted. The slots in her armor's forearm opened up and formed a round shield, meeting Leonel's spear tip head on.

**BANG!**

Valorie was sent flying, her body streaking through the air like a shooting star.

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### Chapter 1975: Right Now...

1975 Right Now...

Valorie crashed into the building below as Leonel landed on the city walls.

But just as soon as she did, she leapt to her feet, her battle intent blazing.

With a flick of her wrist, the warped and broken shield was flung to the side and she brandished her fists.

She didn't have the Metal Synergy Lineage Factor, so she obviously didn't have her own Divine Armor. The armor that Ramon had forged for her was already extremely excellent, and yet it couldn't survive a single strike against Leonel's spear. It was clear that that spear was above the Gold Grade.

Even though Valorie found herself unable to use Spear Force and wearing armor that was practically useless to her, she still brandished her fists.

Leonel looked down for a moment. Despite the carnage around him, his mind seemed to be silent.

The archers had recovered after their first fall. Although they realized they couldn't use their Bow Force for whatever reason, they immediately switched their tactics. At the same time, the non-archers below and near the city quickly gathered, prepared to battle just as James reached the door mechanisms and forced the gates open for the tide of three million soul constructs to rush in.

Leonel met Valorie's gaze and hesitated. He almost put his spear away, but after seeing the look in her eye, he tightened his grip instead.

'Alright, he said lightly. 'In that case...'

Leonel's Stars suddenly pulsed and they grew a size. Each had been barely a meter across each, but they suddenly expanded to two, then three, then suddenly reached ten.

The flood of Universal Force increased like a rising tide. The skies rumbled and the earth quaked. The skies above had been quite dark, but motes of

lights began to quickly accumulate, each matching one of the colors of Leonel's Heavenly Body Realm Stars.

Leonel raised a foot and by the time it descended, his body had flickered and vanished. He was a blinding streak in the skies, activating [Star Fusion:

King's Might] and descending with a mighty momentum.

"One spear to connect the Earth and Skies."

The black rod in Leonel's hand suddenly became a pillar of dark gold.

At that moment, Ramon rushed out from the core of the city. The bags under his eyes had grown to the point they were blackened. Even so, his eyes shone like stars, a far cry from the timid gaze he had seemed to have the first time Leonel met him.

When he saw Leonel's strike about to land, his expression changed and he rushed forward, but it was already too late.

Valorie struck out with her fist. A surprising amount of Fist Force coated it as he roared, some of the hints of simplicity that had coated her spear transitioning toward her Fist.

Leonel seemed struck by it at first. How long had it been since he used Fist Force? Longer than he could remember... Why was this fist so beautiful, though?

Despite its beauty, it didn't seem to matter. When Leonel's spear descended, Valorie's fist only paused it for a moment before her arm split apart like pressurized wood. Her eyes rolled back from the pain, her forearm combusting into a rain of blood and gore.

She was sent flying back once more, sliding along the ground and leaving a bloody trail as she fell to Ramon's feet.

Ramon's eyes widened as he hurried forward.

"Valorie? Valorie!"

Ramon slid along his knees to her side, his brown eyes colored with anguish.

He didn't seem to know what to do, he wanted to help her, but he also didn't dare to touch her for fear of making it all worse. His hands approached and retreated again and again, a flustered expression taking over him.

He looked up to find the crumbling pieces of his formation still falling.

Despair colored his gaze... no, it wasn't despair, it was guilt, a heavy guilt that sunk like cold in the winter or darkness in the deepest pits.

Leonel recognized that gaze. It was the same gaze he had had when he watched his subordinates die one after another in the Valiant Heart Zone, subordinates that he would no longer see again now due to his own selfishness.

Given Ramon's reaction alone, one could tell that the rumors about the two were nothing more than nonsense.

Ramon finally reached forward and held Valorie up, if for nothing other than not wanting her to rest her head on the hard ground any longer.

Valorie coughed, blood flying from her lips. Her eyes regained some focus and she looked up. Her eyes softened somewhat when she saw Ramon's tears but then she began to push him away, coughing and wheezing all the while.

"You big dope, I'm not going to die, it's just an arm, what are you doing!

You're embarrassing me! How can my husband be such a crybaby!?"

Ramon clenched his teeth, but his tears didn't stop falling. It was his fault, it was all his fault. He didn't make a formation that was strong enough, if only he had been better, if only he had held up his end of the bargain, this would have never happened.

Ramon looked toward Leonel, a fierce glare in his eyes. But at that moment, Valorie reached for his collar with her only good remaining hand and stopped him.

"Forget it, he has the Spear Domain ring and there are probably others eyeing us right now. There's no use in fighting amongst ourselves, a Morales has to win this"

For maybe the first time in their relationship, though, Ramon didn't listen to Valorie. He grabbed her wrist and pulled, forcing her to loosen her grip as he stood with a dark expression hanging between his brows.

He walked toward Leonel with heavy steps, Bronze Runes forming all along his body as his halo took form and his Divine Armor began to appear piece by piece.

Valorie watched his back with a complicated expression, weakness overtaking her.

Ramon had been quite like Armand, not caring much about these Heir Wars and never wanting to participate in the first place. It was only because of Valorie and the face of the Morales family that he had done so.

But right now, he wasn't a Morales, nor was he an Heir, or a genius fighting for glory.

Right now... he was nothing more than an enraged husband.

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### Chapter 1976: Third

#### 1976 Third

Leonel and Ramon's gazes met, the latter filled with rage and the former as cool as an iceberg. Internally, though, Leonel sighed. He couldn't say that he hadn't expected something like this to happen, but this also made the situation a hundred times more complicated to handle.

He hadn't wanted to harm Valorie so much, but there were two reasons he had no choice but to. The first was time, he didn't have the time to be soft hearted and battle it out with his fists. The second reason was because not going all out would only be an insult to her. While to outsiders it seemed that he was relying on the Spear Domain ring, he himself knew quite well that even if he took the ring off right this moment, it wouldn't change anything.

His Sovereignty had transcended the need for the Spear Domain Ring.

Now, however, he was faced with another choice once again. Would he go easy on Ramon?

Suddenly, Leonel's heart skipped a beat.

Ramon's fist had appeared right before his face and he hadn't sensed it until it was too late.

**BANG!**

Leonel's head snapped to the side and he took a heavy step back. His Divine Armor quaked once and dispersed the damage, but his pupils were still constricted. What was that just now?

Ramon's fist appeared before Leonel again, but Leonel took a light step on the ground, retreating and expanding the distance between them, but somehow, Ramon's fist remained before him.

Leonel raised his spear to block, but Ramon's fist flickered past it, landing heavily on his chest.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Leonel's feet slammed into the ground three times in succession, each one driving him back further and cracking the earth beneath him. The amount of force that his armor was dispersing even caused the ground to seem to implode, as though a pressurized geyser was erupting from within.

'My senses are being distorted. No, they aren't being distorted, it's as though he's using blind spots to take advantage of me. But how could my Internal Sight have blind spots? More importantly, how could my vision have blind spots?'

Leonel's gaze flickered, his eyes landing on Ramon's armor. He realized after just a split moment of deduction that it was Ramon's armor, it was definitely his Divine Armor doing it. If Leonel was correct, the core piece of his armor should be a Dream Force Domain Type Ore, but he couldn't sense the exact ore, which meant that just like he had with his self-created formation, Ramon had self-created an alloy for his Divine Armor.

Leonel had done this before, so he knew exactly how difficult it was to fuse unruly Seventh Dimensional Ores into a single holistic piece. To do so with Dream Force type Ores was even more obscene. It was less accurate to say that Ramon was wearing a Gold Grade Armor, and far more accurate to say that he had taken a half-step into the Life Grade as well.

There was no doubt that if it wasn't for Leonel, Ramon would be the strongest Crafter of the Nova Generation.

'There's only one way...' Leonel deduced.

Leonel crossed his spear over his body again, but it was fruitless. Ramon's strikes were becoming harder to handle, and more powerful. Leonel could sense that Ramon's fatigue was slowly fading as he pumped more and more Dream Force into his body. As his fatigue faded, his strikes became more precise and more powerful.

The jarring feeling of his organs being displaced shook Leonel awake.

Ramon's power was getting to the point where even his Divine Armor was being overloaded.

If there was anyone who was surprised, though, it was Ramon. Leonel had taken several direct shots and was clearly trying his best to block and failing.

He had aimed for several vital points that should have left him entirely incapacitated, how could a Divine Armor forged by a Sixth Dimensional expert had such great defense?

Suddenly, Ramon's eyes widened. First he was focused on Valorie, then he had lost himself in rage when he faced Leonel, so this was the first time he noticed that Leonel's Divine Armor was actually of the Life Grade! How was that possible?!

At that moment, Leonel's body expanded, rising to over three meters tall and gaining an additional two pairs of arms and a pair of heads. Activating his construct, Leonel unleashed his Starry Spirit Domain. In that moment, his Internal Sight was swapped for his Dream World and the world became countless times clearer.

Ramon's invisible Dream Domain came into sight and Leonel could sense the distortions.

This time when Ramon punched forward, Leonel punched out with a free hand himself, meeting knuckle to knuckle.

**BOOM!**

They both took a single step back, their forearms trembling.

Ramon's eyes narrowed beneath his visor. He didn't know what had changed, but he too could sense a shift in the atmosphere. He immediately deduced that Leonel had deployed a domain as well, likely a sensory one.

Even so, Ramon was unmoved as he pushed forward again, his single fist suddenly becoming two, then three.

Leonel's gaze narrowed as he brandished his spear, striking out once and yet meeting all three fists at the same time. But to his shock, all three spear blades missed and Ramon's fist appeared before him again.

That was when Leonel realized that this couldn't just be a distortion of Dream Force, his affinity in Dream Force was too high and he couldn't be so easily tricked. There was an underlying Spatial Force that Ramon had only just unleashed.

Leonel's Divine Armor cracked and he coughed up a mouthful of blood, his body trembling as his heels left a deep trench in the ground. By the time he looked up, Ramon was already before him once again, bearing down with a fierce momentum. Leonel could practically see two red irises behind the latter's visor.

Leonel coughed again and took a break. He activated his Starry Star Domain and then his Lotus Domain, his battle intent soaring.

His ideas of going easy on Ramon seemed like nothing more than a joke now. This was the Heir Wars, this was an Heir of the Morales family, weakness didn't run through them.

The lines of Dream Force and Spatial Force became clear in Leonel's eyes.

Pushing his Lotus Domain to the limits, he stripped Ramon of his Spatial Force and made use of the Time Force that it produced to strengthen the unpredictability of his blade.

But at that moment, a third Force descended from Ramon's Domain.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1977: A Genius

#### 1977 A Genius

Leonel was certain after a single look. It was Breaking Force, the very Force designed to break rules and surpass expectations, the very Force known for shedding limits and shattering them. At that moment, Leonel's Lotus Domain overloaded and crumbled. It didn't seem capable of fathoming an opposing Force to Breaking Force.

The three layers of Ramon's Forces came together and his fists suddenly blotted out the skies. They came from all directions and no direction at the same time. It overloaded Leonel's senses, almost as though he didn't have enough minds to finish the calculation, but that was absolutely impossible.

No matter how powerful Ramon was, he couldn't possibly form millions of variables and Leonel had at least that many minds.

There was only one explanation. The Breaking Force was impeding his calculation ability.

Leonel was almost never impressed. His standards were exceptionally high, and he thought even higher of himself. He didn't tend to be impressed by things he felt that he could do. But this Divine Armor of Ramon's.

'.. What a genius.

Leonel felt another fist crash into his chest, half of his construct was ripped to shreds and the remaining impact collided with him, dealing him the worst injury he had suffered since entering the Heir Wars.

Heavy breathing forced Leonel to swallow more blood than he would have light. Half of his body hung out from his construct, his chest a mess of flesh.

This Ramon sure was interesting. He was the most inconspicuous, but if not for Leonel, the odds of him winning these Heir Wars were exceptionally high. Leonel felt the most pressure from Adawarth, but after interacting with Ramon, he felt that it should actually probably be a fifty-fifty split between the two of them.

He had really run into a buzzing chainsaw this time.

Let alone Leonel, even Valorie was very much surprised. She didn't know much about Ramon's combat strength because he never fought. He was famously still a Galaxy Ranked disciple despite being in the Seventh Dimension because he refused to battle to this extent.

However, it could be said that this wasn't a display of combat strength, per se. This was a display of his magnum opus, the Craft he had poured the most blood, sweat and tears into, his Divine Armor.

"Crush your badge and apologize to my wife later, and I will let you go."

Ramon said coldly.

Leonel couldn't help but laugh inwardly. The whole apology to his wife later was clearly Ramon's attempt to save some face for Leonel. He knew that Human Domain was watching and forcing Leonel to apologize for what was effectively him doing what he should be doing was too much. Despite his situation, Leonel found it a bit adorable.

He definitely didn't have the capability of being so level headed. If someone had shattered Aina's arm, even if she could practically instantly heal it, he would have probably lost his mind. Morales or not, the suffering of whoever had done it would be great.

"I will let you know that I haven't brought out my full strength. Even without my spear, I still have my other trump cards and my Ability Index. You've done well enough, don't force my hand."

Leonel suddenly took a deep breath, causing raging winds to surge forward from all directions. The violent vortex ruffled both Leonel and Ramon's hair.

Ramon's gaze narrowed as Leonel's injuries seemed to heal in practically the blink of an eye. In just a few seconds, his blood was trickling down from smooth and unblemished bronzed skin.

A rushing aura surged out from Leonel and the rest of his construct shattered as he fell from within it and landed on the ground. He shook his head, pointing his spear down toward the ground as the Bronze Aura around him suddenly began to tremble, becoming slowly brighter and brighter.

"Noted," Leonel said lightly.

**BADUM!**

Leonel's heartbeat was like a roaring beast, echoing over the city and causing a wild earthquake.

"But I still have a few tricks up my sleeve as well."

At that moment, Leonel's halo suddenly expanded and began to trail down the length of his body. Ramon and those watching couldn't help but frown.

Leonel should have already taken out his Divine Armor before, how could a trump card be something you have already taken out already?

But right then, what should have been something they had already seen before became something decidedly different. The design of the armor was entirely different. With every movement, its joints and valves expanded and contracted, it looked almost like a living, breathing creature. While it carried the same pearly white and jade green colors, it also had an added black accent to it that made it look decidedly more dark and powerful.

As the first streams of Vital Star Force slowly closed the distance toward it from Leonel's Vital Star, the world seemed to fall into silence. When the streams finally entered the armor...

**RUMBLE!**

A piercing light howled into the skies.

Leonel opened his arms wide. The amount of vitality coursing through his body made him feel wide awake, it felt as though he could shatter the world with a single step.

Leonel raised his foot and Ramon's pupils constricted instantly. The latter retreated, ready to expand the distance, but Leonel had somehow already appeared before him.

**BANG!**

Ramon didn't even realize when Leonel's fist had landed on his abdomen. He only vaguely noted that his Divine Armor had shattered to pieces.

Leonel quickly retracted his fist, feeling that he would have pierced right through Ramon's stomach in that moment. However, his mercy is exactly what caused Ramon's body to shoot out like an iron ball from a canon, streaking through the air with such speed that a harsh whistling sound filled the air.

Leonel landed lightly on the ground, looking forward. He didn't seem surprised by the result at all, but the same couldn't be said for the remainder of the Human Domain.

No one seemed to know how to respond...

Leonel had taken out a second Life Grade Divine Armor...

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1978: Big Difference

1978 Big Difference

Leonel took a breath and exhaled.

The gap between the strengths of his Divine Armors were enormous. Vital Star Force was a high level Force and maximizing its usage required materials that were equally as high level. Just now, Leonel leapt from a Pseudo-Life Grade of the Fourth Dimension to one of the Fifth Dimension.

The gap didn't need to be described.

Ramon's Domain was only as solid as the defenses of his Divine Armor, and was only as useful as the weakness of his enemies. While Leonel didn't have a way to counter it, there was always the most obvious method remaining:

absolute strength.

Leonel felt a glare on him and he looked toward it to find Valorie who had already stumbled to Ramon's side. He could only sigh, what else was he supposed to do in this situation exactly?

Luckily, Valorie seemed to understand and shook her head. Looking around, she knew they had lost. It would take several days, maybe even weeks, for Ramon's Divine Armor to repair itself, and it had clearly been his greatest trump card. They didn't have any more chances.

With a sigh, Valorie found the badge in Ramon's chest pocket and crushed it.

Very quickly, he, as well as all of his subordinates vanished. The sounds of battle came to an end, but Leonel looked up toward the skies with a frown.

Usually, he would keep his Starry Spirit Domain activated at all times. His Dream World gave far sharper clarity and was much less easily fooled than his Internal Sight, so it was a no brainer so long as he had the stamina.

However, when he entered the Heir Wars, he had kept it in reserve. The first reason was because while he could hold it up with great ease in the outside world, there was a great suppression here that drained him quickly, especially when he used Dream Force. The second reason was because the range wasn't large enough to give him a huge advantage regardless. His Internal Sight was 10 kilometers, but his Dream World only extended for 100

meters now.

When he used his second tier Divine Armor, though, this range expanded to just over a kilometer though the range of his Internal Sight remained the same.

Just now, he had caught a whiff of something his Internal Sight had missed.

"Those resonating strings... Libra family, huh?"

Leonel had learned quite a bit by reading what the Void Library had to offer.

In return, he had a surface to mid-level understanding of every prominent Lineage Factor in the Human Domain and even some of other races from what wars and battles had gathered.

When he saw the faint string of linked Soul Force, he recognized it immediately. He also wasn't surprised. Since he had known about their abilities, he also had guessed that they would use it like this.

Leonel's lips suddenly curled and he flickered and vanished. His speed was ridiculous, leaving a trail of blue in his wake as his figure was almost impossible to track with the naked eye. He had appeared before the Libra family members before they even understood what was happening.

He reached out, grabbing their head. They immediately tried to fight back, but if even Ramon couldn't withstand a single strike, how could they? They found their legs dangled in the air as their arms squirmed about, but no amount of punching or kicking seemed to do a thing. If Leonel's first armor had sturdy defenses, this one was practically an impenetrable wall. The Libra family member felt as though they were punching against the wall, and suddenly, they felt nothing.

Leonel shattered their neck with a single squeeze. Why would he waste time interrogating a living person when he could take everything he needed from their soul with much greater ease?

"Resume the connection with your sibling," Leonel commanded.

"Yes!"

The Libra family member reacted almost too eagerly, but this was simply the power of the King's Might Lineage Factor.

With a flicker Leonel vanished and killed yet another Libra family just as they were grieving the loss of their brother. The change was abrupt and it seemed to happen without cause. Even now, those watching had yet to recover from the appearance of a second Life Grade armor when the two had died in quick succession.

The Libra family elders were standing close with the Gemin family members.

They were worried about Leonel's display, but they felt that their people were in a good position. With their experience, the things that the Heiress of the Gemin family had deduced, they had as well, so they knew that Leonel shouldn't last much longer. But this sudden change had caught them completely off guard.

This wasn't the first time they had seen this ability of Leonel's, but the visceral disgust they felt toward seeing it in this light was like a punch to the gut. Watching a grieving sibling suddenly begin groveling at the feet of the man who would have otherwise felt great hatred for moments ago, they felt shivers down their spines.

Ramon and Valorie had just appeared in the range of the Morales family members and were quickly taken in. When they saw that Leonel was actually slaughtering people, their expressions changed once more. While they knew

Leonel had been merciful with them, seeing his ruthlessness painted a completely different picture.

Leonel, though, didn't seem to care about this at all. He had already warned these people once. Their shivers, their disgust, if anything was only able to make him sneer.

Leonel stood before the two constructs for a moment before waving his hand and sending them away. His conversation with them seemed to be brief, but he also seemed to be satisfied with it.

His figure vanished once more and when he appeared again, he had already taken the core of Ramon's city and begun to move forward, his Divine Armor fading.

It was interesting. One of the main reasons he chose to use his lower level Divine Armors first outside of hiding his strength for the moment was due to the stamina drain he knew they would have. But to his surprise, it wasn't very taxing at all.

That was when Leonel remembered there was a big change between now and when he had created his Divine Armors...

His Metal Synergy Lineage Factor was currently Eighth Dimensional.

Leonel's lip curled.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1979: Time

1979 Time

'There's not much time left...' Leonel thought for a moment.

There was only a few hours left before his soul constructs would vanish. The current progress was worthwhile, he had taken out two Constellation families, arguably two that would have been the most threat to him during the "late game". In addition, he had dealt with a hidden ace like Ramon as well before he could build up anymore momentum.

The strength of Ramon's army wasn't to be underestimated. Even after the battle had gone on for so long, only a few of them had suffered casualties while the amount of Dream Force Leonel had wasted reconstructing the soul constructs was more than he wanted to think about.

If Ramon had been able to build an army of millions or even tens of millions like Leonel estimated most of the Heirs would be capable of during the waning days of the Heir Wars, and he had outfitted them all with Gold Grade armors and weapons, their momentum would have been truly devastating.

Gold Grade treasures didn't seem like a big deal, but it had to be understood that only the richest of Seventh Dimensional existences would have one or a few to supplement their battle prowess. Existences like Leonel who could pull out Life Grade items were few and far between.

At the moment, Leonel simply didn't have the resources to outfit everyone with Gold Grade items, he could only spare such expenses for the best of his subordinates. And, unfortunately, the Segmented Cube couldn't create Life Grade items in his stead either, its current limit despite being in the Eighth Grade was the Gold Grade.

As for why this was, Leonel was actually sure of the details. There was likely something special about the Life Grade that required a human touch or an extreme level of precision the Segmented Cube couldn't seem to match.

This was all to say that Ramon would have been a true problem if he was given any more time. If it wasn't for James and the others, even Leonel's soul construct army would have been run over.

However, that begged another question. Was Ramon the only Heir here?

Leonel felt that the odds of that were very small. There were seven of them, and he highly doubted that Ancestor Hito would only place two of them on a single supercontinent. Of course, there was the possibility that with random placement, things had just ended up that way, but Leonel still felt a hint of caution.

He had a vague map of the supercontinent in his mind. After he had tried to claim the entire continent through expanding his territory, he had picked out several strongholds. From his numbers, there should only be two such strongholds left along with dozens of others much smaller territories.

The issue was that the two strongholds should already be accounted for.

One, as he had just found out, should be the Libra family. As for the other, it should be the Gemin family, as he had also just found out.

With his scope of understanding, there shouldn't be a third force hiding on the supercontinent. There simply wasn't enough land for a third to appear, especially when the Gemin and Libra, as he had once again just found out, were in cahoots with one another. All the territory between them was practically a no man's land. In fact, they had only separated their territories as such for the sake of keeping up appearances and not letting the cat out of the bag too soon.

Leonel didn't seem to be spending much thinking power on the Libra and Gemin families at all, he was entirely focused on where the next Morales would appear from, and maybe that was because of the impact Ramon had had on him.

There were only two explanations for the lack of Morales here. Either he was wrong and the other five Novas had truly appeared on the other continent, or... From the very start there was someone bold enough to head directly into the ocean.

As for whether there was a third possibility or not, Leonel didn't have enough information to make a claim.

"There's another failure up ahead," James' voice drifted to Leonel's ears.

As James had said, not long later, the group came across a barren village that had failed in the midst of its Bronze-Grade upgrade challenge. They had come across quite a few of these.

It was possible to tell they had failed because the Bronze-Grade walls had formed, but had collapsed. In addition, their city core was cracked.

These cracked city cores had a bit of value. You could fuse three cracked city cores into one to form a complete territory. It was an almost useless, secondary rule as it was probably only useful to those who had failed three times in a row and wanted a fourth opportunity. But by that point, they would have already been out of the race so there was no point.

Another option would be to repair it, but it cost double the upgrade challenge you had failed.

There were no corpses to find in failed territories like this one since the Heir in charge of it had probably already crushed their badge when they saw that the situation was bad.

What needed to be questioned though was why such weak people would enter the Heir Wars to begin with. If Leonel was correct, they were probably from fringe Seventh Dimensional families. They probably even had Sixth Dimensional individuals in the midst as well.

What needed to be questioned though was why such weak people would enter the Heir Wars to begin with. If Leonel was correct, they were probably from fringe Seventh Dimensional families. They probably even had Sixth Dimensional individuals in the midst as well.

Leonel might have made it look easy, but even geniuses at Tier 9 of the Sixth Dimension weren't supposed to be able to fight against even the weakest Seventh Dimensional existence. These people had truly overestimated themselves by participating at all.

Leonel casually swiped the cracked territory core before moving onward.

"We won't be able to make it to the Libra and Gemin families, there's not enough time. This has been fruitful enough, it's time to turn back," Leonel suddenly said.

The others nodded. They were beginning to feel a bit of fatigue as well. It had already been a near half day since they set out and they had been battling and marching since. The suppression of these Heir Wars was truly unforgiving.

The army of soul constructs and Leonel along with his brothers and subordinates prepared to turn back.

However, at that moment, the ground began to rumble.

Leonel's gaze narrowed as he looked into the distance.

[More chapters coming]

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1980: Retreat

#### 1980 Retreat

"Retreat," Leonel said calmly.

He took a glance at the distance just a single time before turning away. With a leap, he landed on Little Blackstar's back, his expression calm.

In the distance, an army led by Huon, Droet, Hulot, Druid, and most obviously, Keiza, had appeared. They rode on the backs of beasts that were all quite shocking and powerful, so much so that although he had long since looked away, Leonel's eyes couldn't help but narrow.

Leonel didn't recognize those beasts, but the people of the Human Domain most definitely did. Those were the very beasts that the Lio family had prepared beforehand, beasts that had given them a great advantage previously, but had suddenly now come under the control of the Gemin and Libra families.

The Lio family's only choice was to be quite devastated about this. They were among the rare few that had two members of the Cataclysm Generation with both Conon and Gunter, but neither of them were strategists and they were both quite simple minded.

In order to defeat them and claim their beasts, Keiza and the Libra twins only needed to defeat Conon. So long as Conon's badge was shattered, his beasts would be left behind. This was the difference between using a kill exchange for a beast and using points. If these beasts had been exchanged with kill exchanges, then they would have disappeared along with Conon and Gunter when they exited the Heir Wars following their loss.

The Lio family had used a loophole to gather a large amount of beast subordinates for just one point each. By the time Keiza had gotten to them, they had already gathered over a hundred thousand in this way.

Normally, it should have been impossible for these beasts to so easily follow a new master like this, but the Gemin family had an advantage that the others didn't... And that was their comprehension of the soul. Controlling such low talent beasts was actually extremely easy for them.

Now, a great hoard was charging after Leonel and the others.

Leonel had thought that something like this might happen after he ran into the Libra twins. The two of them already had his general location, and they also had methods of relaying this information back, so that meant for as long as Leonel didn't notice, those two had probably been monitoring his movements. After they died and the connection was severed, the Libra and Gemin families had probably decided it was time to press forward.

'Those beasts... Their constitutions are weak, but they're all in the Seventh Dimension. It must have taken quite a bit of investment to do that, that's also a decent loophole to exploit as well... But those beasts shouldn't be native to the Gemin or Libra territories, so it must have been claimed from another family.

'The only families or organizations with enough capital to use this method have to be among the few most powerful. It could only be one of the Constellation families.

"Why are you running, great Emperor Leonel?! You've seen me! Are you not going to kill me?!"

Leonel's expression flickered. He recognized this voice, it was one of the Libra family twins that he had met during the True Selection. His gaze became colder, but he didn't respond.

The speed of the beasts the coming army charged with were not slow. They had just appeared over the horizon, but they were already rapidly closing the distance. Although it was true that if it wasn't for their inhuman abilities, even seeing or hearing one another would be impossible right this moment, this distance was still close enough for them to close within a quarter hour.

The only reason Leonel had been able to cover so many hundreds of kilometers of territory to begin with was because of the speed of the Seventh Dimension. But now that very speed was coming back to bite him.

There was no way for him to make it back to his own territory in that time.

If he abandoned the soul constructs, their speed would be much faster, but they would still be caught. And if they were caught without the soul constructs present, well that ending could be imagined.

Little Blackstar was especially fast, but that was in his normal form. In this form, where he used his mimicry to imagine a much larger, more powerful creature, he wasn't even a tenth as fast.

The best option seemed to be to stop and fight. Their army was just shy of 200 000 strong and Leonel still outnumbered them greatly with things the way they were. However, Leonel abandoned that idea instantly.

They weren't 200 000 strong, they were 400 000 strong. Each of them rode atop of beasts that multiplied their power. On top of that, half of them were Libra family members who were charging forth in tandem. When they worked together, their power was worth at least three people on the lower end, far more depending on their level of genius.

This size of army was already enough to clash head on with Leonel's soul construct army and not lose out. These were true geniuses of the Constellation families, a large segment of whom had made quite a name for themselves in the Void Palace.

The Morales Ancestors frowned when they saw this scene. They had already known that Leonel's actions were risky, and his timing of retreat wasn't bad either, the problem was that this Keiza's timing was even better.

She seemed to have been lounging around until she suddenly decided to pounce, even using a teleportation reward they had received from a dungeon to press their advantage and make sure they caught up.

The Lio family had lost so miserably and yet she had hardly needed to lift a finger. Now it looked as though Leonel was about to suffer the same fate.

Even now, the young woman reclined in a sedan, sipping a drink as the twins continued to roar out derogatory comments.

It seemed that the Libra and Gemin family were intent on ripping down all of the shock and awe Leonel's actions had brought to this moment. If he ended up falling this way, running in his final moments, everything else would seem to have become meaningless.

The man in question, though, continued to look forward, his gaze sharp.