Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2161: Why?

Leonel waved a hand, his gaze sharpening. He could already feel the movement of the Scholars. The only reason they had hesitated was because of Velasco. It could be said that Velasco was only ignoring them now because they weren't worth much in the grand scheme, something that was difficult for these Ancestors to accept. But that moment of hesitation had actually caused their genius to fall.

Despite this, their reactions were odd. Rather than being torn or inconsolable, they were actually... worried? This was an emotion that made sense, but the trouble was that it was a bit misplaced, and it didn't seem severe enough given the situation.

Anya fell from Leonel's arm.

Seemingly feeling that something was odd, Leonel also waved a hand, severing Anya's head from her neck and then sending two fingers forward, a sharp Bow Force taking shape and attacking the location of her Ethereal Glabella directly.

With his current Dream Force, seeing through this only took a small amount of effort. He wouldn't make a mistake like he had with Amery, missing the Ethereal Glabella after his first attack.

However, even after Anya's head shattered, his eyes remained narrowed. The reaction of the Scholars was still off.

That was when it happened.

A blinding pillar of light rose from the Starship in the distance.

The vessel had been completely ignored by Leonel. It was because it was far too impractical for this battle and not nearly powerful enough. If he wanted to

make a difference with the Starships, he would need a whole fleet of them, but he only had one, not even counting the second and larger of the two.

In addition, it was better that he did ignore it. After all, his brothers and many of the geniuses of the humans had retreated back to them. Not using the Starships could count as keeping them out of the line of fire.

However, there was someone else that was on the Starship, a woman that Leonel had found practically useless after defeating her...

Harmony.

Harmony was unable to participate in the Heir Wars because she was only in the Sixth Dimension and far too weak. Of course, that was just by the standards of Leonel. Compared to other Sixth Dimensional existence, she was even beyond the so-called Cataclysm Generation. It was just that Leonel and Aina were on a completely different level.

But there was something else that clicked for Leonel in that moment. Back when he was fighting Harmony, there was an odd and sudden boost to her strength that occurred not long after she communicated with Anya.

'Two sides of the same coin...' Leonel's eyes narrowed.

From the location where Anya's corpse had collapsed, another pillar of light formed, forcing Leonel back a great deal.

The rage in Leonel's heart was only growing. He wanted this matter to be over and done with, but bullshit kept coming. It was like the world was telling him that his power alone wasn't nearly enough, as though it was trying to remind him just how insignificant he was.

The more he thought about it, the more furious he was. He clenched his fists, his pores suddenly dilating and beginning to spew out small streams of flames. His body was completely coated, but he didn't seem to have noticed at all, his patience wearing thinner and thinner and thinner.

The two pillars of light combined, a shadow of Harmony and a streak composed of Anya's corpse shooting into the skies and melding into one.

Their auras began to soar, growing fiercer and fiercer until they reached the very pinnacle of the Seventh Dimension, but even this didn't feel like it was

enough to describe it properly. It was an aura no weaker than an Ancestor's despite the level it was stuck out. It felt like Anya... or maybe it was Harmony... or maybe both... could cross the Dimensional barrier and battle it out with Ancestors whenever she so pleased.

Anya stood in the skies, power overflowing.

Her horns were twice as large as they had been before, the Death Force that was under her control spilling over from all sides.

Leonel didn't even give her more than a glance, his rage continuing to spill over.

"RISE."

His roar echoed, the corpses of Ancestors that had fallen under his father's might and his own spear beginning to rise out from the ground.

However, just when it seemed that he would succeed, Anya cast a glance downward and her Death Force fell like a torrent.

"Trying to control death before me? Your arrogance will be your downfall," she said lightly.

The connection Leonel had formed was stripped away. It felt like the souls that had just been in the palm of his hands were accelerated on their path to the underworld, not giving them a chance to resurrect at all.

Anya looked toward Leonel, seeing the flames raging out of control around him she shook her head. Indeed, it seemed that this answer she was going after didn't matter. Clearly, it was already much too late for Leonel. It wasn't a matter of when it would happen anymore, because it already had.

He felt that the whole world was beneath his notice, as though he could act with naked abandon and not be expected to care for the consequences. He didn't understand the kind of good work she was trying to do.

This world was designed to go down a certain path. Whether it was Leonel's grandfather, his father, or Leonel himself, they all tried to deviate from this path. For the greater good, for the people that called this place home, they had to take a step back, and if they refused to do so...

They deserved to die.

She raised her hands to the skies, her palms facing upward. Even beneath the carnage of the battle of Velasco and the Four Great Families, she seemed to have carved out her own piece of the skies.

The phantom of a Death Pulse Deer took shape and her aura reached its peak.

Her scythe flew up from the ground as she stretched out a hand.

Without another word, she slashed downward, aiming for nothing more than to take Leonel's hand.

However, she had only just attacked when she froze, looking down at her chest again.

Why was there an arm in her again...?

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2162: Valiance

Leonel looked Anya in the eyes, his flaming arm burning through her chest.

Her mouth opened slightly, but nothing other than a puff of black smoke came out. All of her arrogance, all of her condescension, all of the prim and proper words she had spoken, vanished into the wind along with the ashes of her body.

Just because Leonel hadn't used elaborate illusions before, didn't mean he was incapable of it, it just meant that he couldn't be bothered to waste his Dream Force on her. But since she wanted to continue to push and push, speaking as though she was on the same level as him, above him, even, he chose that there was nothing more to do than to properly put her in her place... Forever.

Assimilation worked very specifically. It was best used with souls, but if Leonel wanted to use it on himself, there were restrictions, namely he had to be compatible with what he was Assimilating to receive the best possible results. This didn't mean that he couldn't Assimilate certain things, but rather that doing so would weaken them a large measure.

For example, when he Assimilated Lionel, the results were immediate and extremely powerful. But when he Assimilated the Force canceling Savant, it was much weaker, so much so that he had to be in direct contact with Anya's spear to dispel its strength.

These restrictions were far lesser when he used them on actual souls, but he clearly wasn't a soul, he also had a body to filter things through. This was another reason why having a fully separated soul was such an advantage, it gave one the purest chances to be powerful.

This aside, the combination of an illusion and Leonel's attack was far too much for Anya to handle. The moment he got into her range, her strength was meaningless. Everything his fist contacted dispelled her Force. She didn't even have a chance to protect herself.

When he looked toward the Scholars this time, their reactions were fierce. This was exactly what he wanted to see.

Clearly, they had known that Anya and Harmony were truly just a single person. This was none other than Anya's Ability Index, an interesting method of cheating death. However, this death right here was the truest death... There was simply no coming back.

"Rise." Leonel said coldly.

Anya's ashes had barely dispersed when they were suddenly ripped out of the air, a powerful torrent of violet Force rising as she took shape once again.

A valiant soul of a beauty untouched by blemishes appeared, donning a Valkyrie-like armor that seemed to be the only like in the skies.

"My King!" Anya's voice bellowed as she took a knee in the skies, her face filled with reverence. Every ounce of her holier than thou attitude had vanished, replaced by an undying loyalty to battle by Leonel's side until she drew her last breath.

Leonel reacted coldly, looking down on Anya without a word as his flames flickered around his body. Even so, Anya didn't dare to look up, waiting for Leonel's motion to rise. Leonel, however, had his eyes set on the battle in the skies, even the Scholars didn't seem to be worth his attention.

His father stood amidst a tide of enemies, his aura valiant and not weak in the slightest. He hadn't suffered even a single injury, but the armor of the Silver Emperor was beaten and broken, the four members of the Great Families all had blood trickling down the corner of their lips, and the Emperors of the various Races were in an even sorrier state, many of them missing limbs.

Even against so many, he seemed to be in a league of his own, using nothing other than fists to crush all that were in his path.

His laughter rang through the skies, his clothes without a single wrinkle and even his glasses remaining firmly upon his nose as though he was leisurely reading as opposed to fighting a battle to decide the fate of the very Human Domain.

However, this sort of scene only made Leonel feel more agitated. Despite getting beaten back again and again, these people didn't show any signs of retreat, even the arrogant Imperatress Anselma had simply fallen into silence, not saying a word.

Leonel didn't know where this uncomfortable feeling was coming from. He simply wanted the world to burn to the ground.

It was then that it happened.

The skies split, a spear appearing for just a moment.

The instant it did, it had already begun to collapse. It was clear that the laws of this world didn't allow it to exist, but the residual Force that came with it didn't show any signs of slowing, the lag of the Regulator unable to keep up with its speed.

Velasco looked into the skies instantly, a wild grin on his face. He seemed to have expected this, his body glowing with a radiant bronze light.

He grabbed out with one hand, a spear appearing. With the other, a gauntlet formed swiftly.

In the blink of an eye, an armor of silver, gold and black took shape. Even without the imaging ability of the Ancestor Hito, this armor was projected all across the Dimensional Verse as though it was a constellation all to its own.

The moment before Velasco's helmet took shape and his visor snapped down, whether by coincidence or not, he looked down at his son, a look that Leonel had never seen in his life appearing in that moment.

It was a gaze filled with pride, but this pride wasn't for himself like it usually was. Rather, it was a pride in his Seed, in his son, his own flesh and blood.

It was only an instant, but Velasco knew that Leonel had seen it.

"This spear is for my father," Velasco said in a voice filled with unprecedented calm.

His aura soared.

Leonel's expression changed, his mind working too fast.

That aura, it surpassed the Eighth Dimension, it surpassed the state that the Regulator felt was tolerable.

Velasco pierced out, the stroke of his blade more beautiful than anything Leonel had ever seen in his life.

The descending Force was torn to shreds, but Velasco's Spear Force continued, piercing through the veil of the skies and tearing toward the one that had attacked.

A roar of pain echoed. It didn't sound human. It didn't sound demonic. It didn't even sound like it had come from the living.

Golden blood flowed from the skies, dyeing reality in a sheen of death.

The instant this blade fell, Velasco raised his head and laughed to the skies.

One after another, black chains descended, slapping against his armor and cracking it. A second fell and his armor shattered completely. A third fell and his flesh and bone were nearly torn to pieces.

It was then that Leonel understood. His father didn't have the same protections against the Regulator that the Four Great Families did, and how could he? The Four Great Families were the ones that had created this world, his father was meant to be just another one of their pawns, a pawn that had broken free of their control... Until now.

When the final chain fell, Velasco's spear shattered as well, but his laughter didn't stop.

Coated in blood, covered in chains, he raised his hand with the last of his strength.

"Son, watch closely."

He gripped his fist, and another spear appeared. Although much weaker than his first, it shone with a radiance no fainter beneath his valiance.

Erdiul's Note: Nah bro....Awespec ain't about to do what I think he's about to do...Nah bro...Nah...

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2163: Steady Blade

Velasco raised his spear, his gaze red. But it was hard to tell if it was because of his emotions, or if it was because of the blood flowing across every inch of his body, only obstructed by the black chains that layered atop of it. Even so, the tip of his spear was as steady as could be.

Maybe one of the first things a new spearman would learn was how to raise and hold their spear. Those that learned fast would learn the importance of a steady blade, one unmoved by fatigue and imbalance. It was the foundation of the fundamentals, both the most basic and the most perfect.

It could be said that there were absolutely no flaws in Velasco's form. When he raised his spear, the world itself grew steady as though influenced by his calm.

The expressions of the Ancestors and Four Great Families changed.

The Silver Emperor took action first, moving swiftly. His face as placid as ever, he didn't seem to notice the danger that stood before him at all, he couldn't feel the hidden sharpness or the soaring spirit. He moved like a puppet would, emotionless, uninspired, plain and ugly, a contrast so completely against everything Velasco stood for.

Velasco took a step forward, his body swaying with weakness, but the tip of his spear just as steady.

Velasco's spear and that of the Silver Emperor's clashed, the latter crumbling to ash.

It was the simplest of stabs, but it tore a gaping wound in the Silver Emperor's shoulder, shredding apart the dominant arm on his spear.

The others, broken and shaken, realized that they couldn't stand idly by. They didn't know what had happened just now, but if things continued like this, there would only be one path remaining for them.

Velasco's laughter echoed when he saw them coming. The Silver Emperor was thrown back, a slight tremble of his spear nearly shredding him to pieces.

He raised his spear with one hand and fixed his glasses with the other, the blood stain that appeared not seeming to impact his vision in the slightest. He moved with a complete lack of agility, a stumbling sort of inelegance that looked like a poor reenactment of a drunken fist. And yet, he swayed out of incoming attacks.

His spear thrust forward once again, shredding through the head of the Nomad Emperor. The latter only trembled once before his head burst to pieces, his body collapsing to the ground below.

Vexina of the Cloud Race crossed her fingers, her Cloud Figure raising higher and higher into the skies before she suddenly slapped down. Her palms seemed to layer atop of one another across time, fusing one another's afterimages until they suddenly snapped into place and attacked Velasco all at once.

Velasco was too slow to react, his body stumbling and broken. He took the full brunt of the attack, but his lips remained in a grin even as more blood seeped through his teeth. He didn't even move, his back straight and tall.

It looked as if even the Emperors of the various Races couldn't touch the hem of his clothing. But Leonel knew that this was simply his father's pride. He didn't want to give them the satisfaction. Even if it meant taking the full brunt of the attack, never being able to take advantage of his flight to disperse some of the strength, he would still take it head on.

He was Velasco Morales. It wouldn't be these people who gained the right to see his weakness.

Velasco spear thrust forward once again, yet another simple thrust. The blade glided through the air in a steady stream. Like beautiful flowing water, moving with the grace of laminar flow, It appeared before the Empress's eyes, severing her face in two.

Her head burst apart, falling to the ground below.

The tail of the Rapax Emperor, Uh'Cerax whipped across at Velasco's waste, its blade shimmering beneath the gold clouded skies. It looked like he had every intention of shredding Velasco into two.

Velasco was once again too late to react. The blade cut into his hip, ripping a path toward his spine and seemingly carrying the momentum to split through to the other side. However, just when it was half way through, Velasco's body flashed with a bronze light.

He once again remained in place, grabbing onto the tail with a steady hand. The expression on his features was one part mocking and another part sinister. He looked down on these so-called Emperors from the bottom of his heart, the very depths of his soul.

His hand squeezed down and pulled. He ripped the Rapax's tail through his body, pulling the Uh'Cerax closer to him and piercing out with his spear at the same time.

The Rapax's sturdy carapace was like wet paper.

Every time Velasco attacked, another would fall. Every time he attacked, it would be the simplest of strikes, they didn't even seem to carry any Force, but the world itself reacted. It was as though he was doing something he never did... He was explaining.

He was simplifying his strength, dulling it down to its very roots, extricating only the most important points and shedding light where there was once only darkness.

The Silver Emperor suddenly appeared once again, having finally flown back from the far off distance he had been stuck in. He closed the distance between Velasco and it in the blink of an eye, punching out with its only good remaining arm with an expression as cold as ice.

Velasco was ready this time. The Silver Emperor was the one he paid the most attention to.

However, at that moment, Ridryn, Emperor of the Spirituals, had raised his hands high into the skies. A strong, surging, metallic-like Earth Force took shape as countless hiltless blades appeared, each as powerful as the last.

With a sway of his hands, they all descended, moving toward Velasco the instant he had attacked the Silver Emperor.

Velasco had expected this, though, and circulated his Force in that moment, striking out a palm at the same time as his spear descended. However, midway through his palm strike, his Force seemed to have caught a snap in his Nodal Pathways, a mouthful of blood flowing out of his mouth as his aura was disrupted.

Chapter 2164: Sonâ€¦ Watch Closely.

Velasco's grin didn't fade.

The Rapax Emperor's blade had severed quite a number of Nodal Pathways. He could still deal with it when he was only attacking once, exhibiting a level of control others couldn't even begin to fathom. But it seemed that two streams were beyond his limit at the moment.

His spear and palm halted for just a moment before they blasted forward again, but the timing was already off. His spear wasn't fast enough to repel the Silver Emperor completely, and his palm wasn't fast enough to disrupt the casting of the Spirituals Emperor.

Ridryn couldn't dodge the palm strike, but he had already sent his attack forward. His tattered golden robes fluttered and solidified, bracing for impact. But even so, he was sent flying into the distance with an even greater speed than his attacks had come.

The Silver Emperor's head shattered completely under Velasco's spear, but his fist energy was now too close for Velasco to dodge.

A hole was blasted through Velasco's chest, causing his body to shudder. His spear tip trembled uncontrollably before his wrist flexed and he stabilized it.

His grin subsided somewhat, his mouth parting so that he could gasp for air with what parts remained of his lungs.

Right then, the blades of the Spirituals Emperor descended, peppering his body through as though it wouldn't leave a single inch unscathed.

The Four Great Family experts stood in the far off distance. Although there was only a line of blood trickling down the corner of their lips, only they knew how truly ravaged their inner organs were. The only reason they only looked somewhat harmed was because their pride didn't allow them to show anything more. Maybe in a superficial sort of way, they were similar to Velasco in that regard. Except for the fact that Velasco would never rely on numbers like this.

"This is a worthless waste of our time, those fools died because they're too stupid," the Ninth Dimensional Expert of the Laevis family said. "The moment the Regulator's Chains fell without protection he was destined to die. The only difference is whether it'll be in a few seconds or a few minutes."

The gazes of the other three flickered, but they didn't speak. They knew that this was true as well. Without the Runes they had relied on, it was impossible to survive. Those chains weren't a suppression, they were a death sentence, an execution.

The fact that Velasco was still standing at all was enough to shock them into silence. They had been stunned enough that they hadn't even dared to move.

But the reason they didn't leave was also due to pride. They wanted to take this man who had humiliated them down with their own hands.

Seeing him standing there, his spear tip no longer able to remain steady, a hole in his chest, his gaze lowered and dark, they felt that this was the most perfect opportunity they could ever have. And yet, none of them dared to move.

Imperatress Anselma didn't dare to move either, but she was so agitated the veins bulged across her forehead. She wasn't a patient person and had never been humiliated like this in her life, how could she take such a thing lying down?

Suddenly, she remembered something.

Her gaze shifted and landed on Leonel who was standing in a complete daze. His eyes were blank, his body so relaxed it looked like it could collapse at any time, he truly looked as though he was in the greatest state of shock he had ever experienced.

'Son?' Anselma's gaze turned sinister.

She raised a palm. "Dead man, before you go. Take a nice look as your son dies."

Anselma had already struck as she spoke. She wanted to see Velasco's despair, but she also didn't dare to stay even a moment longer. She, along with the other three, all activated their own treasures, their bodies already beginning to fade by the time her words had echoed out.

"Both father and son will die together, what a fairy tale."

Anselma's disdainful words echoed through the skies as she finally vanished.

Velasco looked up, his gaze bloodshot. This time, it wasn't due to the pouring blood of his body, but rather because he had truly reached the end of his limits, but he had yet to do everything he needed to. There were still far too many Scholars still left alive, and now his son was in harm's way.

"So long as I breathe..." Velasco said lightly. "... There is no one that can stop my spear."

Velasco raised his spear once again, the trembling tip becoming as straight as a javelin, as steady as a mountain, as undeniable and eternal as the starry skies themselves.

He spoke the words with a steady voice.

In his life, he had always taken his own path. He had disregarded much of the Morales' teachings and built his own. He had ignored the ways of the Void Palace and set out to see the world at his own pace. He had ventured across the Dimensional Verse and unearthed the secret of worlds. His blade was unmatched and his legend unblemished. The only shame was that he had been born in the wrong place.

Even when it came to his spear, he had refused to take on his own father's teaching. But it was unironic, in these last moments, when he spoke those

words, he felt the spirit of his own father. That beautiful sort of harmony of words, a symphony of syllables that caused the world to tremble one final time.

So long as I breathe...

... There is no one that can stop my spear.

Velasco thrust out his spear once more, his Absolute Domain expanding to the point it seemed to encompass the whole of the Dimensional Verse. Everyone, no matter who they were, felt the boundless vastness of Velasco's heart.

It was imprinted into every soul. That unbridled arrogance, the confidence to stand atop of the world and to look down on everything, and most importantly... That fiery, undying will to protect his son.

It wasn't just his spear that transferred through space this time, but even his body.

His tall back appeared before his son as he thrust his spear one final time.

His voice, spoken several minutes ago, echoed through time as well, filling Leonel's ears.

Son... Watch closely.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2165: The Weight of a Father's Love

Velasco's spear descended, the last of his Force piercing through the world.

Everything in its path was shredded to pieces, nothing it touched could remain unscathed. It was a strike that carried the purity of fatherhood, casting light onto the shadows and brightness upon the dark. Even compared to the strike he had used to kill King, Velasco knew that this was the greatest spear strike he had ever levied in his life.

It was his greatest pride.

Anselma's attack never touched even a single hair on Leonel's head.

Velasco fell into silence, the last echo of his laughter filling the skies. His spear was steady, his back was straight. But at that moment, his pair of glasses, a pair that he had begun to wear the day his son was born, and did until this very day, fell from his nose, clicking as it landed on the ground below.

At that moment, the seemingly normal pair of glasses began to flash with images. One after another, memories that even Leonel could only barely seem to remember began to play through their lenses.

He saw his father pick him up with the biggest smile on his face. It was the first time he had seen his son. He had never thought that he would want children in his life, but he had actually found a woman that he truly loved, a woman that he respected, and she had repaid that trust with the most beautiful of little boys.

He saw the absolute fury of his father after his Innate Node was taken away. His father, who never seemed to care about his safety at all, almost destroyed the planet entirely. If not for the pleading of his grandmother, and the state of sickness his mother was in after giving birth to him, having only just barely begun to recover after their trip, the Luxnix family would have been wiped from the face of the Earth at that time.

He watched as his father got used to raising a baby on his own. This confident man, unmoved and untouched by everything, couldn't even seem to put a diaper on properly. He read the instructions again and again, looking back and forth between a small, giggling Leonel and the package in his hands, stumped at what to do.

He could see the change as he grew older. He saw his father fighting with himself to be sterner, to be stricter. He bundled up his care and affection, storing it away. He bought Leonel his first bike and watched from the side, cross-armed and unmoved as the small Leonel tried and failed to ride it again and again, refusing to lend a helping hand.

What Leonel hadn't seen was his father bandaging his wounds in his sleep, carefully cleaning them so that they wouldn't be infected, and changing his bandages so that they wouldn't bleed through.

He watched as his father poured over dense texts, how he spent years in the lab, subordinating himself to scientists that he could have killed with the snap of the finger all for the sake of learning a discipline that didn't exist in the wider

Dimensional Verse, all so that he could fully design the vomit brew Leonel had drank every day for more than a decade of his life.

The images flashed faster and faster, seemingly having no intention of stopping. And when they got to the end, they looped again, and then again, and then again. On constant repeat. Even after such a battle, they didn't have even the slightest crack on them. It was impossible to tell just how much effort Velasco had put into Crafting them.

These glasses were something that Velasco had created so that Alienor could watch Leonel grow up. Stuck in the Void Palace, there was no other way for her to experience her son's growth than to do this. At least this was what Velasco had told Leonel.

But there was an obvious flaw in his story. Leonel's mother had long since left the Void Palace, and Velasco had long since left Leonel's side. So...

Why did he still wear the glasses that he clearly didn't need?

Velasco's back was all Leonel could see. The vastness of the world around him seemed so minuscule in the face of his father's figure, completely meaningless and without the slightest sense of importance.

"Dad," Leonel called out, his dazed gaze seemingly having regained some of its focus. He called out to his father, hoping that he would answer, hoping that he would turn around, hoping that it was another one of his practical jokes.

Another voicemail prank, that was definitely what it was. He just decided to up the ante a little bit because he was getting too good at seeing through them. That must be it.

"Dad. It's not funny, the joke is played out... Old man."

Leonel reached forward and touched his father's back, pushing forward.

His dad didn't budge even an inch. Strong and steady, an ancient mountain unmoved by wear and tear.

But when Leonel touched his father, he felt like a jolt had been sent through his body. He looked down at his palm, a thick, sticky liquid dripping down it. It felt as though he had dunked his hand into a bucket of red paint, he couldn't

even see a single inch of his own skin, there was just blood and more blood, endless and continuously flowing without pause.

"Old man I swear to god if you don't turn around right now I'll never talk to you again!"

Leonel had never been so enraged in his life. He had never reacted to his father's pranks like this, even after he made fun of him after his and Aina's breakthrough, he had at most smiled bitterly. But right now, he was truly enraged. This was too far, much too far.

He grabbed his father's shoulder and pulled hard, but he still didn't move.

Leonel spun around his father's body, his expression livid, but his lip trembling uncontrollably.

It was then he saw it.

That indifferent smile. Those pride filled eyes. That spear as steady and calm as the surface of a lifeless lake.

There was nothing else.

There was no breath. No light.

Leonel's world crumbled.

His tears fell, his gaze turning entirely crimson.

A banshee-like screech echoed across the Dimensional Verse, the Void Battlefield shattering into countless asteroid-sized pieces of rock.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2166: DIE! DIE! DIE!

Leonel's roar was akin to nothing that had ever been heard before. The pain and devastation were undeniable, but it was more than just that; it was a fury toward everything, a fury that burned within the deepest reaches of his very being, a fury that wanted to destroy everything in his path.

A violent wave of Dream Force spread out in all directions. It was a wave the likes of which should have only been able to be produced by a universe, a wave so large and all-encompassing that it was entirely inescapable.

That was the most shocking part of it all. The Void Battlefield wasn't destroyed under some mysterious strength, nor was it some physical force; it was destroyed for no other reason than Leonel's will descending down, wanting to see everything in his path destroyed to the greatest degree.

The Void Palace crumbled to the ground, the surrounding solar systems and galaxies quaked, even the Anarchic Force before Leonel, the arbitrator of destruction, the Force of the strongest beast of devastation to ever exist, crumbled to ashes.

Leonel's twin pair of Scarlet Star Force Innate Nodes erupted with a blinding light, tearing a pair of holes through Leonel's body and forming two burning flames on either side of his hip. Cracks began to appear in his skin, jagged and grotesque, and colored in red and gold.

It looked as though a virus was taking root in his body, but Leonel himself only seemed to continue to roar into the air.

At that moment, within the deepest depths of his mind, a figure sunken into a lake of blood was collapsed face first within without even the smallest sign of movement. The chains that had bound him had already long since shattered, but this didn't seem to have been enough to stir him awake. Right then, though, his finger twitched.

The Dream Force erupting from Leonel doubled.

The figure stirred once again.

The Dream Force erupting from Leonel doubled once more.

It was impossible to measure just how large the difference was getting. Leonel had already somehow awakened his Dream Force to a level that surpassed a Savant despite not being a Savant himself. But now, it seemed to be that he was pushing even further beyond those bounds, his limits impossible to see.

The stronger his Dream Force grew, the more violent the destruction around him became. Even the Scholars were forced to rapidly retreat, the shock on their faces evident. They hadn't moved initially just to make certain that

Velasco was dead, but the moment they had the intention to do so, it looked as though Leonel had completely lost his mind.

They looked down at the battlefield before them, their minds shaken.

The Void Battlefield was the strongest land in all of existence. It withstood the wear and tear of Anarchic Force for countless years. While it was possible for them as Ancestors to cause sweeping damages to it, that was still greatly limited by both breadth and depth.

However, right this moment, they could see through to the end of the Void Battlefield entirely. Leonel hadn't just shattered a top layer; he had shattered the entire thing.

Leonel's body continued to warp and change. The more the figure stirred, the more furious his roar became.

The images projected to the rest of the Human Domain simply couldn't hold up. They only had time to see Leonel's head tilt up into the skies and for a howl the likes of which they had never experienced before to suddenly bellow forth before the images crumbled completely.

Their only conclusion was that this destruction had to do something with Leonel, but they had no way to confirm this, and their greater logic told them that this simply didn't make any sense at all.

Leonel, however, wasn't in a state to care about the thoughts and feelings of others. The more the figure in the pool of blood stirred, the more violent his thoughts became.

His body grew a size, and then another, until he was eventually over three meters tall.

Horns that seemed as red as blood in one light, and as dark as night in another, grew from his forehead, piercing toward the skies above. His skin, cracked by violent streaks of Scarlet Star Force that looked like the tracks of molten rock, began to be covered in scales of alternating red and violet.

If it wasn't for the fury on his face, it might even be possible to say that he was a truly beautiful creature. Every line of his scales was clearly defined, carved of the most gorgeous of gems, and carrying the reflection of the world within.

The pulsing veins of Scarlet Star Force that flew through them only made them look more exotic and accentuated their beauty all the more.

His hair had grown into a flowing river of twinkling violet-red light, seeming to have neither shape nor form. It looked as though he had stepped out from a dream.

But Leonel didn't want beauty.

He wanted death.

He wanted destruction.

Leonel's body vanished, his howl lingering in the air without the slightest hint of disappearing.

The Scholars felt their hearts jump into their throat, but it was already much too late.

They didn't even realize when Leonel had appeared before them. It was as though he had always been there, as though he had twisted reality to make it so. He didn't need to move; he just needed to change reality into what he saw fit, and it would be.

His claw swung out in a slapping motion and caught the jaw of a Scholar that tried to dodge. The strength behind his swipe was so fierce and all-pervading that the Scholar's head twisted on his neck, not stopping until it had completed three revolutions.

By the time he had fallen to the ground, dead, Leonel had already appeared before four more Scholars, killing them all as though he was shredding trash apart.

"DIE! DIE! DIE!"

For every word he spoke, yet another planet in the far-off distance would crumble to ashes.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2167: Ceased to Be

2167 Ceased to Be

Leonel's howls descended onto the whole of the Dimensional Verse. Those that were lucky enough to not be destroyed took cover, dodging out of the way of shattering glass windows and collapsing buildings. But the one thing they couldn't escape from was that sound, that howl that would haunt their dreams for decades to come, and even worse than that… the events that would happen afterward.

The blood of Scholars dripped from Leonel's fingers. His mouth had long since closed, but his howls continued to sustain. It was clear that these roars came not from his voice, but his very soul, an entrenched and impossibly deep pain that resonated through his very being.

It wasn't enough, it wasn't nearly enough. There hadn't been enough death, not enough destruction. He needed more, he wanted more. He wanted to feel more blood drip between his fingers, more bones cracking beneath his claws, more cries of despair to drown out his own.

He flashed and vanished, his steps moving impossibly quickly, and yet not at all. Reality warped around his being, and every movement he made was like another step on the hearts of those that were sitting and waiting… waiting to see just who he would target.

The Cloud Domain was in shambles. The existence of an Emperor to their Race was like a pillar that held up the skies. It was impossible that they wouldn't know about her death immediately, especially since they were so skilled in matters of the mind and soul.

They were in a state of both chaos and mourning when Leonel's howls reached them.

The broadcast to the Human Domain had not been sent to them, so they had no idea about what had happened. Only the highest echelons understood the mission their Empress had been on, and they had known the risks. But seeing the price they had to pay made it extremely tough to swallow. Now they had the responsibility to calm down the masses.

What they didn't know is that they might never get the chance to.

Leonel hadn't chosen the Cloud Race out of malice, he simply chose the closest Domain he could. There was a reason the Cloud Race had been able to infiltrate them so deeply. He cared about nothing other than making the world suffer.

He walked through the starry skies, walking across impossible distances. Every planet he walked by, whether inhabited or not, crumbled to ash. It took nothing more than a ripple of Dream Force and everything else followed naturally.

He moved even faster than a Starship could fathom. The news of the death and destruction spread fast, but not faster than his steps. Often times the news would come long after the planet had already shattered to pieces. The death count was already quickly approaching the hundreds of billions, and then began to push the trillions.

These lower level planets simply didn't stand a chance against him, and the barriers that protected lower level worlds from higher level existences entering them seemed to be entirely useless against Leonel.

He crossed into Fourth Dimensional Worlds, Fifth Dimensional, crossed that and entered Seventh Dimensional Worlds before going back down to Sixth, seamlessly and without issue.

The world was his to command.

The Eighth Dimensional world of the Cloud Race quickly got word of what was happening, their expressions warping violently. They didn't know about Leonel, they only believed that Velasco had survived and was now seeking revenge.

However, the who didn't particularly matter. Their race was taking devastating losses every minute that this continued, they had to do something. But their preparation didn't mean a single thing.

Leonel appeared in the skies above their capital, his howls growing so loud that many died just from the sound itself. It discriminated against no one, laying waste to everything in its path. Many died with their ears and eyes bleeding, their internal organs shattered to pieces.

Dozens of Ancestors began to appear in the skies one after another, many more rushing in from other worlds in order to close in on the gap.

Leonel raised his hand. His Scarlet Star Flames roared out of control.

He was enveloped in a ball of fire that expanded wildly. It surged out in all directions as the fine seals on his second Scarlet Force Innate Node completely shattered, forming two enormous Ninth Dimensional Innate Nodes in each one of his kidneys.

He didn't even need to face the members of the Cloud Race. He fell like a meteor, crashing through their planet and straight to the core of their world. His flames erupted like a roaring tempest, taking over the magma veins of their world and causing all of their volcanoes to erupt all at once.

The Ancestors rushed after Leonel, but an Eighth Dimensional World wasn't something that even they as Ancestors could ignore. Leonel using their natural phenomena to attack them was like killing two birds with one stone, destroying their most important world and killing their most valuable citizens all at the same time.

The eyes of the Cloud Race Ancestors went red, but they didn't realize that this wasn't Leonel sparing them, nor was it him avoiding them because he couldn't face them. They were too used to being infallible, they didn't realize just how much danger they were in…

Until it was too late.

They weren't able to react at all when it happened. All they saw was a sea of red and then the life that they had been so proud of was entirely snuffed out.

Leonel's shadow appeared within a surging geyser of magma. His fist was raised into the air, but it was already on its way back to his hip as his second pierced forward.

The speed of his punches felt both slow and somehow impossibly fast at the same time. Every time he punched, another flare of red-gold would form, burning the bodies of the surrounding Ancestors to ash.

He punched again and again, even after they had all died he was entirely relentless, his furious howls echoing through the skies.

That day, the Cloud Race of the Dimensional Verse ceased to be as it was once known.

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Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2168: Two Sons.

2168 Two Sons.

The shock of this matter wouldn't truly settle in until much later. It was simply far too unfathomable, and worse than that, it was almost impossible for news to spread from Domain to Domain. While the Cloud Race had infiltrated the humans, this was a very rare instance of taking advantage of a very unique talent.

However, there was one matter that couldn't be hidden, a matter so shocking that it wasn't a mere simulation that would be astonished, but rather the entirety of the Cataclysm Zone. Or, more accurately… The Vast Bubble.

The location was deep within the Vast Bubble, a region where only powerhouses could hope to step foot. The deeper one was, the more powerful the demonic attacks one would face would be. These sorts of places were rife with resources, but there was only a collection of a very few that would dare to step into this territory.

This place was one where the Four Great Families thrived, the Brazinger family, the Laevis family, the Adurna family, and the Crudus family.

Soon after vanishing, it was this location that Imperatress Anselma and the others returned to. This was the place they called home. But what they didn't expect was that the phenomena of golden blood filling the skies that had taken hold of the Human Domain and the Void Battlefield, would be even more exaggerated in this location, so much so that even they, who were quickly replenishing their strength as Ninth Dimensional existences, suddenly felt far too suffocated to breathe.

Their expressions changed one after another because they knew exactly what this sort of thing meant, but they couldn't bring themselves to believe it. It was unfathomable to them, something that they were entirely unwilling to accept… It was a True Death.

When one entered the Ninth Dimension, they would practically become infallible to all others except other Ninth Dimensional existence. But even then, a Ninth Dimensional existence was extremely difficult to kill, so much so that they had to be classified in terms of False Deaths and True Deaths.

A Ninth Dimensional existence was more than just their being, they were also the sum of their comprehension. Given enough time, it was possible for a Ninth Dimensional existence to regain their life slowly, even though their consciousness was indeed dead, or rather, in this case, dormant.

This would be considered a False Death. But, when that line was crossed, and there was no return at all, it would become a True Death, a death whereupon there would be no coming back, no slow retrieval process, no chance at survival…

When this happened, all the sum of what a Ninth Dimensional expert had been would be released back to the universe. The strength of such an existence was truly unfathomable, especially when they reached a certain level that allowed them to look down upon even most other Ninth Dimensional existences.

There should have been only two ways to kill an existence like this and force them into a True Death, and both of those ways should have only been related to a single existence… A Regulator. Either such an existence had to offend a Regulator in some way, or they had to be attacked by a person who could circumvent or supersede the rules of a Regulator, but such existence were either legend or acting in small Bubble Worlds.

In reality, the death of such an existence was a great boon. It would give many others a chance to rise.

But to the Four Great Families that wanted to be in control of everything, this was the worst-case scenario... And for more reasons than just this.

A Supreme of the Human Race had just died, and not long ago, the final seal on the barrier had shattered. The Vast Bubble was on its deathbed.

They all paled at once, because they also came to another realization. The person that had died… there couldn't be such a coincidence in this world. There was no doubt that this person was King, the strongest expert of the Vast Bubble, an existence unfathomable to them and the only reason they would lower themselves to enter that small world…

The creator of the Dream Project, the man who loomed in the shadows of the Dream Pavilion, a bestower of abilities, a man even called God by others… Had died to the single spear of such an insignificant existence…?

They had seen the spear strike. They had seen the blood. They had heard the cry of pain and unwillingness.

However, the legend of this man was so firmly imprinted into their hearts that they never once considered the idea that he might die, at the very worst an extremity of his was injured and he had roared out in humiliation… But Dead?

Their bodies shivered from head to toe.

Such a man was killed by a single spear stroke, one stroke of the blade, a single chance in an infinitesimally small window of opportunity… all at the hands of a man who had been forced to suppress himself at the Eighth Dimension and only suddenly broke through in that one brief instant.

How was this possible?

No, the answer to this question didn't even matter, what would they do now? How would they respond to this situation? The demons were already coming, demons that they couldn't even fathom defeating. The so-called rankings that they had formed were nothing more than a political plow to trick the smaller families of the Vast Bubble to believe them to be infallible, the only existences at the very top. It was what the Great Families were best at, manipulating public opinion and pulling everyone along on puppet strings.

But now the real demons were coming, the truest of the demons, the most powerful of them… And the one man that should have been their frontier of hope had died…?

To a single spear?

The plight of the Vast Bubble took a shuddering pause as they came to a realization. Velasco had never cared about them. They were entirely insignificant in his eyes. He had only wanted one thing… revenge against the man that had killed his family.

At that moment, a howl filled with grief and indignation echoed through their reality and they shivered from head to toe. The first son they had enraged had

killed their greatest expert. And now his son after him, even though they didn't quite realize it now, would become an even worse nightmare than the first.

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Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2169: Possible?

Blood dripped from Leonel's claws.

A sea of beasts stood before him, but there was a single one that wasn't prostrated to the ground, quaking in fear. Beasts always had a higher sensitivity to certain things. With their intelligence being lower on average, they relied almost entirely on instinct to reach the level they had. But that was also their downfall. While they were more instinctual and thus speedier in improvement, they, who should have been maybe the greatest challenge to Leonel, couldn't even raise their heads.

They bowed them low to the ground, not even looking up as their hearts were ripped from their chests, as their heads were severed from their necks, as their blood was forced to run in reverse and their inner organs ruptured within their bodies.

Every step Leonel took, millions would die. By the time he had walked through to the end of the Beast Domain, he had no idea how many he had killed, nor did he care. But his steps showed no signs of stopping, entering the Nomad Race Domain with those very same slow and yet impossible fast steps. It was as though nothing in this world could stop him from massacring all that there was.

The Nomad Race, being the third furthest away, had already felt that something was wrong. After their Emperor had fallen, they had been alerted as well and were quickly trying to deal with and handle the situation. When the howls began, their entire population was shaken and it made it much harder to control the situation. How could the common Nomad not believe that the end of the world was coming? First their Emperor had died, and now they were facing an unknown enemy whose enraged howls made their blood curdle.

They sent out scouts to gain an understanding of the situation, but without fail, each and every single one of them died, whether it was a mere Seventh

Dimensional existence, or a monstrous existence of the Eighth Dimension, it was all the same.

It was then they understood just the level of danger they were in. Rather than being caught off guard like the Cloud Race had been, they hurried to evacuate. They didn't have full information on what had happened, but the snippets that they had caught from the messages sent back by their people was more than enough for them to understand just the kind of monster they were facing.

The faces of those of the upper echelon warped. Not all of them had been on board with the actions of their Emperor, but he was too much stronger than them. Usually when he made a decision, they could only nod along. None of them had thought that such a decision would put their race on the brink of annihilation. But that was the harsh reality facing them all.

"Gregwyn, that is enough nonsense. I told you to go, so go!"

Gregwyn, the little prince of the Nomad Race, was speechless. He had never been reprimanded like this in his life. He was usually quite a laid-back person, and hadn't done much even during the Domain War, but he was a genius for a reason. When he saw his Race losing in such humiliating fashion, the first thing he had wanted to do was go out to seek revenge.

But before he could do that, he was sent back here. And then, before he could even get over the first humiliation, their entire race was evacuating? To where exactly? This was their home, their Domain, what the hell was this?

Unfortunately, he didn't get a chance to say anything more. With a wave of the Ancestor's hands, he was sent away with the others. As for where, even Gregwyn wasn't aware.

Not long after he disappeared, the Ancestor stood in the skies with those that had chosen to remain. It was simply impossible to evacuate everyone, they knew quite well that their people were still being massacred. Those from Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Dimensional worlds simply didn't stand a chance even if they had chosen to evacuate.

This sort of humiliation wasn't something that they could forget even given an entire lifetime. As such, they had chosen to remain behind. Whether to appease the rage in their own hearts, or for the sake of hoping that their

deaths would appease the monster that was coming for them, both seemed like viable reasons for these old men and women to hold their heads high.

And then they saw it.

They didn't know what they had expected. They had thought of the legend of Void Beasts and thought that maybe one had gone on a rampage. They had also considered Velasco, thinking that the failure of their Emperor was tied to his success and willingness for revenge.

What they hadn't expected was for the creature before them to be so beautiful, so utterly mesmerizing. If it wasn't for the blood that ran from its claws, they would have felt like they were in a wonderful dream, one they didn't want to extricate themselves from.

However, this wasn't a dream. It was nothing more than a nightmare.

The Ancestor that had sent Gregwyn away didn't even have time to blink once before he found five bloodly claws running through his chest, pinching down and ripping out his ribcage, lung and heart.

He collapsed to the ground, his consciousness fading. He could only barely listen to the horrible screams of the men and women he had been by the side of for countless centuries. He could distinctly remember each one of their faces with each one of the cries he heard, his chest pulsing even without his heart... That sort of pain went beyond just a physical organ.

But then he heard that howl once again. It seemed to fade back into his consciousness, and he wondered if his own pain could match up.Their Emperor had gotten involved in something he never should have, and it seemed that their Race would have to pay the price for it.

The eyes of the Ancestor flashed with unwillingness. This sort of monster, could their descendants hide from him...?

Was that even possible...?

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2170: Rational

Leonel dropped the final skull from his hands. It looked so small in his palms, so insignificant.

His head tilted up to the air. The white of his eyes had become entirely violet, his irises a deathly sheen of crimson. His face looked just as demonic as the rest of his body, his vision sharper than it had ever been.

The Ancestor was right to worry; it only took a moment and a single glance for Leonel to see through what he wanted to see through. He took a step forward, ready to pursue them, but before he could, his raised foot stopped, slowly lowering back to the ground.

Before him, a man wearing valiant golden armor had appeared. That stalwart face, that determined expression, that complex look, there was only one person it could be. It was none other than Leonel's Uncle Montez.

Leonel didn't say anything, he simply looked at the man. He didn't seem to be in a hurry, time wasn't an issue. He had all the time in the world to send everyone in this Dimensional Verse to hell. He didn't need to use much effort to find them again, and then again. There was no one that could hide from him, nothing.

"It seems you haven't lost your rationality," Montez said lightly, realizing that his nephew had no intention of speaking to him first.

He didn't blame him. He had done nothing as his own elder brother died, but there was truly nothing he could have done. He wasn't as good as Velasco, he wasn't as strong, he was always chasing after his elder brother's footsteps, and yet continuously only able to watch him get further and further away.

Leonel had seen that frustration on his Uncle Montez's face before. It happened the day he taught him his grandfather's way of the spear. He had tried to paint a spear, and it had looked beyond perfect in Leonel's eyes. But after he had finished, drained and sweating, Montez shredded it to pieces, enraged by the result.

Back then, Leonel could tell that if not for the fact his nephew was right before him, Montez's reaction would have been one of even greater frustration.

Not long after that, Montez had left Leonel to his own devices, going off to who knows where, and now he had suddenly appeared before Leonel once again.

"I'm perfectly rational," Leonel spoke slowly.

His voice carried an edge of biting cold to it that didn't quite seem to be human. But just hearing it made Montez completely shocked. He had truly thought that Leonel had completely lost his mind, even the echo of the howl still reverberated in his ears. Just to stand so close to Leonel, over 50% of his Force was used to protect his orifices so that he didn't vibrate to death.

But this... this made the reality worse than he had originally thought. He thought that maybe he could try to risk his life to wake Leonel up, or maybe help him to awaken enough rationality to stop this madness. But reality was very much different.

Suddenly he understood. The closest Domain to Leonel hadn't been the Cloud Race at all. In reality, it was the Human Domain. If he had lost his mind, why would he go to the Cloud Race first and now the Human Domain? If all he wanted to do was kill indiscriminately, what point would there have been in going so far away? He had never lost his mind at all, he wanted to kill, he knew exactly what he was doing, and he didn't care much about the innocence of those that fell beneath his blade.

"Leonel, you're killing women and children."

"So what?" Leonel asked.

Montez didn't know what to say. He had never been good with words. Someone like Leonel was already far beyond him in this regard. The only saving grace was that it seemed that Leonel didn't have any intention of killing him, but even that was still up in the air. Someone so cold, so distant, so unfeeling... seemed to be the kind of person that could do anything.

"Why not just target those responsible? I've heard about what you've done in the past before, I know the kind of young man you are. You gave up the chance of having two Ability Indexes all for the same because you saw the humanity in the child of another race, what you're doing now is not like you."

"Wrong. I didn't kill that child because the ability was worthless to me, I had no need for it, it served me no purpose, no function. The trash of the Void Palace

would never be able to match up to me regardless and it was more worth it to gain a favor from the Rapax than it was to obtain something I didn't need."

Montez was shocked by these words. Looking into Leonel's eyes, he didn't know how much of it was true and how much of it was nonsense. But what struck him was that Leonel didn't seem like the type that would lie in this sort of circumstance, what would be the purpose?

Montez shook his head, gritting his teeth.

He was on his backfoot. He was very much used to interacting with Leonel as the one in the superior position, but now he could hardly tell who was the uncle and who was the nephew. He almost felt that Leonel had simply casually allowed him to take the lead in the past because he felt that it was what most others would do.

Just how much of his nephew's personality was real and how much of it was manufactured for the sake of appeasing those around him? How much of his charisma was real versus fake? How many of his actions were just calculated chess moves to make those around him feel the way he wanted them to?

Montez didn't know what to do or say, his flustered appearance only growing as Leonel raised his foot once more to leave.

Suddenly, his mouth opened.

"Aina is pregnant!"