

## Dimensional Descent

### Dimensional Descent

#### Chapter 1881: He Is?

"You are King Arthur?" Adrin asked with a dark expression.

"Hm?" Arthur frowned, not quite understanding the hostility. After all, it was Adrin leading a rebellion, not him. Unless he was made about the death of that blondie from earlier? But he doubted that the relationship between the four families was that close, they were more tied by benefits than relationships, at least that was the feeling he got from his years of experience.

How could Arthur know that the reason Adrin was unhappy was because the Camelot Zone was the very one his sister had almost lost her life in? On top of that, it was the Zone that had led Little Nana to having such a co-dependency on Leonel. Sometimes, Adrin wondered who the true elder brother was between the two of them.

Of course, Adrin wasn't petty enough to hate Leonel for this, after all he had returned the favor back then although Leonel didn't quite need it. That said, that didn't mean he forgave everyone else that was involved.

The secrets of what happened back then in the Camelot Zone were still relatively unknown. It was hard to tell who had interfered and almost turned it into a Unique Zone. Even Leonel, who had been targeted as a result of it, wasn't 100% certain of who had acted back then.

With that perspective, Adrin didn't have enough animosity toward the Pendragon family to go out of his way to seek them, but now that he was here and bound by duty, it made it convenient.

Without answering to Arthur's curiosities, Adrin directly attacked, placing the former on his back foot.

Arthur's expression darkened. Ever since he had come into his own with these odd new abilities, he had very rarely met anyone who was his match. In fact, other than when battling his daughter, everything else was far too simple. Unfortunately, it seemed that his work was cut out for him this time. He had

only attacked once, but everything seemed to deflect off of those transparent scales that coated Adrin's body.

Luckily, they weren't completely out of luck. While Arthur was blocked by Adrin, there were other powerhouses of Camelot more than prepared to make a move. At that moment, Avalon made its first large movements ever since the war over a decade ago.

Mordred led a strong troop below, storming into the capital.

At first, they were all cautious. With a rebellion like this, maybe one of the biggest issues was actually telling who was friend and who was foe, Mordred hadn't even ruled out the possibility that there might be some enemies hidden within Camelot as well. It was impossible to tell.

However, after the rust was kicked off and clear lines were drawn, Mordred's wand danced across the air almost as though she was performing an elegant sword dance.

With her as the vanguard and her vicious demon army to her back, they tore a path to the center of the battlefield, trying to effect as much change as they could.

Mordred had never felt more powerful. In the past, she would have to patiently accumulate Dark Force for her spells, even to the point where she felt far more comfortable in the world of demons as opposed to the land where she was born.

But after awakening to Shadow Sovereign as her Ability Index, it felt like she had an entire world of Dark Force to tap into whenever she wanted.

Curses flooded the air, debuffing enemies. Lances, arrows and javelins filled the air, wafting a dense black fog as they manifested from spinning magic circles. At the same time, the land seemed to be slowly being corrupted step by step.

Mordred's demons suddenly shot out from behind her, raising shields and heavy weapons as they cleared the path forward.

As the tides of the battle slowly turned, Mordred sighed inwardly. She knew that the other shoe was going to drop soon, mostly because Leonel had made

it obvious that it would. If this was enough, he wouldn't have emphasized caution so much at this point.

Through the carnage of the battle, up ahead toward the palace that seemed to be about to be burnt down to the ground, the clash of Elorin and Jessica, Tyrron and Noah entered her sights. She couldn't help but frown when she saw the kind of power Elorin had.

Suddenly, her head turned in a different direction.

'There's the other shoe...' Mordred mumbled in her mind.

Mordred looked toward a descending group of youths with a solemn expression. Namely, she was almost entirely focused on just one young lady. She looked almost adorable despite the fact she should have been well into her 30s by this point. She had bob cut blue hair and bangs just barely short enough to stay out of her eyes. Her eyes were large and she blinked continuously as though she was still fascinated by the world around her.

But she was powerful. Almost too powerful.

The moment she touched the ground, in the surrounding near kilometer distance, almost everyone froze. This wasn't because of a sudden sweeping cold, or even out of fear, it was a raw, unbridled power of restriction that the young woman didn't even seem to activate consciously.

If she was in range of that, Mordred wasn't even sure if she could break free, let alone battle against it.

The young woman didn't even have to raise a finger, the moment she descended, the few that had followed after her burst into action, cutting down all enemies in sight. In what felt like no more than a few seconds, a tenth of the army was rendered entirely useless.

If Mordred had made small pushes to better their situation, the appearance of this individual had completely swung the tide.

However, just as Mordred was about to grit her teeth, feeling that she was probably the only one who could stop what was happening right now, a man appeared before the ground out of nowhere.

He wore a pair of clear glasses, his dressing immaculate as not a single fabric was out of place. He clasped his hands behind his back and the innocent expression of the young woman seemed to be colored with confusion for a moment.

For some reason, she couldn't bind this man as casually as the others.

There was a man the people of Earth too often forgot, the man who had the official position of Heir to the Ascension Empire, Princess Alienor's elder brother, Leonel Morales' uncle, and Noah Fawkes' father...

Galearon Fawkes.

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### Chapter 1882: Children

The rampage of the Brazingers, Adurnas, Crudus and Laevis came to a halt before this man. Even so, much like Mordred, he only had eyes for Little Nana who stood right before him, he didn't even spare a glance toward his son who was currently fighting for his life.

"The four Great Families are not welcome here," Galaeron said lightly. "I don't have a passion for killing children, so don't force my hand."

Raffyr's gaze narrowed. He didn't dare to say anything, he knew his limits quite well. The gap between the Sixth Dimension and Seventh was already something that even the greatest talent had a hard time bridging, let alone the gap between the Sixth Dimension and a great talent of the Seventh Dimension like this man.

"Nana, this man will have to be left up to you," a young man of the Adurna family said.

"Mm..." Nana nodded, but didn't make a move immediately. "... Where is Leonel? I want to talk to him."

Galaeron's expression was just the same, but he found this line of questioning to be interesting.

"My nephew has more important matters to deal with."

"Nephew? You are Leonel's uncle?"

"I am," Galaeron replied plainly.

Nana hesitated. She didn't want to fight Leonel's uncle.

Seeing this scene, the others were exasperated, but without Adrin here, no one dared to order this little powerhouse around with impunity. Plus, although Nana was a little naive, she wasn't a fool, she had the capability of understanding what was at stake just like the rest of them could.

Nana bit her lips. "Do you know when he will be back?"

"That I do not know."

Galaeron didn't actually know where Leonel was, the latter had only come by a few weeks ago to inform them of some things before leaving. A lot like his father, his nephew refused to explain anything in clear terms. The two liked to butt heads, but they were practically the same person.

"Then... excuse me..."

Nana suddenly moved. Although her body had been entirely relaxed a moment ago, her explosive speed was enough to leave cold shivers running down the spine of the spectators. Her delicate palm crashed through the air with more speed than the wind trying to move around it could muster, causing the pressure to accumulate along her skin with an explosive might.

Galaeron, though, the one facing this palm strike didn't seem to be moved in the slightest. His tidy hair fluttered and his clothing rippled somewhat. Even before the strike landed, he actually took the time to smooth out those wrinkles before he looked up and pushed his hand forward slowly as though he was using it as a knife to cut into a soft layer of cake.

Nana's large blue eyes blinked. She instinctually reacted to the danger thrumming in her heart and a layer of transparent blue scaled immediately coated her palm, wrist and up the length of her forearm.

The members of the Adurna family who saw this couldn't help but feel their hearts skip a beat. Nana almost never used her Lineage Factor.

Nana had something that could only be described as innate battle sense, something that usually only manifested in Brazingers. Her ability to deploy her power was perfect and she never used more strength than was necessary... never.

Due to her strength, she would often still have piles of trump cards left unused after a battle. For her to bring out something so core to her greatest power before her first strike even landed said a lot about her opponent.

BANG!

Galaeron's slow hand knife caused Nana to take three heavy steps backward. She looked toward her hand as though she was a hint of surprise. She hadn't felt her body trembling like this after an exchange in a very long time.

She wasn't even entirely sure of what had just happened. Galaeron didn't seem to have used any Force, and unlike Elorin's strikes which only \*seemed\* to be slow, Galaeron's strike truly was so.

Attack speed was higher than movement speed for obvious reasons, and yet it had taken Galaeron the entire length of Nana's run toward him to complete his strike.

Without speed, there could be no power, this was simple logic. The only way for something to be both powerful and slow was for it to be heavy. However, Galaeron lacked in both aspects.

His body was as light as a feather, that much Nana was certain of. On top of that, his strike was slow.

Nothing seemed to make any sense.

"This is the last opportunity I will give you," Galaeron said softly. "I don't like to bully children, so please leave."

A member of the Crudus family couldn't seem to take it anymore, their green hair whipping about wildly as they pointed a finger toward Galaeron.

"You say that, and yet didn't you wipe out all four of our families?! How many innocent children were among that number?! Don't bullshit us!"

Galaeron's expression remained unchanged. "Those were not actions taken by me. In addition, speaking of morality in war is a bit foolish, do you not think?"

Hearing Galaeron say this, the others were speechless. Wasn't he the one who brought up morality first by saying he didn't want to Kill children? Which was it, exactly?

"I don't see this as a war, I see this as a lashing out by children who are looking to impress their parents."

Galaeron's gaze shifted and landed on Raffyr. In that moment, Raffyr shivered from head to toe. Why did it feel like he was completely seen through in that instant?

"This attack is disorganized, it's clearly sporadic, and it's a shame that the powers that have taken your side can't see that... or maybe they do and have no choice but to follow through anyway because they've received too many benefits from you.

"But what I can say is that there is only one way this ends for you, and that's in a complete and utter loss."

It was clear that compared to his father and even his own son, the seemingly stoic Galaeron was far more talkative.

"Oh? Is that so?" Raffyr forced himself to regain his composure and sneered. "This runs far deeper than you think it does. Come out!" Raffyr roared.

"Is that right?" Galaeron pushed his glasses up. "You're calling forth Minister Maia, the former Secretary Marquisette Maia, is that right?"

Raffyr froze. In fact, Maia, who was prepared to make her move, also froze at that moment.

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### Chapter 1883: Maia and Sela

Galaeron was unmoved by Raffyr's surprise, but this wasn't because he had known for a very long time, it was instead because he had learned of the oddity himself via Leonel not too long ago.

The former Secretary Marquissette Maia, now turned Imperial Minister, was a very odd story not because it was overly complex, but because of how covert and secretive it had been. If not for a small mistake Maia had made almost three decades ago now, this matter may very well have been entirely devastating.

The first time Leonel met Maia she actually had an entirely different look and he almost lost his life at the hands of her schemes. Back then, she had been a captain of the Slayer Legion and his interactions with her could only be said to have been far from pleasant.

The two women, or rather two identities, couldn't have been further from one another. One was a leader of the rebels, and the other was a high official for the Empire, one was obese and quite ugly, while the other was a voluptuous, mature beauty who turned heads just by walking down the street.

The two didn't seem to have any connection with one another and their stories only seemed to diverge more and more as the years went on.

The captain of the Slayer Legion identity-Captain Sela-slowly worked her way up the ranks, becoming a prominent figure in the Slayer Legion, a fact that likely resulted in the many traitors that had appeared today.

On the other side, the Secretary Marquissette identity had worked her way into the Royal Blue Fort, becoming the new first wife of Governor Duke Leum and birthing his child.

The last time Leonel had even thought of this woman, it was for the sake of laughing at the plight of Miles Leum. Back then, it was Miles and Simeon who had acted together to launch bombs after Leonel in his attempt to escape from the Fort. That had led to Aina being severely injured and the pair of lovebirds being separated for a time.

Due to that event, Miles had been scapegoated by his father who had been in the capital at the time and the child Governor Duke Leum sired with Maia became the new Heir to the Governor Duke family.

This felt like a satisfying conclusion to the story, and it would have been as such had Maia not had a second identity. But between then and now, she had climbed from Secretary Marquissette, to wife of Governor Duke, to Imperial Minister...



What was especially odd about this was that Imperial Minister was a higher status than Secretary Marquissette, but this wasn't necessarily the case for the title of Governor Duke.

However, rather than using her child to leverage a Governor Duke position, Maia had chosen to come to the heart of the capital instead, sinking her claws into the heart of both the Slayer Legion and the Capital.

This woman was very clearly smart, conniving, and exceptionally patient, having laid down her plans for decades. So what had exposed her in the end?

It was something quite simple, actually...

Her choice in perfume.

Back then, Leonel had felt that Captain Sela's fragrance was familiar, but his memory had been far weaker during that time. It was only after he joined Valiant Heart Mountain and replaced his Soul Force with Dream Force did his memory become sharp to the point of even remembering his time spent as a baby in his mother's arms.

After that, all of Leonel's memories were retroactively etched into his mind like stone, quite nearly infallible.

Of course, back then, he still hadn't made the connection immediately. While remembering his mother was important to him, knowing the fragrance of a random woman was meaningless to him.

However, while Leonel was preparing for this war, he would obviously pool together all of the knowledge he had. In addition, as a Prince of the Empire, he had access to all of the information he could ever want to know about the various nobles and the Slayer Legion, on top of whatever the Etching Metal Organization could gather up.

The final nail in the coffin was Maia's Ability Index.

It was labeled quite simply, allowing her to maintain her youth. When Leonel first met her, she was a woman well into her twilight years, and yet she looked like a 20 year old bombshell just entering her prime.

This seemed to check out, but then Leonel's Dreamscape sparked.

What other abilities could allow a person to appear much younger than they were?

When one framed it that way, the answer almost seemed far too obvious. Obviously, if a person could shapeshift, wouldn't making a change as simple as age be as easy as breathing? In addition, choosing to outwardly display your Ability Index in that way would make people think you were far more limited than you truly were.

It was almost too easy for Maia to get away with this. Back when the Metamorphosis first descended, Earth's ability to detect Ability Indexes was incredibly crude, it could only classify Leonel's Ability Index as an S-grade sensory type ability. As for Aina, it classified hers as an S-grade healing type ability. Of course it would be too vague to expose Maia.

On top of that, if exposing an enemy's Ability Index was so easy, then so many in the Dimensional Verse wouldn't hold their Ability Index out as a trump card. The details of one's Ability Index was almost always a secret one would hold close to their chests.

Maia would have never thought that her years of diligent planning would be exposed by something so simple. Even now, after Galaeron had spoken, she had no idea what had exposed her.

Even so, there was nothing she could do but step out slowly. Since it had come to this point, there was no time for more preparation, there was only the final step remaining.

Maia stepped down from the sky expressionlessly, descending as though a deity. To her back, two very young men followed. While many on the battlefield only looked like they were in the 20s but were really much older, both of these young men truly were that young.

With a slight flicker of light, all three changed... And all three became members of the Cloud Race.

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### Chapter 1884: Kill

As though this transformation had triggered a change, several that stood in the mess of the battlefield stood to their full height. With a slight shimmer, one after another, Cloud Race members began to appear.

At first, there were just the three in the skies. But very quickly, this number began to jump, seemingly doubling every few seconds.

In just a few moments, it had gone from a battle of humans to an assault of the Cloud Race. No matter where one looked, another would appear. Very quickly, those that remained very much human began to warily look around, wondering just who would turn next and trying to avoid being stabbed in the back.

Mordred's expression suddenly flickered and her figure vanished into the void, swirling into a rotating black hole of dense fog before appearing several meters away.

She looked toward where she had just been standing with an ugly expression. Right there, a halberd that would have pierced through her back thrust through the air, a violently rotating wind still circling around it. The attack itself wasn't a big deal, but it was who was on the other end of it that left Mordred feeling her heart plummet.

The demons had long since become her family, seeing her right hand men turn into members of the Cloud Race one after another left a lump in her throat. She knew for certain that the only reason this could happen was because those she had called brother had long since died.

Mordred's eyes turned red as she gripped her wand tight, her fair and slender fingers trembling.

Maia touched down from the skies, her Cloud Figure fluttering in the wind. Her white dress danced along with it, wafting a familiar and delicate fragrance into the air.

"Even if you know, it no longer matters. You've allowed me far too much time," Maia said lightly.

Galaeron didn't say anything to Maia. Instead, he looked toward Nana and the others.

"Pairing yourselves with the Cloud Race is a bit pathetic, don't you think?"

Raffyr, who had recovered when he realized knowing or not didn't make much of a difference, sneered.

"You think we owe you something because you call yourselves human? As far as I'm concerned, we're not even of the same race."

The disdain Raffyr had in his heart for the people of Earth, and maybe even just the humans of the Human Domain in general, was palpable.

Surprisingly, though, when Galaeron heard this, he smiled for the first time.

"Interesting you say that, because I doubt the highest echelon of your Brazinger family think you to be of the same race as them either, let alone of the same family. Those who build their status off of foolish ideals are bound to be swallowed whole by such ideals in the future."

Raffyr's face paled, his pupils trembling. The words were simple, and yet they seemed to pierce his very soul.

Galaeron turned from Raffyr and sized up Maia before opening his mouth slightly. "What is your relationship with "Graros"?"

Maia's gaze narrowed when she heard the question.

"Oh, you might not know him by that name. I mean the member of your race who targeted the Chaotic Water Sector."

Maia's pupils constricted into pinholes.

"Seems like you don't know, a pity." Galaeron said lightly.

"What happened to Jorrym?"

"Is that his name?" Galaeron asked, seemingly not expecting an answer.

"Well, I assume by now his days aren't too good after being caught by Shield Cross Stars."

Maia's gaze seemed to tremble again.

"Are these your sons?" Galaeron continued without a care for Maia's reaction. "I assume that you had real children just for the chance to replace them with full fledged members of your race. Your plans run quite deep, and are even crueler than they are meticulous."

Maia slowly regained her composure, but didn't seem to have the intention of replying directly.

"Even so, your ending won't be much different from Jorrym," Galaeron spoke calmly and evenly just as a loud boom echoed across the horizon.

**BOOM!**

At that moment, an enormous flagship appeared in the skies. However, rather than descending, it began to fuse into what was once an invisible network of Force Arts, the very same Force Arts that had caught the Brazingers earlier.

The Force Art that covered the entire planet solidified all at once and a brilliant violet-gold array of complex gears, runes and mechanisms replaced the white clouds and blue skies above.

Maia's heart skipped a beat. She didn't need to check to know that even if tried now, she would have no ability to escape this battle. It was either she won, or she died here.

The flagship opened and a young woman appeared at the helm. In her small hands a battle ax with a polearm over two meters long angled forward, its dual blades so large that they curved for over six feet from tip to tip.

Sparks of black lightning and dense crimson fog hung around her, an oppressive aura suffocating everything.

One after another, powerful warriors appeared from her back, leaping off the side of the flagship and falling like streaking meteors.

**BANG!**

The earth rose like a tide, rippling out in all directions.

High in the skies, Aina still stood at the helm of the flagship, unmoving. She took deep breaths, her gaze slowly landing on the Brazingers below. Veins pulsed through her body, her heart beating with the heaviness of a mountain.

For some reason, when they saw this gaze, they felt themselves shiver. Those piercing golden eyes wanting for nothing more than murder.

"Kill." Aina said lightly, lifting her battle ax and slamming the butt of its polearm into the ground.

At that moment, the Force Art rippled and barriers descended one by one. In that moment, Earth was divided into 11 sections, the capital, nine provinces, and the vast ocean, in addition to being completely isolated from the outside world. Now, it was impossible to seek reinforcements.

Aina took a step and began to freefall from the skies above, her speed becoming faster and faster without her giving the slightest intention to stop.

BOOM!

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### Chapter 1885: Quite Well?

Tsunami-like tides of earth rushed in all directions. Aina's feet stabilized, her knees hardly bending beneath the impact. Wild surges of oppressive might pressed down, the suffocating scent of blood pervading the air.

Despite the fact there were several Seventh Dimensional experts around her, none could seem to take their eyes off of the crimson armored Valkyrie in the center of them all. It almost didn't seem right for such a young face to carry such fury and animosity. Even without a hint of Fire Force, the temperature rose by several degrees every second, only becoming more savage as Aina walked forward.

All of sudden, Aina's figure vanished.

When she appeared again, the heads of what must have been at least a dozen Cloud Race members flew into the air. No, it was less accurate to say that she had appeared and more accurate to say that a scythe-like blade of Ax Force had. Her own movements felt far too fast to track, one could only seem to follow her by watching the fall of enemies and blinding blades of crimson.

Just a moment ago, the fear and oppression of the Cloud Race had been so heavy. Just with a single look, these veterans of battle could tell just how

much strength these members of another race had. However, before that fear could even solidify, their massacre had become.

Aina didn't seem to know fatigue, and for a moment, it truly felt like she was the only battling at all.

Tides of blood rose into the air, forming dozens of blood-red roses that ground their way through the battlefield with impunity. It seemed the more Aina killed, the more vicious her killing methods became, the others hadn't even gotten a chance to act yet, but hundreds had already fallen beneath her blade.

Her hair fluttered in the air, a wild crimson aura forming around her body piercing into the skies above.

The Brazingers in the distance couldn't help but tremble. This level of the Berserk War God Lineage Factor was something they had only seen in a very small number of their kind, they couldn't understand how this half-blood could reach it.

Maia's expression changed as well, she hadn't wanted to step in immediately to allow her Cloud Race to establish their dominance, but this little girl was very clearly a top tier genius.

The effect she had wanted was immediately suffocated.

She took a step forward, prepared to end it, but her gaze narrowed as she felt a pair of eyes land on her.

"It can't be that you want to act against my little niece-in-law, right?" Galaeron asked lightly.

Maia sneered. "This is the first time I've met such arrogant humans. In the Cloud Domain, the likes of you could only obediently spend their lives in chains, bound like dogs and destined to serve others for the whole of their existence. Do you think you have the right to speak to me this way?"

Maia raised her hand as though she was going to act anyway, but one of the young men by her side grabbed her forearm.

"You don't need to step in personally for something like this, mother. Arden is more than enough."

The second young man's lip twitched. This older brother of his was so lazy. He wanted to pretend to be cool, and yet he was placing the task on his shoulders instead. It didn't matter much to him, though, he was beginning to feel a bit antsy regardless.

Arden flickered and vanished without a word, executing the unique movement technique of the Cloud Race. He became completely amorphous, weaving through the battlefield in a cloud of grey, white and gold.

"Hey, hey! The Queen is on a roll right now, not just any nobody can attack her."

**BANG!**

A figure seemed to appear from nowhere, his shadow forming a crane-like posture as he kicked out. Arden almost couldn't react in time to a foot nearly connecting with his face.

Almost immediately, Arden canceled his movement technique and crossed his arms over his face.

Arden's pupils constricted when he felt the force of the kick. He took several steps backward, nearly losing his balance as a tall man with horrible posture landed before him.

Aphestus stood with a sharp-toothed grin.

"If you don't get out of my way-!"

"Cut the crap, your race of people seem to do a lot of talking. Are you going to fight or not?"

Aphestus had already moved as he said this, a twin pair of jagged bone daggers appearing in his hands as he flashed forward, appearing before Arden in a blink.

Arden's brows furrowed as he dodged backward. He should have already realized after the first kick, but this enemy was, indeed, difficult to deal with.

"It's up to you. brother!" Arden shouted.



"Tsk, useless," Maia's first son, Auren, clicked his tongue before diving down as well. But before he could make it far, a Blade Force threatened to smite him, surging from the air and piercing through everything in its wake.

Auren came to a stop immediately, pausing just before the piercing blade could take his head.

BANG!

Joel appeared holding a silver-black halberd. He wasn't nearly as talkative as Apestus, but his actions spoke loud enough. As Aina continued her massacre, both of Maia's sons found their paths forward impeded. It was clear to both of them that there would be no extricating themselves in short order.

Maia frowned. This situation seemed to be spiraling out of control. Her two sons were both born on Earth for the purpose of this mission. They had the talent of the Cloud Race while benefiting from Earth's talent as well. With the two of them, this matter should have been easily dealt with, but for some reason it was the exact opposite.

The both of them were still in the Sixth Dimension, so she knew they hadn't truly come into their own yet, but this was more troublesome than she thought.

She thought she had understood the strength of Earth quite well, so what was this?

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### Chapter 1886: That's Enough...

Aina didn't seem to see any of what was happening around her. Every time she came across an enemy, she would swing with all her might, and yet her stamina seemed to be entirely endless. Even putting her everything into every strike, she had still yet to sweat a single bead.

With every step she took, she closed the distance between herself and the Brazinger geniuses. It soon became quite obvious that she wanted their heads. She didn't care how deep into the battlefield they were. She didn't care how many she had to kill to get to them. She didn't even care if they ran toward her or ran away, no matter what, trapped in this cage, her blade would reach them eventually.

Raffyr and the others were stuck in an awkward situation.

To their front, Nana protected them from Galaeron. But Galaeron was also in a partial stalemate with Maia, seemingly controlling her movements as well.

Galaeron had told them to leave, but even if they had a change of heart and took such an option now, it was impossible. There was simply no leaving with the restrictions placed down.

The only two Seventh Dimensional experts they had with them were both occupied, one being Little Nana, and the other being her elder brother who was still battling King Arthur above. As things stood now, this was a very poor position to be in.

While the battle in the capital seemed to be reaching a choke point where very few would survive, other regions were suffering from different circumstances. The sudden lockdown of Earth placed the defecting faction in a state of unrest.

Originally, many of them had chosen not to act due to a confluence of reasons, but the ultimate deciding factor for many was that neither the Cloud Race nor the four Great Families required them to battle. Sitting on the sidelines was an easy decision for many of them, especially when the alternative required battling alien races so much more talented than them.

However, what they hadn't expected was for the Ascension Empire to have such a contingency. Now they were all trapped like rats.

Within the White Angel Province, previously ruled by the Siegfried family and now taken over by the Bennett family, James' father was oddly calm, in sharp contrast to his son who could only look up at the birdcage they were all stuck in with a pale face.

James hadn't even been able to make a decision before this happened.

James didn't fear battle, he didn't fear battle, nor did he fear death, but for some reason, he couldn't control the blood draining from his face. He felt as though something was slipping away right before him and he couldn't grasp exactly what it was. But in typical fashion, his father didn't seem to realize at all.

"They're here," Governor Duke Bennett suddenly spoke.

At that moment, the courtyard they were in rumbled and several figures appeared. However, not a single one of them was human. There were only a small number, just a dozen or so, but every one of them was a member of the Cloud Race.

Governor Duke Bennett casually sipped his tea.

"You..."

When James saw this he froze, unable to breathe. Now he understood where that uncomfortable feeling had come from. His father wasn't just betraying the Ascension Empire, he was betraying the human race.

No matter how James felt, he could understand and even somewhat support his father's disregard of the Ascension Empire. Their family could have never lost the Governor Duke position to begin with had it not been by tacit acceptance of the Fawkes family. Back then, they had closed one eye and allowed their family, a family that had been there to support the Empire from the very beginning, to fall into depravity.

If it hadn't been for the tenacity of his grandfather, and his father after him, the Bennett family would have been eradicated by their enemies, let alone managing to maintain hold over a Tier 5 Official position like they had.

However, this...

Governor Duke Bennett waved a hand to signal his son to remain silent.

"What is the plan from here?" He asked. "From my understanding, there are very few of you stationed outside of the capital as the original plan was to flatten them in one go."

One of the Cloud Race individuals sneered.

"We've already checked the formation, it has no other abilities other than to trap us within. But what good is it to trap yourself in the cage with a lion, wouldn't the result be the same?"

In fact, this situation is even better for us, the capital will be dealt with in even shorter order. The plan hasn't changed at all, just patiently wait."

"Mm, I see. That's about what I thought, but the Fawkes family isn't as simple as you think, I hope you all aren't taking this lightly. I've already taken the liberty of making a few contingencies in case of your failure."

"Our failure? Haha!" The Cloud Race man chuckled. "You are quite arrogant for a human."

Governor Duke Bennett sipped at his tea. "I am only doing what is necessary for my family to flourish."

James stood to the side, practically vibrating.

"THAT'S ENOUGH!"

The roar shook the estate.

"Hm?" The Governor Duke looked toward his son and raised an eyebrow.

James shivered when he saw that look, all of his momentum being doused in a bucket of cold water. He had seen that look too many times before, and he always shrunk before it.

James clenched his fists and lowered his head, his next words becoming caught in his throat.

The Cloud Race man raised an eyebrow. "Is this going to be a problem?"

"Why would it be a problem, he's my son. James, go down to the brothel and take the next three days off, you don't have to worry about any of this. Leave it to me."

James' clenched his teeth.

"Didn't you take a liking to that Samoa girl? I'll let you take her as a maidservant, just go off and be obedient."

At that moment, a light giggle came from a Cloud Race woman that made James freeze.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1887: ANSWER ME!

James' head snapped toward the Cloud Race woman, his gaze filled with a hint of confusion. He didn't immediately respond to his father, it was just that that giggle sounded far too familiar.

"You, who are you?" James asked.

The Cloud Race woman blinked, tilting her head. She didn't seem to want to answer. Or maybe wanting to answer was the wrong way to put it. It was more like she disdained to or didn't feel like speaking with James.

"Hey, I asked you a question." James said coldly, his pale face slowly becoming more rosy. At that moment, he wasn't the same James that faced his father. That sort of fear was only something his old man could induce in him. To everyone else, he was a general who commanded respect and fear himself.

The Cloud Race lady snorted.

"James, did I not already dismiss you?" Governor Duke Bennett said coldly.

James clenched his teeth but didn't turn back to his father, instead taking a step forward.

"This land is Bennett land, these skies are Bennett skies, when I asked you a question, YOU ANSWER!"

James' voice boomed, a wild fluctuation of Force causing the nonchalant expressions of the Cloud Race individuals to change. In fact, even his own father fell into a momentary silence.

The Cloud Race woman recovered quickly, though, giggling again.

"Fine, fine. Is there a need for such a look? Did I not give you a good time?"

The face of the Cloud Race woman changed into a very familiar one for just a moment before reverting back. That face was none other than Samoa, the very prostitute his father had mentioned earlier.

James felt his heart drop to his stomach.

Did he care for Samoa? Hardly. He had never fallen for any woman, at best he just somewhat preferred her to the other brothel workers. She was beautiful, smart, and seemed to work there not out of necessity but rather because she enjoyed that line of work.

He felt that he could relax around her. He didn't need to worry about her having a mental breakdown because the last month's abuse had finally gotten to her, and he didn't need to worry about her trying to manipulate him into loving her so that he could "save" her, that latter story had happened too many times before and he always had to change his favorites as a result.

He could be said to be a veteran of brothels and he knew how to maneuver around them to maximize his fun and minimize the headache.

But ironically, it was because of this that a prostitute had become his only real refuge.

The nonsense about taking her as a maidservant wasn't even something that James had brought up to his father. The Samoa he knew wouldn't even want to accept such a proposition, even though it was a much higher line of work and much safer as well. He respected her choices so he never even thought of it.

However, it was very typical of his father to keep tabs on his actions and comment on them from time to time, so he hadn't thought much about it until he heard that giggle.

The laugh was slightly different, but the cadence was almost exactly the same. He had heard that laugh far too many times, more times than he could count. Samoa was the kind of woman that could laugh in any situation, whether that was while he was railing her from behind, or when some drunkard got too unruly and grabbed her collar.

It was the same laugh no matter what the situation.

"You are Samoa? You've been pretending to be her? Where is she?!"

The more James spoke, the more furious he became.

"James, that's enough."

Before James could respond to his father's words, the Cloud Race woman giggled again.

"Pretending to be her? Do you think I would let a human put his penis inside of me? Do I look like a masochist to you? Every time you thought you were railing your favorite little prostitute, you were just taking a nice nap."

It was the very same tactic Maia had used with Governor Duke Leum. When the latter had thought she was pregnant, she brought out embryos she had already conceived in the Cloud Domain and allowed them to grow on Earth, thus allowing them to gain Earth's talent boost.

The Cloud Race was far too adept at playing with the minds of their targets. Just as easily as they could imitate a target, they could fabricate one from thin air as well. How could they not monitor a wild card like James? They had known from the very beginning that he was potentially a problem.

Governor Duke Bennett sighed and rubbed his forehead. Working with these people truly was annoying.

"James, that's enough. I won't repeat myself again, you can go now."

Suddenly, James turned back to his father.

"You knew."

It didn't seem like a question. Rather, it was a statement, he seemed to already have his answer.

"Watch your tone, young man."

"You knew." James repeated.

Governor Duke Bennett frowned, his brows pinching together.

**BANG!**

He slammed his tea cup down, standing to his full height.

"Of course I knew. You lack discipline, going around sticking your dick in everything. Do you think the seed of the Bennett family can just be spread around as you please? If it wasn't for my actions, how many babies by how many different mothers would you have now?!"

For the first time, rather than cowering in the face of his father's roars, James' gaze turned crimson.

"You've done this other times?!"

Governor Duke Bennett seemed to have realized that his son had finally reached his limits, but he didn't back down either.

"James, I said that's enough. Leave."

BANG!

Suddenly, "Samoa" moved, appearing behind James and chopping at his neck.

"I'll just deal with this, what a waste of time," she said lazily.

SLAP! CRACK!

James suddenly turned, grabbing her wrist and forcefully twisting it.

A scream echoed in the courtyard, but James had already kicked out. The sole of his foot drove into her abdomen with such force that the arm he was still holding onto ripped out of her socket, the rest of her body flying out.

"JAMES!" Governor Duke Bennett roared.

"SHUT UP!"

A wild aura soared into the skies, suffocating everyone in the province.

James' gaze turned entirely crimson, plumes of Force coming off of him like hot steam.

With a thought, his father was encased in an energy shield he had no method of breaking out of.

James' gaze landed on those of the Cloud Race.

"This will be your burial ground."



## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1888: Do You Think?

James seemed to unleashed decades of frustration all at once, everywhere he passed only destruction was left in his wake. From looking at him, one would never think that he was born with a defensive Ability Index. He manipulated his energy shields as though they were weapons and armors integrated into one, blocking all attacks that rained down on him all while suffocating his enemies with an oppressive attack volley.

A Cloud Race man appeared to his side, punching with a deathly momentum. However, James struck out with just a single palm, a dense energy coating the skin of his hand, dispelling the enemies power and sending back with more than double the strength once his own power was added to it.

The Cloud Race man's forearm splintered like wood, and yet James didn't seem to want to let him retreat. Taking another step forward, he clawed out with the same hand, swiping down at the air with a crimson gaze and a deathly momentum.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Three heavy energy shields fell from the air like steel plates.

The Cloud Race man hurriedly retreated, avoiding the first and just barely escaping the fate of having his body cut in half along his shoulders, but even so, he was a step slow. This resulted in his extended arm being cut off at the elbow.

The second heavy energy shield fell as the man continued to retreat, but he was a step slow once again, causing his arm to be severed at his shoulder.

The third heavy energy shield was too fast. The Cloud Race man froze, his body shuddering just once before he fell down in two halves.

"How dare-!?"

James had already turned to a new enemy. With a grip of his fists, his three heavy energy shields fused into one, forming a wall thicker than a back vault that he sent flying forward with a violent momentum.

Many of the Cloud Race managed to dodge, but two failed.

It was as though they had just been rammed by a heavy truck, their bodies bursting into a cloud of blood, disregarding their defenses as though they weren't there at all.

For some reason, scanning James was useless. They tried again and again, but they found their attempts blocked, and then blocked again. It was only at this point that they realized that James' Energy Shield Ability Index had gone beyond just blocking the physical, he could protect himself even from attacks that couldn't be seen clearly with the eyes.

The current James stood as close to Tier 5 of his Ability Index as one could get without being a Savant. In all these years, without friends, and with nothing more than battling for his family on his mind, his skill had reached an impossible height.

And now that he was enraged, they would have a true front row seat.

BANG!

James descended with a heavy stomp, crushing everything in his path. He crossed through the courtyard with speed, agility and ferocity. Eventually, the Cloud Race realized they had no ability to deal with him and tried to run, but this was the absolute worst decision they could make. When it came to restriction and control, how many could be much better than one wielded an Energy Shield Ability Index?

With a thought, the entire courtyard was enveloped in an impenetrable shield. The Cloud Race tried pounding at it to escape, but they had already scattered, trying to force James to chase them individually. However, that only made them easier to pick off.

They tried to attack the barrier again, but this time they found that it became soft and spongy. Their fists and weapons were embedded within and it felt as though they had struck at clouds.

They tried to pull their strikes back, but the barrier suddenly surged forward like jelly, wrapping around them.

"Samoa" screamed and waved her hand wildly, but there was nothing she could do as the wild energy continued to snake around her, coating her as

though she was falling into quicksand. The harder she struggled, the further she sunk into it.

Soon, the remaining Cloud Race members found themselves coated from head to toe. Although they weren't injured, they were all smart enough to know that this was the absolute worst case scenario. With things like this... they were truly finished.

James looked at them coldly. His gaze shifted until it landed on "Samoa".

"I hope you have a fun time giggling in the afterlife."

James squeezed his fists just once and the Cloud Race individuals only had a chance to screech once before their bodies were crushed. They died hardly able to fight back at all.

James finally turned back, still fuming. Killing them couldn't seem to get rid of his frustration, but when he looked back to find his father calmly sitting within the energy shield he had trapped him within, all of that rage seemed to dissipate. For some reason, he couldn't find it in himself to stay enraged.

With a wave of his hand, James released his father. He never had the heart to kill his own father, he had only trapped him so that he wouldn't interfere.

Governor Duke Bennett didn't say anything immediately after being released. He looked at his son for a long time before shaking his head.

"It doesn't matter, a man needs to vent his emotions sometimes, but it's good that you've regained your calm. This shouldn't be too big of a problem since you made sure that none of them escaped, we will just blame their deaths on the Ascension Empire and everything will be-."

James frowned. "Dad, siding with the Cloud Race is too far."

Governor Duke Bennett looked up calmly. "Excuse me?"

James took a deep breath. "I said siding with the Cloud Race is too far, they don't have our best interests at heart. If Earth is taken by them, the only Eighth Dimensional world in the Human Domain will no longer be under our control. In that situation, won't we still be slaves? But this time, we'll be slaving for someone who treats us as nothing more than ants and have a great amount of prejudice against us."

Governor Duke Bennett's expression turned cold and a stern and powerful voice came out from him.

"Do you think I need you to tell me how to do things?"

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1889

James was startled for a moment before he lowered his head. Things weren't much different from what they always had been, he was too used to this.

"Wherever there are people, there will always be in groups and outgroups. Even when there are no tiers of separation, people will find them. If it's not race, it will be skin tone. If it's not skin tone, it will be culture. If it's not culture, it will be wealth.

"Even if there are two groups of people, both of the same race, with the same skin tone, the same culture, the same wealth, people might try to separate themselves based on who is a nouveau riche and who comes from old money, or on who was born in the north of the city versus the south, or on what gods they choose to follow, or what foods they like to eat most.

"When you sit here and try to lecture me on what the Cloud Race may or may not do, or on how they may or may not treat us, do you know how absolutely foolish you sound? Even the Ascension Empire was forced to use the Slayer Legion as a scapegoat to maintain peace for decades because there can never be true peace, even when such a thing is achieved, it will only be a fleeting moment from vanishing.

"It only takes one man's greed, one wife's dissatisfaction, one child's grievance. This is the nature of life, of evolution.

"Do you know why you can stand here and listen to this lecture from me?! It's because you hold power! They infuriated you, so you slaughtered them and they could say nothing about it.

"Do you know why they tolerated my questioning them?! It was because I provide them with resources they need, power they need, connections they need!

"Who cares whether they share our race or not? Can you provide them value or not?!"

"Did the Ascension Empire care when your grandfather was schemed against by the Leum family and lost our Governor Duke position? Were we not fellow humans? Further than that, did we not share the same status? The same wealth? The same nobility? Even further than that did we not bleed for the Fawkes family? Did we not lose brothers and sisters for the Fawkes family? Did we not help them to build their Empire to what it is now?"

The more Governor Duke Bennett spoke, the louder he seemed to become and the further his son's head seemed to lower.

"Did we not meet all the criteria you think to be so important and even surpass them? And yet we were thrown to the side, for what?"

"The reason is very simple. We weren't useful enough. Others were more valuable. Your grandfather trusted the wrong people and he suffered for it. In this world, you can trust no one but yourself. There are no goals that are worth more or are more valuable than your own. There is no friendship worth your aspirations. The only people you can trust is family, and that's not because of some bullshit reason like love.

"I have an investment in you because you are my seed. I invested in your growth, I've protected you, and now you are the greatest weapon this family has.

"Do you understand me?!" Governor Duke Bennett's voice boomed.

James' head remained lowered and he didn't answer immediately. When he did speak, he asked a question that weighed on him heavily.

"... Doesn't that mean if there was ever a reward worth more than your investment in me and better than what I can provide you in the future, you would sacrifice me as well?"

"Look at me," Governor Duke Bennett said coldly.

James slowly raised his head. When Governor Duke Bennett saw his son's crimson gaze, his own narrowed, but he still looked forward without flinching.

"Yes, I would." Governor Duke Bennett said just as coldly. "And I hope that if you see an opportunity to progress the Bennett family forward, you would sacrifice me as well. However, this shit, this lashing out and losing your temper, isn't the way. You're never going to get anywhere like this."

James looked at his father, the crimson in his gaze slowly fading. His lips separated slightly, but no sound came out for a long while... until he finally managed to push it out.

"Don't you feel lonely?"

Governor Duke Bennett's expression seemed to change for the first time. Inwardly, his heart raced and it took several moments before it returned to normal.

"... Men with heavy weights on their shoulders have no right to feel such emotions. You are cut from almost the same cloth as me, James. You don't fall easily for women no matter how pretty they are, you aren't good at academics, but you are able to focus on what you are good at with great ease. When you feel emotionally drained, you vent for only a moment before you regain control and put your nose to the grindstone once again.

"Your only weakness was that Leonel, but that couldn't be helped. He's more perfect for this sort of life than you are. His ability to sever emotions is beyond mine, his ability to focus is beyond the both of us, and he has no holes in either his emotional or raw intelligence. Staying near him, you stood no chance. Your separation was necessary, it was the only way for you to grow into your own without being suppressed within his shadow."

Governor Duke Bennett looked into the skies.

"There is no fairness in this world, this is why you must take my words to heart. It's even more apparent when it comes to things like talent. You must be willing to do things others aren't if you want to succeed."

Governor Duke Bennett fell into complete silence.

"... Go," Governor Duke Bennett suddenly said.

James' brows shot up, seemingly feeling that there was something different about his father's words.

"I can see that you don't believe in me the same way anymore, there's no use in keeping you here. Things might be fine for now, but in a year or two, you'll finally cross a point of no return. Also, judging by how easily you killed those Cloud Race members, I have a feeling they've long since overestimated themselves, your leaving is probably the only way to save the Bennett family at this point."

Governor Duke Bennett continued to look into the skies, seemingly seeing Leonel's face within the complex runes of the dome of white gold above them.

He remembered that night he first met Leonel. He was beaten and ragged, facing off against an entire Fort and having just lost his girlfriend as a teenage boy, and yet still sharp enough to see through a ruse planned by his best friend of over a decade. In that sort of situation, Governor Duke Bennett was certain that even he wouldn't have the ability to stay so clear headed, even given his long life and wealth of experience That sort of sharpness... wasn't something you could teach.

He couldn't help but wonder... if Leonel had expected this to happen too.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1890: Blackened Wood

Leonel looked down at his beaten and ragged spear, taking a breath and exhaling. As he had expected, his speed of clearing these hurdles had increased exponentially with the help of Pririna's treasure, but what he hadn't expected was to end up locked in such a battle not long after seemingly bright skies had opened up to him.

Before Leonel, a twin-horned demon stood before him. Well, it only had one horn remaining, the other having been cut off by Leonel and sent spiraling into a tree in the distance...

Well, several trees. Whatever that horn had been made out of, it was so sharp and sturdy that it wasn't satisfied until it had raised thousands of acres of land to the ground.

As best Leonel could tell, this person was probably a Fiend Class Demon, or close to it. Compared to the other geniuses Leonel had fought, this one was probably the most difficult up until this point because his body was so exceptional.

While the strength of Leonel's body came from his Lineage Factors and had been mostly stripped from him, the strength of a demon was innate to their flesh and blood. Facing this genius of the Demon Race, Leonel had no advantage despite having cleared hundreds more territories. Let alone not having an advantage, he was faintly losing and was somewhat inferior.

What was the most infuriating was that outside of his horn, every other part of this Fiend Demon's regeneration was top class, another very innate part of its being. Leonel had never felt the unfairness of the tribulation more clearly than he did now.

Even so, Leonel's skill with the spear was more than just one step above this demon that called himself Coldar. As such, he had been able to corner the latter several times, but to no avail. The demon hadn't spoken a single word, but his tenacity was all too clear and obvious, and his stamina was seemingly no weaker than Leonel's.

Leonel glided backward, taking one more deep breath before his body stabilized entirely. He met the eerie yellow gaze of the demon who stood an entire meter taller than himself without the slightest hint of fear. He looked down at his spear one more time before shaking his head and throwing it to the side and unsheathing the base spear that had already grown to the point of nearly crossing into the Gold Grade.

Unfortunately, while the basic spear could repair from damage, treasure spears and armors could not. Now that the lance spear had run its course, Leonel had no choice but to let it go, and with it, he lost access to Knight's Charge.

Leonel's wrist flexed, his forearm waving once. The strength of this brandishing was so fierce that the spear tip swayed wildly from side to side, the rigid polearm moving as though it was instead a wet noodle.

The spear blade moved almost hypnotically, swaying with a quick rhythm that made it quick and unpredictable.

Even so, the Fiend Demon didn't move a single inch. He had no way of knowing that Leonel's Knight's Charge ability came from the spear he had just thrown to the side. But what he did know was that even without Knight's Charge, Leonel's agility was beyond his own. In that case, he would stand in place and let Leonel come to him.



Leonel suddenly thrust forward, his spear whipping through the air and its blade vanishing into a cascade of blinding gold lights.

"I'll grind you down until you have nothing left to give," Leonel spoke resolutely.

The Fiend Demon once again didn't respond, but a hint of solemnness touched his yellow gaze as he brandished his own spear to block.

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Aina might as well have been the mirror image of Leonel on the battlefield. Although one faced one enemy while the other faced many, their ferocity could only be said to be identical.

Many had thought that she would tire by now, but it eventually became quite obvious that she was far too confident in her own battle sense to make such a foolish mistake.

Near the back of the battlefield, Harmony fought as well. She was more of a reserve unit, prepared to act as a trump card when the situation dictated it, but she was beginning to feel as though she was entirely unneeded. At the same time, her internal fear for this woman was growing with every second.

It was easy to not notice just how brutal Aina was being. When lives were severed with just a single swing of her battle ax, it was easy to become numb to it.

However, the screams, the panic, the palpable fear that was slowly condensing in the air was quickly increasing to the point that it was suffocating.

As more and more powerful enemies faced off against Aina, the brutality only became more clear. Soon, they realized that maybe it would have been a blessing to be weaker. At least then, the torture would have ended immediately.

She severed arms, stomped through chests, crushed wind pipes, there was even a warrior who suffered the fate of having their rib cage pulled apart and their hearts ripped out from their chest. Aina had cut into this warrior's right shoulder with her battle axe, when she failed to go all the way through she

punched into the left of the warrior's chest, ripping his chest open by pulling her hand and ax apart.

As though she wasn't satisfied with the result, before this warrior could even fall to the floor, she ripped his heart out, the spurt of blood coating her armor and droplets dotting across her cheeks and face.

The more the Brazinger family saw, the more shaken they became. It couldn't have been more obvious that her target from the very beginning was them, and very soon, the only one separating them from severing their head was Galaeran and obviously Galaeron had no intention of stopping her. Aina's golden gaze shone like two radiant stars as she slammed the butt of her polearm into the dirt. She passed by Little Nana without a single word, seemingly not worried that the latter would attack her.

She looked forward in silence, her aura climbing with every passing second. A long way to her back, dozens of rotating blood roses continued to shred a path through the battlefield almost without her input at all.

No one knew why Aina had stopped until her spatial ring glowed.

One after another, she took out stakes. Each one was carved of a blackened wood and stood at exactly nine meters tall and were just about two feet thick.

It wasn't obvious at first, but the Brazingers shuddered when they saw it. Every time Aina's palm touched this seemingly simple wood, another layer of her skin would be burnt off, droplets of blood falling and the smell of rotting flesh wafting into the air.