

Descent 1041

Chapter 1041 Coddling

The location was the deck of a spaceship. However, to call it as such would be doing a great disservice to the true magnitude of the behemoth that hung among the celestial bodies of this particular solar system. It almost felt far more appropriate to call it a starship.

Of course, this would be an exaggeration. True Starships were at a minimum capable of rivaling a moon in size while the largest of them could lived up to their namesake and could stand side by side with suns. This one, however, was 'just' ten kilometers in length, hovering outside the Milky Way's Fold of Reality.

A distance away from this junior starship was a planet that hovered on neutral ground. It wasn't currently claimed by any major powers of the Milky Way Guild and was actually meant to act as a relay station to the starship.

Leonel, who had appeared on this planet with his brothers to his back couldn't help but chuckle.

Before Leonel, a middle-aged man with a cold expression stood. His left eye had been replaced by a rolling bronze eyeball and his right was covered in a monocle. Currently, he was the one responsible for manning the teleportation station to the starship hovering overhead.

This planet was an edge planet. It existed at the very border of a Fold of Reality and was valuable for its use as a jumping point. But, outside of that, it was quite barren and lacked in resources. So, not much unlike the asteroid gas station Heira had gone to for the sake of reporting Leonel, there was hardly anyone here.

It wasn't just Leonel who had come. Noah and Jessica were present, along with Tyrron and the Moon people. However, they were all infuriated as well.

The issue challenged by the Sixth Dimensional Galaxies was clearly a blatant provocation. Not only was it a ridiculous excuse piggybacking off of a rule that didn't exist, but they had even insulted the intelligence of the people of Earth a step further by actually placing so many hoops before them for them to jump through.

Leonel held an amiable smile on his face even while realizing the situation they were in. Since he had chosen to approach every situation like this until he was forced not to, then he would follow through with that choice, even if it seemed blatantly obvious that the purpose of these people was not pure.

"I don't think that this would be in our best interest. How about we meet in the middle?" Leonel spoke to the middle aged man. "Since we are already here, why not come down? We are more than willing to have this battle. However, stepping on your ship doesn't seem to be necessary, nor does it fulfill your original promise of a neutral sight."

The reality was that the fact that they could pick the location of this planet inherently made it not neutral to begin with. If they could set up teleportation stations here, who was to say that they hadn't set up anything else?

Still, Leonel chose to attempt to compromise first.

His thoughts from just a few days ago were still weighing on his mind. He didn't want to think of his enemies as 'others'. He wanted to think of them as future subjects that he would one day subdue, people no different from himself. He was consciously trying to fight back against his own human nature to form ingroups and outgroups. As such, he couldn't just come in guns blazing just because someone was trying to play hardball in negotiations.

But, what Leonel was going to find out very soon was the fact that sometimes it simply didn't matter how charismatic or nice you were. Often times, logic was irrelevant as well. At a certain point, only those that were strong got a say in what could be deemed as reality and what couldn't be.

And, as though to prove this... The middle-aged man's lip curled into a crooked sneer as though only a single half of his face worked properly.

"We have already laid out the requirements to end this war with as little bloodshed as possible," he said. "However, if you don't want this olive branch, we'll directly use this planet as a springboard to send out Sixth Dimensional powerhouses into your galaxy. Then we'll end things our own way."

At that moment, Leonel came to an understanding. They hadn't called them here to battle or even have these peace talks. They had been called here as a display of their strength and also as another slap to Earth's face.

It was as though they were coddling Earth, showing them their trump cards like they didn't have the ability to find these things out on their own or understand them.

And the most disgusting part of it... Was that they were correct.

"So, let me get this straight. You made up a bogus rule you thought we would be stupid enough to believe actually existed. You then made us teleport to this so-called 'neutral' ground. And yet, instead of this neutral ground being the location of battle you asked for, you want us to teleport again so that we can go to *your* spaceship?"

Milan spoke without a care for courtesy. Usually, with Leonel and Noah taking the helm as Princes of Earth, it wasn't the turn of others to speak. But, having been following Leonel for so long, a man who didn't really care about such strict hierarchy, Milan never hesitated to speak his mind, even in the face of these people.

He was already infuriated at this point. These people, did they really think that they were stupid?

The reason they had come here despite knowing that this prisoner competition was bogus was to prove that they had nothing to fear. Even if it was one on one battles, who cared? Since when were the people of Earth afraid of anything of the sort?

But now they were very clearly taking it too far.

The middle-aged man's bronze eyeball spun, landing on Milan. Without a word, a formless pressure shot outward, forcing Milan to retreat explosively. Even one of his energy shields imploded on contact, not being able to withstand even a single surge of aura. Before anyone could react, Milan had already been forced backward dozens of meters.

"Tell your barking dog to watch his mouth. It's already beneath me to waste my time here. This isn't a negotiation. You either do it, or you face the consequences."

Leonel's smile slowly faded.

Chapter 1042 Reaper's

On the back of the junior starship, several groups of individuals stood. It became clear after some observations that they mainly fell into four categories. There were the unit of the Radix-Midas families, then there came the Umbra, Rain and even the Florer family.

Despite their status as lifelong enemies, the Florer family had still come together with the Radix-Midas families. It was clear that benefits were placed above all things when it came to these large families. Though there was some tension in the air, it wasn't anything these noblemen and women hadn't experienced countless times before. What was a gathering of noble families without millennia of pent up grudges and never ending revenge stories?

At this moment, though, they all stood with cocktails and drinks in their hands, laughing and amused expressions on their faces as they gazed down toward the planet below.

"It was definitely a good choice to send Rotsan to go and make our stance clear. Look at how much fun he's having down there."

The one who spoke was a gorgeous middle-aged woman. She had sparkling blue eyes and cascading black hair. There was something about her that seemed particularly illusory even though she stood on the back of the junior starship just like the rest of them.

This woman was the current head of the Rain family, Deloris Rain.

"My little brother has been a pain in my neck all his life, it's about time he put that talent of his to some use."

The Head of the Radix family, Avarone Radix, laughed. He currently stood right by the Head of the Midas family, a man of enormous stature with teeth shimmering like sharpened rubies—Siris Midas.

"The fools of Earth actually dared to capture one of my sons and yet were stupid enough to come here as though there could be negotiations after that. This is the first time I've met a Fifth Dimensional world that actually dared to be so arrogant. My Florer family has been sorely lacking in Elite Spores recently, I'll be certain to teach them what fear and respect is."

The Head of the Florer family was a woman with breasts twice the size of her head. But, this was also because she could be considered to be overweight.

Her belly bulged beneath her green gown and her chest threatened to pop it at the seams. It was clear that even if she lost the extra weight, she would still be elite in that department. The trouble was that this was hardly enough to make up for other ... odd features.

Head Belize Florer had a head of hair constructed of dark green vines. They appeared to be somewhat slimy on first glance as they were constantly exuded an odd viscous liquid that released a smell even more pungent than Head Siris' sulfur breath. This smell was akin to concentrated cut grass, making it difficult to breathe.

If that was it, it might still be acceptable. But Head Belize also had a spider lily growing out of her forehead and its roots were visible beneath her skin. It made one's spine tingle watching the roots pulse every so often, sucking in her blood from nourishment.

For a family of supposed tree lovers and huggers, the Florer family was seemed to be the scariest of them all. If they were aware of exactly what 'Elite Spores' were, this conclusion would be even more set in stone.

The final Head was, of course, of the Umbra family, Silam Umbra. However, neither he, nor the youths to his back, spoke a single word. It seemed like unlike Radlis, the remaining members of the Umbra family matched their pale skin with stoicism and quiet.

"Isn't it because they're fools that we have to lay it out so plainly for them?" Deloris chortled. "We clearly only sent the younger generation after them as a sign of good faith and a form of taking a step back as the strong bullying the weak, but they actually took this as being our own weakness. Since they don't appreciate kindness, we'll show them something else entirely, then.

"Avarone, it'll be best if your brother lets a few of them escape, but as punishment I think about half of them should die. What do you think?"

"I agree." Belize supported Deloris. "I would say to kill them all, but we still need to get the young ones back."

Avarone chuckled. "There's no need to worry, Rotsan knows what to do. I think Earth actually sent two of its Princes here as well, we might as well capture them both too."

"Fools." Belize sneered. "They really think we haven't sent anyone in the Sixth Dimension because we can't when in reality it's because who would pay such a heavy price to crush an ant?"

The youths behind the five Heads all held an undisguised contempt in their eyes.

So what if Earth had potential? It was ultimately just that: potential. When in the face of a higher Dimensional world, what chance did they stand?

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On the barren planet, Leonel looked back toward Milan who had been forced to retreat. At that moment, the young man who had been protecting Leonel all his life had a trickle of blood running down his lips and dripping from his chin. There was something especially sharp about that red color in Leonel's eyes currently. It was as though he could only see the whole world through shades of it and nothing else.

"Barking dog?" Leonel said lightly.

"That's right, did I not speak clearly enough for you?" Rotsan's sneer deepened. "Do you need me to repeat it a bit louder for you? Keep your barking dog on a leash or else I'll leash him for you."

The youths of Earth suddenly flared up. Many of them knew Milan well as they had been fighting together for years before Leonel returned. This sort of humiliation wasn't something they would stand for, however the strength of Rotsan was completely out of their expectations. They found it difficult even to stand near him.

However, even as their tempers flared, the two Princes, Noah and Leonel, only seemed to get calmer.

"I see... I don't think I care anymore." Leonel said lightly.

"Don't care? That's the right idea. Dogs should be dogs, what need is there to care for them?"

Rotsan's next words couldn't help but pause when Leonel turned back to meet his gaze. At that moment, the twin oppression of the Princes bore down, causing the wind in the surroundings to turn heavy.

"Sometimes being nice is just a waste of time. I wonder if your head would make your galaxies understand?" Leonel's voice had become akin to a reaper's.

Chapter 1043 withering Snowfall

Rotsan's smiling expression became even, a murderous aura coming off of him before the smile returned. This time, however, it seemed particularly bloody despite not having the slightest tinge of red associated with it.

"What did you just say to me?"

The aura of a Quasi Sixth Dimensional existence rose into the skies, rippling waves of earth spreading outward, threatening to send the youths before him flying into the distance.

He had decided, he would thoroughly humiliate them all. Only then would he kill half and send the other half crawling back to Earth. Who did they think they were to challenge the dignity of a Sixth Dimensional world?

Those within higher Dimensions were the Gods of those below. This wasn't a simple barrier separating people, it might as well have been a chasm separating species. If you were from a lower Dimension, you were nothing more than an ant. This was the way of the Dimensional Verse. The idea of a Fifth Dimensional world challenging the authority of a Sixth Dimensional one... was unheard of.

And Rotsan would make sure that it remained that way. After this day, Earth wouldn't dare to raise its head up again.

"Noah." Leonel spoke just as lightly, his hair and clothing billowing beneath Rotsan's strength.

"Yes."

"I'm going to kill him."

"Okay."

Leonel's foot raised. Just when it began to descend, he vanished, crossing the already short distance between him and Rotsan.

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Up above, the Heads were speechless before Belize erupted into laughter.

"They really overestimate themselves. This makes things easier. Now no one can say we bullied the weak, it's clear these fools who attacked first."

The others Heads remained silent, but the look in their eyes painted a picture that couldn't have been more clear. However, their expressions changed when Leonel reappeared.

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A man donning silver armor appeared before Rotsan, his twin bladed spear sweeping through the air with an eerily silent momentum. It was as though everywhere it passed by, it would be spliced into two. There was nothing that could obstruct its path and even less that could force it to halt.

Rotsan's pupils constricted. He could feel the strength behind Leonel's strike, and it somewhat surprised him. But, it was nowhere near enough to force him into a corner.

He raised a hand, his Radix Cube actually appearing, something that made his brother's gaze narrow. For Rotsan to take out his Radix Cube to face a junior, this was definitely out of their expectations. It was clear that they might have miscalculated a small measure.

However, even then, they felt that this was good. If Rotsan wasn't underestimating his opponent, this would only end swifter.

Rotsan's Radix Cube shimmered, adhering to his palm and coating to fit it. He struck out toward Leonel's strike, but what happened next was only further out of his expectations.

'Four Seasons.'

BANG!

An eruption of Universal Force rocked the skies. Rotating artistic conceptions fused and defused around Leonel, each forming a gorgeous image in the skies that gave the barren planet some character.

'Summer. Radiant Core.'

The images shifted and grew brighter, a singular core of silver-red less than a quarter the size of Leonel's head forming. It appeared between Leonel's spear blade and Rotsan's bronze palm, leaving a sickening crunching sound in its wake.

Rotsan's eyes widened, a shrill cry leaving his lips. He could feel the Force of his Radix Cube being distorted. And, even worse, there was a strong radiation and heat searing his skin to it. In the blink of an eye, not only had his hand shattered, but it had also gained a coating of molten metal.

He retreated explosively, his mind going blank. This was his Radix Cube! How could it possibly be so fragile? It was designed for battle!

It was only at that moment that Rotsan noticed the weapon in Leonel's hand. As a Force Crafter, it only took him a single glance.

'Quasi Silver?!'

Rotsan didn't get much time to think when he realized that someone was actually behind him.

Noah had appeared with his enormous saber. It rested on his shoulder, his gaze remaining just as placid as Leonel's own.

An eruption of Universal Force surged out of him, the skies beginning to twinkle with flashing meteors, radiant moons, gorgeous worlds and sparkling stars.

Like this, Leonel and Noah split the battlefield in two. On side was a paradise of the skies, the other was a paradise of the Earth. A clash of the greater Dimensional Verse and the simplicity of the Seasons. It was the kind of gorgeous painting that deserved to be immortalized.

Noah swung down.

Unlike Leonel's silent strike, his resounded like rumbling mountains. The air quaked and the ground beneath his feet split.

'Dammit!'

Rotsan was infuriated. He had been caught off guard by Leonel and now he was suddenly being pincered by two brats. Did they really think that he was a push over?!

Rotsan brought down a strong chop mid way up his forearm, slicing his own hand and wrist off.

The Radix Cube fell to the ground along with his flesh. But, just before it hit earth, it rebounded as though it had a mind of its own, shooting up into the air again.

Rotsan shot out his bloody stump as his bronze eyeball rotated. A laser shot out from it and toward Leonel. At the same time, the Radix Cube morphed despite some of its internal components being melted. It reformed an enormous palm, replacing Rotsan's missing hand.

With quick actions, Rotsan spun back toward Noah, slamming a palm of spinning gears toward his saber.

BANG!

A surge of Force clashed between the two. Having been forced to attack in a hurry, Rotsan was only able to gather up enough strength to match Noah evenly.

'Complete cycle of the Heavenly Body Realm...' Rotsan's pupils constricted to an absolute extreme before his expression changed. '... That's impossible, I—!'

Rotsan couldn't finish his thought, his Force surging as he sent out an opposite palm toward his back. He didn't know how Leonel could have possibly managed to deal with his laser so quickly, but he didn't have time to think.

'Winter... Withering Snowfall...'

"No!"

A spurt of blood shot into the sky, an arm spinning about in the air beneath the fountain of crimson.

Chapter 1044 Respect

Rotsan's shock reached an untold level. He was certain that he had done enough to block Leonel, whether that be his laser or the subsequent attack. But, he had somehow lost his arm.

That should have been impossible! His laser was a hidden measure and carried the impact of a Tier 9 expert, not to mention a speed that dwarfed even a Quasi Sixth Dimensional existence.

To make matters worse, his strike should have been more than enough to deal with a Tier 1 expert like Leonel who had only grasped the Four Seasons Realm. But, to his shock, not only was Leonel's Four Seasons Realm far more powerful than any Rotsan had ever come across before, but his Winter Artistic Conception was actually able to corrode his Force.

The result was the Force Rotsan prepared as a counter being rendered useless and his arm flying off as a result.

To Rotsan's horror, Leonel's assault didn't come to an end, nor did Noah take even a step back. Their oppressive auras rose in unison, burying Rotsan's own beneath their might.

Rotsan dove to the side, running from Leonel's blade and trying to slip Noah's in such a way that the two Princes would be forced to clash.

However, it was right at that moment that a new oppression descended.

Leonel's gaze was cold, the pale violet hues of his irises dancing with a darker and darker light.

He held out his silver dual bladed spear, the air around it trembling.

Leonel had had this spear in his possession for a very long time. But, he had never been able to use its Domain. Every attempt he made resulted in the spear fighting back, its disdain for him being almost palpable. However, things were different now.

A buzzing sound appeared from thin air, the spear continuing to tremble.

"Duality."

Leonel and Noah's speeds suddenly broke through a barrier. Realizing the change, Noah no longer hesitated, his body weight increasing explosively as a sheen of diamond coated his skin. His saber doubled in size as he swung down.

Rotsan's expression warped. He tried to retreat again, but for some reason he found that his speed had plummeted.

His bronze eyeball spun, a sudden realization hitting him. The percentage of his speed he lost was exactly how much Leonel and Noah gained, simply split between the two of them.

He was a Crafter. Picking out the subtle details and completing quick calculations was something he had been doing all his life. He realized then that there was no way this was a coincidence. Was this the ability of Leonel? How could he have such a powerful ability...?

The exchange between the three grew heated, Rotsan throwing out everything he had to survive. But, the delicate instruments of his Radix Cube had been destroyed by Leonel right at the outset of the battle, leaving him with only the most crude of his Crafts.

He realized that Leonel had planned this from the very beginning, driving him into a corner from the start and ensuring that he never got to use his full strength as a Quasi Sixth Dimensional existence.

His actions had seemed reckless, but they were calculated to an extreme. Rotsan wanted to shout this out at the top of his lungs, to warn his brother and the others of what they might have to face, but he was so suffocated by the two Princes that he couldn't even find the space to take a breath.

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On the ship above, an eerie silence had fallen. Avarone Radix's veins popped along his forehead, the aura of a Sixth Dimensional existence threatening to shatter the space around him. The creaking of the ship grew more and more violent.

"Head, I will go!"

A young man stepped out from the Radix family. He knew that if the Head could go, he already would have. Unfortunately, even though the junior starship seemed to be hovering just above the planet, the reality was that they were literally a world away. Crossing into a Fifth Dimensional Fold of Reality took a lot out of a Sixth Dimensional existence. By the time he succeeded, the battle would be over.

"Go!" Avarone practically growled.

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Sabers, spears and palms crossed and clashed. Rotsan's body was beaten and bloodied, barely using the reserves of his strength to hold on. But, it was very quickly becoming apparent that he wouldn't be able to hold on much longer.

All around him, the youths of Earth watched on coldly, a pride blooming in their hearts as they watched their two Princes drive such a powerful man to his death.

Who said that they were weak? That they were dogs?

The billowing violet aura hanging around Leonel only seemed to grow thicker while the emerald of Noah's gaze grew brighter.

Noah's saber doubled in size again.

Rotsan swung out his bronzed palm in retaliation, but his attack speed was suddenly halved while Noah's accelerated even after seemingly already reaching its top speed.

"FUCK! I'll go all out with you!"

A billow Bronze Force shot up around Rotsan's body, causing his skin to quickly turn metallic, all sorts of hidden gadgets within his body piercing outside and coating him from head to toe. But, if this would really change the outcome of the battle... he would have already done it.

In that moment, Leonel appeared to his back, his spear arching upward and taking with it Rotsan's other arm just as it rose up to block Noah's strike.

Rotsan's expression became ferocious, his teeth becoming bronzed as he bit down toward the blade. But, Noah's wrist shifted, hacking at Rotsan's waist.

The sound of metal sheering metal resounded, Noah's saber getting stuck half way through Rotsan's body.

Horror lit the latter's gaze as he fell to his knees, blood and fluid oil falling out from him. Even nearing his death, he had no idea how Leonel had rendered so many of his abilities so useless.

It was only after a small Metal Spirit wiggled its way out of his wounded hip that he came to understand...

'Metal... Spirit...'

Leonel and Noah stood over Rotsan's kneeling figure, their expression unmoved and indifferent. If it wasn't for their slightly hurried breathing, it would be difficult to believe that they were human.

Leonel raised his spear. Right now, he had no intention of being diplomatic nor merciful. He wasn't a fool. He understood exactly what would have happened had he and Noah not been strong enough today.

"STOP!"

A figure was forming in a not too far off teleportation platform, the very one they had planned to use to bring them to their ship. However, this figure was horrified to find that his body was still illusory as though caught between two states.

Leonel swept a gaze over. As if he would allow reinforcements to casually come and go as they pleased. Did he really look like a fool to them?

His spear didn't pause for even a moment.

"I swear if that spear falls, you'll regret it!"

The moment these words were said, a crimson light lit Leonel's gaze.

The two most important things in his life, the mantra he had lived by since he was a child, was Respect and Persistence. What he hated the most was being disrespected.

SHUUU! *SSSS*

Leonel's spear swept through Rotsan's neck, a fountain of blood following suit. Then, he pointed it toward the illusory figure.

"As many as you send is as many as I will kill."

Chapter 1045 Dissatisfied

Noah watched as Leonel's spear descended and he made no move to stop it.

In the past, Noah had put in a lot of effort trying to match the status quo. He became the perfect prince, followed all of the rules, and was in lockstep with everything that was expected of him. If the himself of just four years ago was in this same position, he may very well have stepped out to stop Leonel before they escalated the situation beyond the realms of return.

However, after experiencing the battle with Terrain, watching his close friends fall one after another while his own individual power seemed completely unable to stop it all, something within him had shifted.

He had worked harder in the last four years than anyone, but the greatest change was definitely in his demeanor. Outwardly, it seemed as though he was still the same person. But inwardly, he was a caged beast lashing out against his chains, waiting to be released.

So, when Leonel said that he would kill this man and even called out to him, Noah didn't hesitate to step forward for even a single moment.

He was the Prince of the Ascension Empire. All the youths here were people he was duty bound to protect with his life. A slight against them was a slap across his face.

They wanted to use them as an example? To kill and capture them as a warning to Earth? Well in that case, they could taste his blade.

The youth stuck within the teleportation platform fumed with rage. However, after speaking his final words, Leonel no longer paid attention to him, walking back toward Milan.

"Are you alright?"

Milan gave Leonel a cheeky, yet bloodied grin. It seem he wasn't quite aware that his teeth were soaked with blood at this moment. Milan tried to speak, but he ended up coughing.

Leonel frowned deeply, placing a hand on Milan's shoulder. When he used his Internal Sight to see the state of Milan's body, the coldness in Leonel's gaze grew deep.

Milan might have been standing now, but that was only because his pride hadn't allowed him to fall. As prideful as Leonel was, his brothers were just the same. It could be said that there wasn't a single one of Milan's inner organs that wasn't damaged. In fact, maybe if it wasn't because of his skilled application of his energy shield, the result would have been worse.

Both James and Milan shared the same ability. However, when James awakened, he was A-grade while Milan was C-grade initially. As both matured, the gap between them increased exponentially.

After seeing James' application of his energy shield, Milan realized that he was far behind in not just talent, but ingenuity as well. So, he began to experiment with changing the form of his energy shield and the result of this actually saved his life this time.

Leonel seemed to realize this as well because his Dream Path ability hadn't computed this progression for Milan either. Of course, that was because he had yet to use Dream Path again since he returned, but it was the reality nonetheless.

Calming his emotions, Leonel began to heal Milan. Only after the latter was back in perfect condition did he look toward the youth who was currently still stuck between teleportation states. No matter how hard he tried, he could neither go forward nor backward. At this point, rather than his usual bravado, he had silently begun to feel fear. If Leonel had already killed one of them, why not one more?

BANG!

Leonel clenched a fist, the space around the teleportation platform warping and shattering.

"NO!"

Leonel was completely unmoved.

"Let's head back." Leonel looked toward everyone before landing on Noah. "I'm sure that their attacks will be more furious now, but I can also tell that you're all dissatisfied as well. Make sure they feel that dissatisfaction."

Leonel waved a hand, activating the teleportation platform they had used to come here. However, everyone's gaze was on Leonel who was clearly not coming with them.

"I won't be far behind you all, I just have some things to finish first." Leonel said with a smile.

Even though his smile looked just the same as it always did, for some reason, it felt especially cold at this moment. It was only now they realized just how easy it was for Leonel to fake this smile and it made them wonder... How many other times had he done exactly that?

The youths all vanished, returning to Earth's Fold of Reality and leaving no one but Leonel and Rotsan's corpse on the barren planet.

Leonel sent a gaze up toward the junior starship looming on the planet's horizon before directly ignoring them and moving toward the decapitated corpse.

Little Tolly bobbed upon Leonel's shoulder, looking on with excitement. This was the first time the little guy had gotten to participate in a battle so directly and it was clearly more than just a little excited. However, Leonel let it have its fun. After all, if it wasn't for Little Tolly, the battle wouldn't have ended nearly as simply.

That moment when Leonel used his Radiant Core artistic conception, Rotsan thought that it was it that melted the core components Radix Cube when in reality it was a clever and stealth application of a small piece of Little Tolly's body.

In a panic, Rotsan cut his forearm off, but that was the perfect mask to allow Little Tolly to sneak into his body. Under any other circumstances, Little Tolly burrowing through your flesh would have alerted you to something being off due to the searing pain, but because Rotsan had expected pain from his forearm since he cut it off, he hadn't realized that anything was wrong.

By the time he understood that something had to be off, Little Tolly had already reached the metallic parts hidden within his body and began to destroy them all. In that state, since they were all his artificial body pieces, Rotsan hadn't felt any pain at all and only realized something was wrong when he tried to activate their mechanisms.

Leonel wasn't under any illusions that he could defeat a Quasi Sixth Dimensional existence, especially not one from a far more talented galaxy than the Milky Way. So, he felt no shame in using such hidden tactics for victory.

The Radix family only had themselves to blame for daring to use metals in a battle with him.

Leonel squatted down by Rotsan's body and shot a fist through his skull. With one swift motion, he ripped out the latter's bronze eyeball.

At that moment, the fury of the Radix family had definitely reached a peak.

Chapter 1046 Radix Shield

As though he hadn't mutilated the corpse enough, Leonel's finger twitched, sending Little Tolly barreling into Rotsan's now empty eye socket.

At that moment, Rotsan's body began to deflate, his skeleton losing its shape and his flesh slumping to the ground. By the end of it, the normal bone that was left was nearly none at all, leaving a grotesque flesh suit behind.

Little Tolly shot out of Rotsan's eye socket. But, this time, the little guy was followed by a long snaking chain of bronzed metals. It was clear that these precious metals represented all of the hidden components within Rotsan's body. Obviously, Rotsan hadn't undergone just a small bit of modification.

Unfortunately, when facing Leonel, he hadn't been able to bring out even a fraction of this strength. He had been forced to use his raw Quasi Sixth Dimensional Force, but this was clearly something that he was very much not used to doing. The end result was him being hounded to death.

'There are some Sixth Dimensional metals in here...'

Though the chains of metals looked homogenous due to the fact they all shared the same color, Leonel realized immediately that this wasn't the case. It only seemed like that because of the odd Bronze Force that the Radix Family used. But, the properties of these metals were clearly very much different.

If Rotsan had been able to deploy the mechanisms constructed of these Sixth Dimensional metals...

Leonel shook his head. His caution had bore fruit this time and it alerted him to just how much he couldn't underestimate these higher Dimensional worlds. Maybe in some ways, they deserved their arrogance. But, Leonel would make them pay for it nonetheless.

'I'll put you to good use.'

This was the first time Leonel had set eyes on a Sixth Dimensional metal, which was funny considering he had seen a Seventh Dimensional one with his Memory Ore. However, he was still very much in tune with how valuable this could be.

Leonel put the Sixth Dimensional metals away and let Little Tolly devour all the Fifth Dimensional ones. Then, he turned his focus to the rolling eyeball in his hand.

This eyeball had been set to self destruct upon Rotsan's death. But, due to Little Tolly, the chain reaction mechanism linked to Rotsan's heart had been destroyed before it could be deployed. As a result, the eyeball managed to survive. This alone made Leonel realize that there should probably be something valuable about this eyeball.

Just as Leonel was about to look into it more deeply, his gaze narrowed.

Bloop Blurp* BLURP*

Little Tolly began to make noises different from its usual before it expelled a fog of Bronze Force. In fact, to describe it as such did a disservice to just how large the quantity of it was. The Force shot out like a cyclone from the little guy, quickly forming a huge cloud formation in the skies that blanketed hundreds of meters of sky.

Leonel's gaze narrowed before his finger tapped the necklace hanging from his neck.

The gold scaled koi fish, no longer daring to disobey Leonel, reacted quickly. A large suction force manifested from within it, sucking in the entire Bronze cloud in the blink of an eye.

Leonel still didn't know much about this Bronze Force as Libli had refused to tell him much of anything. However, he could find out on his own and even ask the dictionary to analyze it for him. So, he wouldn't miss this chance.

Clearly, this Bronze Force wasn't exactly a Metal Force, or else Little Tolly would have been able to absorb it. There had to be something different about it.

After reaching this conclusion, Leonel actually chose to forego checking the eyeball for now. He had been working under the assumption that whatever was inside was a secret of the Radix family so it wouldn't particularly matter if he opened it up under their watch or not. But, what if it wasn't? What if it was something Rotsan wanted to hide from his family as well?

If that was the case, then opening it here would just be Leonel exposing something he could have otherwise kept a secret. So, he chose to head back first.

Looking at the disfigured corpse beneath his feet, Leonel waved a palm and sent out a ball of Radiant Fire Force. The corpse was instantly engulfed and quickly burnt to ash.

Without looking back, Leonel took a step into the teleportation platform and vanished.

...

Up above a silence reigned. In fact, the only sound that could be heard was the gasping breath of a familiar young man who kneeled on all fours, his gaze flickering between fear and rage.

Just before the teleportation platform was shattered by Leonel, the young man was forcefully pulled out by Avarone, saving his life. Now, a deep seeded humiliation was beginning to grow within his heart. He wanted nothing more than to tear Leonel limb from limb.

Avarone's expression had become placid. Watching Leonel mutilate his brothers corpse despite knowing full well that they were all watching had brought him over a peak. He was more infuriated now than any Florer family member had ever made him.

To make matters worse, Leonel had gotten his hands on his brother's eye. This wasn't just a small loss for the Radix family, it was possible that all their secrets would be exposed.

The structure of the Radix family's Head system was split into two. There was the Patriarch and then there was his right-hand man. The right-hand man, known as the Radix Shield, controlled the family in the shadows while the Patriarch controlled it in the light. The duty of the Radix Shield was to maintain order, protect the family, and most importantly, protect the family secrets.

As for how a Sixth Dimensional family could give such an important task to a Quasi Sixth Dimensional existence, the truth was that even Avarone wasn't confident in defeating his younger brother despite the gap in their strength! The reason for this was because of all of Rotsan's powerful hidden mechanisms.

Rotsan was effectively their trump card. He wasn't in the Sixth Dimension, so he could freely enter their Fold of Reality and his combat prowess was on the level of them as Heads.

But now... Not only was he gone, but so were the secrets he protected...

"... I want all the people of Earth dead by the end of this month."

Chapter 1047 Dare?

Avarone's voice dripped with a barely concealed fury. The junior starship shook and quaked, the seams threatening to burst. However, if a starship was so easy to destroy, it wouldn't have such a name to begin with.

"We can't go that far."

The words cut through all of Avarone's momentum despite its softness. To the shock of the Heads, it was actually Silam, the silent Head of the Umbra family, who spoke, shutting down Avarone's thoughts before they could even be put into action.

"What did you just say?" Avarone growled.

"I'm not a fan of repeating myself, you heard me just fine. In case you've forgotten, Earth is the subject of interest for countless powerful existences. As much as you look down on them, those that have a vested stake in what happens to Earth going into the future are the very same individuals that would look down on you.

"The only advantage we have over these existences is proximity. Don't let your overinflated ego blind you to that fact. If you dare to commit mass genocide, even setting aside the fact that Shield Cross Stars would never allow such a thing to happen, even if you somehow manage to succeed there will be hell to pay.

"I agreed to participate in this war to claim a small piece of this fertile land for my Umbra family. I didn't come to kill or maim. I would advise that you all wake up and realize the true nature of the situation that we're in.

"We're nothing more than mice nibbling at the edges of meat prepared for lions. The more you pretend as though you're the lion, the greater you'll suffer in the future.

"If you want revenge, go and seek it. But if you dare to step over the bounds of reason, I'll be the first to stop you."

From beginning to end, the Umbra family Head's words were even and unhurried, and yet it simultaneously felt as though there wasn't an opportunity to interrupt him at all. His momentum was smooth and consistent, his silent confidence weighing far more than any false sense of bravado ever could.

Despite the fact he was calling himself a mouse, it still felt like something far more profound than just that.

Silam's words seemed to wake everyone out of their delusions, even Avarone to some extent.

That was right, they had the advantage of proximity and they could take a hold of it. But, if they went too far and compromised the food of the true giants, it would be they who suffered first long before Earth did.

In addition, as the police force of the universe, there were many heinous acts that Shield Cross Stars would never allow. Something like genociding a whole world of people was most definitely on that list. If their families were placed on a list of evildoers, it wouldn't even matter what gains they made here because it would all be stripped away very soon.

Avarone looked off into the distance, his hands still clasped behind his back. His fury was still buried deep within his heart.

They had been breathing in their own bullshit for so long that they actually believed it. The reason they didn't dare to send Sixth Dimensional existences after Earth wasn't to 'avoid bullying the weak', it was because they didn't want to incur the wrath of those higher powers.

They were still walking on eggshells when they came here. They were trying to probe out the bottom lines of those organizations which was why they hadn't even tried to attack Earth directly and only aimed for the periphery...

Wasn't this exactly why Emperor Fawkes would call them cowards?

Avarone took a deep breath before suddenly closing his eyes. When they opened again, they reflected the same calm they had before. But, this time, he was truly calm. He had experienced too much life to lose his cool for an extended period of time.

"Silam." Avarone said calmly.

"Yes?"

"What is your end goal?"

"As I said, I don't like to repeat myself."

Silam had made himself clear. He just wanted to carve out a small piece of these fertile lands for his Umbra family. Nothing more, nothing less. Greed was the bane of human existence.

"I understand, however I still need to know your bottom line. How far are you willing to go? Or how far are you willing to cower?"

Avarone's words were clearly provocative, but Silam didn't seem to care in the slightest.

"As long as Earth isn't eradicated, I'm willing to go as far as necessary."

Silam's stance was also clear. If he didn't want to take any risks at all, he wouldn't have come to this battle. However, he was obviously willing to do so, he just knew that wiping out the people of Earth would be way too far.

"Then are you willing to push our plans forward? Do you dare?"

Silam fell into silence.

The original plan of the families came in two steps. The first step was to claim a strong foothold in Earth's Fold of Reality when it entered the Fifth Dimension. The second step would occur when Earth entered the Sixth. When that happened, they would no longer be restricted and could use that foothold they had earned to expand and carve out a territory for themselves.

According to even the most conservative predictions, Earth's Sixth Dimensional Fold of Reality would swallow the entire Milky Way. In the most aggressive, it might even encroach on their nearby galaxies. Knowing this, the families were ready well ahead of time.

If they 'pushed' their plans forward, they would be throwing caution to the wind and effectively strangling Earth by bringing out their full power ahead of time. Even if this plan didn't go as far as to eradicate the people of Earth, what it did do was put them in a strangle hold they would have little chance of getting out of.

To them, this wasn't a risk that involved Earth. As things stood, Earth wasn't prepared to deal with a full scale attack from Sixth Dimensional worlds. Their loss was inevitable. Rather, this was a risk that involved the reaction of those powers. Did they dare to do this or not?

"Ah..." Silam let out an odd sound. "Finally some real backbone, it's about time. Why would I not dare?"

Chapter 1048 Little Lion

While the Sixth Dimensional families likely believed that Leonel had returned to Earth, the truth was that Leonel was currently streaking across the stars in the Segmented Cube. As for his destination, it was a branch of the Force Crafter's Guild.

Leonel hadn't forgotten the chance the Golden Path Branch had given him and he planned to cash in on that chance right this moment. Although Leonel's father disliked the Force Crafting Guild for some reason, Leonel doubted that that problem stemmed from these lower level branches, so he formed relationships without worrying about it.

When Leonel felt that he was on the right trajectory, he allowed the Segmented Cube to cruise and pulled out the bronze eyeball.

Just looking at it now, Leonel could tell that it was intricately structured. In fact, it was no less complicated than the inner workings of Rotsan's Radix Cube. Remembering how violently Libli had reacted to even the idea of restarting your Radix Cube, Leonel chuckled to himself. It almost felt like Rotsan had indeed restarted, it was just that he hid it in a different form.

'There's a lot of hidden mechanisms in this eye and I would be stupid to think that there aren't other lines of defenses. If I take a wrong step, it would probably self destruct. But, could it be more complicated than the Memory Ore?'

Leonel highly doubted that and he was correct. He sunk his Internal Sight into the eyeball and quickly deciphered its inner workings.

'Metal doesn't act like this... It's almost like a living organism rather than a dead object... This has to be related to the Bronze Force...'

Leonel realized that the inner workings were indeed not as complex as the Memory Ore. However, even though it was less complex, Leonel was still at a bit of a loss on how to open it up.

It felt like Leonel had a perfect lock picking set for the Memory Ore, but for this eyeball, even though the mechanisms were simpler, he was missing the appropriate tools. Leonel knew that if he acted rashly, he would end up losing the eye entirely.

Leonel narrowed his eyes.

With a flip of his palm, the bronze eye vanished and was replaced by a shimmering bronze crystal. There hadn't been enough Force to form a Pure Crystal, but there had been enough for the Segmented Cube to form a normal Crystal. This should be more than enough for the dictionary to analyze.

Leonel thought for a moment, trying decide what the best question to ask was before he settled on one.

"What type of Force category does this Force fall under?"

[*Ping*]

[Replying to Seed, this Force falls under two categories: Life Elemental and Limit Breaking]

Leonel's brows shot up.

"Is Breaking Force also a type of Limit Breaking?"

Leonel had gotten so swept up in the war that he forgot about the tentacle womb. He didn't have the luxury to care about it. But now that the Seed had actually said something like this, it clicked.

[*Ping*]

[Breaking Force is a name that the Limit Breaking type goes by]

Leonel was suddenly endlessly intrigued. So maybe this Breaking Force wasn't as rare as he thought, or maybe it simply came in all sorts of shapes and sizes, not to mention qualities.

But, to think that the Bronze Force truly wasn't related to Metal Forces at all. Leonel had already guessed this, but even in his most extreme conclusions he had thought that it could be routed back to Earth Force in some way, shape or form. Clearly, though, this wasn't the case.

"What is the strictest definition of Limit Breaking?"

[*Ping*]

[To twist the fundamental governing Laws of Force]

"What happens when Bronze Force is applied to metals?"

[*Ping*]

The dictionary took a pause. It was the sort of pause that usually happened when a recording was about to go live. But, to Leonel's shock, there was no recording this time. That meant that there was only one explanation: The dictionary needed time to compute the answer.

This truth shocked Leonel maybe more than anything else. He had never seen the dictionary need time to do anything. Clearly, this was taking a lot out of it.

[Replying to Seed, there is a 97% chance that the inorganic metal will gain organic properties]

The answer was simple and to the point, but it left Leonel speechless.

"What kind of organic properties?"

[*Ping*]

There was another long pause, but this time, even after ten minutes, there was no answer. This made Leonel realize something.

"Don't list all the possibilities, just give me a general answer."

Leonel tried to throw out this lifeline to the dictionary. Even though its answers were usually as specific as possible, he hoped it had the ability to make an exception.

[Replying to Seed, the organic properties would depend on the metal. A general property would be that the metal would become an extension of the body the Bronze Force originated from and become like an additional limb]

Hearing this response, Leonel's gaze glowed fiercely. Even the Morales family Lineage Factor couldn't do such a thing.

However, there was something nagging at Leonel. It felt like... The Radix family was misusing their own Lineage Factor. Sure, this Bronze Force had such an effect on metals, but what about its effect on other things? There was nothing about this Force that made it so that it could only be used in this way...

Leonel fell into deep thought.

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Within the Ascension Palace's gardens, Emperor Fawkes sat in silent meditation as usual. He was looking younger and younger by the day. From an old man, in just a few years he already seemed to be back in his 40's. He exuded a handsome charm that could make countless women swoon and had a maturity and forcefulness to his aura that demanded respect.

It was the kind of demeanor that allowed him to speak as outlandishly as he usually did, and yet still no one dared to slight him.

"Daddy."

At that moment, a sweet voice drifted into Emperor Fawkes ears. It held a delicate melody to it that even dwarfed Anya's own. It came with the kind of richness Anya simply didn't have because she lacked the age and refinement.

Emperor Fawkes' eyes opened, his expression softening when he heard this voice.

"Little girl, you've finished?"

"I am coming back now, I will return to the Luxnix family very soon. Can you help send my little lion over? His mother misses him."

Chapter 1049 The Princess

Hearing his daughter's words, Emperor Fawkes became silent for a moment.

He wasn't surprised at the sudden voice. As the owner of the World Spirit, the Princess had all sorts of abilities that only grew as Earth became more powerful. Something like this was easy to accept. Emperor Fawkes' silence had nothing to do with this.

"You're still so stubborn."

"The Luxnix family should have been destroyed a long time ago." Emperor Fawkes said lightly.

"You know mom would never allow that."

"She lacks backbone and determination. Why else would she have been stuck at her current strength for so long? She allows emotion to interfere with what should be done. Such a family should have been wiped from existence for daring to touch my grandson."

"Those who are responsible have already paid."

Though the Princess said this, her voice seemed to have lost some of its cheeriness. In fact, her tone had become even colder than her father's, but it was clear that this rage wasn't aimed toward the Emperor.

"Even she doesn't believe that." Emperor Fawkes' tone likewise became colder. "Do you think the events of back then could have happened with just the nod of one or two people? Even now they're reaping the benefits and relying on the foolish kindness of that woman and her hold on you."

"Alright, that's enough. That's still mother you're talking about."

"I would have less to complain about if my daughter returned home instead of going to that cesspool."

The Princess sighed. "I still can't move freely. I've only been allowed to return to the Luxnix because it's that time in the cycle again, they're beginning to recruit. In fact, I had to apply to be here. They almost didn't let me, but Val came and wreaked some havoc."

Emperor Fawkes smiled and shook his head. Of course this 'Val' his daughter was so casually affectionately calling out the name of was his son-in-law Velasco Morales. For him to go and wreak havoc over there, it could only be said that his balls were big enough.

"I'm sure they're very excited about that." Emperor Fawkes replied.

"Dad, Myghell is just a child, he can't be blamed for this."

"No one is innocent. He is now benefitting from the sins of others and will likely continue to benefit. But, he is still the least of my issues. The entire council of elders should have been slaughtered."

"Dad..."

Emperor Fawkes shook his head. "Your usual temper has been watered down in this situation due to your mother's involvement. However, my grandson has grown into a very particular type of young man in your absence and his temper is worse than that of his parents and even his grandparents.

"If you really want him to go over to the Luxnix family right now, I can't promise that the peace your mother sacrificed so much to keep won't be destroyed within the year. He's been very unpredictable ever since that girl left him."

The Princess remained silent for a very long time until she suddenly registered her father's last sentence.

"Girl? Left my little lion? What wench is this?!"

Emperor Fawkes closed an eye, the sudden outburst of his daughter hurting his ears. She had immediately gone from docile mediator to enraged lioness. If it wasn't for actions Emperor Fawkes took, the whole of Earth's Fold of Reality would be trembling right this very moment.

Emperor Fawkes coughed lightly. Even with his temper he wouldn't get involved in the matters of children. However, his daughter clearly didn't care about this one bit. It even felt like she might truly ignore the rules of that place and go hunt that poor girl down right this very moment.

It was obvious that she had no intention of asking what Leonel might have done or if he had done anything wrong at all. All she cared about was the final result. As far as she was concerned, any little girl who dared to choose a path opposing her son deserved to be punished.

"About this..." Emperor Fawkes suddenly regretted bringing this matter up at all. "... Shouldn't you be more concerned about what will happen if he goes there? If his relationship with his grandmother is severed because of this, there will be nothing any of us can do."

Emperor Fawkes was more clever this time and chose not to admit that Leonel also seemed to hate him as well. It had been too long since he spoke to his little girl and he had no intention of making her infuriated toward him too.

At this point, his reasoning wouldn't matter. When a mother wanted to protect her son, she would turn even against her own father. This, Emperor Fawkes was absolutely certain of.

Either way, he had been observing Leonel for a long time. There was a point where Leonel didn't even care about the life and death of his own mother because he had no memories of her. Of course, he wouldn't tell his daughter this either, or else who knew how she would react? At that point, because of what happened back then, it might be both Leonel and she who fell out with the Luxnix family completely.

If not for that event, Leonel wouldn't have been forced to come to Earth and wouldn't have had to leave his mother's side before he was old enough to remember her.

Trouble is that the same indifference Leonel had for his mother previously was likely the same indifference he currently had for his grandmother. If he was also to find out that it was her efforts that protected the perpetrators of something Emperor Fawkes was sure Leonel was furious about...

Well... That young man truly loved to cause trouble, so the outcome was obvious. If Myghell didn't react appropriately to the situation, the efforts they made in saving him from Velasco as a child would all come to nothing if he just died at Leonel's hand anyway.

As for Leonel suffering at the hands of the Luxnix...? Emperor Fawkes didn't even consider it. If Leonel really ended up like that, he would just disown him as a grandson.

Unfortunately, Emperor Fawkes' diversion tactic didn't work.

"Who. Is. This. Girl?"

Chapter 1050 Wildly

Leonel had no idea that his mother was currently speaking with his grandfather about such things and he also had no idea that his grandfather actually knew so much about his life. It would be hard to tell how Leonel would react to such a thing.

It was an odd coincidence, though. Leonel's mother might have contacted Leonel directly to tell him to go to the Luxnix family, but Leonel wasn't currently in Earth's Fold of Reality so the Princess hadn't been able to use her World Spirit to find him and could only speak with Emperor Fawkes.

But, maybe this was for the best. If Leonel had to be hounded by his mother about what happened with Aina, who knows how such a thing would end.

This aside, the current Leonel was still thinking about Bronze Force, imagining the ways that it could be applied and used.

According to the dictionary, Bronze Force reacted differently based on the metal it was targeting, but the fundamental truth was that it could give the inorganic characteristics of the organic. This was what allowed the Radix to fuse their cubes into their bodies, presumably, and it should also be what allowed them to control the metals to form delicate structures.

Under these conditions, the Radix family should be quite good at creating Crafts for themselves but lacking creating Crafts for others. After all, it wasn't like they could give their Bronze Force to others to use.

There was something else curious about this as well, and that was the close relationship between the Radix and Midas family. That must factor in somehow. However, Leonel couldn't really wrap his head around what was so special about their relationship and why they insisted on maintaining it generation after generation.

From what Leonel understood, the Midas family was one with great Fire affinity. But, he didn't know much else. He wasn't sure what could be so useful about this, especially since the crafting of the Radix family obviously didn't rely on fire.

'This is just surface level stuff. But ultimately, if Bronze Force has such abilities when applied to metals, what else could it be applied to? If I had the ability to form Bronze Force of my own, could I add it to fire to give it life as well? What about light?...'

The possibilities were endless. If the inanimate could be controlled by a person like it was another limb, just how powerful would that be?

'But...'

Leonel couldn't help but think back to Libli's aversion to starting another Radix Cube. What if that was a taboo created for a reason? A taboo potentially related to a limitation of Bronze Force?

Leonel shook his head. None of this mattered because Leonel ultimately didn't have the ability to produce Bronze Force. And, without a high enough concentration of this Force to form a Pure Force Crystal with Natural Force Arts he could study, he couldn't draw a Force Art to accumulate it either.

That said, the solution to this was simple.

'Blood Force is very easy to accumulate, it just requires killing and beasts tend to have it formed in large quantities. I can use [Twinkling Lily] to extract it and then pass it off to the koi fish. And now, I have a method of easily accumulating Life and Breaking Force too...

'I just need to kill all the Radix I come across.'

Leonel's expression turned cold. Since the Radix wanted to be his enemies, he would use them to upgrade his tentacle womb.

The cold in Leonel's gaze slowly receded. What he needed was information and this eyeball likely had much of what he needed within it. There was no way he could let it sit doing nothing, but he also couldn't rashly take action.

Leonel stared at the Bronze Crystal in his palm. He wanted to take control of the energy within it, but he had no affinity with it. He could hardly budge it at all, let alone use it with enough deftness to dodge the traps of the bronze eyeball.

'Unless...'

Leonel suddenly took out the Silver Tablet.

His reasoning was simple. He had a feeling that the Silver Tablet fell into the Limit Breaking type as well considering all of the things it could do. In fact, it was on a much higher plane than the Bronze Force was.

At the same time, the Silver Tablet was a perfect medium. It was great at consuming, redirecting and controlling energy. In addition to this, it was very docile before Leonel and listened to his thoughts without reserve. Leonel even had a feeling that he was only scratching the surface of what this Tablet was capable of, but that was a problem for another day.

'Good... This should work.'

Using the Silver Tablet as a medium, the unmoving Bronze Force suddenly became very responsive. After a few tests, Leonel gave a confident nod and flipped his palm to reveal the bronze eyeball.

Just like that, in not even a few minutes, a light click resounded as the mechanisms of the eyeball fell into silence. Nothing seemed to have changed and the eyeball hadn't changed shape, but Leonel knew that everything was safe and clear now.

'So it's a spatial treasure, I see...'

Leonel's gaze glowed. It seemed that all of these mechanisms were put in place for the sake of hiding the spatial properties of this eyeball. But now that the protections were gone, a new world opened up to Leonel.

'... So large...'

Leonel was shocked. Aside from the Segmented Cube, this was the largest inner space he had ever seen. In fact, it was an entire library and was at least 50 by 50 meters with a ceiling height of at least double that.

The spatial treasures that Leonel was used to were at best five cubic meters large. But, he soon realized that this spatial treasure from a Sixth Dimensional world should probably be exactly this large. Plus, it wasn't like it could hold living things like the Segmented Cube could.

That said, the state of Leonel's calm only lasted for a moment because Leonel was immediately shocked just a split second later.

After a long pause, he grinned wildly.