Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2201: Indifference

Leonel sat in silent meditation. Absolutely nothing was happening around him, and the same was true within him. His mind was completely clear, and his thoughts seemed to have entered a state of dormancy. He was truly doing nothing at all, simply waiting.

It was a novel sort of feeling. He hadn't been able to clear his mind like this for a long time, staring at the blank, dark space of his own eyelids. But it did nothing to change the negative emotions stirring within him.

He could feel it bubbling upward, that cold indifference toward everything, that look that gazed down upon the world itself as though nothing was important before his whims. It was the very same emotion that he had feared taking root in himself for so long, and yet he had inevitably reached this point despite his efforts... and the greatest shame of it all was that he simply didn't care.

He originally valued lives only because he couldn't think of a logical method to differentiate human lives, but there was another reason. It was because his father had instilled certain values within him, and if he ever reached a point where he simply stopped caring... the result on the other side wasn't something that he would want to see.

He had said himself many years ago that this was the case. He had avoided it, he had dodged to the best of his ability, running away from his own nature, and yet here he was...

He could feel that there was something inside him. That very same feeling his usual laziness stemmed from, the same feeling that encroached on disregard for all life, it was the kind of feeling that came from someone who already sat atop it all. He was lazy because nothing was worth his effort. He was indifferent because he had already seen it all. He didn't care about life because he had already seen too many people die, and maybe he was waiting for someone to finally kill him.

Too bad they were all too weak.

Insignificant creatures. All of them. Rushing around the world, pretending as though they were accomplishing something when, in the end, they were just pawns on the chessboard of someone else.

When those Ancestors looked at him as though they were so much more knowing, so much more experienced, so much stronger, it took everything in him not to kill them. Quite frankly, he didn't know why he had. What use was this worthless Morales family? Why was he even trying...

It felt like it was out of habit, a muscle memory that extended beyond him, or maybe it was the muscle memory of a version of him that still cared.

Little princes and princesses, was it? He could do that. But it was amusing, the woman he was doing it for he had hardly looked in the eye in the last several weeks. He could see that hopeful expression in her eye, the hope that he would smile and turn everything around in a blink like he usually did, that disappointment when he inevitably didn't.

He could see something similar in his mother's eyes.

They probably thought that they had hidden it well, and maybe they had... in the face of someone else, that is. But he could practically see the fluctuations of their souls. He couldn't read their thoughts, but it might as well have been the same. And maybe that was also part of where the indifference came. The fleshly nature of a person was so irrelevant, it told nothing but lies, it was far too weak and fragile, able to collapse at just a single touch.

What worth did it have?

She was trying, though, that woman he hardly knew. It wasn't her fault; she had been forced to stay in the Void Palace, that place that he would raze to the ground soon enough. She wanted to support him, to be by his side, and it was admirable, especially considering how much her soul was hurting, how much she wanted to no longer be in this world.

Maybe that was the kind of weight a parent's love should have. He wondered if he would look at his children the same way, or if it would be just like this. Maybe he would be able to love them as babies, but what about when their thoughts became more complex, when their cries turned from something instinctual to something manipulative, as though they could fool his eyes.

Or maybe they would be like him, their father. Would they look upon the world with indifference as well? When they gazed down upon the structure of all that was, realizing that their father had handed it to them on a silver platter without even their effort being necessary, just what kind of person would that make them? How could they not end up like the current him, carrying that same indifference to all things...

And maybe that was why his own father had always been that way. Velasco had thrown him to the wolves, forcing him to fend for himself every step of the way. If he never reached the pinnacle of the world, then maybe it would have been a perfect tactic, so long as there was someone above him, that indifference would sit at bay...

Maybe his father wanted to be that very person... But he couldn't be that anymore; he was gone, forever.

He knew it was useless to even think about. He had already asked Aina exactly what that version of himself had said, and he had already deduced the meaning of those words.

... This time was a failure too ...

Even with all the strength in the world, it was useless, entirely useless. Without his father, it would be impossible for another to be above him, and so the cycle would continue. That cold indifference, that certainty of the meaninglessness of life...

And maybe that was his purpose. His father couldn't be here, so maybe it was simply his task to become that insurmountable mountain for his own children...

So that they wouldn't experience this level of coldness.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2202: Ancient History

Leonel slowly opened his eyes. As he did so, there was a knock at his door before it opened. Aina walked in with a tall bundle of paper and handed them to him. They seemed to carry the recipes that he had asked her for. He nodded lightly and accepted it before he waved a hand, and it vanished, likely off to whomever he had tasked with doing such things.

"It's also about time to return," Aina said.

Leonel stood, understanding her meaning. "What are the details?"

"Alienor says that it's a four-person entry. The name of the Sub-Dimensional Zone is: Merlin's Prophecy. Earth's Ancient History."

Leonel frowned. Earth's Ancient History? What was that supposed to mean? It didn't pin down any sort of era, nor did it mention a myth. He assumed that this would be a Mythological Zone, but maybe that had been an incorrect assumption in the first place. After all, there had also been Joan's Zone which had such a prefix, but it was a normal Zone that went back in time to an obvious era of history just like one might expect. Just because Camelot's Zone was Mythological in nature didn't mean that the next would be.

It was impossible to establish a pattern with just two, but maybe this Zone would be purposely unlike the first two. But all of this was questionable and uncertain.

Earth's Ancient History could mean too many things, and many of the matters that had occurred prior to the establishment of the American Empire were far too blurry, and it only got worse after the Ascension Empire took over the world.

Emperor Fawkes had a very tight rein on information, but there was very little about how the Ascension Empire had come about, and also what the world was like before the war began, at least not much beyond the immediate past of the situation. On top of that, because the tectonic plates had been moved and manipulated, forging a large Pangea-like supercontinent that brought everyone together, whether it was former historical sites or even regions that could have been used for carbon dating, it was all thrown away.

It could be said that matters before around 1000 CE, and certainly anything before, was far more blurred than anyone wanted to admit; the profession of archaeology and history was mostly dead, although still taught in some lesser form.

Emperor Fawkes probably had his reasons for doing so. He had truly come out of nowhere, and he likely wasn't even a true native of Earth, at least not in the sense that could be widely accepted by everyone, so doing things like this was obvious.

Just to put matters into perspective, monuments like the pyramids or the Sphinx, or anything of the like, had long since been destroyed, removed, and replaced by monuments of the Ascension Empire instead. As for archaeology, whereas it had once been a profession of field study, language, and deduction, it had mostly become one of deduction and theory, not much different from the field of cutting-edge physics, and yet much less useful.

There were many on Earth who still speculated that the pyramids were built by ancient beings, or that Atlantis had truly once existed, or even that the Library of Alexandria held secrets that they as humans of the mortal world couldn't even begin to imagine.

Leonel had learned all of this at Royal Blue Academy, from a bit of a cooky professor who went by Teacher Midnight. That wasn't even his real name; he just insisted on calling himself that as he felt that the world of archaeology was in a dark age. He found this to be very lamentable and changed his name in solidarity.

He was quite well-known as the crazy teacher, and Leonel had only taken one of his classes. Funny enough, it was that very class that he had learned the history of Joan of Arc that helped him quite a bit during the Joan Zone.

Teacher Midnight had been a Five-Star Archaeologist, a shame considering he could never put his profession to use. He was actually the only one on the whole of Earth with that title, but he taught at the third-ranked school instead of the first. One could see just how little the title was valued from that alone.

That man was probably dead by now. Leonel hadn't bothered to check, but the situation in the school wasn't good at the time, and the World Spirit's portals would have only picked up the youths. That meant he would have been stuck in a maze of Invalids without any fighting experience.

On top of that, even if he had been alive, Leonel wouldn't have bothered to go and find him. He was likely too weak, for one. And everything he knew was mostly theory. Leonel could read more and know more than him in a single sitting; it wasn't worth his time.

Plus... the way he would approach Zones now was very much different.

"Let's go, then," Leonel said lightly.

"Who are you taking?"

"You, mother, and as for the last... it will have to be Little Tolly."

Aina's gaze flickered. Indeed, Tolliver counted as a living existence; it wasn't possible to casually take others. But she had a feeling that Anastasia might have a work around for that. If she could think of it, Leonel definitely could. It was just that he couldn't be bothered to deal with anyone else. That made her feel both grateful, but also worried. How far down this path would he go, exactly?

Leonel left the Morales territory with more confidence than one should have expected. He had barely taken control of the situation, and yet he had directly left for a period that may very well be a very long time.

Days later, he stepped foot onto Earth once again with his mother and Aina by his side, directly appearing before the massive portal. It was the largest that he had seen outside of the Cataclysm Zone's descent, and he could also smell a keen sense of danger from it. Although his gaze sharpened, he didn't say anything else, entering with confident steps.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2203: Corpse Ship

When Leonel's opened his eyes, his gaze was quite sharp. He immediately realized that he wasn't in his own body, something that startled him partially. His first thought was immediately the Valiant Heart Zone. Though, back then, he had been in his own body, he had been dropped into a story that wasn't his own, having already formed relationships with a great deal of people he simply did not know. This seemed to be just a step beyond that, but the body in question was far too odd.

His skin was a greyish hue with a slight tinge of blue. His body was tall, standing at almost four meters, and while he was lean, he was extremely muscular. His hands were powerful and curled with short, but sharp claws, and his head was smooth, without the slightest sign of the hair that he remembered.

His body was covered in tattoos, ancient and deep, seemingly a mixture of an inking and a burning technique that made them slightly elevated but also a rich, dark bronze to dark gold color.

Interestingly enough, he had just been thinking about the Valiant Heart Zone, and his current form of dress was very similar to their style of dress. Thick, white hammer pants covered his lower body, a soft, silky, fabric belt wrapping around his waist and forming a banner that swung between his legs with a powerful Force Art that Leonel couldn't quite decipher immediately.

The only real difference between this uniform and that of the Valiant Heart Mountain was that there was no necklace ornament. Instead, his bare and powerful chest was exposed to the world, rippling with that familiar greyish blue hue.

Finally, there were the steely blue eyes that now reflected from his irises. But within, a ring of violet couldn't be hidden, giving him an even more mysterious air.

Leonel looked down for the first time and realized that he was seated on a throne, one so high up that he overlooked the Earth itself. Before him, there was a fast last of green, filled with flowing water. However, in the center of it all, there was a flat of sand that was surrounded by dunes. In the middle, dozens of workers that looked like smaller versions of himself worked, as for what they were building...

'The pyramids.'

Leonel had never seen them before, outside of pictures, that is. It wasn't even remotely complete now, and most of it was large constructions under the earth, and yet he understood instinctively just what was happening.

What kind of Zone was this exactly? Was it a true recounting of history? But this race didn't exist amongst the many he knew of, and even if they did exist in some other world, what would that have to do with the fact that they were here? This was meant to be history, it wouldn't take into account unrelated parties.

With such looks, they could be mistaken for demons, but Leonel was intimately familiar with the aura of demons. These guys didn't have the same sort of chaotic aura usual of demons. They were clearly a race of beings completely separate.

Of course, it wasn't impossible... they could be like the Oryx, a smaller group of beings with a population size unable to take control of their own Domain. But... why were they so powerful? It felt to Leonel as though he could destroy

the world with a snap of his finger, as though a single claw would rip through the fabric of reality, as though a single clench of his fists could bring two realities together and force them to be one...

This group of being, even if there was just one of them at this level of strength, could easily command a Domain, if not the entirety of the Dimensional Verse. What was most shocking was that this strength didn't seem to be regulated by the Regulator at all. It didn't make sense for this to be real history in this case...

But this couldn't be a Mythological Zone either. A Mythological Zone necessitated that it be a prominent legend. Many people had to be aware of it, it had to still be talked about, to still be passed along.

He had simply never heard of these people. It was impossible for them to still be talked about because no one knew about them. Even if this was a legend surrounding the pyramids, it didn't make any sense because there was no conclusive theory on what had happened with the pyramids, there wasn't even a popular guess, it just wasn't talked about enough...

There was another important matter as well. Aside from the fact he had no idea where Aina and Alienor were, the stronger the Mythological Zone, the more prominent its legend could be. The fact that this Zone hadn't appeared until now should mean that it was one of the most significant events in Earth's culture...

That only made it more impossible that it was a Mythological Zone.

Logic all seemed to point to this being a normal Sub-Dimensional Zone. It couldn't even be a Zone placed in the future because it was the pyramids being built right now, this couldn't have been any further in the past if it tried.

Even after all of this thought, he still didn't have any answers, but what was more suffocating than that was that he realized that he didn't have the Segmented Cube or his mother. That meant that he had no method of telling what the goal of his Zone was supposed to be.

His father's dictionary was inside of the Segmented Cube. His mother, with the World Spirit, should be able to tell the goal with just some thought, and yet she was nowhere to be seen as well.

'There is an entry limit of four. If I've taken over the life of someone else, that should mean that they have as well, but more importantly than that they should have taken over the lives of figures just as important as me, whether that be in status or in what role they played in history... In that case...'

Leonel's gaze sharpened. He raised his head, and at that moment, the oddest ship he had ever seen in his life began to descend from above.

Suddenly, his pupils constricted.

No wonder why it was so odd. That wasn't just a ship, it was a ship formed of the corpse of a beast... and not just any beast, but the strongest beast in existence...

The Void Beast.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2204: Just the same...

'Void Beast...'

The greatest interaction that Leonel had ever had with void beasts was with the vile of blood that had changed much of Little Blackstar's future. However, the more he learned, the more ridiculous he felt that matter was.

Back then, Kira had told him that her family found the corpse of a Void Beast that had already died long ago, and thanks to that, they were able to gather up its blood. But even though she had admitted that they hadn't killed it, Leonel had still found that master odd. In fact, he felt that the idea that a Void Beast could exist in the Dimensional Verse at all was far too ridiculous. This kind of world couldn't accommodate such a powerful creature. So...

Where could its corpse have come from?

Looking at the carcass of the beast formed into a ship above him, he realized that he might be looking at the answer right before. What if it was precisely this ship that Kira's family had found in the past? But then, that left another question... Just where had it come from?

This led him down the very same rabbit hole that had left him silent for so long in the first place. Just who were these race of people and where had they

come from? And why did they make him feel like the Spirituals that he had placed on such a high pedestal... were worthless beings?

Leonel slowly stood from his throne, stepping out and into the air. With a flicker, he had appeared on the back of the corpse ship, his hands clasped behind his back and his movements slow and deliberate.

Those that were watching didn't think much of it, but if they had known that this was the first time Leonel had ever seen such a thing, their reactions wouldn't have been so casual.

It was said that the first time anyone saw a Void Beast, they would be immobilized with fear, faced with an existential dread that could consume their lives. In truth, many never recovered. The lucky among those spent the rest of their lives in depression. Those that landed in the middle might push on for several more years before finally succumbing and committing suicide. As for those that were the unluckiest, they would never awaken, frozen in a state of fear for the rest of their lives. Unable to eat, breathe or circulate their own Force, they would die standing, vanishing into the wind in a swirling stream of ash.

This was the Void Beast, the most powerful creature in all of existence, the wielder of Archaic Force...

The Void Beast didn't immediately look as though it had any form. It was a mass of swirling shadows that sometimes solidified, but seemed to prefer to be free-flowing and unrestrained. Just its presence alone darkened the skies for more reasons than just blocking out the sun.

However, the more you looked at it, the more the defined patterns of movement cleared in your sights, and the more the true form of this beast imprinted itself into your mind.

It had many eyes, what seemed like countless, all concentrated onto a single pointed surface that barely resembled the majestic head of a dragon. Its body was both scaled and furred, but seemed to be formed of twisting masses of thick, condensed lines of darkness that looked somewhat like a being skinned to reveal the muscle mass beneath. It looked as though these muscle fibers could pull themselves apart or retwist together into an entirely new form so long as the Void Beast willed it, and it was also this flexibility that allowed the countless rows of dark windows that made up the ship to call its sides home.

Once this image imprinted itself into your mind, the fear would then take root. The image would fade and etch itself into your soul as though it was a Force Art designed for the sole purpose of crushing your dreams.

It was hard to tell if this form that the Void Beast seemed to have was real or not, or if it was all a ploy from the very beginning to force you to experience the greatest fear there was in all of existence. And yet...

Leonel simply landed on its back, his expression unmoved and his movements unhurried. This was precisely what one might expect from El'Rion, Prince of the Pluto Race. However, who it was not expected of was Leonel Morales... human.

Leonel walked forward with slow steps, as though waiting for something. By the time he had made it across the deck, the doors had finally opened.

Out from within, a being with skin as dark as night appeared. It looked as though the cosmos was hidden within its flesh, its eyes as bright as the sun's rays. It was no less tall than Leonel, standing at almost four meters, but it seemed even lighter on its feet. On second glance, it actually seemed to be a woman, carrying a peculiar sort of beauty that felt more like how one would feel watching an eagle soar through the skies, like a husky rushing through thick snow-she truly seemed to have a beauty carved out from mother nature herself. But what was odd about this comparison was the fact that in all likelihood, in her eyes... she was the lofty being while all others were the animals by the roadside.

This woman, seemingly naked and yet not at the same time, was Shan'Rae, Princess of the Void Race.

Leonel could tell at a glance that she was neither Aina nor his mother. At the same time, looking into her eyes despite the brightness, he could tell that she wasn't an ally, nor was she an enemy. So, the next words flowed out from his mouth smoothly.

"Why are you here?" he asked coldly.

"Just the same as usual," Shan'Rae spoke with a layered voice that sounded like three beautiful women harmonizing at once. "Cold, detached, above it all. It's no wonder your Pluto Race has sunk to the point of having to repay a favor to a mere human."

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2205: Disdain

Leonel looked toward Shan'Rae with an unreadable expression. It was impossible to tell what he was thinking, mostly because in reality he was trying to deduce what this woman meant. A favor was being returned? To who exactly? And who could make a race of people on this level return a favor?

There only really seemed to be one answer... The Fawkes family.

It was the only logical answer but it was also one that Leonel wasn't willing to accept immediately. There was an obvious flaw you didn't even need to be as intelligent as him to comprehend, and that was the fact that the Pyramids had been destroyed by Leonel's time. In fact, they had been destroyed before Fawkes truly came into power. Also, if this favor was returned so early on, where was Emperor Fawkes? And if he had the help of this race, why in the world would it take him so long to conquer Earth? A place filled to the brim with mortals?

He was still missing something. No, he was missing a significant part of the story.

He didn't say this, though. Instead, he directly attacked, his fist descending like a shooting star.

Shan'Rae's pupils constricted, clearly not having expected this, but it was already too late. She was struck in the face.

Leonel frowned. His fist felt odd, it was as though he was punching something far larger than himself, but also akin to a bundle of clouds. At the same time, it was as though all of his power was sinking into the depths of space, dispersing an infinite number of times before it turned to nothing.

Even so, he followed through and then retracted his fist as though he had expected it. In the end, it came off as more of a slap than anything else, but without the same sort of disrespect that came with an open palm.

Shan'Rae's gaze flashed with fury, but then something peculiar as though she had realized something. By the time her head turned back from being turned to the side, and she looked toward Leonel again, it was as though nothing at all had happened.

"Watch your mouth." Leonel said lightly. "I asked you a question, answer it and nothing else."

Shan'Rae smiled. "Oh my, I'm sorry my esteemed prince. This humble servant should have been more selective with her words."

She couldn't have sounded more sarcastic if she tried. In fact, Leonel faintly felt that she had seen through the fact that he wasn't the real El'Rion, but for whatever reason, she didn't do anything about it. Or maybe she was unable to do anything about it.

Just what kind of races were these? She could see through something like this with just a single touch?

This wasn't a normal matter. It was shocking enough that Leonel could see through her thoughts, but it was even more shocking that she could see through him. The matter of Sub-Dimensional Zones dealt with the Folds of Reality themselves. In a lot of ways, they were the action of the Regulator pulling together to points of time, or two Dimensional Folds. How could a living being see through such a thing? Even Leonel was certain that he would have no ability to do so.

Seeing that sarcastic smile, it was hard to tell if she was making fun of him for trying to pretend to be something he was not, or if she was making fun of El'Rion for actually having his body taken over by another.

Something told Leonel, though, that it was the latter. This woman seemed to be so indifferent to the existence of lesser beings that it just might be impossible for one she deemed to be so to move her emotions, whether in anger or disdain.

Would one feel disdain toward a dog even if they ate right out of a garbage can? You might give it a glance and nothing else.

This was a sort of arrogance that Leonel had simply never seen before, because it wasn't born or created. Rather, it was hereditary, passing down via the very blood rushing through her veins... If this sort of being had blood at all.

Leonel suddenly felt supremely pissed off. His mood hadn't been the best in recent times, seeing that smile, the ring of violet turned crimson.

The woman chuckled again, not taking it very seriously, but Leonel had already attacked. This time, the result was far different than what it had been in the past. Before, he had only tried to fire a normal fist. This time, he stirred something deep within this body, a power that he couldn't quite describe outside of a single word...

Creation.

BANG!

The woman's expression changed but due to her indifference and disdain, it was already too late to react.

She was blown backward, unable to catch herself. The skin of her face cracked like glass.

She shot through the doors she had just come from, blasting into a wall. However, the corpse of Void Beast was so sturdy that she didn't blast through, instead slamming to a stop and coughing up a mouthful of blood that looked like a silver star vomiting.

Those within the ship were suddenly alerted, many of them rushing forward. What Leonel noticed immediately was that they were all far smaller than Shan'Rae, and the cosmos that covered their skin was far less elaborate.

Shan'Rae slipped to the ground and coughed once. She looked up slowly, wiping the blood from her lips. Her gaze now carried a look different from her former disdain. Some of that rage had come back, but on the surface, higher than it, was surprise, as well as a hint of wariness.

Was she wrong? Was this still El'Rion?

Slowly, Shan'Rae remembered what she had come here to do.

"El'Rion, I would advise that you place that arrogance of yours down. I have come for a very clear purpose. The Void Beast is the symbol of my Void Race, do you think that I would be allowed to take it with me as a junior if I didn't represent my-"

Shan'Rae's eyes widened as Leonel attacked again.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2206: Incomplete World

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The Void Beast's corpse was simply far too sturdy. No matter how hard Leonel punched, it didn't give way, and Shan'Rae only suffered for it all the more. Her body rattled like a drum. Having been caught off guard once, she couldn't seem to find the momentum to retaliate. In the end, she even felt like her life was slipping away from her.

'No way... I can't... I can't die like this.'

If Shan'Rae was confused before, now she was absolutely certain. There was no way that El'Rion would kill her. Although it was still within his personality to punch her like Leonel had before, the consequences of killing her wasn't something that he would be willing to take on. This person was an ant-like existence, but he actually dared to kill her?!

Shan'Rae felt a rage bubble up inside of her, but it was suppressed even more quickly by another one of Leonel's fists. It was absolutely relentless. Each one was plain and simple, and yet they seemed to carry the power of the world.

"ENOUGH!"

Shan'Rae roared out, but this roar seemed to take a lot out of her. The glass-like fractures on her skin expanded rapidly and it looked like she might crumble like porcelain in the next moment.

Leonel's pupils constricted. It was the most emotion he had shown in recent days, and the reason was quite simple: he couldn't track Shan'Rae at all.

He dug deep, checking through this race's body to find a kernel of the power he had used previously. But trying to do something like that mid battle, especially when Shan'Rae was as familiar with her own body as she could possibly be, was practically a death sentence.

Leonel barely dodged to the side and his spear-wielding arm shot into the air.

At that moment, his blood dripped down. Despite the ghastly wound, it was shockingly only three drops, three drops of a radiant gold with hidden flecks of royal blue within. But this very blood, when it fell into the body of the Void Beast, collided akin to an atomic bomb dropping on the Earth.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

This indestructible Void Beast corpse was blown through with three heavy craters. The blood almost fell through the entire ship, only stopping after blasting through dozens of floors.

Shan'Rae sneered. To think that she would be able to see the mighty blood of the Pluto Race. Although they were on the decline, it hadn't reached a point where one of their prince's could be harmed to this extent. But this was the price to pay for rolling around in a pit of mud with trash.

Her scythe swung again. It was the kind of strike that Leonel couldn't even fathom, it seemed to be impossibly simple, and yet carried the mysteries of a universe within. It was a level of skill she couldn't even begin to grasp, and he couldn't deduce what level her Force Manipulation, or rather, Force Folding was at.

He couldn't react and his leg was taken, those droplets of blood falling once more. However, it was as though the Laws of Reality themselves refused to allow this race of being to bleed too much. Even after losing an arm and a leg, he had only lost six drops of blood.

At the same time, although he had lost two limbs, the coldness in his eyes only deepened.

And then it clicked.

Leonel spun on the tips of his remaining toes, thrusting out his spear with a momentum that shrouded the skies.

Shan'Rae, who had been indifferent and sneering, froze.

A spear shot through her chest, her fragile as porcelain skin collapsing as a black hole forming within the depths of her soul.

Her eyes glazed over.

But just when it seemed that she would truly die, a pressure the likes of which made the both of them look like children appeared.

A figure that dwarfed the size of Earth appeared. In fact, he dwarfed even the Milky Way galaxy. If not for the portion of this mind that he had tapped into, Leonel wouldn't even be able to perceive that it was a living being that had just appeared.

An eye that was impossibly large locked onto Leonel.

"An ant of an incomplete world dares?"

The figure snorted once and Leonel went flying. But this time... It was truly Leonel.

El'Rion stood frozen in place, confusion appearing in his eyes, while Leonel's real body flew out like a broken kite, every bone in his body broken.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2207: Boiling

Leonel landed heavily on the deck. One would have thought that with the level of strength this being had, he would have flown much further than that. Or, even worse, would already be dead. But it seemed that the strength was applied in breaking the rules of this Zone, separating him from a body that he should have been one with.

In the simplest words, it could be said that he had already failed this Zone. In the most complex, this existence had the ability to ignore the rules of this world, stepping through reality and manipulating it to their desires.

However, rather than feeling fear, Leonel was only more enraged. Why was this man able to ignore the restrictions of the Regulator, but his father was not? Who did he think he was?

A furious roar left Leonel's lips. He didn't seem to feel the shattered remnants of his body as his Force pushed him up. If he couldn't move his body, then he would move other things. He looked up into the skies.

He could no longer feel it. He was certain that there had been an eye there, but his current perception wasn't even able to understand what was before

him now outside of a large mass that blotted out the skies. He had no way of telling how it had appeared, or why it was seemingly able to stand both here, and not, both in existence, and not, somehow taking up all space, and yet not interfering with any of the existence planets, stars, and worlds.

But he knew it was there, he was certain.

BOOM!

Leonel's Tier 3 armor appeared, a radiant bow wrapped in black and gold taking shape. He raised it and pulled, his arrow aimed toward the skies.

Then he felt it. That very same annoying sneer. He couldn't see it, but he could sense it. It was as though that very emotion prickled the deepest sense of rage within his heart, a part of his sense of self that was so solidly and deeply ingrained that it existed across all time and reality.

He knew his arrow would never reach. He knew that trying to attack this existence was meaningless.

"All those that dare look down on this King..."

Clink.

Leonel's visor snapped into place, his Divine Armor rumbling to life and the pressure of Force, or lack thereof, coming from Earth's atmosphere rushed toward a single direction. Even the slowly expanding desert below accelerated its growth.

"... Deserve death."

Leonel's arrow suddenly lowered, and he released his bowstring. The echo of the TWANG of his bowstring roared across the Folds of Reality, the depth of meaning behind his words shaking even the Regulator awake.

At that moment, the Regulator who had been prepared to take action against this being that had suddenly appeared, felt some of its strength being snatched away by the arrow of Leonel's bow. A swirling mass of dense and destructive Force took hold, appearing before Shan'Rae in a blink.

The entity's expression changed. Leonel still couldn't see it, but he could feel it. He could feel that annoying disdain changing to something different, something filled with shock and a lack of understanding.

The only explanation was that the words of Leonel were so profound that they had stirred even the Regulator, stripping it of its usual control. But this was impossible, definitely not by a Seventh Dimensional ant, and especially not an ant of an Incomplete World.

"No-"

It was too late. Leonel's arrow pierced through Shan'Rae's forehead. One after another, the stars that twinkled across her body began to dim, collapsing one by one. But...

Just when it seemed that she would die, El'Rion, who had been in a daze, not quite understanding what was going on, or how he had suddenly lost not just an arm, but even a leg at that, finally reacted. He took a leap forward.

In that instant, the energy of the Regulator reached balance once again and was stripped from Leonel's arrow. At the same time, his remaining arm reached forward and his hand wrapped around the arrow's body, stopping it in its tracks when it was just half an inch into Shan'Rae's head.

El'Rion took a deep breath, looking around again as he slowly pulled the arrow back. He couldn't remember the last time he had been in such a stressful situation, and he could never remember being injured in his life. This sort of feeling was novel, but his expression remained cold and indifferent, unreadable.

With a thought, his severed arm and leg flew back to him, his droplets of blood doing the same and becoming like the glue that put him back together.

If one understood the culture of the Pluto Race, and how they treated their own bodies like a temple, the indifference in El'Rion's reaction would have truly been shocking. Just the idea that someone else would be within him should have set him off, let alone losing two limbs like this.

However, this was just the type of person he was.

At the same time, Leonel's own reaction was colder than an iceberg. His expression didn't change, but that bubbling fury within him threatened to boil over.

He stood in his armor, looking down before he looked back up at the sky. He didn't know who these people were, but if he didn't die today, he would most definitely not forget this. For the simple act of disdaining him, he held a grudge so deep it seemed ridiculous.

Leonel had gone from a man who didn't seem to care much whether he had to kneel to King Arthur or not, to a man who took even this insult to heart. It was difficult to tell just how far he would go. What was certain was that his greatest hatred was aimed at the fact he didn't have the strength right now to change much about the situation... Not without preparation.

At that moment, El'Rion slowly looked back, meeting his gaze.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2208: Laughter

The gaze of a Pluto held the vicissitudes of the world. If gazing upon a Void Beast could send one into the pits of despair, then meeting the eyes of a Pluto was akin to being forced to question one's very existence. It was beyond despair, it was a feeling of being inconsequential, of feeling meaningless. It forced you to live out your life in the blink of an eye, only solidifying how worthless your accomplishments would be.

Most would look away immediately on instinct, but it would have already long been over. It only took an instant, an instant to realize just how insignificant you were.

However, this gaze lasted longer than El'Rion would have ever thought possible for someone outside of his race. Leonel even looked like he would directly attack to kill him if he had the strength to do so. The only reason he hadn't was because he was logical enough to know how idiotic it would be. Maybe if he had known that such a thing could happen within a Zone, he wouldn't have attacked Shan'Rae so freely either, but what was done was done.

All he cared about now was finding a method to move toward victory.

He no longer feared failing a Sub-Dimensional Zone. Since he could find a way to exit once, he could do it again. And since others could ignore its rules, he could find his own method of doing so. All it required was him staying alive. So while he looked at El'Rion, it wasn't for the purpose of a meat measuring contest, although that was inevitably part of it, it was also because in a fight of this level, a single moment of hesitation or distraction would cost him his life.

El'Rion slowly looked away. This time, it wasn't disdain, but it might as well have been. He didn't even take Shan'Rae seriously, let alone Leonel.

"What did you come here for?" El'Rion's voice wasn't layered like Shan'Rae, or her Ancestor's, but it seemed ancient in its own right. Leonel hadn't noticed when it was his own voice, but now the effect was multiplied several times over, it was almost like even his voice could force you to fly through a gateway of time.

Shan'Rae coughed up blood once more, her body in a truly sorry state. But when she looked up toward El'Rion, she realized that he actually couldn't be bothered to talk to her at all. Instead, he was paying attention to the skies. Or in other words... Her Ancestor.

"Watch your tone, boy."

That layered voice echoed once again, the stars in the sky blinking in and out of existences, only to collapse and reform once again.

El'Rion directly ignored these words, not even responding as he waited for an answer to his original question. The Ancestor felt as though he had swung and hit nothing but air. The skies rumbled, but he didn't say anything. In truth, he had wanted to attack to kill Leonel directly, but he wasn't willing to pay the price to do so. He was more surprised than anyone that Leonel had actually lived.

The only explanation for the fact that Leonel was still living and breathing was the fact that he was tied to someone decently powerful. But that shouldn't be possible on this weak, Incomplete World.

What a farce. He had sent Shan'Rae here specifically so that he wouldn't have to deal with this. But now that he was here, he couldn't just leave or else it would be an insult to the Pluto Race.

"The Gods haven't sanctioned this sort of action on your part," the entity spoke evenly.

"Since when has my Pluto Race needed the acceptance of your Races?" El'Rion replied indifferently.

The entity chuckled this time, not feeling the same ire he had previously. Maybe it was because he was mentally prepared this time, or maybe it was because he knew something that he wasn't saying in so many words. Either way, his layered laughter echoed with that very same emotion that Leonel hated so much.

"I won't say what doesn't need to be said, I'm sure your seniors know better than I. However, the act of handing over the rights to so many fledgling worlds to the Human Race of all Races is a ridiculous waste of resources. The Pluto Race can do as it pleases, but what it can't do is use the hard work of us all for their own personal gain.

"As for the matter of a God personally coming here to oversee a project, it's even more ridiculous, but that is your personal matter and I won't say anything. I am here for only one purpose. How will you compensate us?"

"The overseeing of Incomplete Worlds and how they're used is the jurisdiction of my Pluto Race. It has never been the turn of your Races to tell us how to use them. Compensation? Why would you be compensated for something you never owned in the first place.

"Your Races might have forgotten who the Kings are, would you like to be reminded?"

The laughter of the entity echoed once more.

BOOM!

El'Rion couldn't react. He was sent flying backward, his chest caving like crumpled aluminum foil. Even with such an injury, he didn't bleed, nor did he cough up a mouthful of blood. Even his gaze and expression remained indifferent and unmoved as he skid to a stop beneath Leonel's feet.

At that moment, the Regulator came roaring back to life, but the laughter of the entity didn't fade.

"You would do well to remember your station as a junior when you speak to me, boy. Your Pluto Race might be King of Gods, but that was built on the backs of your Ancestors, not you. Since I've received your answer, farewell. I hope your Pluto Race doesn't regret this in the future."

The entity waved a hand, and countless stars blinked out of life. What must have been over half of the galaxies in the Dimensional Verse were snuffed out and poured into Shan'Rae's body. Only then did the entity slowly vanish.

It was clear that he had acted this way on purpose. Bleeding or not, El'Rion was heavily injured. Even if he could finish off Leonel, Shan'Rae definitely would.

He left with his laughter still echoing through the stars.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2209: Too Strong

2209 Too Strong

El'Rion touched the dent in his chest as though it wasn't his own. He looked back up toward the skies as the entity faded. He didn't seem to be enraged, nor did he seem to be in pain. He simply stood up slowly and looked away. He stumbled slightly, but he regained his bearings quickly. Even now, he didn't seem to notice that Leonel was above him.

Leonel also observed these matters silently. His gaze shifted from El'Rion to Shan'Rae, who was suddenly brimming with power. Her glass-like skin quickly recovered, sealing. At the same time, the number of stars that made up her cosmos seemed to have multiplied several times over.

She rose to her feet under a mysterious power, her expression a cross between a grimace and anger. She had almost died not just once, but twice.

She waved a hand, and her scythe, which had vanished earlier, appeared again. It looked as though it was forged of blue glass, even somewhat ice-like, while being far more radiant than it had been previously. The last time she had summoned it, she was already in a heavily injured, half-dead state. But now she was at 100%.

She didn't even look at El'Rion, her gaze landing on Leonel. This human had actually almost killed her not just once, but twice. Although El'Rion was heavily injured, she still had an innate respect for the Pluto Race that was etched into the depths of her soul. If she didn't have to fight El'Rion, she wouldn't. Her Ancestor injuring him wasn't for the sake of killing him; injuring a Pluto and killing them outright were two completely different things. Rather…

It just made what she wanted to do here far easier. Clearly, she hadn't just come for the sake of passing on a message. In fact, it might very well be possible that the Void Race had expected all of this to happen from the very beginning. Leonel was a bit of a variable, but it was hardly worth caring about.

She raised her Scythe, but Leonel had already reacted.

His Dream Force flourished.

What he hadn't expected was that even though he had reacted first, he would still be a step slow. Shan'Rae's scythe appeared before him, ready to swing down.

Leonel actually couldn't tell what Shan'Rae's dimension was. He just felt that she was completely unfathomable, and yet she was a junior. He didn't know what any of this meant. There should only be the Eighth and Ninth Dimensions beyond him; there was nothing above. Could you still be considered a junior if you were in the Eighth Dimension?

Leonel's bow vanished, and a black rod appeared in his hands. He didn't bother to take out his Divine Spear because he knew that it wasn't strong enough. Now that he had been expelled from El'Rion's body, whether it was his Spear Domain Ring or the Segmented Cube, they had both returned to his possession.

A Shadow Sovereign Domain erupted from him, shrouding the space. But, to his surprise, the instant it touched the Void Beast's corpse, it dissipated, twisting apart and vanishing. This narrowed the scope of his Domain considerably and made his Force sluggish.

He dodged backward, just barely tilting his head to the side.

The scythe tore through his Divine Armor as though it was wet tissue paper, carving through his forehead, just barely missing his Ethereal Glabella, and curving out from his chest. The wound was deep, at least three to four inches.

Although it hadn't cut all the way through his body, it was a devastating wound that would have ended any other human's life, especially as this energy roared and twisted, looking to destroy him from the inside out.

Shan'Rae frowned. This human actually survived her strike? No, he should be dead. Her Force wasn't something a mere human could withstand.

Just as she was thinking this, Leonel's Scarlet Star Force roared to life. His Golden Tiger and Death Pulse Deer bloodlines pulsed, rushing into his Divine Armor and mending it. Horns grew from his head, wrapped by the beautiful black and gold of his armor. At the same time, plates of white gold fur formed, making him look like an armored beast warlord.

He released the seals on his Scarlet Star Force, allowing it to rampage and push against the odd Force that Shan'Rae controlled.

Shan'Rae's gaze narrowed. Leonel was clearly using a Force beyond his ability to control. No human could produce a Force that could fight against her own; it was nonsensical.

Leonel suddenly thrust his spear out, aiming for between Shan'Rae's brows. And yet, due to his Domain, it felt as though it was coming from everywhere. When this was layered with his Absolute Spear Domain, it likewise felt that it was coming at all times. His skill in the spear had been pushed to the absolute limits.

"Paltry skill."

Shan'Rae waved the butt of her scythe and collided against just one of Leonel's many spear tips, and yet they all dispersed at once.

"Not even at that Impetus State and you want to fight me? Just die."

Leonel's gaze was just as cold as always. He didn't seem to react to Shan'Rae's taunt at all because he had found it.

His gaze flashed with a furious violet light. "Come."

Earth trembled and shook. A dormant spirit hidden deep within came to life, forced to move long before it was ready. This time, when Leonel moved his spear, the world itself moved. However, even he was surprised at this moment.

'This World Spirit is far stronger than it should be, especially at this stage.'

His gaze sharpened as he looked down at the pyramids and the desert rapidly forming around them. He understood at that moment. Those were definitely not just normal monuments.

His spear spun in his hand, and he struck out again.

"Dammit!" Shan'Rae's expression changed and her power surged. But just as she was about to cross a certain limit, a black chain slapped down on her arm, nearly ripping it out of her control.

BANG!

Leonel's spear landed on her body. Only the smallest crack formed, but he didn't seem to care at all.

She was sent flying back, but he didn't move an inch, raising his spear into the air.

The World Spirit and Earth rumbled, a Force Art quickly beginning to form, roaring with Spear Force.

…

In a location across the Dimensional Verse, the vanishing of the galaxies hadn't gone unnoticed, and the devastation it had caused was even worse.

A certain man sat on a throne, his brows tightly furrowed. If Leonel had been here, he would have recognized this man as the very same puppet that had fought his father… the Silver Emperor.

The problem was that this person wasn't the Silver Emperor at all. Rather, it was Aina.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2210: Once More

Aina was very familiar with the history of the Silver Empire. She had, of course, entered their Zone before, although that Zone was heavily distorted. However, given Aina's instincts, she was very good at telling the fake from the real. The problem here wasn't this, though...

The problem was that according to her understanding, The Silver Empire would be destroyed very soon. In fact... There was a rush at the doors of the throne room and a messenger rushed in, heaving deep breaths. This messenger didn't even get the chance to speak before it happened.

The palace rocked and quaked.

Aina's expression changed, and she quickly stood to her feet. Her Force imploded within her body, and she struck out. Compared to Leonel, her ability to adapt to this new body was on a completely different level. She had access to 100% of the Silver Emperor's strength immediately. In fact, as time passed, she was actually faintly surpassing the Silver Emperor until she would reach the point where she could entirely suppress him.

The power of Aina's palm was mighty. It almost matched the rocking scene seen before her, blasting a hole through the double doors and out of the palace, surging into the skies and meeting a rippling wave of raging Star Qi.

Despite the power of her strike, Aina's expression was quite ugly at the moment. Or rather, the expression of the Silver Emperor's was.

Her strike managed to protect a large segment of Planet Silver, but it was still only a segment. And, "large" in this case wasn't nearly large enough. The capital city and its surrounding lands were all well protected, but the rest of the planet was practically blown off the map, some of the destruction even wrapping around and destroying the opposite hemisphere.

Just what had happened?

The messenger shook in fear. At first, he had thought that the Silver Emperor was attacking him in rage for interrupting, but now he realized that he had been just this close from dying.

"Your Imperial Majesty..." The messenger huffed and puffed. "... The galaxies... our territory... it's, it's..."

Aina's expression went completely dark. She had thought that the skies had seemed far more... lively than she was used to. It practically felt as though a net of starlight was cast over them. In fact, it was so vibrant and gorgeous that the stars could be seen like the moon in the middle of the day.

But now... now the skies looked like the skies she remembered... dim, uninteresting, obedient to even the smallest hints of light pollution... weak.

Who could even do such a thing? Destroying so many galaxies with a wave of the hand? But worse than that, and especially pertinent to the current mission at hand, what did it mean for the Silver Empire to suddenly lose so much of its strength?

They had the largest territory in the Human Domain currently, there was no doubt that they had suffered the greatest at the hand of this destruction. What was the point of this Zone, exactly? Was she supposed to do the impossible and save the Silver Empire? That couldn't be the mission, right?

But then where was Leonel? What about her mother-in-law? And what about Little Tolly?

...

Leonel's spear tip trembled, his Force Art roaring to life. Using the World Spirit, he had limited the strokes of his spear from 999, down to less than a dozen, relying on the power of the world to forcefully raise the standard of his Spear Force.

Shan'Rae's expression changed. She had just spoken about the Impetus, and now this ant had brought out something infinitely close to it?!

"That's enough," El'Rion spoke lightly.

Leonel's spear pierced out as though he hadn't heard anything at all. To others, the words of a Pluto were law. To Leonel, it was nothing more than whispers of the wind. When he wanted to do something, no one would stop him.

El'Rion, beaten and ragged, appeared before Leonel, his gaze just as indifferent as ever. Standing almost two meters taller than Leonel, he loomed over him. His presence imposing and domineering.

Someone else might question him. Why was he trying to help someone related to an existence who had just almost killed him? Why was he stopping Leonel when he had nothing to do with this situation at all? It might even make sense to question the unfairness of it all, but Leonel didn't have such a change in expression.

El'Rion was stepping forth? It sounded to him like he wanted to die too.

Leonel's spear thrust forward, roaring like the wave.

El'Rion shook his head. "Killing her will do nothing but bring you trouble. As for you, you're no match for me even in this state, why are you wasting your time here?"

El'Rion reached up a finger, almost too slowly, and yet he still managed to touch the tip of Leonel's spear.

Leonel's Spear Force veered violently out of control, splitting like a tide and roaring out in all directions. Some danced across El'Rion's bluish-grey skin, but it reflected off of it like a light on a mirror, spiraling out in all directions and leaving him unscathed.

Leonel was forced into a retreat, and El'Rion looked down at his finger. There was the faint mark of slightly white-gold. It seemed that he had almost bled again; this world was truly filled with bad luck for him.

With a strong surge, Leonel came to a stop, lowering his spear slightly. He looked forward coldly. He had seen demons before, many of whom he had thought to be exceptionally powerful. But he had never in his life seen a body so powerful, and that was saying something considering his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor, or rather what it had become, was truly excellent in this regard.

At that moment, Shan'Rae recovered and moved, her scythe screeching out in humiliation as she shook the Regulator's chains off of her arm. Her power multiplied, that mysterious energy flaring once more.