

## Dimensional Descent

### Dimensional Descent

#### Chapter 1751: Unprecedented

"Ah. right!"

Emna looked around but couldn't find the body; After a while, she shook her head, it didn't matter much; The root of the mission wasn't the body at all, rather it was twofold; One aspect was for the sake of an offensive maneuver with defensive underpinnings; The second aspect was for the information that was likely here;

"This place is a station of Shield Cross Stars;"

This was a simple sentence. but the instant Leonel heard them. his expression turned serious; This wasn't just because of the words themselves. but it was rather because Emna was so forthright with this information to begin with; He could imagine the amount of effort it would have taken to get this sort of information. and while it seemed that Emna had a good impression of him likely stemming from their first meeting and her interactions with Raylion and Apestus. the fact she could give him such an important piece of information without blinking just went to show how high his place in her heart was;

It was an odd feeling; Leonel had gotten very used to running into enemies wherever he went; There was even a point in time where he felt that maybe he had overestimated his charisma in the past; Why else could he not seem to make any friends in the Dimensional Verse?

However; Leonel made a mistake a lot of successful people; or just people in general; really; He focused a lot on the bad and didn't spend a lot of time looking toward his back-view; While there was a trail of devastation in his wake; there was also a lot of good that he had done;

He hadn't seen the light of hope in the eyes of Earth's Ministers just a few days ago when he returned; He hadn't seen the joy in the eyes of the citizens of the Ascension Empire when they had heard of his return; He hadn't experienced the relief they felt when he massacred the Brazinger family members in the skies;

And these were just the people of Earth;

There were still the remaining members of Valiant Heart Mountain whose lives he had saved; and there was still Emna who had seen him single handedly take on the Milky Way Guild that day;

There were still the Cataclysm Generation geniuses of the Void Palace who appreciated his helping them escape the Rapax Nest; There was still Simona who cried when he returned to her beast partner; And there would still come a day where the disciples of the Void Palace learned that it was under his actions that their lives had been saved;

There would always be people who didn't appreciate his efforts; but not every person could ignore their conscience so easily; There was bad in the world; but there was often good to be found as well; even if the latter was on a smaller scale;

Emna had no idea that her simple words had made Leonel smile from the depths of his heart for the first time in a long while.

Emna was so caught off guard by the genuine smile that she froze, forgetting the next words that she was going to speak; It took her a long time to recover, and by the time she realized that she had made such a mistake, she could only blush down to her chest;

If the others of their organization could see Emna now; they would probably be stunned speechless; This cold beauty actually knew how to blush?

Emna didn't really know what was happening at the moment either; it was just that she felt this sort of overwhelming magnetism coming from Leonel; one that even she could resist; For a moment; she even thought that it would be worthwhile to die for this man;

What was the most shocking; though; was that unlike other charm techniques; not only was Emna hyper aware of this feeling; she didn't even feel any rejection toward it; Despite being aware that there had to be something odd going on; she still didn't feel fear or disgust; It was an incredibly odd feeling;

This was what the four Great Families feared the most. It wasn't Emperor's Aura. nor was it Emperor's Gaze. nor was it any of the Emperor's Commandments.

It was Emperor's Charm.

Emperor's Charm wasn't a technique of Emperor's Might. Rather, it was a passive skill that took root as the soul of the wielder of Emperor's Might was continuously cleansed and refined beneath the Emperor Runes. The more clear and refined the soul became, the more influence the emotions of the Emperor would have on the world around them.

When the Emperor smiled the stars would sing. When the Emperor was furious the skies would sunder.

Just now, Leonel felt genuinely happy, a happiness that originated from the depths of his soul. Because of his genuineness, the clarity of his soul influenced Emna.

If Emperor's Charm was in the hands of a scheming individual who hid their thoughts or never allowed themselves to feel genuine emotion, it wasn't too big of a deal. However, if it was in the hands of someone with true charisma, someone who truly cared for the lives of those around him to the point that he would find happiness in just a simple action...

That would be the true Emperor's Might, that was what the four Great Families feared the most.

Most of the time, Leonel's true thoughts hid behind a veil of logic and reasoning. But when they shone through, they shone fiercer than most.

When he was enraged, nothing else mattered.

When he was happy, he would smile, grin and joke.

And often, because he only rarely allowed himself to feel such things, when they did occur, they were far more potent than the emotions of others.

It could be said without a doubt that in the hands of Leonel, Emperor's Charm would unleash an astonishing might. And, after he had already assimilated one of the three supreme skills of Emperor's Might, the clarity of Leonel's soul was unprecedented.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1752: So...

Leonel seemed to realize what happened and retracted his aura; allowing Emna to finally breathe a sigh of relief; If that feeling was persistent; she had no idea how she would even speak with Leonel for an extended period of time; her heart might beat out of her chest before she could finish a single sentence;

"Right..." Emna shook her head, not daring to look into Leonel's eyes; "... this station is under the jurisdiction of Shield Cross Stars; As an organization, they're capable of gathering up a large amount of information and it's difficult to pin them down on anything; Even after they retreated from Earth's territory, their hooks are still deeply embedded;

"The goal of this mission was to catch them off guard and maybe see if we can find any clues about finding other stations like this one; After our merger with the former Milky Way Guild. we gained a lot of the information they had on hand and benefited from it; Amongst that information were some of the stations they had been able to unearth over several centuries. but even so. there were only three;"

Leonel's gaze flickered.

For a long while; the Milky Way Guild had had a monopoly on Earth's home galaxy; but due to this; it was also a convenient target for outside influences;

Due to this. Heira's father found himself constantly dealing with power struggles; However. it was also due to this that the former Guild Head had gained a great amount of opportunities as well;

The last time Leonel had seen Guild Head Ovilteen. the latter had just broken into the Sixth Dimension and turned the tables on the Radix. Midas. Rain. Florer and Umbra families. But it seemed that his schemes ran deeper than even this considering he knew of a station that existed so far away from the Milky Way Galaxy.

"I see, but isn't Shield Cross Stars the police force of the Human Domain, why do you want to target their influence?"

If the higher ups of Shield Cross Stars knew that Leonel had actually spoken such words. they might truly cough up blood in fury; Since when did Leonel have respect for Shield Cross Stars and its work? He actually had the cheek to say such a thing while one of their stolen ships loomed over his head;

Emna seemed to know that Leonel just wanted to hear her answer; After all. they had already gotten news that Shield Cross Stars was being kicked out of Earth's territory. so how could they be unaware of the events leading up to it? It could only be said that this organization a few words of Leonel's had helped to form wasn't nothing short of impressive;

"They've been abusing their power for a long time. but it's never been a systemic issue; It was mostly just a few corrupt officers here and there. taking advantage of their station; However. in just the last few days. things have gone from a few bad apples to becoming something far more sinister;"

Leonel's gaze narrowed.

"According to our intel. of ten incidents creeping up in our territory. at least eight of them are as a direct result of SCS's interference; Although none of it is obvious. their fingerprints are all over the place and we were able to find out using these three unearthed stations as observation points;

"After we realized what was happening. there was some discussion about which steps to take next. but we were undecided on what to do; With only three observation points. there were too many other potential variables and even our "eight out of ten" assessment was just an extrapolation without solid evidence;

"So..."

Emna felt a bit embarrassed when she got to this point in the story; The reality was that she didn't have authorization to come here; Although the idea of her coming had been floated, most had decided that it was far too dangerous;

The most powerful individual of their organization was still Guild Head Ovilteen, but even after 20 years, he was still in the Sixth Dimension and there was simply no way for him to against a Seventh Dimensional existence head on;

Emna, with her abilities, probably had the best chance; But, once again, it was far too dangerous; In fact, if not for Leonel's sudden appearance, she would

have already lost her life; Just the residual shockwave from a weakened Seventh Dimensional expert's infuriated strike had left her in a half dead state and not far from the jaws of death;

It was even more accurate to say that she really had died as she had suffered fatal damage. Just a few more seconds and she wouldn't have been able to hold on any longer.

This was all to say that Emna had actually acted on her own, not liking the stalemate they had reached. The internal strife and voices of dissension were getting louder everyday and the original members needed a way to solidify their prestige once again, and the best method to do so would be to prove that Emna could assassinate even a Seventh Dimensional existence.

If she had succeeded, how many would still dare to talk so much?

Even without Emna saying it out loud, just by her demeanor, Leonel could guess most of it.

"Either way, now that we've succeeded, this is a good opportunity. We can scan the base and see if we can find any information that might help with finding out more news."

Leonel nodded. He was on a time crunch right now as there were at least three separate incidents that needed to be shut down as soon as possible, but this matter was very important as well. Without Shield Cross Star's backing, there would be much fewer flare ups.

"Let's take a look, then."

Leonel and Emna made their way and began to search the convenience station. However, even after several minutes and the use of his Starry Spirit Domain, Leonel couldn't seem to find anything.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1753: Impressed

Emna didn't know that there was nothing to find yet; To her; it had only been a few minutes and she had no idea that Leonel was capable of enveloping the entire asteroid; even to the point of penetrating to its core; In fact; the fact Leonel had spent a few minutes on this task at all just went to show how

thorough he had been; In reality; he already knew that there was nothing to find after a single instant;

'There has to be something here...'

Leonel thought that it might be hidden on the corpse itself, but he had already scanned the corpse at all and there was nothing to be found, not even the slightest mark of Shield Cross Stars was present; There was simply nothing;

'Hm...'

Leonel felt that he had to think outside of the box; The instant he shifted his perspective, something suddenly clicked;

With large strides; Leonel crossed the convenience station and entered its outhouse; It was just a small box barely two meters tall; Just to step into it; Leonel had to duck and the smell was absolutely horrid; There was nothing in this place aside from a hole in the ground and a single phone;

Leonel snapped his fingers and with a whoosh; a blinding golden light cleansed everything and he picked up the phone that looked as though it had come right out of Earth's 19th century;

After a moment, Leonel's expression flickered and he placed the phone back down.

There were three mechanisms on the phone; each one more layered than the last and they were all exceptionally well hidden; The first allowed it to function as a normal communication device; the second was a diversion tactic that scattered the signal and made it difficult to trace; the third was the real communication network; connecting this phone to a very specific subset of other phones;

Leonel's hand formed a clawing motion and ripped the phone from the walls of the outhouse; He had to carefully analyze this himself; or he could hand it over the Segmented Cube to do; Regardless of the choice; it required the utmost amount of secrecy;

Stepping out of the outhouse, Leonel looked into the distance to find that Emna was still looking; He observed her for a moment, shaking his head;

She was truly an anomaly; She reminded Leonel a lot of a term that he hadn't heard in a very long time: A Spark;

A Spark was a genius who would become the starting flare to a powerful lineage; The accomplishments of their future influenced their abilities in the present, creating a feedback loop that made them even more powerful than should be possible;

What was common within Sparks. though. was that they didn't have the backing of powerful families or organizations.

In the beginning of his journey; Leonel had been mistaken for a Spark many times before; But for obvious reasons; ever since he entered the Void Palace and became a second generation wastrel; no one had accused him of such a thing again;

Emna; though; was different;

Leonel had already realized why she felt so threatening; Her Blade Affinity Ability Index allowed her to use her body as a blade; and she had pushed this to the very pinnacle of the 4th Tier; but beyond that; she had gone from being able to turn her body into a blade to being able to turn her blades into her body;

This seemed like a simple reversal. but the truth was that this was a huge change. In fact. it was enough to call this a mutation of the Ability Index... In fact. Leonel felt that Emna had already taken the step toward turning her Ability Index into an incredibly powerful Lineage Factor!

The current Emna had control over Sixth Dimensional Blade Force, not Fifth; Setting aside just how rare it was to comprehend a weapon Force beyond your Dimension, if Leonel was correct, she was using this Blade Force to reconstruct her body;

If the Morales family had a body of metal, Emna was creating a Lineage Factor that forged her body of Blade Force.

Due to this, she was able to break free of the usual restrictions of her Dimensional tier, meaning that she had already stepped onto her own path. In fact, it was even more exaggerated than just this.



Leonel had a feeling that the reason Emna hadn't stepped into the Sixth Dimension wasn't because she couldn't, but rather because she was subconsciously aware that if she did so, she would lose this opportunity forever.

If Emna managed to perfect her self-created Lineage Factor before entering the Sixth Dimension, she would create a Path separate from the God and Conventional Paths. And because this Path was created by her own hands, her strength would be almost unprecedented.

If Emna's path were to be boiled down into a few words, she wouldn't have to worry about anything outside of improving her blade. As her blade improved, so would she.

Once she perfected this Lineage Factor, her Dimensional level would be decided by her Blade Force level!

It was no wonder Emna had such perfect and efficient control over her body. In her eyes, she wasn't controlling her body at all, but rather her blades!

From Leonel's senses, he could see that Emna was already a step away from forming Seventh Dimensional Blade Force. This meant that it was very likely that on the day she succeeded, she would leap from the Fifth Dimension into the Seventh Dimension directly! And not only that, but she would also be among one of the most powerful Seventh Dimensional powerhouses in the whole of the Human Domain!

'This is the power of fusing your paths into one. Her Ability Index, her partially completed Lineage Factor, even her practice method itself, all have the exact same origin, and due to that, she's extraordinarily powerful, even to the point of being able to assassinate a Seventh Dimensional powerhouse at the Fifth Dimension...'

Leonel was rarely impressed. Too rarely.

But at this moment, he was completely won over. It seemed that his judgment was quite good.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1754: Silence

"I've got it." Leonel suddenly spoke.

There was no point in watching Emna run around like a headless chicken; He didn't believe that she would find much of anything else even if she dug to the center of the asteroid;

Emna looked up with surprise; It had only been a few seconds, why did Leonel make it sound so final? Also... why was he holding that contraption...?

"This is a communication device; I haven't analyzed it yet, but it should be embedded into a network of other similar communication devices; So long as we analyze it properly, it won't be very difficult to find the locations of the other stations; I believe that this is all there is to find;"

Emna's brows raised. She could somewhat tell that although Leonel was being a bit reserved with his words, he was absolutely certain about his assessment.

"You want to do the analysis personally?" Emna asked;

Leonel nodded; "Deconstructing this will take someone at least nearing the extremities of the Silver Grade, and it would be even better if they had a working knowledge of the Gold Grade; The Force Arts used are highly complex and a single mistake could cause the entire network to collapse; I feel the most comfortable if I do it;"

"Okay;" Emna agreed readily; but she was inwardly surprised; Leonel seemed to be implying that he was at such a standard; which was shocking for someone so young; Just making it into the Sixth Dimension shouldn't guarantee being a Silver Grade Crafter;

Regardless; their organization truly didn't have anyone near that standard; They only had a few Silver Grade Crafters; but they were nowhere near the extremities of the Grade;

"In that case will you return now?"

"I can't," Leonel shook his head; "There are about three big issues I have to deal with as quickly as possible before they spin out of control; I need to return to Earth to gather up my brothers first and deal with them as quickly as possible; I will come and touch base with you in..."

Leonel's voice trailed off;

His senses were far too sharp; The instant he mentioned his brothers; Emna's gaze flickered with an unreadable light; almost as though she had thought of something; but couldn't quite confirm it; However; after a few moments; her expression suddenly became a hint solemn; a hint regretful; and then a hint... hesitant;

Seeing that Leonel suddenly fall silent; Emna's heart skipped a beat; There was nothing but silence; and in the depths of space; this shouldn't be too shocking; But for some reason everything seemed to have come to a stop;

Leonel didn't ask any questions; but his expressionless gaze seemed to put all the ownness on her;

"I..."

Emna didn't know where to start; For some reason; she felt herself shivering; This was already the second time she had lost her composure in front of Leonel; She; an assassin known for her nerves of steel; couldn't even quite make herself look this man in the eye; His presence seemed sturdier than the earth and broader than the skies; It was absolutely suffocating;

Emna exhaled a shaky breath.

"During Earth's Metamorphosis into the Sixth Dimension... Four families suddenly appeared outside of the usual noble families. They felt far stronger than the most powerful three of Earth. the Fawkes family. the Dove family and the Scarlet family... They were the Adurna family. the Crudus family. the Laevis family and the Brazinger family..."

"Earth fell into a situation of great internal strife which made it difficult to stop outside influences from also encroaching onto their territory and war broke out on Earth's surface for the second time since Terrain's assault.

"We... I don't know... The situation was too odd. It didn't feel like those four families were trying very hard. They didn't press where they had to and they

gave up a lot of opportunities seemingly without cause or reason. but regardless. the end result was devastating and many lost their lives.

"During that time, many of the young talents of Earth who had managed to make it into the Void Palace returned. Back then, the situation of the Void Palace hadn't been stabilized as all of the Void Elders and Void Senators had yet to return, as such the rules were far easier to break...

"When they returned, however, the nonchalance of the four families seemed to vanish as though this was exactly what they had been looking for.

"In one fell swoop, they sent out their own geniuses and the geniuses of Earth that had rocked and shocked the Human Domain were devastated. They died in droves. Almost an entire generation of Earth's greatest talents died one after another.

"It was only after Princess Alienor returned from the Cataclysm that the tides managed to turn. But even so, it went from a slaughter fest to a stalemate, and once again, the four families went back to their oddly passive behavior until they suddenly sent out another wave.

"Beneath this wave, even the likes of Princess Alienor found herself terribly suppressed... Until she finally managed to break into the Seventh Dimension. Only then did the situation truly stabilize and the four families took a step back.

"Even in doing so, however, they carved out large amounts of Earth's territory for themselves, taking over several planets and even the Moon itself.

"In that war... In that war, several of your brothers died. Drake... Milan... Gil... Franco... and Raj... They... They didn't make it."

Leonel didn't say anything from start to finish. Even when Emna was done, he stood in silence, simply closing his eyes. He didn't seem to breathe, as though he had become a standing corpse. His heart didn't beat, the world seemed to lose the ability to interact with him as though he had stepped into a world completely separate from them.

Without a word, Leonel turned and walked away. Emna opened her mouth to say something, but couldn't bring herself to say anything in the end. She had been there when Leonel went against the Milky Way Guild all alone just to not risk implicating his brothers. She knew well how deep their relationship ran.

Even though Leonel hadn't said a single word, she knew he was furious. Endlessly furious.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1755: Fury

Mighty auras surrounded Earth; The ocean tides rose like walls blocking out the skies; forests worth of trees swayed so violently that they threatened to be pulled up by the roots; and the earth shook and quaked; splintering; dividing and rippling like waves;

A shadow seemed to envelop the planet; The sheer number of ships and vessels in the skies made it feel as though an eclipse had descended, stripping Earth of all of its light;

When these members of the Brazinger family appeared, the protective units of Earth reacted immediately; Several canons pointed into the sky as the air protection units took action first; Not long later, a strong surge of pressure soared upward, countering the presence of the Brazinger family almost immediately;

If Leonel had been here. he would have recognized these people as the members of the Slayer Legion; However. by now. they had already returned to their proper duty of being the shields of the royal family;

At the helm, a middle-aged man with the aura of an old ruffian stood on the walls of a fort, a machete resting on his shoulder.

This middle-aged man was none other than Old Hutch. the only pseudo master figure Leonel had ever had in his life;

By now. Old Hutch didn't seem so old anymore. and his aura was even sharper and more violent than it ever had been before;

By his side. there was yet another old man that Leonel would have recognized. and that was his Coach Owen whose upper lip was still bristling with a grey mustache;

The duo looked infuriated with the world. but right now. they had every right to be; The number of promising youths that Earth had lost at the hands of these four families was far too many; What these two older men had in common was

their love of watching the youth rise up. and yet they had to watch helplessly as they outlived some young men and women they had viewed almost like their own sons and daughters;

Old Hutch had lost count of the number of promising youths of the Slayer Legion that had fallen before him; He had promised himself that such a thing wouldn't happen again after the war against Terrain, and yet it all didn't matter in the slightest;

He was used to having the strength to turn the tides on his own. but he was born long before the Metamorphosis; The amount of talent he had was limited in comparison to the up and coming youths because he had to work against the tides of age for every step forward he took;

Time and time again, the moniker of Hacker Hutch became no different from an ironic jab to the heart for him; What Hacker Hutch? Unless it meant that he stood idly by as his children were hacked to pieces, then maybe only then could he oh so proudly accept the name;

Coach Owen's mustache whipped about in the wind. his gaze red with fury.

Ever since Leonel had sent him back to Earth and saved him from the brink of death, he had been doing his best to raise up the contingent; He hadn't forgotten the tough ask Leonel had made of him, he believed in that young man to the point he had put his heart and soul into the task;

And yet he could only watch as his boys died one after another.

He had been coaching Leonel and the others since they could barely hold a football in their hands; He had watched them grow into men who could carry the weight of the world on their shoulders, only for them to be slaughtered one after another;

Even now. he could still remember the final grins on their faces as they breathed their last;

He could see the young Drake; Even after a decade, they still called that poor brat a rookie even though he was maybe more mature than them all;

All his life; Drake had had big shoes to fill; As Leonel's backup and the man fated to succeed Leonel; that was a weight he had carried with him; And yet; instead of shirking from the responsibility; he accepted it in silence;

His mark on the world seemed so small, and yet it was that small mark, that silence that made him so strong.

He could see Milan's face, that cheery young man who always swore to protect Leonel's front. He was the wall, the first line of defense, a young man who would dig in his heels rather than bend his back.

Arnold was a man who never showed any sort of emotion, never deviating from his baseline, but seeing his ball like a little boy when Milan breathed his life was a sound and sight that Coach Owen would never forget. Every time he recalled it, another piece of his heart would shatter.

He could see the face of Gil and Franco, that pair of perverts who always relentlessly butt heads. He remembered their final moments, standing side by side like brothers, neither of them wanting to retreat from the side of the other. Even amidst all their arguments, their bond was maybe among the very strongest in the end.

He could see the face of Raj, that big lug who always had some witty to say. He was Leonel's blindside protector, a forever-wall, an immovable force. Even in his final moments, he stood tall and sturdy, a silly but sad grin plastered on his face.

He roared into the skies, lamenting only the fact that he didn't get the chance to build his harem before he breathed his last.

Every time Coach Owen thought of these memories, he wanted to roar into the skies, his fury rising like a tempest. However, when he saw what was in the skies, Coach Owen was so apoplectic with rage that his vision went entirely black, the city walls beneath his feet shattering.

Amidst the Brazingers, a young man with a group of eight lenses hovering over a single eye stepped forward. His face didn't seem to have any fury or rather on it. In fact, he seemed to be distracted by words and numbers flying across his lenses.

He stood on a platform of pure black that seemed fused together with black-silver sand, absentmindedly doing something before he seemed to realize where he was.

If Leonel was present, he would recognize this young man as Simeon, the very first true member of the Brazinger family he had ever met.

However, if Leonel had been present, he wouldn't have been looking at Simeon at all.

Rather, he would have been looking at the two young men who hovered beneath him, seemingly holding up his platform.

On one side, there was a large young man, standing at over seven feet tall and with a belly as round as a globe. His skin was a nice brown color, however his gaze seemed dull and lifeless.

On the other side was an unassuming young man of slim stature and somewhat handsome features. He seemed reserved and he would be difficult to pick out in a crowd, but his gaze was likewise dull and lifeless.

Anyone could see the large young man had been used to form that platform while the other young man was used to carry and control the platform. Together, they moved it smoothly and without issue, moving like a pair of obedient servants.

These two young men were none other than Raj and Drake.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1756: Ball of Fire

After a long while; Simeon seemed to finally remember where he was and he snapped out of his thoughts; casually looking down toward the fort beneath him; Despite the fact fire power capable of blasting the moon to pieces was trained on him; his expression didn't flicker even a single time;

Simeon's hands clapped close in the air as though he was closing an invisible book; Everything about his actions were casual and unhurried;

"Where is your Emperor? Why has he not come out to see me yet?"

Simeon's words were soft but they spread with an insuppressible might; He didn't seem to take Emperor Fawkes seriously at all, directly asking him to make his presence known;

Fury surged in the hearts of the citizens of Earth; Emperor Fawkes was a God in all of their hearts; The prestige he had built up from the Third Dimensional realms into the Seventh Dimensional realms was incomparably solid; As much



as the people also had Leonel in their hearts, erasing hundreds of years of near worship in just a handful of years was impossible;

In addition; as far as everyone else saw it; Leonel's accomplishments; and Noah's for the matter; were only right; After all; how could Emperor Fawkes have inferior grandchildren? Every time they accomplished something mighty; it was actually only bolstering Emperor Fawkes in the eyes of the people;

As a result. in return for his words. Simeon only received nothing but silence. however this sort of silence was harmonious in its symphony; Billions of gazes looked into the skies. their expressions just the same;

Simeon suddenly sneered; "A collection of ants; Since your Emperor refuses to give me an explanation for the slaughter of my people, then that makes this matter even simpler; A debt of blood must be repaid with blood;

"Wipe out half the population of Earth and imprison the other half; That should be about enough to weigh evenly;"

The words of Simeon couldn't have been more demeaning. Not mentioning the sheer number of Earthlings who had died during the first descent of the four families. how could a few dozen or even hundred lives compare to the billions on Earth currently?

In the decades Leonel had been gone, the main priority of the Ascension Empire was to increase the population of Earth which had been whittled to strikingly few after the Metamorphosis; To increase from a population of just millions to billions in just a few decades sounded ridiculous, and truly it was;

However; under a shocking change; the people of Terrain who should have taken five generations to become true citizens of Earth only took a single one under some mysterious power;

Of course, this "mysterious power" was bestowed by Emperor Fawkes himself which was also a large part of the reason the citizens of Earth were so respectful of him;

The people of Terrain thought that they would be forced to be enslaved for generations before they got a chance; Some of the more pessimistic among them thought that this was all a lie and they would never gain such a chance; But in a twist of fate; they could see with their own eyes as their children rose up to become paragons and young elites of the human race;

Just like this, the vast majority of the former people of Terrain whole heartedly embraced Earth as their home;

From the very beginning; it was not their choice to wage war against Earth; it had always been the choice of a few families and organizations; The rewards gained would have never been their own to begin with;

But now, their thoughts had long since strayed from Terrain; That barren place wasn't their home, this was their home;

They too had fought in the war against the four families. They too had watched their youths die one after another. They too felt the stiling hatred as they stared up into the skies.

So when Simeon's voice descended. their fury rose up like a tempest. seemingly wanting to shred Simeon to pieces with nothing more than their eyes. But. even so...

With a casual glance. Simeon waved a hand toward the warriors to his back. Without fail. each of them exuded mighty and unprecedented auras. Their strengths caused even the air to quake. However. before they could take action. there was a sudden change atop the blooming Ascension Tree.

A mighty golden light shot into the skies.

Simeon's sneer returned. "Now your Emperor wants to appear? It's far too late for that. Maybe if the mighty Emperor Fawkes falls to his knees I might consider reducing the punishment by ten percent."

The pillar of light shot into the skies, tearing through the clouds and appearing tall and proud.

When the lights cleared, Simeon's sneer paused. At that moment, it became clear that it wasn't Emperor Fawkes at all, but rather a young man wielding a saber easily twice the length of his body. Despite not having a flying treasure, he stood in the skies as easily as though it was the earth.

With just a single glance, every person of Earth recognized this young man.

This was none other than their prince, Noah Fawkes.

Noah stood in the air with a violent look in his eyes. He was a man that rarely showed any sort of emotion at all, but hearing the piercing words about the man he respected most, his grandfather, the murderous intent in Noah's heart had reached its absolute peak.

Even so, when he saw the state of Raj and Drake's corpses, a fiendish green radiance burst from his body, causing the skies to dark and the clouds to accumulate.

Simeon's frozen sneer became an expressionless gaze soon after, his raised hand continuing to descend and point forward. A mere prince of this backwater place? Who the hell cared if he was infuriated?

The warriors of the Brazinger family charged forward.

What no one expected was that the moment war was about to descend, the situation would change entirely.

All sound vanished and the world seemed to lose its color. All those who looked into the skies could see a blinding ray of white light thousands of kilometers across. It was brighter than even the sun itself, burning its image into the minds of all those who saw it.

The moment the beam appeared, it collided with the moon and a void seemed to form.

The entire Moon was swallowed whole in the blink of an eye.

When the beam vanished, there was no lush greenery or gorgeous blue oceans any longer, there was only a land of black and ash, burnt to a crisp with a single strike.

The Moon, its resources, its people... Had all been eradicated in a breath.

The temperature of Earth began to slowly rise as though a second sun had appeared in the skies, the wild flames pulsing at the hearts of all those who laid eyes on it.

When the people of the Brazinger family turned back, they couldn't help but freeze in absolute silence.

In the skies, a shadow seemed to walk out from those flames, the darkness around him entirely conspicuous as a moon-sized ball of fire flickered to his back.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1757: Wreathed in Blood

The figure was nothing more than a speck of dust in comparison to the size of the Moon. and yet as he walked forward. it felt as though the Moon had lit itself on fire to herald his appearance.

The sound of billions of heartbeats beating in unison began to drum across the skies; The entire world seemed to resonate with the footsteps of this young man as he took one step after another;

Despite his seemingly slow pace, he crossed countless kilometers with every stride, and by the time he had come close enough for his features to be differentiable from the blazing Moon to his back, the shock that took hold of those watching him was enough to stop their hearts entirely;

Leonel slowly walked through the skies, his gaze frighteningly cold and his lips pinched into a line;

Wisps of red fog came from his eyes, his breath and his hair, the menacing stench of blood rising into the skies;

He looked as though he had just crawled out from his own coffin; A ghastly wound stretched from his left chest down to his right hip. showing off glistening bronze pieces of his ribcage and inner organs; His left arm hung from his shoulder socket by just a few tendons and ligaments; His clothing was nowhere to be seen and he walked completely in the nude. seemingly oblivious to this fact entirely;

It truly seemed as though that he just might collapse at any moment...

So why were they feeling such fear?

The ghastly black rod in Leonel's right hand billowed with fiendish fog as dark as night; It suddenly trembled, forcing the amorphous fog to sharp and become a twin pair of menacing curved blades that found their home at the end of the rod;

Leonel didn't speak a single word; He didn't roar in rage; He didn't tremble in anger; He didn't even seem to be able to "see" the people around him; His gaze was cold, but entirely unfocused as though he saw right through everything around him;

And then... his foot raised and he took another step forward;

**BANG!**

Leonel dangling left shoulder merely glanced by the body of a Brazinger family member, and yet they erupted into a ball of flames before bursting into a shower of blood that was quickly incinerated to ash;

This person didn't even get the chance to scream or holler; they were simply eviscerated;

At that exact instant; a spaceship that happened to be beneath Leonel's feet was suddenly enveloped by an illusory box formed of Spatial Force; Before its pilot and crew could even try to maneuver out of it; the box collapsed to a tenth of its original size; squashing them into junk metal;

Leonel exhaled just a single breath, seemingly finally breathing for the first time; But just that single breath caused sparks to light in the air;

The heat was too much for those in the surrounding ten meters of him to handle and they caught on fire;

Tragic screams finally broke the silence and many woke up to the fact that just a single step of Leonel's seemed to be like the call of the grim reaper.

**RUMBLE!**

Leonel stepped into Earth's atmosphere for the first time and the world changed;

All around, the pristine white clouds rumbled, gathering together and forming enormous behemoth-like monstrosities that thundered with enough force to make the grounds quake and mountains collapse;

When the Emperor was furious; the skies would sunder;

At that moment; above Leonel's head; the void trembled and an ancient scroll appeared; It radiated a blinding golden light; outshining even the Moon blazing to his back;

The ancient scroll slowly unfurled, the blinding light it exuded only becoming ever more so.

The moment it unfurled completely; surges of lightning coursed through the air; pulsing with golden; green and radiant royal blue arcs;

Emperor's Edict.

The ancient characters of the golden edict rose like a tempest, enveloping the hundreds of kilometers.

"All those of the Brazinger family..."

This was the first time Leonel spoke since he appeared. The instant he did. he seemed to conjure the phantom of a malevolent ghost draped in the robes of withering black.

"... Die."

The words fell and the world shuddered. The skies whined and gods lamented. The spirits of life shed tears and wraiths of death laughed uproariously.

One after another. almost every single member of the Brazinger family within the range of Leonel's edict suddenly trembled. their gazes turning blank as they fell one after another.

Their ships began to fall from the skies and their flying treasures wheeled out of control.

Horror was painted on the faces of the Brazinger family members outside of the barrier as it quickly approached them, seemingly wanting to envelop the entire world. The radiance of the golden edict pulsed and surged, being fueled by Leonel's fury and surging through the skies.

With just a single sentence, Leonel passed judgment.

However, that was when something heart rending occurred.

With a surge, Leonel's inner organs suddenly exploded. In another breath, his right arm imploded and ended up in a similar state to his left. In yet another breath, his knee collapsed, suddenly twisting in the wrong direction and bending at an awkward angle.

Despite this occurring, Leonel's expression didn't change a single time.

Every time a Brazinger family member managed to resist his edict, another devastating wound would appear on Leonel's body. However, in comparison to those that managed to survive, those that died were far greater in number.

Leonel didn't seem to care at all about the damage to himself. He just wanted them to die. He wanted them all to die.

The edict above Leonel's head fluttered and the words changed.

The corpses falling from the sky suddenly burst into clouds of blood, surging toward Leonel in a torrential wave.

A dark gold light wrapped around Leonel's body and a six armed, three headed construct took form, roaring into the skies.

At the same time, Leonel, who had seemingly been on the brink of death was suddenly healed, his wounds closing amidst a dark gold light in the blink of an eye.

The construct raised up two arms and a familiar Metal Spirit took form.

Little Tolly surged toward the squared spaceship Leonel had crushed and enveloped it.

Every time the fingers of the construct tapped at the air, another change would take place and the skies would rumble all the more.

In just a few breaths, Little Tolly separated into tens of thousands of pieces and the skies were enveloped by the light of countless javelins.

The humans of Earth were entirely shaken. From the Moon being wiped out to the current state of hundreds of Brazingers falling every second, everything had happened too quickly. These vents to their rage had come too suddenly, but why was it that they couldn't feel any sort of happiness?

They could tell that Leonel... truly had no intention of asking them for help. Not once did he look toward them and he even seemed to look through them all much the same way he looked through the Brazinger family members.

He had come here for slaughter. In fact, he was already wreathed in blood.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1758: Carnage

The remaining four arms of the construct raised into the air as a Crafting Quill appeared in Leonel's left hand; His intent blazed into the skies; four replicas of his Crafting Quill appearing in each hand;

Space warped and Force surged as Leonel wrote across the air; Ancient looking runes formed one after another, touching a speed that made those who understood what was happening feel as though they were dreaming;

Every time Leonel finished another Force Art, it shot into the skies, filling his surroundings with magic circles of all sorts of colors;

The javelins blotted out all the light in the skies, trembling as they passed through these ancient runes one after another; With every completion, their auras changed entirely, the strength they exuded causing countless hearts to skip a beat;

Blazing flames. blinding golden lights. twisting vortexes of space...

Each and every javelin seemed to have an entirely different shape and form. aimed toward the survivors of the Brazinger family;

All the while, Leonel's footsteps hadn't stopped; He continued to walk forward as though nothing could stop his forward momentum; Nothing would halt his massacre on this day;

The quills in the construct's four hands vanished as the javelins suddenly moved; In one moment. they were almost entirely still. but in the next instant. they flashed forward with such speed that their former location seemed to implode with blasts of concentrated air;

Several roars filled the skies as the Brazinger family members seemed to finally snap out of their shock; They had been so caught off guard by the



sudden changes that they couldn't even breathe; Watching the Moon suddenly be enveloped by flames; its atmosphere burning to ash and the land being buried beneath furious crimson flickers had left them stunned;

But the moment they realized what happened, it seemed to settle in all at once...

They were all dead?

The eyes of the Brazinger warriors turned entirely red. their Berserk God Lineage Factor surging out of control.

Not all members of the Brazinger family had the purest form of the Berserk God Lineage Factor; Many were like Aina before she reined her curse into her control, easily capable of losing themselves in bloodlust and carnage;

The instant they were triggered by their fury, their roars shook the skies, wild crimson auras surging from their bodies as they grabbed their weapons and charged forward all at once;

But that was when Leonel's javelins descended.

A warrior at the front was sucked into a vortex of space; his body shredded to pieces in an instant; The moment the vortex stopped rotating; it spit out the bits and pieces of his flesh and bones; allowing it to rain down from the skies;

To his side, a blazing javelin of fire tore through the chest of three Brazingers in a row; They ran forward two more steps each before they combusted into balls of fire, falling in a rain of ash;

On the other side of the battlefield; a javelin rotating with a deep; dark blue collided with a burly man that stood well over two meters tall; He had his ax raised above his head; closing the distance on Leonel with speed his body shouldn't have been able to carry;

And yet. the instant he met the javelin. it felt as though he had been hit with a sledge hammer; It sounded as though a speeding truck had collided with a steel wall;

The burly man exploded on contact. mashed bundles of flesh and blood falling from the skies; Only he knew that he had actually dodged. but it didn't seem to

matter; It was as though the entire area around the javelin had become a heavy mass. the air around it becoming part of its power;

The massacre was on as large of a scale as his Emperor's Edict, but the power of the men and women who fell were on a completely different level; This didn't seem to matter to Leonel in the slightest as he cut them down like weeds;

Weaker? Stronger? He would kill as many as there were.

Leonel's freed four arms flipped their palms even as Ryu's Force Quill vanished to be replaced with the White Lion Bow.

In that instant, four exact replicas appeared in his four palms, raising up four bows and aiming them all forward. Each one was over six meters from tip to tip, laying horizontally within Leonel's hand.

Four javelins descended from around Ryu, loaded into the bow and slowly pulled the strings back.

The scent of death permeated the air. Somehow, the danger seemed to multiple ten times over, the power of Leonel's archery causing the skies to tremble.

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

They were all released at once, the air collapsing and the booming calls of thunder being drowned out.

Everywhere the javelins passed, dozens died, the residual auras alone capable of ripping everything in their path to pieces.

However, even after this, four more javelins floated over, nocking into Leonel's four bows and pushing their strings back. Wild currents of Bow Force took shape, spiraling like drill cones.

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

Leonel alone became like an artillery unit. With every step, dozens would die. Never once did he slow or pause, it was as though his feet were carrying him toward a certain location.

He was no different from a god of carnage. Not the slightest fluctuation could be seen in his eyes, his indifference and coldness shining through like a chilly wind that licked across the back of their necks.

"THAT'S ENOUGH!"

Booming voices of fury layered atop of one another. Four young geniuses shot forward, two men and two women. Their gazes blazed with a trail of crimson, but their eyes had a clarity the others simply didn't have. There was no doubt that they had full access to the Berserk God Lineage Factor, each and everyone one of the being at Tier 7 at the very least.

They finally closed the distance on Leonel, attacking him from all sides, their power causing the skies to clap like thunder.