

## Dimensional Descent

### Dimensional Descent

#### Chapter 1781: In Control

##### 1781 In Control

Leonel and Aina looked toward another and Leonel eventually coughed. He walked over and patted Raj on the shoulder.

"Hey, at least she said something. It could be worse, she could have just disappeared without saying anything at all."

The moment Leonel said the words, he felt a hot gaze on the side of his face. However, he gathered up all the will power in the world and raised a thumbs-up.

One could never say that he wouldn't take one for his brothers.

As expected, the moment Raj heard this, he burst into a fit of laughter. "Now, if you'll excuse me," Leonel said before vanishing in a beam of light.

"Wait right there!" Aina called out from behind. "Don't say I never did anything for you, Raj!" Leonel's voice echoed beneath the laughter of his brothers.

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The Umbra family was quite an anomaly. Years ago, they had burst onto the scene, attacking Earth with a sweeping momentum, before they were suddenly repelled.

Back then, many had made the assumption that they wouldn't give up like this. After all, Earth had only been at the Fifth Dimension during their first attack, making it difficult for them to send their true fire power over. They could only rely on their young geniuses and older individuals who had no chance of breaking into the Sixth Dimension.

Such a line up wasn't very conducive to success. Due to the circumstances, they had only been able to send a single Sixth Dimensional existence in, their

Patriarch Silam Umbra. But after his return, he made no movements to attempt a second attack, even after Earth became a Sixth Dimensional existence

and swallowed up their territory. This was odd to many observing the situation.

Although the Umbra family wasn't exactly supremely powerful, they weren't weak either. Back then, beneath the Luxnix, Montex and Viola families, they were probably near first place. In addition, having your territory swallowed by the influence of another World Spirit was nothing but bad, this was actually why Rychard was fighting so hard to maintain control over a certain radius. When one World Spirit overwhelms another, it's only a matter of time before the weaker World Spirit loses all power.

Once that happens, the generations birthed by the weaker World Spirit will cease to exist and the newborns will begin the cycle of becoming Earthlings.

If this continued, in five generations, everything your ancestors had built up would vanish and your people would become the people of the stronger World Spirit.

This wasn't necessarily a bad thing if your lineage was weak. After all, wouldn't you prefer to be a talent of Earth than a middling talent of a Sixth Dimensional world?

But everyone had their own ambitions, and that was especially since there was another option, and that was to swallow up the stronger World Spirit yourself.

If a weaker world overwhelmed an evolving world, it was possible to snatch the talent away and take it for yourself. In this way, not only would you be able to keep your lineage, you would also give it a great boost in strength.

And yet, when Earth underwent a point of great vulnerability during its expansion into the Sixth Dimension, and was even compromised in a war against four now eradicated families, the Umbra family which had been in the best position to strike, controlling a galaxy right outside of the Milky Way, actually did nothing.

No, it wasn't accurate to say that they did nothing, and was far more accurate to say that they did nothing to Earth, because it was thanks to the Umbra

family that many who wanted to take advantage of the situation found themselves absolutely stonewalled.

The Umbra family, which was always known as one of decent strength, displayed a great amount of strength that felt well beyond its own and even played a key role alongside other mysterious figures in stopping others from taking advantage of Earth's greatest period of weakness. What others didn't know was that this was all because of a single young man, a young man who stood high in the skies and he looked down toward the shadowy planet.

"You're finally here." The voice appeared in a wisp of smoke as a figure suddenly manifested by Leonel's side. This was none other than Radlis, a young man that Leonel had known since his days at Valiant Heart Mountain. It could be said that they were good friends for a while, though their relationship had ended up being a bit strained when Leonel learned that he was from the Umbra family and had only come to the Milky Way to prepare for an attack on Earth and of course, target the Silver Tablet.

Leonel smiled, seemingly not surprised by Radlis' sudden appearance at all. "Sorry it took so long, apparently I was stuck in a Zone for over 20 years." Radlis's expression flickered. He had heard about the Zone as well. In fact, he knew a bit more about it than most considering his Umbra family's former connections with the Three Finger Cult.

He was shocked that Leonel had made it out at all. "Oh? So you do know a little something about that Zone. I was-"

"... You might be disappointed with how much we know, but I guess you can say that we're aware of a small bit. You can follow me, everyone has been waiting for a while."

In truth, after knowing that Leonel would enter the Void Palace, they had already been ready to wait more than just a few decades.

After all, one wasn't supposed to be able to leave the Void Palace casually after entering it. The trade off in time should have been worth it, but it was just unfortunate that Leonel didn't gain the boost in strength they were expecting from him in this time period.

As a result, though they had been willing to wait, the situation was a bit more strained now than it would have been otherwise.

Even so, what could they do? Just the fact Leonel knew of their connection to the Three Finger Cult meant that he had them by the balls. No matter how dissatisfied some of them might be, it was all useless.

Leonel was in control. "Mm, let's go," Leonel nodded.

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### Chapter 1782: Simple Words

#### 1782 Simple Words

Compared to the throne rooms and royal courts that Leonel had been in before, the gathering room of the Umbra family was very simple. Up ahead, their Patriarch, a man quite familiar to Leonel, Silam Umbra, sat. But unlike Leonel's run in with the Viola family, Silam didn't seem to be flaunting his authority.

In fact, he was quite eye level with Leonel and greeted him with a nod.

What was interesting to Leonel, though, was that Silam was still in the Sixth Dimension and he didn't seem to have improved very much at all. But this shouldn't have been surprising considering the fact that Silam should have already been near the peak of his potential when Leonel met him the first time.

It wasn't as though everyone would have vast improvements during his absence. However, this was still a curious matter.

It had to be remembered that Leonel had drawn the connection between the Umbra family and the Three Finger Cult.

Leonel had been able to draw the connection between the Shadow Tail Lineage Factor of the Umbra family and the higher grade Lineage Factors of the Umbra family.

Even so, it felt odd that a family that was able to escape the Three Finger Cult would be so weak. It felt like it would make more sense that they were purposely putting up such a front to remain hidden, but Leonel actually felt that it was far more complicated than this.

At the very least,if remaining covert was actually their main priority, they probably wouldn't have attacked Earth back then.

Unless they attacked precisely so that they wouldn't stand out. If they hadn't tried to take advantage of such a good opportunity, it would have made them look more odd than not.

But now they're probably being placed in a difficult situation because of me now that they chose to stand out and protect Earth back then.

'On top of that, in order for them to have succeeded back then, they definitely had to have more strength in reserve than what they're displaying here. Interesting.'

Leonel didn't seem very uncomfortable with the silence in the room. Despite the several gazes trained on him, and the depth of darkness in the surrounding space, he seemed to be very comfortable in his own skin whereas others might have started squirming by now.

"Can you old fogies stop staring so much? You're making my skin crawl," Radlis mumbled.

In the quiet of the room,his voice was all too conspicuous. It seemed that the years hadn't taken the jokester out of Radlis, but even so, that only earned him more glares. They were trying to be serious here, but here was this boy ruining everything. Radlis scratched the back of his head with an awkward laugh and grin.

"Sorry,sorry, I only like it when beautiful women stare at me."

"Oh? Am I not beautiful enough for you?"

At that moment, a middle aged woman turned a sharp eye toward Radlis. She was actually his aunt, and though she looked a bit aged, she definitely still had the air of a mature and graceful woman to her.

Even with the faint wrinkles on her face, most men would be forced to take a second or third look before her.

This woman was known as Seltin, and it felt that the moment she spoke, the entire room seemed to shift toward her, even more so than Patriarch Silam himself.

Radlis coughed. "How could that be true, aunty? I dream about you every day. I've lost count of the number of times I have lamented the fact we are related.

Why are the heavens so cruel to me? I'm forever destined to not be with the world's greatest beauty!"

Radlis spoke as though he was pouring his heart out, but his antics caused the room which had been stifled with pressure to burst, becoming filled instead with stifled laughter.

Even Leonel's lip twitched. Now that he thought about it, the first time he met Radlis he was chasing skirts. It seemed that he wasn't willing to let even his own aunt go.

Toward this, observers could only be speechless. Seltin rolled her eyes. Obviously, she was likewise used to her nephew's nonsense.

Radlis was lucky that the situation wouldn't allow it, or else she would have given him a nice spanking. After a moment, Seltin turned her gaze toward Silam for

a second before looking toward Leonel.

"You are a very intelligent boy since you could expose us when even the Three Finger Cult could not, so I'm sure you understand our qualms as well, right?"

We are running out of time and circumstances have, unfortunately, caused you to lose almost a quarter of a century. While we were, indeed, prepared to wait even twice as long as that, I'm sure you can understand the difference between then and now, right?"

"It would not be smart on our part to continue investing in you the same way. However, there is also not much we can do if you choose to hold our past over our heads either, so we are at a bit of an impasse."

Hearing these words, rather than being annoyed, Leonel was actually quite curious. Although the words seemed simple, they implied many things.

The first was that the Umbra Three Finger Cult that was likely beyond just pure survival. The second was that they were prepared to execute this plan so

long as Leonel would allow them an amicable separation. And the third was that they weren't willing to have a falling out with Leonel if they didn't have to.

If they killed Leonel, it wouldn't be long before the spotlight was on them again and that would make remaining hidden almost impossible.

In addition, they would make themselves a great number of enemies, whether that was the Ascension Empire or the Morales family. They didn't believe that others wouldn't know that Leonel had come here today, so it was impossible for them to take this course of action casually.

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### Chapter 1783: I'm Not Here

#### 1783 I'm Not Here

Leonel didn't speak immediately. In truth, he had come here for two reasons. The first was to touch base and make sure that everything was running smoothly, while the second was to give the Umbra family the Bronze and Silver Tablets of the Dark half of their Lineage Factor.

From what Leonel could see, the Umbra family was stuck with their Shadow Tail Lineage Factor much like the Luxnix family had been stuck with the Snowy Star Owl.

But, compared to the original Luxnix family, the Umbra family had far more potential and talent, it was just hard for them to see the road forward.

If they were able to upgrade their Lineage Factors, the help that they could provide to Leonel would be much better. The gap between the Lineage Factors was not small. If not for the perfect synergy between the two halves of the Lineage Factors, Leonel would have already abandoned his construct in favor of the stronger Lineage Factors of the Dark Force half.

But now, Leonel realized that he would need to understand more about the Umbra family before he made this decision. In truth, the reason why he "trusted"

them was obvious. This wasn't because he liked Radlis, or he understood Silam's character, it was rather because he had a firm hold of their greatest weakness.

Someone who feared him and what he could do to them was much more trustworthy in almost all cases.

Judging by the context clues of Seltin's words, however, there was too much he didn't understand to hold firmly to this conviction. In fact, just the mere fact Seltin was speaking instead of Silam spoke volumes about how little he knew.

"... I can tell you now that you've got it wrong," Leonel spoke slowly, "it isn't me who should be convincing you of my use to you, but rather the vice versa."

Seltin and the others frowned at these words.

For a moment, they thought that Leonel might not have been as intelligent as they once thought. Could he not tell the underlying meaning of their words?

Did he really think that this was all they had? Leonel shook his head.

"The matter of the Three Finger Cult is trivial as of right now. Even if you all were suddenly exposed right this moment, I highly doubt that the Cult would have the bandwidth to deal with you right now. In fact, I'm pretty sure they have their hands full dealing with my old man's temper."

Leonel had already deduced that there was just one matter that could be keeping his father busy, and that had to be the Three Finger Cult. This was just an obvious conclusion to make. The Void Palace had been all but out of commission for at least 10 years before it finally clawed back enough high ranking members to reestablish themselves. But even then, their rules became more difficult to implement and even something as simple as their no leaving policy was broken again and again, casually.

Even setting aside Leonel's brothers, even the likes of Rychard had just directly left without a word. It was clear that the prestige of the Void Palace had taken a great hit. And yet, even with the Void Palace absent, what was the worst thing that had happened in these last 20 years?

The invasion of the Cloud Race, maybe? Compared to what could have, or one could even argue should have happened, that was a mere joke.

The only way that the Three Finger Cult could have been stalled for that period of time was if someone, or several someones with exceptional power, had stifled them at every turn. If Leonel knew of the disparaging words the



Three Finger Cult had spoken about his old man, he would have laughed directly in their faces.

To him, such words would have sounded no different from the triggered ravings of a group of losers. And, now that the Void Palace was back, the task ahead for the Three Finger Cult would only be made more difficult.

As expected, when Leonel said these words, Seltin's expression flickered. "I don't need to threaten you, and I don't have a habit of threatening those who are supposed to be my allies."

"Is that why you destroyed those four families?" Seltin asked lightly.

Leonel grinned. "Were they supposed to be my allies? As far as I know, in the midst of a crisis, instead of supporting the world they were born in, they attacked it and slaughtered countless young geniuses. Destroying them, as far as I'm concerned, was taking it easy on them."

Seltin didn't respond. Her words seemed to be implying something different, but at this moment, it didn't seem to matter much.

"So, I'll say it again. It isn't you all who needs convincing. I came here today with the intention of helping your family a great deal, but now I'm not so sure anymore."

"Anyone could just say those words," an elder suddenly spoke from the side. BANG! A bronze tablet fell from Leonel's ring onto the ground, causing cracks to spread in all directions.

"Can they? Why am I not so certain of that?" Leonel asked without even looking in the direction of the elder who spoke. By this point, although Leonel's gaze never left Seltin, even her own eyes were entirely focused on the bronze tablet at his feet.

It radiated an aura that they were all too familiar with, an aura that made their hearts skip several beats. It very much at all, letting it rest at his feet without a single hint on his expression to its value.

"Even if you all are a thousand times more powerful than what you've shown on the surface, I can promise that I can still leave this place entirely unscathed."

"So, I won't repeat myself again. This time, I'll need proper explanations. I'm not here to beg you, I'm here to lead you. I'm not here to threaten you,

I'm here to show you a light at the end of the tunnel. If you don't want it, just say so and our relationship will be cut off here, just don't think of coming back to me later. I already have a pet peeve against being tested."

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### Chapter 1784: Beyond

#### 1784 Beyond

Seltin's gaze narrowed, but even after she looked back up to meet Leonel's, he didn't flinch a single time. In fact, it was she who felt her throat suddenly constrict as though just a thought of acting against Leonel would lead to her death. This was, of course, ridiculous, or at the very least, she thought that it should be. Even with the strength she only showed on the surface, it should be enough to deal with a Tier 1 Leonel. let alone her true strength...So why did she feel so uncomfortable?

"... What do you want to know?" Seltin finally spoke.

"The obvious," Leonel replied without missing a beat.

"Why did you leave the Three Finger Cult? How did you leave them? Why are you all stuck at the Shadow

Tail level of the Lineage Factors? What is the true depth of your strength... The obvious," Leonel repeated.

Seltin's jaw set and she leaned back into her chair. Radlis, who was still standing by Leonel's side, coughed slightly, pulling at his color.

"Is it just me or is it a bit hot in here?"

This time, Radlis' antics didn't get any laughs. In fact, the atmosphere only became heavier until Seltin finally spoke.

"Believe it or not, the Three Finger Cult wasn't always like this. The original intention of the Three Finger Cult was to save humanity.

I'm sure that those who remain still believe that that's what they're doing, but as far as we are concerned, they've strayed from that path long ago. The moment they began to target fellow humans for the supposed "greater good", they had already lost their way."

Leonel's gaze narrowed, but he didn't interrupt. "The Three Finger Cult gained its name from its three founders. Oddly enough, only two of them were human, and the third... was a demon. The other two founders, one is likely one you have never heard of, a man who called himself King, and the second was a true Emperor...the first ruler of the Silver Empire, Emperor Silver the First.

"One would think that it would be the demon who betrayed the other two, but the one who did was the second human, King. Without wasting time getting into the weeds, King turned the Human race against the Silver Empire, leading to their destruction. It was said that the reason for this was a love triangle between the three as it was probably more accurate to say that their third member wasn't a demon, but rather....A demoness."

"The details of that period are murky to many, but in the annals of history, it had always been written that the Silver Empire betrayed the human race, turning into unrecognizable demons. One could only guess that the demoness of the Three Finger Cult chose Emperor Silver and King was enraged by this."

Leonel frowned. Something wasn't adding up. "If the founders of the Three Finger Cult involved the founder of the Silver Empire, how is it that this grudge led to the destruction of the Empire?" It didn't make any sense. No matter what, the Silver Empire was a powerful dynasty and it had many Emperors. By the time the Silver Empire fell, the founders of the Three Finger Cult should have long been dead. From what Leonel understood about lifespans, this shouldn't be possible.

Even Wise Star Order, who was supposedly Immortal, had a cap to his lifespan.

"This is an answer I cannot give you. All I know is that these words are most definitely the truth, because even now, King is still alive." Leonel's pupils constricted, his heart palpitating. If Seltin wasn't lying, then this wasn't just a small matter. What level of strength did someone who had lived for so long have?

How did this make any sense at all? Seltin took a breath and exhaled. It was obvious that this was also something she thought about a lot.

"Our Umbra family is made of individuals whose hearts turned cold due to this decision and the few members that remain of the Silver Empire. We hope to make it back one, but for now we live in the shadows. This is why we've taken on the name Umbra."

Seltin shook her head. "We cannot tell you the true depth of our power as it does matter regardless. We will never show the world more than this level of strength, and even if you give us the Bronze Tablet to meditate upon and regain our Lineage Factor, we will never show it to the outside world either, not until we are ready to strike back against the Three Finger Cult."

"Ultimately, the reason we only have the Shadow Tail Lineage Factor is because for us, it doesn't manifest like a Lineage Factor at all. Instead, it manifests like an Ability Index, it is not inherited, it's instead passed down to us. "

"The original Three Finger Cult didn't have strong familial ties so it was difficult to maintain the Lineage Factor across many generations, and even when it did appear, it was becoming so scarce that it was difficult to display good results."

"In addition, since the Cult only had one tablet, it wasn't feasible to allow everyone a chance to meditate on it, especially as the organization expanded."

"So, as a result of this, the demoness created this method of Lineage Factor transfer. Only by contributing to the cause could we then gain an opportunity to meditate on the tablet and thus progress."

"But, obviously, after our escape, we forever lost this chance and have been trying to find new methods of progression. I can only say that... this tablet is indeed very valuable to us. You are correct in your original assessment..." As Seltin's words echoed, flashes of lightning were sparking through Leonel's Dreamscape.

He felt like he was making connections faster and faster between things that had previously seemed entirely disconnected, even some things related to his Grandpa Morales.

But before he could even focus on those things, Leonel's mind suddenly snapped toward the demoness. A demoness... capable of passing down Lineage Factors as though they were Ability Indexes... The Silver Tablet was

also somewhat similar to this, was it not? Just who was this demoness? And why was it that she was the only one Setlin left unnamed?

For some reason, Leonel had a feeling that this demoness was far more important than Emperor Silver or King. In fact, she may very well be the reason behind it all.

But this only left more questions than answers. The Void Library had no explanations of a demon race, it seemed that the only instance occurred within the Human Domain itself, something that made absolutely no sense.

Where was that demoness during the conflict? Why did Seltin gloss over her as though she wasn't a big deal at all? And why was it that the more Leonel thought about this demoness, the vaguer his conclusions about her became, almost as though someone was trying to mess with his memory? The most fear inducing part was that Leonel could feel the movements in his Dream Force, almost as though a pair of slender hands was shifting his synapses and stopping them from firing properly.

This person...their Dream Force affinity was leagues beyond his own.

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### Chapter 1785: Not Bad

1785 Not Bad

Leonel frowned and shook his head. He couldn't think straight until he, ironically, stopped thinking entirely. He could only barely manage to split up his deductions into several Dreamscapes, only when they were separate did the odd influence on his mind disappear.

By the time he was finished, his heart was beating erratically. He couldn't imagine the kind of power it would take to influence someone's thoughts about you.

This was beyond just power, it was quite literally the means of a God. Leonel was almost 100% certain that this person was aware every time their likeness was mentioned.

Was this the true power of Dream Force? To not only be hyper aware of your own stream of consciousness, but that of everyone else's as well?

Years ago, Leonel had had a thought about this, but it was so far away from him that he couldn't even fathom it. Even now, he was in a similar situation.

Despite how far he had grown, he felt like he hadn't even taken half a step toward such a goal. 'This person... this person is dangerous...' Leonel's jaw set.

He realized almost immediately just how poor his mindset had been. This wasn't someone that he could casually catch up to with a few years of effort, and it most definitely wasn't someone he could out scheme.

This was beyond Wise Star Order reading his mind, this person could sense his learning about them from an infinite distance away. To say that such an individual could crush him with a single finger was an exaggeration...of himself. This person wouldn't even need to lift a finger. If Leonel was correct, if this person wanted to kill him, the moment they sensed him learning about them, they could directly snuff out his consciousness, and he wouldn't even be able to do anything about it. This was why Leonel had no choice but to stop trying to deduce.

If he kept thinking about this person, he might very well offend them. By then, he wouldn't even know how he died, his life would just be forfeit.

Unbeknownst to him, Leonel had broken out into a cold sweat, his face becoming somewhat pale. This was a feeling that he had never experienced before.

What he didn't even have the presence of mind to realize was that most people who spoke of this person wouldn't even notice that they were being observed.

It was precisely because Leonel's Dream Force affinity was so high that he could feel this fear to begin with. As the saying went, ignorance was bliss.

Seltin and the others had no idea why Leonel was reacting like this, but Leonel himself felt that he had just barely escaped with his life.

The problem was that losing his life was just one potential aspect. Someone with such a great control over Dream Force could take over his mind, alter his thoughts, and twist his personality without him even realizing.

Such a thing would be a far worse fate than death. Leonel took slow and deep breaths, doing his best to slow his heart rate. The glow in his eye slowly returned.

It took him a while, but Leonel realized that even his overwhelming feeling of fear just now didn't even come from himself, it was rather this person influencing him.

For them to be able to force him to react like this after what he experienced with the Emperor's Might Tablet, it was clear that they were an existence no less powerful.

Leonel lightly flexed his fists, the aura around him shifting. At that moment, Leonel's Dream Force broke through a barrier as he exhaled. His irises reflected a glassy color, almost as though one could spot a microcosm of the world within him. A silvery crystal-like energy rained down around Leonel and his three Stars rotated.

BOOM! BOOM! In an instant, Leonel's aura flourished, his strength soaring from Tier 1 of the Sixth Dimension to Tier 3.

Wild fluctuations of Force wafted from his body like the echoes of a roar, causing cracks to race along the ground and forcing Radlis, who was the closest to him, into a retreat. Leonel's hair danced and his clothing fluttered. The pale violet color in his eyes seemed to solidify for a moment before it receded once more.

The expressions of Seltin and the others couldn't help but widen. The moment Leonel made his first breakthrough, it was clear and obvious that he wasn't on the Conventional Path. A breakthrough in the Conventional Path after the Fifth Dimension required a large amount of resources, but Leonel hadn't absorbed anything, in fact his body seemed to spontaneously produce Force of its own. This meant that Leonel had to be on the God Path, but if he really was on the God Path, just what were they witnessing? Even a single breakthrough along the God Path was worthy of celebration.

Even for the Cataclysm Generation, the greatest geniuses of the Human Domain, supposedly, a single breakthrough took over a year. Many of them had already been back for over a decade but very few had entered the Seventh Dimension. This made the issue obvious. Just a single breakthrough should be hard to come by, how the hell had Leonel undergone two right before their eyes? And the oddest part was that just a moment ago, he looked

as though he had contracted some sort of sickness. The flourishing aura around Leonel slowly came to a pause and he exhaled a final breath and everything seemed to settle down properly.

In an unknown location, a demoness sat on a throne of bones. Every part of her was endlessly alluring, and yet it also felt as though one couldn't see any part of her clearly. She was somehow both the most perfect representation of woman, and yet somehow very forgettable. At that moment, this demoness chuckled, even her voice causing those that heard it to go entirely soft all over.

"Not bad," she said lightly. "Much better than those other two."

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### Chapter 1786: Libli and Dynmo

1786 Libli and Dynmo

Leonel stretched slightly, his body popping and crackling. Just now, he had caught a glimpse of what the highest echelons of Dream Force Manipulation looked like, and it almost instantly enlightened him. However, even with this, he only felt that the gap between himself and this individual only widened further.

Even so, the pressure of Leonel's Dream Force had just become more suffocating.

He could feel the limitations his body placed on his Seventh Dimensional Dream Force loosen by a great deal. It was clear that strengthening one's Force Manipulation could break down Dimensional barriers prematurely. Breaking through via this method felt so much different than it had in the Fifth Dimension.

Leonel felt as though he had become an elevated being, as though he was truly transcending through the Dimensions, like he was shedding his mortality.

He tightened and loosened his fists, feeling the air around him trembling. This was just a Sixth Dimensional world and the power he felt over it was palpable.



He felt like he could crush a mountain with a single stop and split the skies in two. This was true power. Even so, he didn't feel the slightest hint of complacency.

The looming shadow of that figure hung over his shoulder, reminding him just how weak he was. At the same time, that hidden danger he had been sensing all this time could come around any time now, he didn't want to relax.

Leonel stretched a hand forward and the Bronze Tablet shot up and into his hands. "Take it", Leonel threw the Bronze Tablet over to Seltin without much hesitation.

Even she was slightly stunned. She blinked, touching the cool surface. Even now, she could feel her blood stirring within herself. She had already brought the Shadow Tail Lineage Factor to the peak of its potential long ago, she had been waiting for this day for too long.

"Are you sure?"

"There's nothing to be hesitant about. For what they did to my grandfather, the Three Finger Cult will definitely fall in my lifetime with or without you all, that I can promise. But if you all are serious about following through on your Ancestor's intentions, then I will invest now and reap the rewards later."

Leonel waved a hand. "Soon, I'll be launching a mission against the Thrusting Skies Sector, prepare an elite group of a hundred, whatever the best you can display for now is. I will be going to the Midas and Radix families now. Originally, I was going to have you participate in this as well, but now..."

Leonel looked down and his hands, feeling the strength coursing through him. "... I don't think it's necessary anymore." Leonel turned to leave with a smile, waving a hand. If it was before and Leonel had spoken about taking out the Three Finger Cult without them, the members of the Umbra family might not have been able to take it seriously. However, it could be understated just how impossible it was to have such a breakthrough in the Sixth Dimension.

To skip a level was practically unheard of. So when Leonel spoke...they subconsciously believed him.

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He expected the Midas and Radix families to be even easier to deal with than the Umbra family had with the Umbra, he had no such thing with this two-pronged family, and yet he didn't even have to shed a single hint of blood to find himself deep within their territory, face to face with their new Patriarch and Matriarch.

Leonel knew the two of them quite well as he had fought the both of them before, Libli the petite young woman, and Dynmo, the 2.5 meter tall behemoth of a man.

After over two decades, their marriage had long since occurred and they might very well have children between them now. However, quite frankly, the two of them looked horrible. From what Leonel could tell, they really seemed to be on their last legs. It only took a single sweep for Leonel to understand.

"The Florer family?" Libli managed to keep her calm after Leonel said these words, but it was Dynmo, the simple one between the two, that wore his heart too clearly on his sleeve.

He reacted almost immediately when Leonel spoke, making it all too obvious that this was the case.

Toward her husband, Libli could only release an exasperated sigh.

The last time Dynmo had seen Leonel, he had gotten his shoulder crushed and found himself tossed into a snowglobe. If not for Leonel choosing to release him back to his family, he wouldn't even be here, and it could be said that it was because of this slight good will that Leonel's journey here had been made so easy.

Even so, Dynmo had a psychological weakness in the face of Leonel that was even worse compared to usual, so he found it very hard to hide anything, especially when Leonel was being so blunt and straight forward.

"Prince Leonel, we hope that you can help us out a small measure. As you know, our Midas and Radix family, and their Florer family, have never seen eye to eye because we own two halves of the same inheritance."

"Back during Earth's rise into the Sixth Dimension, the Florer family made the mistake of attacking again, and they suffered a huge loss at the hands of the Umbra family and others, which saved us quite some trouble. But in recent years, they've been making a comeback and the pressure has returned

tenfold, and things are only worse now given the retreat of Shield Cross Stars."

"If things keep trending in this direction, our family will be finished. They've always been more powerful than us, and if not for the union of our two families, we would have been crushed."

"I know that Imperial Prince needs help from others for the Morales family Heir Wars, but it's impossible for you to gain the help of the truly powerful families due to the muddied politics. If you help our family to complete our inheritance by snatching away the Florer family's secrets, I can guarantee that we will be of great help to you!" Libli exhaled a breath as though it had taken up all of her energy to get this out.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1787: Mistake

#### 1787 Mistake

"Hm..." Leonel hummed, but didn't answer immediately. Of course, he had come here wanting to deal with Midas and Radix families, SO to turn his attention toward the Florer family in exchange for their obedience wasn't too much of a problem. But the confidence in Libli's voice made him curious.

He had really thought much about it before, but it seemed that this inheritance they were talking about might not be too simple. In fact, if he recalled correctly this inheritance should be related to the Silver Empire as well. Leonel remembered the first time he had heard about the Silver Empire.

While it had been intriguing, it wasn't enough for him to be in shock and awe. But suddenly, he seemed to hear their name echo wherever he went.

Libli squirmed somewhat nervously. Although she had said about whether or not Leonel would really help them. Much like one tended to do in negotiations, she had exaggerated their position a bit. Whether or not they would be able to maximize the inheritance or not wasn't something she was sure of.

In fact, she wasn't even certain what the Silver Empire inheritance would look like when it fused into one.

"Explain your half of the inheritance to me." Leonel finally said. Libli exhaled. So long as Leonel was asking questions, there was a chance.

"The inheritance is... a bit difficult to describe. But it boils down to my Radix family's Radix Cube and Dynmo's Midas family's strong bodies."

"The Midas family's is much easier to explain. They are able to use large amounts of Fire Force materials to strengthen their bodies. It not only ups their fire affinity, but it also gives their body a durability and recoverability most do not have."

"When you returned Dynmo to us, he was half dead with disastrous brain injuries, but he was able to survive thanks to this. He's even able to heal his body just by taking in high quality Fire Force, though the limit is dependent on his own affinity, the strength of his talent and his overall strength itself."

Leonel's eyes narrowed when he heard this. Dynmo had, indeed, been half dead when Leonel returned him to his family. In fact, he remembered being shocked that he survived his blow at all. However, this wasn't why Leonel was intrigued. He just felt that Libli's words sounded...greatly familiar.

"My Radix family's Radix Cube is a lot more complicated. We are able to form a special Force within us that can be used to influence and change metals.

Once this metal is changed through the use of our Bronze Force, it gains a symbiotic relationship with us and we are able to take it within our bodies.

This allows us to create Crafts that can be controlled like limbs extending from our bodies."

"We nurture our Radix Cubes through our lives and we grow along with them. As we get more powerful, so too do they."

The more Libli talked, the more sparks flew within Leonel's Dreamscape. But even so, he couldn't understand why... Time and time again, the name Morales and Metal Synergy Lineage Factor came up.

But... What did portions of an Inheritance from the Silver Empire have to do with the Morales family? Swallowing Fire Force to strengthen one's body... That sounded eerily similar to Metal Body. Fusing with metals and controlling it like an extension of yourself...

That sounded eerily similar to Divine Armor.

These seemingly unrelated matters all of a sudden fell entirely too related when they were reframed.

Leonel's gaze turned sharp. What about the Florer family, then?

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"We have to be more cautious, things aren't looking good. News that the four families were destroyed has been circulating, although that might just be a rumor right now, we should at least confirm if it's true before we take another step."

A voice of reason echoed in a secret meeting room. This location was none other than an underground lair of the Florer family, but the people here were entirely split. The individual who spoke was an old woman who went by Elder Cherie. She looked especially kind, and though her face was filled with wrinkles, she had a rosiness that seemed very healthy. Out of her greying hair, branches of trees seemed to grow and blooming red cherries became like ornaments to her style.

On her shoulder, a beautiful white dove sat, picking at the red cherries from time to time with a blooming happiness in its eyes. By the time it finished eating one, a second would appear in its place almost immediately. This woman exuded endless vitality and was one of the three strongest warriors of the Florer family.

Even so, she seemed to be in the minority on this day. Elders Seaward and Rosellia were entirely opposed to her views. "I disagree," Elder Seaward, an old man who seemingly had seaweed in place of his hair spoke out, "if anything, those rumors should make us hurry all the more. That boy is the very one who killed little Belize back when he was just in the Fifth Dimension. Now that he's returned, what chance do we stand if we do not finally complete our ancestors' wishes and fuse the final inheritance together?" Elder Cherie shook her head.

"You only need to take the Midas and Radix families as an example. Just because we have the be able to fuse it. If it was so easy, why haven't their Midas and Radix families fused their quarter pieces together in all this time? Isn't it precisely because we can make use of a full half while they can only separate it that we are so much more powerful than they are?"

"Even after centuries of inter- marrying,they've only just finally produced a young genius that can use the two. By the time we succeed in producing a genius who can fuse all three pieces, our actions would have long since offended the Ascension Empire to the point where we would be eradicated.

By then, our hard work would fall in the hands of others. "I believe that this is a foolish decision that will lead to the downfall of our family."

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1788: Choice

#### 1788 Choice

Rosellia and Seaward had difficulty rebutting Cherie's words. This was something the two had, obviously, been quite aware of. But they were simply unwilling, and what made it all worse was that this had been caused by their greed. Had they not attacked Earth backthen, with how much the Ascension Empire had on their plate, how could they have time todeal with a scuffle between two Sixth Dimensional families?

Had they not been on Earth's radar, they could have used this moment to make a final push into Midas and Radix territory, swallowing them up and secretly taking advantage of commotion to retreat in secret to digest their gains.But now it was difficult even to make that argument. They were stuck between a rock and a hard place.

They could either sit back and hope that Earth would forget their transgressions and not deal with them even after resolving their issues in the future, or they could rush forward with this and inevitably pop back up on their radar.

Either way, their fates didn't seem to be in their own hands. "Then we'll just have to accept the offer," Rosellia eventually said coldly.

When this was said,even Cherie hesitated, not saying anything immediately. Her kind features seemed marred by worry. If this sort of choice was made, there ruly was no going back.

Those people seemed to be very interested in their inheritance, but if their proposal was accepted, then they would have very little control of where things went from here. Ultimately, there were two predictable roads between

them and one wild card. If they sat back and did nothing, they would either eventually be destroyed in the future, or they would continue to wallow in mediocrity. If they attacked, they would offend the Ascension Empire and if they accepted this proposal...

any of those things could also happen, but there was also a small chance that they could break out of their cocoon and bloom. It was clear what kind of philosophy the Florer family usually had. Since they had dared to attack Earth back then even while knowing the kind of sticky situation they might get themselves into.

However, even so, they were used to doing risk assessments as well.

Back then, Earth was still a fledgling world and they seemed vulnerable. But now, they had already grown into a behemoth incomparable to them.

At the same time, if those people dared to do as they said, then it was likely that they were another behemoth, one that their family also couldn't afford to offend.

The question was, should they make a deal with the devil to escape a demon? Cherie couldn't make this decision. Back then she hadn't stopped the family from attacking Earth because she too understood the concept that if one wasn't moving forward, they were moving backward.

If everyone around you was improving while you, yourself, was stagnant, it really was no different from moving in the reverse direction.

As a family that had survived many centuries to make it to this point, even conquering a galaxy to themselves, they couldn't afford to take a step back, especially since so many were eyeing Earth's territory right now. Worse come to worst, they would just allow their World Spirit to dissipate and become true citizens of Earth. But if they were ostracized and their territory was taken over first before they could do even that, then what chance did they stand?

The three head elders looked toward one another and fell into silence. It seemed that they had made their choice. They didn't need to say anything to understand one another's conclusions. However, before they could take any further steps, a commotion broke out.

As Leonel walked, he had to admit that the feeling of moist, soft grass beneath his bare feet felt almost too good. The Florer family territory was indeed a

beautiful one, exotic plants of all sorts bloomed in the surroundings, filling the air with an earthy and delicate fragrance that soothed the soul, it even somewhat reminded Leonel of the scent of rain, but it was perpetual. He didn't waste any time and had come directly to their main planet, he truly didn't believe that anyone here could stop him. Even up until this point, he hadn't felt it necessary to take his hands out of his pockets and he was enjoying the scenery more than anything. The shouts of warriors and alarms began to blare, ruining the ambience somewhat. However, every time they exposed their position, another swirling mass of Emulation Spatial Force would shoot through the air, impaling them all. The Florer family members were simply too weak.

Leonel was already able to kill one of their strongest warriors and geniuses back when he was in the Fifth Dimension. Now that he was in Tier 3 of the Sixth Dimension, what chance did they stand now? In what felt like just a few minutes, Leonel had already made it to the main gates of their estate.

The entirety of Planet Florer was covered in foliage and plant-life, even the water sources were covered in plants of all kinds, making it look like a planet of green from above.

Their main estate was really no different at all, it was hard to tell if it was a real fortress at all because even its sturdy constructions were covered in plant life.

BOOM! A rush of Spatial Force came out from Leonel like the swing of a hammer. In just a single strike, the tall gates deformed, a dent that was over 20 meters across and over five meters deep appearing right at its very center. Leonel raised an eyebrow. '

It survived that?... It's actually repairing itself too... Leonel was a bit reluctant to use Fire Force in such a beautiful place, but that didn't mean he wouldn't if it came to it. For now, though... It didn't feel necessary. Leonel's gaze flashed.

BOOM! The gates flung open with such force that they were ripped off their hinges.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1789: Too Late

1789 Too Late



The gates flew up like artillery shells, falling in the distance with a deafening boom. At that moment, all the Florer family members that had been scrambling behind the gates froze, looking toward Leonel at the same time. They knew well how good their defenses were. It should have taken an entire troop of powerful warriors to even damage it. How could just a single person not only burst through it.

But even do so with such force that the gates flew from their hinges like that? Fear took deep root within them even as Cherie, Seaward and Rosellia all charged out from the depths of their family estate, their eyes widening when they landed on Leonel. Although they hadn't personally been there to see this young man back then, how could they not learn of the truth from others by this point? Leonel had been able to kill Belize at the Fifth Dimension, but now... now he was already in the Sixth Dimension.

Just what kind of monster had he become? The three head elders smiled bitterly in their hearts. They never thought that they wouldn't even get the chance to make the hard choice. Just when they thought they had time, their worst fears became a reality almost instantly. Even if they laid down their lives to battle Leonel right this moment, would it even change anything? The strongest among them, Cherie, was only at Tier 6 of the Sixth Dimension, the other two were still at Tier 5.

They didn't feel like they stood a single chance. Leonel continued to walk forward. His steps were absolutely silent, but for some reason they felt as loud and powerful gongs in their heads. Cherie sighed. "Is it necessary to take things this far, Imperial Prince? Our family offended yours once in the past, but we haven't crossed any lines since then. Doesn't Earth need more allies now?"

Leonel gazed toward Cherie. His eyes couldn't help but narrow. When he looked toward this woman, he couldn't muster up any emotions outside of goodwill, she looked too kind, too fragile, too warm. But that was exactly why Leonel immediately put his guard up, there was absolutely no reason why he, who had such good control over himself, should be unable to make logical deductions about a person's character. At the very least, he should be able to make assessments deeper than what he could see at a skin deep level.

Leonel's eyes shifted toward the white dove on her shoulder, his expression becoming expressionless once more. "Have you been?" Leonel asked lightly.

"Nine days ago at Planet Vultrix. 17 days ago at the EU Moon System. 22 days ago Pro-Lax Moon System. 27 days ago at the Raytrize Asteroid System. These are just incidents within the last month where your family has launched an assault against others within Ascension Empire territory."

The expressions of the three elders changed. Although they hadn't been personally a part of those operations, they knew of them. Each one of them had targeted the Midas and Radix families, dealing them huge losses. They had had many more planned, but the news of the destruction of the four families had stopped them in their tracks. Never had they thought that the Ascension Empire had paid so much attention to them. Could it be that they never stood a chance right from the very beginning?

What these three didn't know was that the Ascension Empire had, indeed, not had any time to worry about them. Instead, this was just information gathered by the networks of the Etching Metal Organization, an organization the vast majority had no idea existed, and for those that might have an inkling, it was only that...suspicions. Let alone the Florer family, Leonel had detailed analysis of the micro and macro movements of every family and organization within Earth's territories.

Cherie didn't know how to respond to Leonel's words. If before they had plausible deniability, the specifics of Leonel's words made it obvious that their denial would mean nothing, and even further...that he likely had proof. The head elders smiled bitterly and the atmosphere fell into solemnity.

At that moment, a laughter echoed through the quiet. Leonel slowly turned his head toward a building covered in foliage in the distance. He had noticed this young man long ago, but he had simply made the assumption that he was just another member of the Florer family. He wasn't actively scanning everyone, after all, he couldn't be expected to recognize all of their faces as he had never been here before. However, the moment he paid attention to this young man, Leonel realized that his soul was different compared to everyone else here.

He knew immediately that he wasn't related to the Florer family.

When Leonel realized this, he became more serious about scanning the air, his powerful Internal Sight surging through the region. "Two... Five...Six of them including him. Alright."

The young man was caught off guard by the fact that Leonel immediately turned his attention calmness about him. But, what shocked him even more was what came after

this.

"I haven't killed any members of the Three Finger Cult in a long while. Why don't you stop laughing and draw your blade. If you don't, I won't give you another chance to." The expression of the young man and the other five changed almost immediately. They never thought that Leonel would be able to actually name their organization so casually. How could he even tell? For the current Leonel, such a feat was all too easy. Scanning a person's soul told you a lot more about them than just generally

scanning their bodies.

With just a look, Leonel could feel the familiar aura of a Lineage Factor that he, himself, had, and these people obviously weren't from his Morales, Luxnix or Fawkes families. In that case, there was only one explanation. Leonel finally took his hands out of his pockets and flipped a palm to reveal the radiant White Lion bow.

"Too late. Don't say I didn't give you a chance."

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1790: Twin

1790 Twin

BANG! The head of the young man snapped backward, a bloody hole appearing on his forehead. He seemed to enter a slight lull for a moment before his head exploded, a rain of blood and gore spreading in all directions.

Leonel didn't show the slightest hint of mercy. The Three Finger Cult was an existence that was akin to the oil to his water. As many as he met was exactly as many as he would kill. For making his father show him such an expression, they deserved nothing short of death.

Cherie and the others shivered. They had no idea that young man was still here. He was the one who had come to them with the earlier proposition. But they had never thought that rather than leaving, these individuals would have

still been here monitoring their movements. Even though they had eventually decided to side with these individuals, didn't this mean that they had never really had a choice to begin with?

And yet, this person they had feared had been shredded to pieces by just a single attack of Leonel's. Leonel's fingers flickered and more arrows appeared from the Segmented Cube. He nocked three at once, pulling back in one fluid motion as his hair fluttered in the air. He locked onto several targets at once, in his eyes, they might as well have been standing nose to nose. In such a situation, how could they avoid him?

SHUU! SHUU! SHUU!

Leonel released his bowstring, the roar of a white lion echoing with a sonorous resonance. At that moment, the other five who had all been hiding in the general vicinity, seemingly with the intention of blending into the family, all erupted with their greatest strengths at the same time.

Three punched out at the same time, shattering Leonel's arrows. Even so, two of them grimaced in pain as the bones in their hands fractured, and the last of them was even more unlucky, losing their entire fist to just a single arrow. All three stumbled back, their steps causing the ground to crack and shatter.

Leonel had already pulled out three more arrows before the first ones landed, pulling back with a movement just as fluid and releasing. The world seemed to be devoid of all noise, the whistling of Leonel's arrows fading as they became

faster and faster. The remaining two hidden experts shot into the air, radiant silver-black wings extending from their backs.

Leonel recognized it immediately as the Dusky Steel Bat Lineage Factor. The last time Leonel faced the Three Finger Cult, they had even sent someone with the Aurora Black Lineage Factor, the fact that this seemed to be the best this squadron could muster, it was obvious that they had sent a far weaker lineup this time around.

Even so, they were actually arrogant enough to provoke Leonel despite knowing his identity. It could only be said that they had over estimated themselves. Leonel's three arrows spiraled around one another, appearing before one of the flying experts as though he had already guessed exactly what would happen.

PENG! PENG! PENG!

The expert quickly protected himself with his steel wings. The Dusky Steel Bat was well known for both its speed and the defense

of its wings. Even so, Leonel's attack left three heavy dents in the enemy's wings, sending him flying into the distance. Before he could even react, a fourth arrow appeared before his forehead, shattering his skull to pieces. The last look in his eyes was nothing more than sheer moments, he couldn't believe he had died so easily.

What he didn't know was that Leonel was impressed that any one of them had survived more than just a single arrow from him. The fact they could just went to show the sheer amount of talent was raising. Anyone who could survive more than a single strike from him while being in the Sixth Dimension had a right to be proud of themselves.

These were Leonel's thoughts.

TWANG!

Leonel's arrow suddenly exploded with speed in the air, catching the second Dusky Steel Bat Lineage Factor wielder off guard. Seeing how their companion died, she had thought that she would at least be able to block the first strike. But the sudden acceleration of Leonel's arrow caught her completely off guard.

His head snapped back with a bloody hole. There was simply no chance as her head exploded before her body even hit the ground. Leonel had already nocked four more arrows. If one was following his pupils, before his enemies even faced a fatal strike, he had already looked away from them. The confidence in his archery was untouchable. With a bow in hand, he was invincible.

Leonel released his arrows, but this time, his gaze narrowed. Even when it was just a mere three meters from his target, his expression didn't become any better. To anyone else, there was absolutely nothing there, but Leonel didn't seem happy at all. As expected, when the arrows entered a two-meter, a figure appeared from seemingly nowhere, a delicate hand waving through the air. As though this beauty was plucking grapes from a vine, she snatched Leonel's arrows out of the air, caressing them in her fingers and cradling them to a stop.

"They are no longer of any use, we will leave now," she said lightly.

"I've gotten what we need."

Her voice was beautiful beyond compare. As her white robes fluttered along with her veil, she looked like an absolute goddess, and her voice only made one want to protect her future. Battling her would be the furthest thing from anyone's mind. And yet, this wasn't something that Leonel was thinking about.

Rather, despite the obstruction of the veil and the fact his visual senses wanted to tell him that he had never met this person before, his far sharper senses were telling him a different story.

"Anya?" Leonel mumbled.

"No, you aren't her. A twin sister?" Leonel seemed to speak only for himself, but the ears of those here were too powerful given their Dimensional levels.