Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2191: His Own.

A silence fell over the skies. The Divine Guards didn't dare to look toward Issa. They didn't dare to disrespect an Ancestor, but Leonel's words couldn't help but echo in their ears again and again, sinking into the psyches and rewriting what they had come to know.

The images of Leonel forcing the souls of Ancestors to rise and the slaughter of the invader Ancestors replayed in their minds. It felt as though they had conveniently forgotten this had happened, or maybe it was that it had seemed too far and out of the norm that it was easy to ignore it as though it had never happened at all.

It was hard to rewire their minds, to understand that Dimensional strength wasn't just everything they could see on the surface. It probably also didn't help that they all came from Spear Domain Faction.

The Morales had two main factions. Only the Heirs were born with both of their Lineage Factors, so often from birth, people were separated into two main camps, those born with the Metal Synergy bloodline, and those born with the Spear Domain bloodline.

The Morales had some clashes in philosophy and culture as a result of this, and they of the Divine Guards, all born with the Spear Domain bloodline, valued personal strength over everything. Seeing Velasco strike down that entity with a single spear strike was something they could see, something they could feel. But Leonel's soul controlling abilities and scheming nature was something that they were less accepting of.

This was something that was deeply ingrained, something they weren't even consciously aware of, and they actually managed to expunge something so significant from their minds.

However, no matter how much they wanted to ignore it, no matter what kind of biases they had, when it was laid out before them like this, it was absolutely impossible to ignore.

Ancestor Issa's expression was frighteningly dark, but she didn't say anything.

She wasn't a fool. She remembered quite clearly what Leonel had done, it might have very well been part of the reason she had sent others forward first.

Leonel's weakness was all too obvious. He needed to kill an Ancestor first before he had the strength and power of one. The second weakness was that in order to kill one, he needed to rely on a Starship. These were two things that could be easily exploited... or so she thought.

Where had that laser come from? She had already scanned the area. Could it be that it came from the shuttle?

This would be extremely troublesome. There had never been a Patriarch of the Morales family that didn't have fear and adulation for the Ancestors. If he couldn't be controlled, Issa didn't know if there was any recourse for this sort of situation. The only solution she could see was staying in this current Martial Law state, that way the greatest power would remain in the hands of the Ancestors.

The rules placed her in the right. But what did you do with someone who had no care for them? This was more than just a little troubling...

'Third Nova...' Ancestors Issa thought, her gaze flickering.

"Return," she commanded. "You three report back and be reassigned, there's no longer a Force Eruption here."

Usually in such a situation, the leader might say something about keeping this matter a secret, but Issa said no such thing. Simply taking a step and vanishing before all of their eyes.

...

The Morales Capital City was bustling, even more so than usual. Due to the evacuation, the concentration of individuals in this solar system had reached its peak. Usually the population would be far more spread out, but that obviously wasn't the case now. The result was these cities being far denser and more populated than ever before.

Looking at the state of things, one would never guess that the Morales were in a state of high alert. It could be said that Ancestor Issa and Ancestor Alvaro

had both done an excellent job. At the very least, they had their own reasons for trusting their own personal strength and experience over Leonel.

This move made it possible to use the whole of the Morales territory as a battlefield if it came to it, and in all likelihood, the reverberations of any war that did happen would likely never reach this place. This was the power of a large family.

Leonel zipped through the air, moving too fast for most to catch even a trace of him, but there was one person who didn't fall into such a category. Unfortunately, even he was too slow to react.

Leonel's shuttle landed right before the grandest building of the Morales, a majestic building visible even from orbit. It was thousands of kilometers tall and easily just as deep. It could be said that the entire planet was co opted for the sake of this building and it was also the location that carried the only entrance to the Morales Holy Land, and it was also the location where Leonel's coronation would take place.

Stepping out from his shuttle, Leonel's aura was towering. Familiar robes of violet and gold wrapped around his body, his every step causing the planet to quake as though he was announcing his arrival.

His King's Might aura rose from his body, the image of a man rising taller than even the building before him appearing to his back. It seemed to be similar to the manifestation of the Four Great Families, and yet oh so different at the same time.

Leonel came to a stop as Ancestor Alvaro finally caught up, rushing out from the building. But it soon became obvious that Leonel hadn't stopped for him at all, rather, he had stopped so that he could raise his hands.

The manifestation to his back moved at the same time, its hands rising as well and a powerful tremor shooting through the territory of the Morales.

The Constellation of the Morales appeared once more, each individual star shifting and changing until their colors, too, radiated a blinding violet.

BOOM!

A rippling wave of Force surged, starting with Leonel from the center and rushing outward until it reached the very edge of the Morales' territory.

Leonel slowly lowered his hands, the constellation from above shimmering as beams of light descended, landing upon his body.

Without even his personal effort, his Bronze Aura manifested, his halo appearing above his head and slowly turning into a pulsing crown.

Whether the Morales wanted it or not, this territory was his.

He waved a hand and an Ancestor hidden deep within Morales territory shuddered. A blinding light came out from their chest, the Ancient World Spirit of the Morales shaking out of their control and soaring through the layers of the Morales Holy Land and piercing toward Leonel.

Leonel opened up his palm and the World Spirit landed gently within. It obediently bobbed within Leonel's hand, somewhat intelligent and yet somewhat not. It wasn't exactly what Leonel had expected, if a World Spirit could choose its own owner, so why was this one so dull?

Then... he seemed to understand.

The stars above, descended to form his crown, shone even fiercer when the World Spirit appeared, pouring into its body and increasing its strength by leaps and bounds.

A coronation? He could hold his own.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2192: A Better Idea

When a world entered a state of Dimensional Descent and their Metamorphosis began, a World Spirit would be born. Upon the birth of the World Spirit, a world would make a bet on a certain group of youths and bless them, allowing them the chance to enter Zones and fight for the right to earn a piece of the World Spirit. Of course, in this case, the World Spirit would be split into four.

On Earth, for whatever reason, the World Spirit was awoken ahead of time and it chose to take on Leonel's mother as its host. As such, it never split into four.

Of course, the reason for the usual choice of the World Spirit was quite obvious. It wanted to select a group of talented youths to fight for hegemony over the budding world. These four youths would usually establish families or organizations that would carry a great deal of influence through the history of the world.

Sometimes, these organizations and families would be defeated one by one, leaving just one hegemony, much like what had occurred in the case of the Morales. Or, in many cases, the World Spirit would remain in two, three or four pieces, controlled by several powers. This was what had happened in the case of the Three Pillar Sector, the former stomping grounds of the Luxnix family, the Viola family and company.

Most of the most powerful families and organizations had managed to successfully fuse their World Spirits into one, giving them a great deal of staying power and giving themselves a great advantage while battling within their own territory. It could be said that a large part of why the other families were still hesitant to take action against the Morales was precisely because of this.

At the same time, though, it could be said that there also had to be a reason they still dared to do so despite this obvious disadvantage, and Leonel believed that he had found this reason.

Just why was this World Spirit so weak and haggard...? And was it because it was so weak that other families still felt that they had a chance?

Leonel could think of a few theories.

The first was that the World Spirit was just old. It seemed to be a living, breathing existence, so it was possible that the Morales world had existed for so long that it simply couldn't be in its prime any longer.

Leonel didn't know how he felt about this thought, that would mean that even these worlds had their limits and it was only a matter of time before it came crumbling down. That said, the good news was that this didn't seem to be the case, or else it wouldn't have been so easy for Leonel to reverse its weakening. Or, at the very least, it couldn't be the only explanation.

The second thought he had, and the one he felt had more of a chance to have at least a kernel of truth, had to do with what the Morales had likely gone through to fuse the World Spirits in the first place. The Morales were a family

of Crafters, who knew if they had the ability to restrict or curse their own World Spirit? He wasn't sure.

Maybe in order to deal with their competitors in the past, the Morales had dealt a blow to their World Spirit that they had not found a method to reverse in all these years.

Then there was the third reason... control.

Leonel had read all of the research papers of the Void Library, and among maybe the most researched phenomena was none other than the World Spirit. As such, when it came to understanding the rules of World Spirits and how they functioned, Leonel was likely among the very best.

Due to this, he knew that it was very well a possibility that a World Spirit could reach the end of its lifespan and a world could die along with it. However, he also knew quite well what happened after the owner of a World Spirit died.

When this happened, a World Spirit would simply choose another person. Most often, this person would have some relation to the person that died, but it wasn't a 100% certainty. There had certainly been examples in the past of prominent families losing their World Spirit to smaller existences of their world, but it was usually a simple matter to retrieve it.

However... what if it wasn't? Or, what if those that controlled the World Spirit only wanted to see it fall into the hands of very specific members of even their own family?

This was where the theories of control came into being, and almost all of them necessitated the weakening of a World Spirit and the lulling into a state of dullness and stupidity that could be easily manipulated.

Of the three theories Leonel had thought of, it was possible that each one had a small kernel of truth to it, but there was no doubt that this one was the most likely to be 100% true.

But it didn't matter now. The World Spirit was in his hands, but he also had no intention of keeping it for himself.

Like he had said. He had read all the research papers there were to have on World Spirits, all of the cumulative thoughts and understandings of countless generations of people. Plus, he had Wise Star Order and Anastasia to chest

his understanding with. So he had an even better use for this new and improved World Spirit.

Before Ancestor Alvaro could even say a word, Leonel squeezed his palm lightly, condensing the World Spirit into its purest form and then tossing it into the air.

The World Spirit shot out like a ball from a canon, roaring into the air and suddenly becoming like another star in the skies. But then it dispersed, spreading out wildly and fusing into the Morales Constellation.

At that moment, every Morales in the territory suddenly felt a mysterious power coursing through their veins, feeling far more powerful now than they had ever felt before.