

## Dimensional Descent

### Dimensional Descent

#### Chapter 1761: Rise

The six valiant warriors around Leonel shot forward; Leonel didn't even seem to need to personally control them at all; as though his gaze being focused on Simeon alone was enough to communicate everything that needed to be;

Simeon's expression warped, his pale features twisting as his lenses quickly rotated; It was clear that he couldn't be casual any longer; The Seventh Dimensional experts of the four families weren't individuals he could look down on, and somehow, they didn't seem to have lost any strength at all after falling into Leonel's clutches;

Simeon couldn't wrap his head around how Leonel could possibly control Seventh Dimensional souls to begin with, let alone so many of them at the same time; He didn't even seem to be struggling;

It was one thing for Simeon because his puppets were genetically modified; He didn't have to actively maintain control over them, they were bred into slaves with his own unique mark; They were reared to have a sort of symbiotic relationship with him that forced them to listen to him no matter what; Other than directing them, he didn't need to waste any stamina in controlling them;

But Simeon knew Leonel didn't have his Ability Index; And even if Leonel did, it was clear that this method wasn't the same as his own; So how was this happening?!

One after another; strong summons stepped out and surrounded Simeon; The more that appeared; the less grotesque and more normal they became; But it was precisely this that made them so much more powerful than the others; It was clear that the closer to normal evolution Simeon's puppets reached; the more power they were able to output;

An all out war broke out in the skies; Simeon might have only recently entered the Seventh Dimension in the last few years, but his number of Seventh Dimensional puppets wasn't small; In fact, they outnumbered Leonel's own;

Unfortunately for him. though. the quality of Leonel's was far beyond his own. And to make matters worse...

Ten of Simeon's puppets managed to surround one of Leonel's valiant warriors, their fists and legs lashing out all at once and suffocating it to the point it could react;

BANG!

The soul construct shattered. unable to withstand the blow.

But just when Simeon's puppets were about to rush toward another section of the battlefield, under his astonished gaze, the valiant warrior's illusory pieces fused back together once more, throwing out a sudden punch that cause the puppets off guard and killed three of them in a singles trike;

Simeon's expression was ashen;

Leonel only continued to walk forward slowly; closing in the distance with every stride; He felt invincible; as though there was absolutely nothing that could happen that could stop his forward momentum;

Suddenly; Simeon realized how useless it was to take Leonel's brothers as puppets; He couldn't use them as bait or hostages; and Leonel didn't even seem to react to their existence at all; What good were corpses in threatening a man who was living and breathing?

He could tell that Leonel was doing it on purpose.

With Leonel's speed, how could he have not closed the distance yet?

With his strength. how could he not have attacked directly yet?

With his means, why wasn't he a head on a pike yet?

Leonel wanted him to feel despair; he wanted him to feel helpless; he wanted him to feel small; He wanted him to feel as though there was nothing in the world that could save him; no man; no God; no existence;

For a moment, it seemed that Leonel himself was the one with six arms and three heads, he was the demon striding through the skies, what surrounded him wasn't just a construct at all, it was a projection of the darkness in his soul;

Suddenly, several roars rocked the skies. Hundreds of men and women with streaming tears in their eyes burst through the dense and dark storm clouds.

Lightning crackled around them, sometimes even lashing against their skin, but they didn't seem to notice at all. Their faces were already covered in soot, their clothes partially or almost entirely burnt off.

It was clear at a glance who these individuals were. They were the survivors of Leonel's devastation of the Moon, and for them to have survived such a thing there was no doubt that each and every one of them was an expert of the Seventh Dimension.

Seeing this, Simeon finally breathed, seeing a small light of hope. The Brazingers were all warriors, and they were all more powerful in a state of fury. Simeon simply didn't believe they couldn't turn this around.

However, in his search for a light of hope, Simeon had forgotten something very important: Leonel had already done this three times before.

How had Leonel, a man merely at Tier 1 of the Sixth Dimension, been able to fight a battle against so many absolute geniuses of the Seventh Dimension?

The answer was that he hadn't.

Leonel continued to walk forward, his stride never changing. He wanted Simeon to feel the greatest despair. What greater despair was there than feeling a final light of hope, only for it to be shattered to pieces before even gaining a chance to bloom?

...

High in the skies, barely within Earth's orbit, the rotating canons of a flagship the size of a moon finally cooled. Slowly, it turned from facing the Moon toward Earth, a shift occurring through its artillery units one by one.

...

Back on the Earth, the furious roars of the Brazinger family Seventh Dimensional experts caused the forest to tremble, the ground to quake and the tides to rise.

The Earthlings on the ground could only turn pale, their blood running cold.

"Hand over your life!"

A fiery haired woman with tears streaming down her face was the first to arrive. Her sister had just died in her arms, just a small Fifth Dimensional expert who couldn't survive in the harshness of space. What chance had she stood with the atmosphere of the Moon being burnt to ash?

The fiery haired woman's strength was unprecedented. Everywhere she passed, whether it was Simeon's puppets or Leonel's valiant warriors, they burst into a rain of blood and motes of light, unable to stop her for even a single moment.

She appeared above Leonel's head, her fist tearing through the void as she punched downward. Just the momentum of her strike alone caused Leonel's construct to ripple and almost collapse.

"Return my sister to me!"

Her shrill shrieks curdled one's blood, her hair furiously whipping out in all directions.

However, right then, a beam of light that split the world in two descended.

Leonel didn't even turn back to face her. Her last sight in this world was the indifferent casualness of his back view.

**BANG!**

She was incinerated to ashes.

Simeon froze. Hope had only appeared for a fleeting moment before it vanished in a buff of smoke and a rain of ash.

All he could see in this world was the look in Leonel's eyes as his lips slowly separated.

"Rise."

Leonel's soft words reverberated through the world, causing a vortex of power to form around the ashes of the fallen woman.

Soon, a valiant woman donning violet illusory armor appeared, her crimson hair fluttering as she kneeled toward Leonel, her head lowered in absolute obedience.

[More chapters later today]

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### Chapter 1762: Demon

The soul construct quickly stood to her feet; her illusory crimson hair fluttering as she stood valiantly in the skies; She didn't seem to have a single hint of the grievances of the past; and her aura only seemed to grow;

"Kill!" she roared;

The world fell into silence as the woman turned around and charged toward her fellow family members; Her previously shrill shrieks were still echoing through the skies, but after a moment, they faded, replaced by passionate roars; She even seemed to smile, as though she couldn't be happier to battle for her pride of her Emperor;

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

She directly killed three warriors of the Brazinger family; It was clear that in their final moments. they hesitated. not knowing whether or not to attack. and yet that small gap in time was enough in a battle of Seventh Dimensional powerhouses;

She laughed into the skies. her heroism booming beneath the flashing lightning. She became an arc of crimson herself as she flashed about.

Everywhere she passed, another would fall, the strength she was exuding being enough to fill the hearts of true experts with respect and awe; However, for some reason...

It just felt sad;

Down below. Coach Owen and Old Hutch had been watching from the very beginning; Even with the raging torrent of battle around them. their eyes had never once left Leonel; Their expressions weren't as happy as one might

expect. even though the fate of the battle already seemed sealed. there was a hint of sadness in their eyes as well;

Kind hearted people didn't last very long in a world like this; And as such, there were only two paths for them to take; It was either they would lose their lives in the hands of others, or they would no longer be kind hearted people... there didn't seem to be a third option;

Neither of them wanted to see Leonel die. so that necessarily meant that they hoped a day like this one would come. but seeing it for themselves... It left a bitter taste;

Most of it felt like it could be ignored; Out of sight. out of mind; If you didn't think too much about what was happening. it was easy to make excuses for it or sweep it under the rug; But the appearance of this woman was too jarring;

No matter what. that would a woman who had just lost her younger sister. a grieving sibling who wanted nothing more than revenge on Leonel; Sure. there might have been a past where she had contributed to the death of others. and likely even the direct death of Earthlings. but what about her sister?

How many had Leonel killed in that single assault on the Moon? How many were innocent? How many were vulnerable? How many were old men and women with only a few years left to enjoy? How many were children just starting out their lives?

And maybe you could say that this was just a sin they would have to bear; After all, weren't the people of Earth victims as well? But which of them had stepped forward to condemn what had happened and what had been about to happen before Leonel appeared? Which of them had said a thing? Which of them had refused?

But even so. this was something the Leonel they knew was completely incapable of doing; And yet. not only had he done it now. he had done it four times over without batting a single eye;

The two had no idea; These two mentors of Leonel had no idea that he had already made a choice far worse than this one just months ago; He had already chosen Aina over the world... So what if he chose his brothers over a mere four families?

At that moment, the woman's soul construct shattered for what felt like the hundredth time; This time, however, she didn't seem capable of reforming; A large chunk of her torso had vanished and her entire right arm was nowhere to be seen;

Even so, she laughed into the skies before punching out with her remaining arm and shoving it through the chest of an enemy;

Another warrior took advantage and swung a mighty great sword down, severing her left arm.

She lashed out with a leg, colliding against a head with her shin and cracking their skull into countless shards that pierced their brain through.

Her legs were swept out from under her, quickly shattering beneath the pressure, and yet she still lunged forward, baring her teeth and ripping out the throat of the warrior who did it.

Even in her final moments, she was endlessly valiant and she gave everything she had for her Emperor, not feeling the solemnness of the atmosphere in the slightest, in fact, she felt nothing but elation and happiness, her laughter ironically grating on the ears of all those who heard.

BANG!

The woman's head shattered, her laughter finally fading, and yet somehow still echoing in all of their minds. The looks they gave toward the young man who had summoned her had changed from fury, to trepidation, to outright fear.

And that was exactly when the young Leonel's lips separated once again.

"Rise."

One after another, every Brazinger the woman had killed began to rise up in a fog of violet, their souls appearing donned in armor that shone brighter than even the sun.

Without hesitation, they all turned toward Leonel and slammed their fists against their chests, the reverberating impact booming even over the sound of the thunder. Then, they swiftly turned toward their own friends and family, releasing war cries that shook the skies as they charged.

The hearts of the spectators went absolutely cold.

They knew without a doubt that Leonel had done it on purpose. He could have beckoned them to revive even while the woman was fighting, but it was as though he wanted them all to personally witness her final moments, as though he wanted to force them to witness it all from start to finish.

From her harrowing sorrow, to her valiant laugh and brave charge, he forced them to watch, all while he himself didn't seem to care in the slightest.

"Demon... Demon..."

Simeon stumbled backward, his will to fight having vanished into thin air.

He tripped and fell, falling over the side of the platform that had once held him up.

[Announcement below]

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### Chapter 1763: Update

[These chapters will probably be even more poorly edited than usual. sorry about that]

Leonel reached a hand out, causing Simeon to rush toward the hand of his construct; The latter didn't even have the mental fortitude to fight back; Leonel's Emperor's Gaze seemed to have formed a domain, suffocating him to the depths of his heart;

Simeon found his head being pinched between the construct's thumb and finger, the rest of his body being enveloped almost whole; He looked like nothing more than an ant, seemingly having forgotten that he had Seventh Dimensional strength; His mind had completely collapsed, he didn't even have thoughts of resisting;

Leonel didn't say a single word; Every time the tragic cry of a Brazinger family sound, it was followed by a heroic laughter; The dichotomy was piercing; Even for the people of Earth who were protected by Leonel's actions felt their hearts going cold;



Simeon hung like a dead fish, his body paralyzed by fear; His mind was like a blank screen and he had not a single coherent thought;

At that moment; a flickering flame appeared at Simeon's feet; At first; he only felt a small bit of heat that was just barely manageable; But as it rose; the heat turn to a searing pain; and the searing pain turned into a blood curdling shock;

Simeon screamed; his body suddenly remembering that he could move once again; However; before he could shatter the construct; the Adurna valiant warriors appeared around him all at once; They struck out their palms; causing barriers of blue silver to concentrate and form a second skin around Simeon; However; rather than protecting the latter; it not only kept him in place; it made the torture that much more terrible;

Slowly; the blue-silver barrier began to heat up and boil; Simeon; who was encased within it began to release shrill screeches; His blood was boiling from the inside out; his skin was being slowly charred; and his feet were the first to go; crumbling to ash;

Simeon's gaze turned completely crimson. the last strands of his sanity activating his Lineage Factor in the final moments; Pushed beyond the edge. he finally somewhat broke free of Leonel's mental coercion. but by now. it was already too late;

A second group of Adurna family valiant warriors stepped forward, stretching out their palms and locking Simeon down with more Force barriers;

All the while. Leonel stood the closest. unaffected by the flames. unaffected by the screams. unaffected by the dense darkness that seemed to almost solidify in the air; It was as though he wanted to look Simeon in the eye as he was slowly pressed toward his death. he wanted to see every fiber of pain and horror in him;

He stared death down, he looked into the abyss and he didn't blink a single time;

At that moment, from the distance, a trio of young men rushed forward; But when they saw the scene everyone else had, they were stunned into silence; However, this sort of scene hit them far harder than anyone else, so hard that their eyes turned red, tears glistening;

They clenched their fists to the point blood ran through their fingers, their jaws steeling to the point their teeth rattled; It felt to them as though they were watching the death of another brother, and it was only happening because they were far too weak;

If they had been stronger back then, they would have never lost them. If they had been stronger back then, none of this would be happening. If they had been stronger back then, they wouldn't have to rely on Leonel in the end once again.

"Please! Stop!"

Simeon's voice had turned entirely hoarse. It sounded like gravel, falling two octaves completely out of his control, but Leonel didn't seem to have heard him at all, just staring at him without a word. In fact, Leonel didn't even seem to be focused on exactly what was happening, he looked right through Simeon.

Tears streamed down Simeon's face, however his body had become so dry that they evaporated in a single instant, only to be replaced by streams of blood. His lips split and cracked, his skin becoming an unhealthy leathery brown color.

"I have—I have information—Please!"

Leonel still didn't seem to hear anything.

Simeon tried several more times, saying anything he could. By this point the greatest regret in his life was entering the Seventh Dimension. By now, the flames had burned his legs to ash, leaving nothing but his hips and everything above. If he had been in the Sixth Dimension, he would have long since died, he wouldn't have to suffer such horrible punishment.

The second greatest regret of his life was daring to target this madman. Why couldn't he be content with his losses. He hadn't even been the one to personally kill Leonel's brothers, and yet he had put himself right in the crossfire all because of a minor grudge.

Simeon's throat swelled shut, the smoke of his own flesh choking out his lungs and his screams had torn his vocal cords apart. He couldn't even breathe, his nerves felt fried, and yet somehow, it only made the pain all the more clear.

In the end, he released what might have been a laugh, but instead of sounding as such, it was far more like a string of hiccups and spine tingling coughs. He wiggled about with what small bits of strength he had left.

His eyes had swollen shut, his wounds alternating between splitting open and sealing shut one more under the oppressive heat. Even so, he laughed a maddening laugh. He had entirely lost his mind, his noises sounding like the raspy call of the reaper.

"You'll die... you'll die a terrible death... you and everyone else... you'll lose even more... hahaha!"

The vitality of Simeon was truly on a completely different level. Just a blade through the throat had killed the big bellied man just days ago, and yet now Simeon was nothing more than a collarbone and a head, and yet he still cackled like a madman.

Even so, Leonel continued to stare into the abyss, completely unmoved.

In this world, there was no longer anything that would make his steps pause..

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### Chapter 1764: Imperatress

[ has been replaced with a real chapter; read it first; If you cannot see the update; go to profile>settings>clear cache; For those who don't understand why a chapter had to be replaced; the announcement is below]

"You are lucky..." Leonel suddenly said as Simeon breathed his last few breaths; "... If not for your own foolishness, I would have made you suffer a fate far worse than this..."

Amidst his cackles and deliriousness, Simeon just barely managed to understand Leonel's words and they left him both stunned and infuriated; Was Leonel trying to say that he had showed mercy? This was the funniest thing he had ever heard in this short life of his;

However. before Simeon could think any further. the hand of Leonel's construct squeezed down. shattering what remained of Simeon to pieces; From start to finish. Simeon never managed to threaten Leonel even a single time;

"Rise." Leonel commanded;

Simeon's soul was snatched in its attempt to dissipate, forming his body one again as his eight lenses fell into his illusory hands.

Simeon caught them and kneeled, bending his head from so far that his forehead nearly passed his knees.

Leonel didn't even look at Simeon. raising his head to look below; He stood in the skies. carnage and blood flowing in rivers behind him; He wasn't the only one in the skies. his cousin Noah had approached and hadn't left from the very beginning. and yet it still felt that things were like this;

Leonel was both close and yet so far. so near and yet so unfathomably transcendent; It was hard to look at him like a hero. but it was also almost impossible not to; Even so. one could tell by his demeanor that he simply didn't care anymore;

Becoming a King? An Emperor? A light to the masses, a hero to the many? He couldn't be bothered to care.

Simeon's soul construct rose to his feet and quickly helped raise Raj and Drake to the feet. placing them on the platform before putting it on his own back and respectfully waiting for Leonel;

Leonel stepped forward without a word. vanishing in the blink of an eye; Simeon rushed after him. vanishing into the dark clouds above like an obedient servant;

Not long later. the clouds slowly began to disperse and the wrath of the emperor vanished as well; Leonel's descent had brought thunder and darkness; His departure gave way to rays of sunlight. and yet the ominous atmosphere still hung. omnipresent and resilient;

Leonel's brothers stood with their fists still clenched, their tears rolling down their cheeks; They already knew that the Leonel they knew was longer among them;

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Leonel stepped onto his flagship with an indifferent expression; His heart didn't have the slightest fluctuation and his breath remained steady; Even after

wiping out four families. committing what could only be described as mass genocide. his steps didn't feel any heavier. his shoulders didn't feel any more burdensome;

"Speak." Leonel said indifferently; There was only one person he could be talking to. and that was. of course. Simeon;

The reason Leonel didn't care about Simeon's so-called information was because he could get it out of him whenever he wanted; With a soul in his possession, he was essentially under control of everything this person had ever known, and the most fearsome part was that they had no ability to resist; In this state, Leonel's Emperor's Charm was its absolute strongest and his charisma was on a completely different level;

Not only were his soul constructs sentient, they were also endlessly loyal.

He had heard of others who had necromancer-like abilities. But he didn't have to deal with the restrictions many of them did. Outside of the initial investment of Dream Force and his will power, he didn't need to invest anything else if he didn't want to.

He could take control of hundreds of Seventh Dimensional existences with ease before he felt any sort of burden, and that was because much of the strength needed came from the original soul owner to begin with. Leonel's only job was to give the soul form and stop it from dissipating. In fact, he didn't even need to invest stamina into control as that was all done passively by his Emperor's Charm.

On top of that, if he really wanted to control them, he could, using his intelligence to make efficient use of their power. But in most cases, it was better to simply allow them to fight with their usual battle style, something they were the most familiar with.

Of course, there were problems as well, these weaknesses coming from the fact that Leonel didn't have access to [Emperor's Command: Breathe] and [Emperor's Command: Assimilate].

Currently, Leonel could only stop these souls from dissipating for a single day. After a 24 hour period, no matter what he did, even if he tried to use the Arise command again, it would be useless. This was why among the Seventh Dimensional soul constructs he came with, he only had Adurna family members as they were the last he destroyed before he came back to Earth.

If Leonel's assumption was correct, the Breathe command should be a method of tethering a soul to the real world on a more permanent basis. Without it, Leonel would always be limited in this way.

In addition, as the soul constructs took damage, this 24 hour period was fed upon to reform it, thus cutting it down further. Depending on the damage, more time was lost.

This was simply how things went. There was no technique or ability in existence without any drawbacks.

"Yes, Your Imperial Highness! My inferior self wanted to use information about the Brazinger family and the other Great families as a bargaining chip!

"The first thing my inferior self wanted to let Imperial Highness know was that among the number killed, Your Imperial Highness' Empress' worst enemy was not among them. The woman, Imperatress Anselma, is hidden within a special realm of the Brazinger family.

"The second thing my inferior self wanted Imperial Highness to know is the existence of these special realms. The current showing of the Great Families is nothing more than the tip of the iceberg.

"This inferior servant's status is lowly and does not know much else, but what this inferior servant does know is that there are certain rules and restrictions restraining the Great Families from acting as they please."

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### Chapter 1765: Smoothly

"Where are these hidden realms."

"This servant does not know; Your Imperial Highness;"

"Have you never been there?"

"I have, Your Imperial Highness, and I can enter as I please, however this method relies on my fleshly body and I will not be recognized in this state;"

"You can enter freely but you do not know where it is?"

"Correct, Your Imperial Highness; So long as I or any member of the Great Families had been within Earth's jurisdiction, we could enter;"

"And why is it that you didn't use this method to escape when you couldn't escape from my hands?"

"This lowly servant was unable to due to certain restrictions, Your Imperial Highness; The process requires time and can be easily interrupted by outside influences;"

Leonel could only lay down the killing intent in his heart for now; If there was no method, then it seemed that his killing spree would have to pause here... for now;

"If this lowly one might be presumptuous. Your Imperial Highness."

"Speak;" Leonel said indifferently; somewhat knowing what Simeon wanted to say;

"This lowly servant is lowly even among the Brazingers..."

Leonel nodded to himself, he had already guessed this; Back when he faced the patrol leader, he had deduced that Simeon was far too weak for the kind of status he seemed to have;

"... The reason this lowly servant was able to demand some prestige is because of who my father is; My father and siblings all command great strength within the Brazinger family; However; while my Ability Index is good; my body has always been weak and I was thus tasked with overseeing things on the outside and I was not privy to many secrets;

"However; this lowly servant does know some things; For example; the main family seems to have specifically bred the Brazingers on the outside to perform certain tasks; If this lowly one's understanding is correct; then Brazinger family members with a certain level of potency of Lineage Factor cannot exist the hidden realm;

"A step further than that. if this lowly one is correct. then the potency is decided by the level of Earth; The stronger Earth's territory becomes. the stronger members of the Brazinger family and other Great Families can make their presences known;

"As for why this is, this lowly one does not know or understand; But what this servant can tell Your Imperial Highness is that the last time the Great Families sent out a large contingent was after Earth's Sixth Dimensional evolution... They have yet to do so since Earth entered the Seventh Dimension because it was deemed unnecessary;

"With Your Imperial Highnesses actions. however..."

Simeon's soul construct froze, a wild ripple fluctuating through it and nearly causing it to collapse entirely, never to return;

A malevolent aura rolled off of Leonel in waves;

"Good;" He said in a soft voice that somehow caused the flagship to quake; "The more they send; the better; My blade hasn't been satisfied yet;"

Simeon shivered, but his gaze was filled with fanaticism; If it wasn't because he knew well that his Imperial Highness was disgusted with him, he would have knelt down and kissed his feet;

"Imperial Highness will be sure to crush them all!" Simeon roared out beside himself. supporting Leonel's momentum. "The members of the Brazinger family are powerful. but they will be no match for Your Highness!"

Leonel didn't respond to Simeon, he felt no need to;

If the Brazingers they had sent out for the Sixth Dimensional evolution of Earth were already so powerful. there was no need to talk about the kind of monsters they had in reserve. However Leonel wanted them to come. whether it was for Aina. or his brothers...

He hadn't let enough blood rain yet.

"Put them down," Leonel said coldly.

Simeon hurried to follow Leonel's orders, placing the platform above his head on the ground carefully.

"Bring out the others."

Simeon understood what Leonel meant without explanation, the benefit of a soul construct. Quickly, he brought Leonel's other brothers. As expected, he



had gotten them all. Milan, Franco and Gil came out and stood beside Raj and Drake, all of them having the very same dull gaze.

This was exactly why Leonel had said that Simeon was lucky. If he hadn't done this, Leonel would have showed him just how cruel he could be. As far as Leonel was concerned, being burned alive was a show of mercy on his part.

Under normal circumstances, Leonel would be helpless to do anything. However, because the corpses of his four brothers had been preserved and manipulated by Simeon, small portions of their souls were still present and had yet to dissipate.

As a result...

Leonel flipped over a palm and the silver tablet appeared.

With this, he could bring the five of them back. If their souls had dissipated, even the silver tablete would be able to do nothing. But by a twist of fate, all thanks to Simeon's sadistic actions, his brothers had a chance.

"Rise." Leonel commanded.

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As Leonel yearned to bring his brothers back, news of his actions during the last few days finally began to circulate before they made it back to a particular man, Patriarch Graros, the leader of the Chaotic Water Sector.

"He did what?"

Graros sat up entirely, his pupils constricted into pinholes. It took him a long time to calm down, his heart still beating eratically even in the end. But, he still maintained his rationality, remembering the kind of backing and trump cards he had in his hands.

"So he used the flagship to commit murder, correct? That's exactly the smoking gun we need. To think that I didn't need those schemes at all, he went and did it himself. Let Cross Elder Avan's know that he can at personally. He doesn't need to touch Leonel at all, just retrieve the flagship, everything will be simple after that."

Leonel had scanned the flagship from head to toe, there simply weren't any tracking devices, nor any methods of directly coming to him. But there was one failsafe that he couldn't see through even if he knew it was there, one hidden within its nuclear fusion core. Just probing the general vicinity was too difficult and could damage his soul, let alone if he tried to reach its hidden depths where this mechanism was hidden.

Shield Cross Stars was a protector of humanity, they couldn't allow rogue Officers to do as they pleased. As such, whenever one of their warships was used to kill, there was a method of marking down exactly what happened and relaying it to the Shield Cross Stars upper management. This was meant to fight against corruption.

In order to stop powerful officers who were often in control of such mechanisms from hiding their actions, the failsafe was tied to the power core itself. Every time an attack was powered, the core would register it. If a death was noted, it would be permanently recorded.

The process of sending this information back to the Shield Cross Stars' headquarters would reveal the position of the flagship, but most importantly, a Cross Elder would be able to act directly. This was exactly what Garos wanted.

Once this was done, the next step of Garos' plan would flow all too smoothly.

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### Chapter 1766: Quake

Leonel's Dream Force surged; enveloping the puppet forms of his brothers; His face immediately went pale under the strain; Compared to resurrecting a soul that had just fallen and this; the difficulty was several orders of magnitude separated;

In that instant, Leonel didn't hesitate to purge the souls he still had under his control; They would only last for a few more hours regardless, between that and his brothers, the answer was all too obvious; The only one he kept in his possession was Simeon because he still hadn't finished asking all the questions he needed to just yet;

Slowly. Leonel extricated what remained of his brother's soul. slowly nurturing them to the point they became whole once more; But. rather than taking the final step and giving them form. he brought the silver tablet forward;

Leonel wasn't actually sure if this would work; From what he originally knew about the silver; it was only designed to be used with the Zone in specific; He had tried to experiment with it before; but it had no reaction in the face of death;

However. the Leonel of the past and the current Leonel were vastly different; Now. he could directly control soul; Theoretically. the reaction the silver tablet had now should be different from the past; If the souls were provided to it. instead of just a normal corpse. there was no reason why it would react differently;

With Leonel's current perspective; he knew that the constructs hidden within the silver tablet were actually just souls that the silver tablet was preserving; Somehow the silver tablet could replicate some of the abilities of the Emperor's Might Lineage Factor and seemingly with even far greater ease; It only made Leonel more curious as to the true origins of this tablet;

Leonel's pupils suddenly constricted;

He sensed it right then; The silver tablet had reached some sort of peak capacity; If he wanted to use it on his brothers, he would need to...

Leonel hadn't expected this; The souls of his brothers had actually all reached the Seventh Dimension already, and this very clearly placed a great amount of strain on the silver tablet; In fact, Leonel had a feeling that this was probably the limit of the silver tablet;

But this only made sense; Aina's father had a bronze tablet that seemingly had the exact same functions; There had to be something that separated them; and this seemed to be it; If Leonel was correct; the limit of the Silver Tablet was probably in preserving and resurrecting Seventh Dimensional souls;

Leonel's expression went cold; He knew his decision would kill the souls that remained in the silver tablet; but he didn't hesitate to make the choice; With a thought; he allowed his brothers' souls into the silver tablet; causing large swaths of the remaining souls within to disperse one after another;

"Anastasia. convert the remaining resources into Pure Neutral Qi."

The remaining resources Leonel was referring to were the raw ores and Force Crystals he had managed to save in constructing his Divine Armors by making use of the abilities of the Cleansing Waters; He ended up needing less than half of the resources he had traded for back then, and now they would come in handy in bringing his brothers back to him;

The Segmented Cube was still a finger sleeve on Leonel's hand. so it wasn't difficult for Leonel to access it and communicate with Anastasia. In just a few moments. a concentrated stream of pure energy began to emit from his finger. pouring into the silver tablet.

Leonel watched with a gaze as steely as cool metal, his heartbeat steady.

If this worked. then everything would be fine. If it didn't. he would show those so-called Great Families true pain. He didn't care what their true origin was. he would bury them all.

The silver tablet trembled and five beams of light shot out, motes of light rotating and quickly taking form. Only when Leonel saw this did he breathe a slight breath of relief, but even then, there was still a hint of trepidation within him.

It was one thing to bring the likes of Elthor or his King Oryx father back to life, after all, Leonel didn't have much interaction with them. However, he was far more worried about this. What if they were no longer the same? Was life and death really so easy to play around with? And what about the state of the souls, what if the issues they had were due to this forced method he was using?

With Leonel's speed of thought, he thought of dozens of potential issues per breath, and they only seemed to snowball into larger and larger problems until he stopped breathing entirely.

One after another, the motes of lights solidified into five bodies that slowly opened their eyes one after another.

The five looked around and met each other's gazes first, seemingly in a daze.

Raj blinked, locking eyes with Milan before he jumped so high his head nearly hit the ceiling, his rotund stomach rolling in waves.

"FUCK! GHOST!"

"Ghost?" Milan was confused for a second before he looked down at himself and then back up again. Suddenly, he felt enraged for no reason. "Who the hell's the ghost?! You're the ghost! Are you trying to curse me to death?!"

Milan swiped at the air and jumping Raj suddenly found a bubble of Force surrounding him. The bubble of Force shook wildly, causing Raj to bounce around and end up too dizzy to see straight.

"Let me out you ghost! Dammit!" Raj roared and a strong surge of Earth Force shot out in all directions.

"Call me a ghost one more time, jigglytubby!"

"Fuck, you're here too rabbit ears?" Gil was so distracted by Raj and Milan that he only now noticed that Franco was right next to him. "Why are you naked? Even if you want to be a pervert, there should be a limit, right?"

Franco was speechless before he suddenly mumbled to himself. "Did I end up in the same fiery pit as this idiot? No way, I had more karma than that. Where's god, I have a few words for him. Which pair of eyes did he use to judge my life, what the fuck is this?"

"Probably the same pair of eyes that saw you fuck Marcy's sister while she was downstairs having an argument with her parents about you," Gil jabbed back.

"He saw that and still put me here? That should have been in my highlight reel!"

Drake was the most silent of them all, but when he looked around and his eyes landed on Leonel, they couldn't help but open wide.

"Captain!"

The sudden yell snapped them all awake and their heads snapped toward Leonel all at once.

Leonel was stunned for a moment as well before he suddenly burst into a laughter that rocked the entire flagship, he laughed so hard that tears

threatened to spill from his eyes. Other than his brothers, who else would react like this after snubbing death?

They didn't even waste any time before they were suddenly at each other's throats, they didn't even notice his presence.

Just when Leonel wanted to say something more, the entire flagship quaked, but this time, he was sure it had nothing to do with his laughter.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1767: Change

Leonel and his brothers looked up all at once. their expressions turning cold all at once.

Leonel was immediately infuriated; His brothers had just come back to him, and yet instead of having some time to catch up, some fool who didn't know better was already threatening them; There didn't seem to be even a single moment of rest for him;

The six brothers' gazes met and they all shot toward the outside of the flagship all at once, nothing really caring about their clothing; Even the most clothed among them, Leonel, was practically naked given the ragged state of his clothing; None of this, though, was able to slow their steps;

When they made it outside. Leonel's pupils constricted;

The Force barrier protecting the flagship was already in a heavily damaged state; seemingly just an attack or two away from collapsing entirely; In the skies; an old man with a fluttering mustache; Just seeing him; Leonel felt his heart palpitate; This man was the strongest existence he had ever been so close to; The difference was so large that it felt as though an oppressive mountain was weighing down on his shoulders;

However. even while Leonel was thinking this. the expression of Cross Elder Avan was incredibly ugly. It should have taken him only a single strike to pierce through the barrier. but he had already attacked twice and yet it was still up. what the hell was going on?

Of course. in order to enter Earth's territory. Avan had to suffer a suppression of his strength. after all. he wasn't an Earthling. nor was he born in any of the

territories it had recently swallowed up; However. Shield Cross Stars had failsafe measures to deal with situations like this;

The badge on his hip currently was designed to directly shut down the flagship and strip its control away from Leonel; With this badge. it should have only taken him a single strike to pierce through its defenses and the attacks of the flagship would be useless against him. and yet things had clearly not worked out properly;

Cross Elder Avan realized at that moment that if the badge didn't work on the Force barrier, then didn't that mean that it wouldn't work in protecting him against the flagship's attacks as well?

Leonel's gaze narrowed. his fragmented Bow Domain Lineage Factor immediately activating as he locked eyes with the badge; He noticed its oddities almost immediately;

Leonel had seen through a lot of the counter measures of Shield Cross Stars and he had undone them all, or so he thought; The fact a single Seventh Dimensional existence could crack the Force barrier like this must mean that his counter measures weren't as perfect as he thought;

'The energy core!'

Leonel immediately deduced the issue; He had turned the entire flagship on its head and he had a perfect replica of each one of its individual parts down to the small bolt; There was only one location where such a counter measure could possibly be hidden, the nuclear fusion core!

Toward this, Leonel was helpless to do anything; Modifying that region was too dangerous;

'There a chance that this old man has more strength than what he's showing as well. and if that's true...'

Leonel's expression turned cold and he waved a hand; In that moment. the number of clones he had in the flagship more than tripled; In an instant. the canons aimed in the skies and pulsed. prepare to fire;

"Fuck!"

Cross Elder Avan's eyes widened.

When he heard that Leonel was able to precision aim the canons of the flagship to target individuals on a one person scale, he had found it ridiculous; The flagship was designed to aim at other warships, asteroids and planets, the margin for error was too large to think of aiming for a single person; Doing so was like trying to use a blow dart to kill a fly from a hundred kilometers away;

Such a level of precision was simply impossible, especially not when the target could move.

So why did Avan suddenly feel the scent of death?

BOOM!

The canons unleashed and Cross Elder Avan roared, slapping his palms together and allowing a tsunami of Force to envelop him from all sides.

Leonel's gaze narrowed. This was the same Ability Index that Milan had, the Energy Shield Ability Index. But at this level, it was a completely different monster.

BOOM!

The man was swallowed whole by the beams of blinding light as the starry skies illuminated.

Leonel's eyes narrowed. 'The power is only 10% of what it should be. As expected, the core of it all is in the nuclear fusion core, it's been compromised. Somehow, the energy that comes from it is being mutated, disallowing it from harming those with that badge. If not for the modifications I made, it wouldn't have even have 10% left.'

As the beam cleared, Cross Elder Avan appeared, shielded behind a mighty Force barrier that almost looked corporeal. It floated with Runes dancing across its surface. It truly seemed as though it was alive.

Cross Elder Avan's fiery temper threatened to spill over, plumes of fire flickering within the depths of his eyes.

His barrier quaked slightly, but there wasn't a single crack on it. It was clear that he had weathered its strength without much issue. If not for him being



caught off guard by the rumors being true, he wouldn't have been flustered in the first place.

However, in the time it took him to form his defenses, the cracked barriers of the flagship had recovered.

Leonel stood with a cold expression, his mind churning. He didn't actually believe that his father's threat would give him some omnipresent and omnidirectional protection, however he was still somewhat shocked that someone would dare to attack him so openly like this, and especially while he was so close to Earth. In addition, this person seemed to be from Shield Cross Stars, how bold.

'Something's changed, there must be something this person is relying on. If not, why not just use the Patriarch of the Chaotic Water Sector to find my location and use that badge to take me out much earlier, why wait until now? Unless...'

"Who the hell are you?" Leonel asked coldly.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1768: Blame

Cross Elder Avan's expression wasn't good being questioned by a junior so rudely; He didn't expect to be placed in this situation to begin with; According to his original intentions; he would have already been on the flagship by now; teaching Leonel a lesson; He would have conveniently taken the opportunity to capture Leonel back; but now...

"Your Imperial Highness, this man should be Cross Elder Avan of Shield Cross Stars; His status is very high; He is an Eighth Dimensional expert and he can almost make unilateral decisions in regards to the movements of Shield Cross Stars;"

At that moment, Simeon's soul construct suddenly spoke, causing Leonel's gaze to narrow even further; As he had expected, Cross Elder Avan was a true powerhouse;

The Human Domain didn't have any Eighth Dimensional worlds; As such; any Eighth Dimensional experts usually had to use methods of restricting their own strength just to be able to stay in their homes; In addition; just crossing

the barrier to the Eighth Dimension to begin with was a huge test in and of itself because it required leaving the Human Domain to succeed;

The fact that Cross Elder Avan had succeeded not only gave him exceptionally high status among Shield Cross Stars; but also among humans in general; The human race truly didn't have many experts of this caliber; the number was less than a hundred in comparison to their population of trillions upon trillions;

Leonel didn't bother to care about why Simeon knew of this for now, he would deal with one problem at a time. Dealing with such an expert would require his full attention.

The first time Leonel met a Seventh Dimensional expert as a Fifth Dimensional expert himself was during his interaction with Wise Star Order; Back then; he had been entirely outclassed; Although Cross Elder Avan was restricted; there was no telling what kind of abilities he had; If not for the flagship; Leonel would have already been in his clutches;

"Brat, I would advise you hand over the flagship and obediently hand yourself in;"

"Cap; this old man's more annoying than coach; Look at the mustache; is it a rite of passage for you legion of stick up the ass old men to all have rats on your lips?" Raj scoffed; "At least coach isn't bald; no wonder this old man's so jaded;"

Raj had no idea what had happened; nor did he understand the context; but he didn't care; Even in the worst case that Leonel was in the wrong; he would just turn a blind eye; The moment he saw that mustache; he was already having flashbacks to running sprints under the beaming sun and he lashed out;

Leonel, who was trying to be serious, couldn't help but smile;

Cross Elder Avan's expression turn malevolent; He couldn't remember the last time someone had dared to talk to him like this;

Just as he was about to say something. a swirling portal of green-gold appeared in the skies.

Leonel's eyes widened;

At that moment, a middle-aged man wearing robes embroidered with coiling five-clawed dragons stepped out; His hands were clasped behind his back, his expression indifferent and unmoved as he appeared before Cross Elder Avan;

Now that Leonel thought about it. this was the first time he had ever seen his grandfather upright. let alone moving. Every time they had met. he was either sitting in meditation or seated on a throne. and the difference... it was striking.

Emperor Fawkes' every movement seemed to cause the laws of the world to shimmer and bend, even the dragons on his imperial robes seeming far more alive.

Without a word, Emperor Fawkes stood just a single meter from Cross Elder Avan. The difference in their height was striking with Avan being a full head shorter, although much stockier.

Emperor Fawkes' head suddenly turned and he looked toward Earth that loomed in the nearby distance. It seemed that he was checking if he wasn't crazy. Indeed, his Imperial Palace was within sight, and yet this person had still come here, in his territory, to stir trouble.

Emperor Fawkes' head turned back toward Cross Elder Avan.

"Leave." Emperor Fawkes said lightly.

His robes fluttered as he looked down toward Avan, the lack of wind seemingly not mattering in the slightest.

"You..." Avan's eyes widened with fury.

However, before he could speak, a blinding gold light appeared to Emperor Fawkes' back as a scroll slowly unfurled.

"I said, leave."

The entirety of Earth's territory trembled and Leonel's eyes opened wide. In the blink of an eye, Cross Elder Avan's vanished to places seemingly unknown... And yet Leonel was absolutely certain that he was exported out of Earth's territory entire with a single spoken word.

His grandfather's range of control was so large?!

Emperor Fawkes casually turned back toward Leonel, his expression indifferent.

"Don't you have a job to do? Get to it."

Emperor Fawkes didn't seem to care to mention the massacre of the Brazingers that had occurred just moments ago. With a step, he vanished.

Leonel fell into silence, his expression serious.

So Shield Cross Stars could find him if he used the flagship to kill, but that didn't change much. Somehow, the Chaotic Water Sector was able to do the same thing. The real problem was that they had methods of weakening his flagship's power output and its defenses. If they really wanted to cause issues, just handing such methods to those causing trouble in Earth's territory would make the situation far more dangerous.

...

Cross Elder Avan's flashed out of the void, his body sliding back in the depths of space until he came to a grinding halt. His clothing was disordered and his mustache bristled, a hint of shock in the depths of his eyes. He still couldn't quite wrap his head around what had just happened.

This was supposed to be easy, just what had happened?

Fury built up within his chest with nowhere to be vented.

"Good... Good... Good... Then don't blame me, then."

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1769: May

Leonel stood in silence for a moment before he looked around with a smile; The weight in his chest seemed to have been lowered somewhat;

He didn't even care to consider what had happened in the last few days; he just felt content at the moment; His only regret was that his brothers had actually gone through so much growing without him; In this time; they had actually gone ahead and stepped into the Seventh Dimension well before him;

This wasn't too surprising, though; Given the talent of the people of Earth, not to mention the sheer number of resources Earth and its surrounding planets were spewing out constantly, it wasn't too shocking that they could reach such a stage relying on the Conventional Path;

Although it was slightly regretful that they hadn't taken the God Path; Leonel could tell that they didn't have much of a choice in the matter; When Leonel last met them; they were only at the lower Tiers of the Fifth Dimension; Between then and now; Earth had faced several existential crises; It wasn't as though they could take their time to grow in such a situation; Emna was definitely far luckier in this regard;

Even so; as Leonel had learned long ago; taking the Conventional Path didn't guarantee one's weakness; If they reformed their foundations with the help of the demon corpses as well; their chances at squeezing out their full potential would skyrocket;

Plus. the root of talent that separated the people of Earth from others came not from their base Dimension. but rather their Ability Indexes. and from what Leonel could tell from their casual jokes from earlier. his brothers had refined their Ability Indexes to a shocking degree.

Leonel's expression flickered for a moment and he vanished for a moment; When he reappeared. there were three more young men standing with him. all three of whom carried confused expressions until their eyes suddenly widened;

Joel. Arnold and Allan weren't as wild with their reactions as the others would be. but even so. it took everything in them not to scream out "ghost!" as well.

"Ah!" Raj charged over and swept the three into a bear hug before they could react;

The three couldn't even react. their minds still ringing; Was this an illusion? Had they slipped into such a thing? It wasn't impossible. but hadn't they been in human territory? Unless that was an illusion too?

It wasn't until they felt Raj's members swinging against their legs that they snapped out of it;

"Dammit, Raj! Put on some damn clothes!" Joel suddenly roared, pushing away and taking three hurried steps back.

Raj burst into laughter. his stomach jiggling; His hips gyrated as he rushed after Joel. his entire body seemed to roll in a circular pattern. the sickening slapping noise of skin echoing through the flagship;

"Don't run Joel. you're hurting my feelings. don't you love me?"

"Fuck!"

Joel turned and booked it; Ever since he and Leonel got caught sleeping in each other's arms and got themselves printed onto a t-shirt. he had been trying his best to avoid moments like this; All his usual composure flew out of the window; And yet. even as he ran. his eyes turned red as a wild grin spread across his face;

\*\*

It took a while, but the brothers finally sat together once more, circling around a table with smiles on their faces;

"Really though, cap, when'd you become a god? I'm kinda scared," Franco asked;

"Ah..." Leonel scratched his head; Honestly, he was only 20% sure that his method would work; The greatest limitation he had thought the silver tablet had was that its resurrection ability would only work on the Zone, but he had never thought that he would gain the ability to manipulate souls which allowed him to circumvent that method; The only limitation he had to contend with now was the Seventh Dimension;

It was a bit unfortunate that so many lives were permanently lost to give his brothers a chance to live again, but Leonel knew he would make the same choice again even if it was presented to him once more. It was no longer that difficult of a choice to him.

Leonel didn't really know how to explain it, so he just laid out everything honestly.

After his brothers heard the truth, they looked toward one another. Didn't that mean that so long as they had enough energy to exchange and their souls didn't disperse, they would be basically immortal until they died of natural causes?

Of course, Leonel would have to stay alive since he was the only one who could manipulate souls, but this was definitely a game changer. And, they couldn't enter the Eighth Dimension or else the silver tablet wouldn't be able to withstand their resurrection process.

But this...

"It feels different from that as well," Drake suddenly said. He was the most conscientious of them all, so he noticed almost immediately. "After I entered the Seventh Dimension, I felt like my progress had slowed to a crawl, but now it feels like all sorts of bottlenecks were suddenly opened up."

Leonel's eyes flickered.

This wasn't too surprising. The other ability of the silver tablet was clearing bottlenecks and allowing faster progression. After it rebuilt their bodies, it seemed that it had given them a path forward to progress faster as well.

They were all in Tier 1 of the Seventh Dimension, in fact even after many years, Joel, Arnold and Allan were only in Tier 2. But now, it seemed that there was another chance for them.

"Unfortunately, we don't have much time to tease out the details of right now. You guys must know that Earth is in a bit of trouble right now, some of which may or may not have been caused by me," Leonel rubbed his nose.

The nine brothers looked toward one another before bursting into a fit of laughter. "May"? A lot of it was definitely caused by Leonel, but did it matter? They were in this together.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1770: Big News

Earth's territory; Etching Metal Organization;

The situation in the Etching Metal Organization had been tense several days ago until the return of Emna; whereupon a shocking change took place; However; after this change settled down; the tension returned;

This matter was inevitable; Emna, who had a high position in the hearts of the Etching Metal Organization, had placed her life on the line to give them a

chance at the information they were seeking out, but even after returning in success, she had nothing to show for it;

According to Emna. the impetus for the creation of their Organization. a certain Leonel Morales that most of them had never even met before. took the spoils of Emna's successful assassination to analyze himself; It was then said that he was meant to return to them in a few days. but even after that time period had passed. he had still not returned;

Days ago. after Emna's return. many had already been dissatisfied with this; They didn't even know this Leonel. what right did he have to take their spoils? And now that he truly hadn't appeared after all this time. their dissatisfaction was only raised to an entirely new level; Could it be that he had simply lied and never planned to return at all;

Everything came to a head and the commotion was raised to a large enough level that a meeting was forced to convene;

At that moment. in an unknown location on an equally as unknown planet. this meeting had begun;

The Etching Metal Organization had just one leader. Raylion; However. the power was dispersed across many heads. all of whom had their own thoughts; While there were some heads that Raylion could trust to be on his side like Apestus. Emna. and the most powerful among them. Sael;

When Leonel last met Sael. he had lamented that her mentality wasn't strong enough to make use of her talent; Despite being more talented than even Raylion. during their time in Valiant Heart Mountain. she had been constantly suppressed by him. and after Valiant Heart Mountain fell. while Raylion was able to forge ahead. she found herself broken and weak;

Since then. however. Sael had managed to pick herself up. becoming a backbone of the organization and a large reason why the original foundation of the Etching Metal organization hadn't lost sight of their original purpose;

Sael was precisely the very woman that had introduced Leonel and Aina to Valiant Heart Mountain in the first place; She had been born with a unique Ability Index that had never been encoded before that gave her body a great mutation that amplified her battle prowess; It also happened to give her quite some control over plants and vegetation;



Raylion had started the Etching Metal Organization with Apestus many years ago, but it wasn't until quite some time after that that Sael managed to find her way back to them; And finally, many years after that, she and Raylion finally knocked down the last barriers separating the two and became husband and wife, solidifying their control over the organization;

[Author's Note: it's been a while so I know the nuances of this relationship are probably hard to remember; If it matters to you to remember and not just have it retold to you, I would suggest reading the last few chapters before the fall of Valiant Heart Mountain again as these details will be more important than they seem (chap 915-19); Anyhoo, back to the story]

Still, over the years, in order to expand the power of the Etching Metal Organization, Raylion had no choice but to recruit and delegate power;

For an organization that lingered in the shadows and collected information while working in the morally grey hues of the world, being able to form numerous limbs that could work independently of one another while maintaining a certain level of strength and quality was greatly important;

However, in order to accomplish this, one also had to accept working with a double edged sword;

In releasing some of the absolute control he had, Raylion had to swallow a lot more pushback and dissenting opinions, especially in recent days. It was to the point where many were questioning the original reason the organization was formed in the first place!

Due to this, the room was split down the middle in two; On one side, there was Raylion, Sael, Apestus and Emna, but on the other, there were four other individuals;

Crafter Bitner; This old man was the best Crafter among their numbers, being at the Silver Grade; He was very much responsible for outfitting a large number of their assassins, warriors and operatives with the tools and treasures they needed, especially at the highest levels;

Treasurer Jemsy. He was a savant when it came to not only accounting, but also in money laundering and moving around dark money. Without him, their growth would have been bottlenecked over a decade ago. How could an organization grow without money? But this was an especially tall task to fulfill for an organization that functioned in the dark like theirs, especially when

Raylion refused to take on casual assassination missions that would have been the most lucrative.

Then there was Robin and Tiny, the former being a woman and the latter being a man that was, quite frankly, tiny. Robin was a tall and muscular woman whose neck was swallowed up by her traps, while Tiny was a man of not even five feet tall who had irises so large and black that the whites of his eyes almost vanished entirely.

However, their combat prowess was exceptional and they were the pillars of strength of their organization outside of Raylion, Sael, Apestus and Emna.

At this moment, Crafter Bitner, Treasurer Jemsy, Robin and Tiny sat across from the four somewhat founding members of the organization, questioning the recent happenings quite fiercely.

"... This old narrative is getting tiring," Tiny spoke in a voice several octaves too deep given his size, "it has been over 20 years since the organization was founded and we've been waiting for this so-called Leonel to appear for all this time, and once he finally does, he screws us over? Is this what you've had us waiting all this time for?"

"You refuse to expand beyond Earth's territory even though this is by far the most dangerous region to do business in the Human Domain currently. You refuse to accept assassination missions that aren't hand picked and curated even though Jemsy is barely keeping us afloat money-wise. And now our apparent savior is some Tier 1 Sixth Dimensional brat?"

Emna's expression darkened. "Tier 1 of the Sixth Dimension is too weak for you? Am I too weak for you too?"

"We've already had this conversation, Emna. You dealt the man a fatal blow and he was already greatly weakened. He just swooped in after you had already done all the work and you went googly eyed, even giving him our spoils of war. Shouldn't you be answering for that?!"

"I put my life on the line to complete that mission, but you want me to give you an answer for it?!" Emna's gaze danced with flickering blade lights.

"Haha!" Tiny roared with laughter. "You might have completed the mission, but who gave you the information on where that convenience station was? Who got the information of what that man's status was and what his goals

were? How many of our brothers and sisters died before we could gather up that information?!

"We've been in business for more than 20 years but we've only unearthed three of those locations, and yet you pissed it all away the moment you saw that incompetent fool! Now there's only two left and they'll probably be on guard, there's no telling if the information would remain the same, and even if it did, there's no telling if you'll succeed this time!

"If you can't see the problem with that, you don't deserve your position!"

"YOU!" Emna's hair stood on end, blade edges dancing within it. It seemed as though her individual strands had become Blade Force.

Just as the atmosphere was about to boil over, there was a rushed knocking and an attendant stumbled in.

"Big news! Big news! Our informants just reported that the Adurna, Brazinger, Laevis and Crudus families have all been destroyed!"

Through their huffing and puffing, the attendant managed to breathe these words out.

The eight heads were left stunned.