

Dimensional Descent

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Chapter 1771: Interesting Analysis

A silence fell over the group as the report settled in.

They were first and foremost an information network; it could be said that they were definitely among the very first to get this information; And yet; rather than information trickling in one at a time; they actually got it all at once; they didn't even get any information about any armies setting in;

"What the hell happened?!"

Tiny stood to his feet, his shock making his heart palpitate; This was the kind of information they should have gotten even before it happened; How could a force hide from them for so long? It made their hearts run cold;

Raylion. who had been completely silent all the while. suddenly narrowed his eyes; But at the moment. his gaze was actually focused on Tiny. not the messenger; It was hard to tell what was going on in his mind. his expression just as cold and indifferent as usual;

At the same time. Apestus. who had likewise been silent. slowly released his grip on the dagger by his side; Tiny seemed to have no idea just how close Apestus was from exploding. it could even be said that the messenger stopped things from getting overblown;

"There... There..." The attendant took heaving breaths. trying to calm themselves; In order to get this information here. they had really gone all out; "... There was little information about the first three. but according to our informants near Earth. a Prince Leonel of the Ascension Empire appeared with a flagship of Shield Cross Stars and wiped them out single handedly;"

At this point, even Raylion's expression changed somewhat.

Was this a coincidence? Prince Leonel?

Suddenly, things slid into place one by one;

The Leonel they knew was an Heir of the Morales family. but if he was also a Prince of the Ascension Empire. things would make much more sense; In fact. had they known this beforehand. a lot of the trouble their organization had gone through would have never festered to begin with;

The Morales were simply too far away from their location. and because Raylion wanted to focus their attention on Earth's Empire. the information they had on the outside was limited; As such. the prestige the Morales had in the hearts of their members was far too low for what they were;

In comparison. the prestige of the four families and the Ascension Empire. in addition to certain other families and faiths. were much higher.

They had known that Leonel was from Earth. but they hadn't known what kind of status he had on Earth; If they were aware. maybe things would have never devolved to this state;

"Prince Leonel?"

Tiny and the other three who weren't very familiar with Leonel to begin with didn't immediately make the connection; The Human Domain was too vast, how could some people not share names? Plus, the Leonel Emna and the others were referring to had the Morales last name, not Fawkes which they associated with the Imperial Family;

However, they froze when the attendant confirmed.

"Yes, a Prince Leonel Morales; He is the son of Princess Alienor Morales; There is news from the wider Human Domain that the reason for the sudden activity of the underground networks of Shield Cross Stars is because Princess Alienor was infuriated by SCS labeling her son as a Tier 1 Fugitive!"

Tiny forgot to breathe, his head slowly turning toward Emna and the others; Was this attendant trying to say that the Tier 1 Sixth Dimensional existence he had just been lambasting wiped out four families their organization had no method to take head on?

Aphestus suddenly laughed; "That bastard is just as annoying as I remember; He pretends to be such a good person, and then he turns around and wipes out four families; It was his fault Valiant Heart Mountain fell so quickly too, but he just patted his ass and shrugged at that too;"

Raylion's gaze flickered as Sael's own danced with a complicated expression. Apestus wasn't wrong. For a long time, Sael felt guilty because it was she who invited Leonel to Valiant Heart Mountain to begin with. If not for what happened back then, they could have survived a few more centuries at least, they could have even used Earth's evolution as a method of turning their fate around, after all, they had been in Earth's quadrant to begin with so they would have been the first to benefit.

But in the end, things hadn't worked out that way.

Emna was the most shocked among them all because she knew exactly what had caused this, she could still remember Leonel's rage when she informed him of what happened to his brothers, she even remembered hoping that he didn't do anything stupid.

To think that he would get his revenge in just a few days, so quickly that even they were late to react...

It took a while, but Tiny, Robin, and the other two finally calmed, looking toward one another. Tiny eventually took a seat as well, his expression flickering intermittently. He couldn't seem to decide what he should be thinking.

Emna looked up, her own gaze cold.

"Do you have anything else to say now, Tiny?"

Tiny took a breath and exhaled, but before he could respond, it was actually Treasurer Jemsy who answered first.

"Do you all think that this concludes things?" He suddenly said.

Jemsy wasn't one to speak often, his eyes were usually glazed behind his pair of glasses. It seemed as though he was always calculating something, as though the outside world was of no interest whatsoever. However, the moment he did speak, everyone looked toward him.

"He is already a Tier 1 Fugitive, and now he's used Shield Cross Stars weaponry to wipe out not just one, but four families of Earth. If his only identity was that of a Prince of the Ascension Empire, things would be fine. However, his last name is Morales, not Fawkes. I'm sure if you all take a moment to think about it, you'll see what the problem is.

"Suddenly, due to his actions, competition over Earth's main resources have all been eradicated. It won't just be Shield Cross Stars that's unhappy about this."

"Interesting analysis."

The sudden voice came from nowhere. This time, it wasn't just Tiny who stood to his feet, wary gazes looking toward the entrance.

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Chapter 1772: Two Choices

Leonel and his brothers slowly walked into the meeting room; Leonel himself at the helm; They seemed to appear from nowhere; and they hadn't even alerted anyone until they spoke; Toward this; even Emna was surprised; She had told Leonel how to find them; but she hadn't expected him to enter the depths of their territory without anyone even noticing;

The attendant was deathly pale; The moment Leonel stopped hiding his presence, the pressure was suffocating; Even Jemsy, who always maintained his calm, felt his throat constrict;

Suddenly, the pressure vanished as Leonel grinned;

"Long time no see." Leonel laughed as he looked toward Apestus. Raylion and Sael.

It couldn't be said that he had a deep relationship with all three of them, but he had good impressions of Sael although she was a bit naïve; At the same time, he quite respected Raylion; As for Apestus, he respected him as well if for nothing other than his loyalty to Raylion;

Suddenly. Leonel felt a vicious wind assault him; Even as it pierced toward his throat. an afterimage of Apestus slowly dissipated into the wind. a malicious intent swallowing him up whole;

SHIING! SHIING! CLANG! BOOM!

Wild winds spread in all directions. strong Blade Forces lashing out against the walls of the meeting room and leaving deep grooves everywhere they passed.

Leonel's clothing fluttered, his fingers raised in a pinching motion; Between them, a blade was stopped mere inches from his neck, an amused light in his eye;

Aphestus' forearm bulged with wiggling veins that pulsed like flood dragons; His face went red beneath the strain. but he couldn't move forward even a single inch;

"What's this. Aphestus? You aren't happy to see me? How's your diet been. why're you so weak?"

Aphestus' lip twitched before he snorted and pulled back his blade. hiding his trembling wrist to his back; He was already in Tier 9 of the Sixth Dimension. but his all out attack had actually been stopped by two fingers; While he hadn't used his Ability Index. that was still at least 50% of his strength in that single assault; The fact Leonel had stopped it so casually went to show the sheer gap between them;

"My diet?" Aphestus snorted; "I went easy on you, consider this a welcome gift;"

Leonel laughed.

He remembered Aphestus' Ability Index quite well; He could gain the characteristics of what he ate. the trouble was that the more talent he wanted to extract. and the more talented his target. the more of it he needed;

For someone like Aphestus. especially since he left the evolution of the tentacle womb up to Anastasia. he probably had the highest ceiling of anyone here outside of Emna who was only a measure away from forging her own path; All Leonel had to do was feed him a large number of demon corpses;

"Hm?" Leonel looked toward Sael and blinked; "Maybe not..."

Leonel hadn't expected that Emna wouldn't be the only one who was a real Spark here, to think that Sael would be a real spark too; It was quite ironic, the original strongest amongst them, Raylion, actually seemed to have the least potential now; However, when Leonel looked into Raylion's eyes, he could see the very same fire he had seen back then;

'He might not have gotten the same opportunities as the rest of them, but his heart is still firm. That is more than worthy of praise.'

Leonel nodded toward Raylion lightly. For a man like this, he didn't need to say anything more. Raylion didn't need thanks, the only acknowledgement he needed were the fruits of his labor blooming, and Leonel would make certain that that happened.

After Leonel greeted the four heads he was familiar with one by one, he finally turned his attention toward the remaining four. They were all looking toward him with gazes ranging from wary to somewhat curious.

"I don't have much time to stay here today because there are still three major incidents that I was delayed from handling, but I can say that this man here isn't wrong, there will indeed be trouble for my actions, but the real question is how much it matters to you.

"Before you, there are two options. One is obedience, the other is death. There is no third option. Which will you choose?"

Leonel's smile vanished, his oppressive aura returning. The four suddenly felt small. Their Force was sluggish and their breathing labored.

Suddenly, they realized that Leonel wasn't alone.

The aura of eight Seventh Dimensional powerhouses flooded the room and their eyes opened wide. It was only at that moment that Emna realized that five men that should have been dead were standing before her safe and sound.

Treasurer Jemsy took deep breaths, trying to calm himself.

"You are... very strong, but have you truly thought about this? This will no longer be a matter of just Shield Cross Stars, your actions are an opportunity for almost every family of the Human Domain to stick their noses into the matters of Earth."

"I don't need you to explain these things to me. If you can think of it, I thought of it a hundred times faster. You may be used to being the smartest person in the room, but I can tell you now that your greatest pride is useless before me.

"I won't repeat myself again. Make your choice," Leonel said coldly.

"Haha..." Treasurer Jemsy chuckled. "... Do I really have a choice at all? I don't want to die."

"Good," Leonel said indifferently.

At that moment, a mighty golden light raised up behind him, a radiant scroll unfurling.

Leonel's gaze glowed with a fierce light and he pierced out his finger four times in a row.

The four heads shuddered. Although they couldn't see it, in each of their Ethereal Glabellas, they had all gained an Imperial Edict. So long as they dared to disobey it, they Ethereal Glabellas would self-destruct.

This ability was a fusion of Emperor's Gaze and Emperor's Edict known as Emperor's Mark. Leonel had deduced it on his own without the Emperor's Might Tablet because his comprehension of its two halves were absolutely perfect, this would also make certain things far more convenient for him.

"Now, like I said, I don't have much time. The three most pressing issues are the Zoltene Faith, the Thrusting Skies Sector and the reemergence of the Viola Family, I need information about these three as things don't seem so simple."

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Chapter 1773: Glorious Zoltene

Not long later; Leonel left with his brothers; leaving a few words for the Etching Metal organization; He saw no reason not to trust Raylion and the others; While he placed his Emperor's Mark on Jemsy and the other three heads; there was no way he would do the same to the four founding heads;

"It seems we didn't waste our time," Apestus said after a long while; He had a wild grin on his face;

He remembered the first time he met Leonel he could have beaten him any time he wanted; But just months later, he was already incapable of lasting a few blows, and now, decades later, to say that Leonel could defeat him with a single strike wasn't giving Leonel enough credit;

Raylion didn't say anything to this. but he felt Sael's small hand slip into his own;

While Raylion didn't show any sort of emotion. Sael understood him the best. There was no one here who wanted this result more than Raylion himself.

Even as they all surpassed Raylion one after another, Sael knew that Raylion had never given up on becoming a powerful expert; Unfortunately, his talent was just lacking in comparison to the others; He had gone from the head disciple of Valiant Heart Mountain to ultimately being an administrative leader of the organization;

Raylion knew that if he wanted to achieve his dreams; Leonel was his only hope; But his pride was far too deep; He refused to hold his hands out; hoping that Leonel would just do him a favor;

He had no relationship with Leonel; and they had even once been enemies; And even if they had been friends; Raylion would never feel comfortable asking for something when he could give nothing in return;

During these over 20 years he had put his blood; sweat and tears into this organization; doing everything he could so that he could look Leonel in the eyes and exchange not for his charity; but for what he deserved; He had spent every waking moment thinking and dreaming on this day;

His effort would finally pay off.

Raylion squeezed Sael's hand lightly and his gaze turned toward Tiny;

"Tiny," he said lightly.

Tiny; whose expression was ugly after being essentially branded like cattle by Leonel; suddenly snapped awake; When he met Raylion's gaze; for some reason; he felt his heart skip a beat; He had always subconsciously feared this man; but he never truly understood why;

"What did they promise you. Tiny?"

Tiny froze before quickly recovering; "What are you talking about, Raylion?"

"The four families, what did they promise you?" Raylion replied just as calmly, his eyes even being half closed;

Hearing this; Tiny turned entirely pale; He wanted to refuse it; but when he remembered the Emperor's Mark hovering in his Ethereal Glabella; he knew

that there was no longer any point; Raylion must have been sitting on this information for a long time waiting for the perfect opportunity; but since Leonel had appeared; he didn't have to be subtle and sly with everything anymore; This was the difference between scheming and true strength;

Tiny could do nothing in the face of Leonel's overwhelming means;

Tiny grit his teeth. "I will give you all the information and benefits I received."

"Good," Raylion replied lightly. "You have three days. I assume with this that we will see a 150% boost in revenue and the effectiveness of our network. Since we won't be shooting ourselves in the foot anymore, I expect us to be in peak form within the week in time for Leonel's return."

Raylion stood to his feet, holding onto Sael's hand.

"Our goal is beyond this. Very soon we will be on the world stage. As the founder of the Etching Metal Organization, I officially announce that our first growth phase has come to an end. Our goal of becoming the best information network of the Human Domain has been successful. Our next goal is as follows...

"To make Leonel Morales the official Heir of the Morales family."

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The teleportation formation flashed and a group of nine appeared.

Leonel looked around and sighed.

"What's wrong, cap?" Drake asked.

Leonel rubbed his forehead. "I didn't have time to make us any cool uniforms."

Leonel's eight brothers looked toward one another speechlessly for a moment before bursting into a fit of laughter.

Raj wrapped his arm around Leonel's shoulder and trudged forward with big strides.

"Cap, if you can make me a uniform that makes the ladies realize that this is the true peak masculine form, I'll get Milan to give you a foot rub."

Raj's big belly rolled with his laughter. As far as he was concerned, clothing designers were the real people screwing him over.

The group walked out laughing, seemingly not realizing that they had a tall task ahead of them.

They appeared on a barren moon to stare down at a planet, or at the very least, it was what should have been a planet, but was instead a temple the size of one. This place was none other than the headquarters of the Zoltene Faith.

According to reports, this faith had recently been making an aggressive push in Earth's territory, forcefully seizing offerings and spreading their shrines even in areas where there was no consent on the part of the inhabitants.

Leonel could see the various clergymen of the Zoltene Faith walking around. They all wore robes that flickered with holographic images that changed depending on the angle you saw them at. There didn't seem to be any rhyme or reason to the flickering colors, although there was probably some mysterious ranking system associated with it.

Still, the most prominent part were the large glass orbs they wore like head ornaments. It seemed to be blown with different colored pieces of glass, flickering with a rainbow-like assortment of colors. More than their odd robes, this was the true marker of a worshipper of the Zoltene God.

"Let's go," Leonel said after observing for a while.

With a leap, he shot forward on his black surfboard, streaking through the skies with his brothers to his back with their own flying treasures.

"Halt!"

"This is the territory of the Glorious Zoltene, halt!"

"Stop!"

The nine brothers didn't seem to hear any of this in the slightest as they directly barged in, their speed even faster than usual.

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Chapter 1774: So Was Leonel

Powerful warriors converged from all sides; however Leonel didn't lift a single finger; It was Drake who suddenly flipped over his palms; causing two silver pistols to appear; Without waiting for any signal; he began to fire; With every pull of his trigger; another clergyman was shot out of the skies; Although he didn't immediately kill any of them; they found themselves crippled at best; some of them even being shoved toward death's door;

The group crossed the barrier of the temple, entering the highest floor directly; There should have been Force Art protections, but Leonel and the other seemed to slip right through them as though they didn't exist in the slightest;

One after another. they landed on the marbled floors. kicking up their surfboards and following behind Leonel as he walked forward; Despite having never been here before. it felt as though Leonel knew it like the back of his hand. gliding forward toward the grand hall without a single pause in his steps;

BANG!

A sparkling black pillar appeared in Raj's hand which he used to ram against the enormous double doors. slamming against it so hard that they flew off of their hinges. slamming into the sides of the hall with a bang so loud that it echoed through the entire temple.

Raj hoisted his large pillar over his shoulder and led the charge into the grand hall;

At that moment. there were tens of thousands of clergymen kneeling on prayer mats. bowing in worship to the stature of a several kilometers tall of a person Leonel could only conclude had to be Zoltene;

Zoltene's glass orbs looked a lot more like a radiant halo that instead of being parallel to the ground. was actually perpendicular with it. hovering behind his head; He had hands but on a single pair of arms. the other two pairs hovering in the air in mock prayer along with his only seemingly real pair of hands;

At his forehead. there was a glass orb embedded that seemed to reflect the world of his Ethereal Glabella; Within it. a world of rainbow glass could be seen. exuding an air of peace and majesty; Despite his usual thoughts on

such matters. Leonel had to admit that this Zoltene at least looked like a God. but those extra hands...

Leonel had read about such a race, they also had glass orbs in their forehead and extra hands that seemed completely separate from their bodies; They were known as a Nomad Race;

Leonel's gaze narrowed; Even the Void Palace didn't have in depth information on faiths and their Gods. but these Gods had to come from somewhere. so there were a number of working hypotheses;

Some assumed that these were heroes of the past. much like echoes through history making their mark on today; Some assumed that it was the direct opposite. and they were instead powerhouses of the past influencing the past and leaving their mark; And for some others. they assumed that they were present heroes spreading word of their prowess;

These faiths were likely related to the God Path in some way or another. or at the very least. some divergent path of it; The reason the God Path was denoted as such was precisely because of the influence it could have on its environment when taken to an extreme. and these seemed to be related to what these religions could accomplish;

At that moment, a clergyman stood from beneath the statue of Zoltene, and then another, and then another; They all had robes rippling with rainbow colors and glass orbs hovering above and behind their heads that were a size larger than everyone else;

Their gazes locked onto Leonel and the others, their expressions flooded with fury;

Leonel walked forward slowly, his gaze locked onto clergymen;

"Who are you?!"

The clergyman who spoke was the current head of the Zoltene Faith within Earth's territory, a tall man who went by Impreza; This didn't seem to be a name, but more so a title, likely one unique to their faith;

"Do you not recognize the prince of the territory you're terrorizing?" Leonel asked coolly; "I'll give you two choices, Impreza; Take your faith, your

clergymen, and what offerings you've managed to scrounge up, and scam out of my territory; Or, we can start a massacre; Which will it be?"

The Impreza's expression turned malevolent. However, when it settled in that Leonel was a prince of the Ascension Empire, he didn't seem to want to lash out immediately, as though he was still looking for a method out of this.

"Is this appropriate? You still haven't stated what we've done wrong? Does the Prince of the Empire not welcome religions? Aren't you afraid that the hearts of the people will grow cold?"

"So you're aware that this is an Empire too, right? Not a democracy. Do I need to explain to you why I do the things I do?"

The recently calmed expression of the Impreza turned ugly. It was clear that Leonel had no intention of negotiating with them. They hadn't expected to run into someone like this.

While it was true that an Empire wasn't a democracy, they still had to keep the people and their thoughts in mind. An Empire that did and acted as they pleased wouldn't last very long. If you didn't care for the thoughts of the people, you would be overthrown.

This should have been an opportunity to expand recklessly. With Earth surrounded by problems from all sides, there was no way they should be able to react like this without worrying about the consequences.

The Imperza suddenly calmed, staring toward Leonel deeply.

"Fine, we will retreat. The Glorious Zoltene cannot withstand the loss of even one son or daughter. You will face retribution for your actions today," the Imperza pressed his hands together.

Leonel smiled, however deep within, he knew what the true intentions of the Imperza was. They would retreat for now and wait for an opportunity to come back when the Ascension Empire would have no choice but to accept them.

Indeed, this Imperza was quite intelligent.

But so was Leonel.

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Chapter 1775: Power of Information

"Esteemed Imperza. is this really okay?"

Not long after Leonel and the others had left, the clergymen of the Zoltene Faith couldn't help but say something; While the lower ranking members didn't dare to speak, those who had been beneath Zoltene's statue alongside the Imperza couldn't hold it in any longer;

"We must have patience," the Imperza said lightly, his hands still pressed together; "The Faith of his Gloriousness will be spread regardless of its obstacles; We will make a comeback in due time, but for now, it is best to take a step back;

"We can only say that we were unlucky. but this tribulation will be weathered by us; When we come out the other side. we will be stronger than ever;"

Although the Imperza didn't say it in so many; those that were intelligent understood; Soon; the Ascension Empire would be experiencing more pressure than they knew how to handle; When that time came and they chose to come back; they wouldn't even have the time to deal with them; After they reaffirmed their position in Earth's territory; there would be nothing the Ascension Empire could do; The seeds had already been sown;

"Imperza! Imperza!"

It had only been several minutes. but an attendant had already run into the prayer hall. rushing forward with information;

"One must maintain a calm mind beneath the presence of His Gloriousness. mind yourself." the Imperza said lightly.

"Yes, yes...!" The young clergymen took deep breaths, but eventually wasn't patient enough to wait until they had calmed down completely; "... Shrine, the shrines; The branch shrines... destroyed..."

The Imperza's pupils constricted. "How many—?"

Before the Imperza could finish his question. another attendant rushed in with the same news. then another;

The Imperza's fists clenched beneath his robes; Many of those shrines were exceptionally well hidden; He had expected to lose some in the worst case scenario. but by the time the fifth attendant rushed in. he realized that they had all been destroyed with a speed that didn't even feel like it made sense; It was as though Leonel could cover the whole Ascension Empire with a single hand;

With their shrines destroyed. even if they came back. it would take decades to build their network back up again; If that was the case. their comeback would be almost meaningless; They would have little to no momentum. and by the time they gathered some up again. whatever troubles the Ascension Empire might be facing just might be over. and in the worst case. even if the Ascension Empire fell. Earth's territory would be gobbled up by others and have nothing to do with them;

At that point, even the Imperza couldn't quite keep his calm.

Years ago, the Evergreen Faith lost their main shrine under mysterious circumstances; Due to this, the Zoltene Faith was able to overtake them in a lot of ways; But now, the situation had been reversed once again and the Evergreen Faith once more had a chance at claiming a monopoly on Earth's territory;

Just as the Imperza was about to lose his cool entirely, the planet-sized temple suddenly trembled; Many were immediately thrown off their feet;

The sound of battle reached their ears, and the Imperza's ugly expression finally set in; No matter how cool-headed he normally was, it was impossible for him to maintain it; His immediate assumption was that Leonel had made them begin a retreat sequence so that they couldn't react to the destruction of their shrines, then he doubled back to finish off the job for good;

This was a devious plot, one that was impossible to execute unless one had the ability to travel across Earth's territory in just a handful of seconds. Unless... Unless Leonel had already set up a team at each location, but if he had done that, then what would have been the point of allowing them to begin their escape sequence?

The Imperza couldn't quite understand what was happening until there was suddenly a burst at the doors of the prayer hall once again, doors that had only just been fixed.

But to the Imperza's shock, rather than it being Leonel's team, it was a group he had never expected to see at all.

They all wore brown robes and had golden lotuses etched onto the backs formed out of human hands. These weren't Leonel's men, nor were they people of Earth... This was the Evergreen religion!

The Head Clergyman of the Evergreen led the charge, her strides long and her brownish-gold hair fluttering beneath her speed.

"Priestess Irotha, what is the meaning of this?!" The Imperza's voice boomed.

Priestess Irotha's expression didn't change, her gorgeous features radiating with a holy light. However, deep within her brown eyes there was a hint of disgust and disdain that came from the depths of her soul.

"30 years ago, when you all destroyed the main shrine of our Evergreen Faith, did you think that such a day would come? This is nothing more than the cycle of karma," Priestess Irotha said lightly. "The Faith of Evergreen may not be the most powerful, but we are the most resilient. So long as there is but a single bud remaining within a ravaged land, we will grow once more. Her Everlasting is Immortal, and so shall we be."

The Imperza's expression changed once again.

Destroyed their main shrine? They had never done such a thing!

"Slander!" The Imperza's fury threatened to bubble over, but he could already feel his power slipping away. With the destruction of so many Shrines, how could he match up to Priestess Irotha.

Irotha sneered, clearly not believing the Imperza.

She waved her hand. "Erase them."

...

"You're evil, cap. I like it."

Raj rolled in laughter, slapping Leonel's shoulder a few times.

Leonel smiled. "We have Raylion and the others to thank. These things are almost too easy to handle so long as we have enough information in our hands. Let's go and see what the Viola family is up to."

In this regard, the Imperza was quite pitiful. It wasn't the Zoltene Faith that had destroyed the main shrine of the Evergreen Faith, but rather the Three Finger Cult. But it was all too easy to frame them when it was the Zoltene Faith that had gained the most from their fall.

Of course, this would put the Evergreen Faith in line to become a problem of its own, but Leonel would focus on one problem at a time. At the very least, after being destroyed once, the Evergreen Faith was far more reserved and cautious.

Now, Leonel was entirely focused on the return of the Viola family.

Years ago, Leonel's mother had told him that Rychard had something in his possession that he would be very interested in, but so many things had happened that Leonel never got the chance to enquire about what exactly that meant.

Now, it seems that his neglect had allowed a rebirth of a family that had already been dealt with. Of all the problems he had caused, this was probably the one that was the most directly his fault.

But that was fine, he had destroyed them once, and he would do it again.

Leonel alone was dangerous enough. Leonel with a vast net of information might not even need to raise a finger to destroy someone.

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Chapter 1776: Treated You Well

Leonel and the others stood above a familiar location. The last time they had been here, they had come for the opportunity to enter the Void Palace. Back then, only a few of them had been able to enter, the rest of them being turned away.

It could be said that this place was one of the turning points of Leonel's life.

This place was none other than the three central planets of the Three Pillar Sector, a location that had once been overtaken by the Luxnix family, stripping away control from the Viola family and Montex family.

But now, this was a region solely under the control of the Viola family as the Luxnix family, or what remained of them, had moved to be closer to the core regions of Earth's territory, regions where the resources were far more abundant. Ironically, this had allowed the Viola family to finally gain exactly what it had been that they were looking for throughout the effort of several generations.

Technically, there was no reason for Leonel to have any hatred for the Viola family. In reality, they had never really done anything to him, and though Rychard had tried to make Aina his wife, back then he and Aina weren't together.

As things went, the Viola family was just unlucky. They had gotten the Luxnix who were on the upswing, resulting in them losing generations of hard work before they could get their own chance to rise up. But it seemed, now that they were able to even cause trouble, they had recovered quite well.

Leonel had many thoughts about how this would be possible. A portion was the treasure his mother had tipped him off about back then, but he also had other thoughts swirling in his mind as well.

At that moment, a ship suddenly broke through the atmosphere of Planet Viola. Much like the past, the airspace of the three planets was quite crowded with a ton of traffic coming in and out. Due to this, the appearance of Leonel and the others was quite inconspicuous despite the fact they stood on surfboards.

Even so, this spaceship didn't hesitate to make a straight line toward them, causing Leonel's gaze to narrow. And then, a voice projected out toward them.

"It is our honor to welcome Your Highness. If you could please follow me, I will bring you to Patriarch Viola. He is very eager to see you."

Leonel didn't say anything for a long while. He had just come, but apparently his presence had already been seen through.

Well, this wasn't necessarily impossible. It had already been several days since he dealt with the four families and long enough since he removed the Zoltene Faith from existence. It wasn't impossible for this news to have made it to the Viola family. They knew best what they had been doing and it was likely that they were likewise prepared to take the approach the Zoltene Faith had.

Toward this, Leonel could only inwardly chuckle. It seemed that everyone seemed to think that he was a pushover. His grandpa was really too casual with this sort of stuff, but that only made Leonel more curious about what the old man was hiding. Leonel didn't get the vibe that his grandfather was a passive man, nor was he the kind of man to be indecisive in action. If he was, he wouldn't have allowed over 99% of Earth's population to be wiped out just to save them the trouble of dealing with Invalids.

Thinking back, if Earth had formed billions of Invalids, something that was likely to happen considering the huge hurdle their talents had to face especially in comparison to other worlds, the sheer number of Variant Invalids that would have been formed by now would have overrun the Human Domain.

Although he didn't like the decision his grandfather had made back then, the current Leonel was more than capable of seeing the logic.

Leonel faintly nodded eventually, sorting his thoughts.

Gaining acknowledgment they were looking for, the attendant manning the spaceship breathed out in relief and turned the ship around to guide them back toward Planet Viola.

The planet swirled with the very same violet and white colors it had the last time Leonel saw it, but the expanse of the Viola family estate was easily double the size it had been before, taking up the entirety of the planet. It could be seen at a glance that while there was a ton of traffic above the three planets, very few if any came toward this direction.

...

It wasn't long before Leonel and the others were standing in a grand throne room, the gazes several individuals looking down toward them from all sides. This space was no less grand than the imperial court of the Ascension Empire, making Leonel somewhat amused.

While the gazes they were receiving couldn't be considered outright hostile, they lacked any sort of respect one would expect from greeting a Prince and Empire you were supposedly subservient too.

Another thing that Leonel noticed was that the ages of the individuals in this courtroom were particularly young, some were even younger than Leonel himself. While there were older individuals, they were most definitely in the minority, but in comparison to the youth, the gaze of these older individuals was even closer to hostile than the youths. –

At that moment, a set of doors behind the throne opened up and a young man wearing glistening violet and gold robes stepped out, his long black hair tied into a noble bun and violet eyes seemingly piercing through the veil.

Leonel recognized this young man all too well, he was none other than Rychard Viola. However, his bearing was even sharper than it had been in the past, and the maturity between his brows was far more prominent.

What was maybe the most shocking was that he seemed to be a middle aged man, something that was impossible even if he didn't improve even a single step since Leonel last saw him. 20 years wasn't enough for a Fifth Dimensional expert to exhibit such signs of age.

Leonel's lip curled and he spoke even before Rychard got a chance to sit on his throne.

"It seems your World Spirit has treated you well."

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1777: Kill Them All

Rychard only paused for a moment before he continued to sit down, turning his attention toward Leonel. From his vantage point, he looked down at the group without the slightest hint of discomfort on his face.

The last time Leonel had seen Rychard, he was already well into his 70's, but he still looked like a young man. Of course, the current Rychard didn't look old, he looked to be in his late 20s to early 30s, still shy of middle aged, but given his previous Dimension, it should have taken at least another several decades before he reached this point. Leonel found this change to be very interesting.

"Why have you come to my Viola family today?" Rychard asked faintly.

"I think you know quite well." Leonel replied.

"If I was aware, I would not play games with esteemed Imperial Prince. We are within your territory, after all."

"Oh? In that case I came to kill you for those rumors you spread about my mother."

The moment Leonel's words echoed, the several ministers in the court all stood at once, their auras flaring. Despite the youth of the vast majority of them, even the weakest had powerful auras within the Sixth Dimension. In fact, the pressure they exuded wasn't small, and there were even a number of them already in the Seventh Dimension.

Leonel's gaze flashed when he sensed this. Indeed, the Viola family of today wasn't the Viola family of the past.

This had to be as a result of the Viola family's World Spirit.

Originally, the World Spirit for this region had been separated into three pieces, one for the Viola family, one for the Luxnix family, and the last for the Montex. The Luxnix family should have taken the destruction of the Viola family to snatch their piece for themselves, but it seemed that this hadn't happened.

From what Leonel had learned, those who had World Spirits gained quite the advantage within the Zone, allowing them to display their strength while others didn't gain this luxury. Whatever it was that Rychard had experienced, it was enough for him to turn his situation around.

Despite Leonel's blatant threat, Rychard raised a hand and forced his ministers to sit. It was clear that compared to Leonel, the place Rychard had in the hearts of these individuals was far higher. Earth's influence was already waning here, and yet it was their Sector.

It could be said that just from this display, Earth had quite a number of issues to deal with. If they didn't even have strong control over their own Sector, then there was simply no chance for everything else.

"You must be joking, Imperial Prince. I thought that this matter was handled long ago, was it not the Imperial Princess herself who pardoned me?" Rychard replied indifferently.

"Pardoned? It was more so that she allowed you to live due to what usefulness you could have to me, but I haven't seen your use yet? In fact, if not for me, would you even be here to sit on your lofty throne?"

At that moment, Leonel's smiling expression suddenly vanished and the ground beneath him trembled.

"You take yourself too seriously, don't you think?!"

Leonel's voice boomed, the ground suddenly quaking and shattering. The stairs that elevated Rychard's throne suddenly crumbled, compressing into the ground.

In the blink of an eye, Rychard had gone from sitting on a lofty throne to being seated within a pit that left him a full head shorter than Leonel. At this point, it was he who had no choice but to look up. No one could even react to the change at all, but by the time the rumbling completed and the Force dispersed, the deed was done.

Rychard sat in the pit with a narrowed gaze. Leonel's explosiveness had caught even him off guard. It was only now he realized just how unpredictable Leonel could be. He was entirely unreadable.

Originally, he thought like the Impreza of the Zoltene Faith. His assumption was that Leonel had things to worry about and couldn't be too out of hand with his reaction. But now, he suddenly wasn't so sure anymore.

Before Rychard held any power in his hand, he had always been cunning and scheming. His intelligence was exceptional, if not for this, he wouldn't have been able to cause the resurrection of the Viola family so quickly. But there were some things that intelligence couldn't overcome, this was something he had learned the hard way the first time, and he wouldn't make the same mistake again.

Rychard slowly rose to his feet, stepping out of the pit.

He had always been shorter than Leonel, so even now, he was still about a head shorter. But even so, he felt far better and more unrestrained on his feet.

"If Imperial Prince believes that I am the same man I was in the past, you would be sorely mistaken. My Viola family is guilty of nothing other than fighting for territory, the only difference is that we are better than others.

"In the past, my Viola family was destroyed, this was because we were inferior to others, I have no complaints. But now that we have risen from the ashes, soaring into the skies like true phoenixes, we won't allow others to press us down once again.

"Our dignity will not be trampled upon."

Rychard's voice boomed and the blood of the Viola family members boiled. They stood to their feet once again, but this time, Rychard didn't ask them to sit. It was clear that they were prepared to fight any moment now. If Leonel truly didn't back down, they would even dare to kill an Imperial Prince of the Empire.

Leonel's serious expression suddenly gave way to a laugh.

"I left for a couple decades and I returned to find that everyone has gotten so much more arrogant. Even enemies I've already trampled once before are scurrying up again. What do your words count for?

"This isn't Viola territory, this is the Ascension Empire. Fight for territory? What right do you have to do that? Even if I told you to give up this planet right now, you would have to obediently do so."

Leonel's pupils suddenly constricted. Before he could react, Rychard's fist had already appeared before his eyes. It was simply too late to react.

BANG!

Leonel's head exploded into a rain of blood, bone and gore, his final words still echoing.

"Kill them all," Rychard said indifferently.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1778: Chess

Deep within space, the flagship hung in silence. Leonel watched the scene of his death with a cold expression. Indeed, Rychard dared to attack, and indeed, his strength wasn't a joke.

Leonel had sent his clones constructed of Emulation Spatial Force in his stead, feeling that something like this would happen. In fact, he felt that this would have likely happened even if he had been more lenient with his words and actions. It was clear that Rychard was already prepared for the worst case scenario and his level of alertness was high.

In the final moments before his clone's death, the Spatial Force activated and replaced it with a real corpse. With the depth of his Dream Force, it was almost impossible to see through the differences, especially if Rychard was going to shatter his skull like that. As for Leonel's brothers, Rychard was even less familiar with them.

That said, Leonel didn't particularly care if Rychard saw through the ruse since things were already past this point. The results would be the same so long as he dared to attack.

But now, Leonel had to choose his next step carefully, and the best course of action would depend on what Rychard's choice was.

As Leonel saw it, there were two possibilities. Either Rychard was confident enough to double down and remain in Earth's territory, or he already had an exit plan.

"This little bitch," Raj's expression twisted with rage. He was only just sane enough to not go running down there for revenge. Watching himself die, even if it was just a clone, triggered memories he didn't like to remember.

The same went for most of them. Though they didn't express it like Raj had, they stared daggers at the floating monitor, wanting for murder. If not for Leonel's orders, they might have already gone all out to attack.

"We can't take him casually," Leonel suddenly said. "He's in the Seventh Dimension, and he's most definitely not weak among them. If I'm correct, he

would probably rank favorably against the Domain Ranked disciples of the Void Palace."

Raj grit his teeth. "How'd he become so powerful?"

"My best guess is that he gained greatly from the Zone, and it might also be related to that secret of the Viola family my mother mentioned. Unfortunately, there were too many things that happened one after another after we went to the Void Palace and I never had the time to investigate it..."

Leonel wasn't wrong. By the time they got there, the trial began immediately. Rychard obviously hadn't had the skill to make it far in the trial back then, so he ended up in the ranks of Nominal Disciples while Leonel had become a quasi Galaxy Ranked disciple for a wall. Then he lost the Segmented Cube and was basically kidnapped by his uncle, so there really was no time to worry about the likes of Rychard.

"What's the plan, cap?" Milan asked.

"We'll have to wait to see how he'll react... The problem with the Thrusting Skies Sector might have to wait, I have a feeling that Rychard is a much bigger threat."

So, the group waited. But after several moments, Leonel's eyes couldn't help but narrow.

The monitoring system of the flagship was excellent. When it was configured correctly, picking up sound and images across even light years was very much possible. However, depending on the defenses of your target, these images could be better or worse.

Even after configuring, Leonel could only pick up images and not sound from Planet Viola, proving that their defenses were actually quite excellent considering how close to the planet the flagship was. However, this didn't matter much. With his abilities, reading lips was all too easy, the sounds might as well have been blaring in his ears.

But to Leonel's shock, Rychard really had no intention of leaving. In fact, he was delegating normal tasks and sending his ministers off to maintain order. There was nothing out of the ordinary, as though he hadn't just killed an Imperial Prince at all.

Leonel leaned back in his chair and chuckled when Rychard even tasked someone with fixing up the throne room.

Soon, they dispersed and Leonel's configuration was no longer useful. It would take several hours more of effort to configure it to a new location, so there was nothing left to observe. This was the only real drawback of the monitoring system. Unless he had an exact location like a throne room that would obviously be used to welcome guests, it was quite useless.

Leonel fell into his own thoughts.

Although he had listed this as an option, he hadn't actually expected it to happen.

Leonel now had enough justification to turn his canons toward Planet Viola and eradicate them. But he did have his reservations about it. The Zoltene Faith wasn't taken out by him, so it wouldn't be a sin for him to bear. But this would be different, especially since he had just finished destroying those four families.

Whether it was the Impreza or Rychard, they were both right that Leonel would have reservations, it was just that Leonel was good at finding ways to circumvent this. The unfortunate part was that while he could see the depths of the Zoltene Faith easily, he couldn't seem to do the same with Rychard. This made things far more complicated.

Leonel's finger tapped his arm rest. In just a few seconds, he had already gone through several possibilities.

'Interesting... In that case, we'll have to suffocate them in other ways. It's fine if other Sectors are in turmoil, but this Sector, Earth's Sector, has to be entirely problem free.... Chaotic Water Sector... Thrust Skies Sector... Three Pillar Sector...'

Leonel's gaze began to glow, information flying by one after another.

Leonel suddenly stood, a plan formulating in his mind.

Battling personally really would be too troublesome, and that of course considered the fact he wasn't certain if defeating Rychard in his current state was even possible.

In that case, he would just have to play some chess.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1779: In the clear

1779 In the clear

"You're okay?" Leonel smiled, looking forward with a hint of gentleness in his eyes.

Even in comparison to the usual, his gaze for Aina was even more caring.

But it was difficult to tell if this was because they had finally taken that step in their relationship, or if it was because the loss of his brothers, albeit temporary, had made his grip on what was important to him all the firmer.

Aina, who had just finished recovering from her fatigue and had come out to see what Leonel was up to, was dazed for a moment. She had come out with the intent that she would either find battle or Leonel hard at work, so her mentality was there. But she hadn't expected to see such a pair of eyes the moment she stepped out.

The huge pendulum swing between expectation and reality left her frozen, and not long afterward, left her blushing to say.

She was almost immediately embarrassed by her own reaction. Leonel hadn't really said anything be considered normal, but she couldn't help it.

That feedback loop only made her blush harder. Just when Aina was feeling her most embarrassed, the sound of hooting, hollering and whistling came from behind Leonel.

She only realized then that the two of them weren't alone and there were actually eight more people watching with rapt attention.

In fact, Raj had even managed to find himself a bucket of popcorn as he eeked so far out to the side that he was nearly falling from chair.

"Ah...You..." She suddenly wanted to lash out at Leonel, couldn't he have warned her or something?

The last time she had seen Leonel's brothers, they weren't exactly...on the best of terms.

And now she had suddenly appeared again only to be embarrassed like this. Aina leaned forward and pressed her forehead into Leonel's chest, seemingly trying to hide. Her embarrassment had suddenly gained a hint of anxiousness.

To make matters worse, she felt like she was walking around with "I just had sex" on her forehead.

Seeing Aina suddenly become so flustered, Leonel couldn't help but burst into laughter.

There were two sides to this girlfriend of his. There was the bold Aina and then there was this version. When he first met her, it was hard to tell which version he would get.

But now it just felt amusing to bring it out himself, and it felt even better when she accidentally stumbled into it herself like now.

Hearing Leonel's laughter, Aina missed Yuri and Savahn. She had already been thinking about trying to find them again, but now she definitely needed back up or else these hooligans would hound her to death.

"Yeah, I'm going to head to the Umbra family to see how they're doing for now. You all focus on the smaller tasks around the Earth's territory, make it known that we aren't letting certain things slide anymore, build up a mystique."

"Forget the older issues. The instant you get a new report, go there. I want to give off the feeling that we can appear anywhere instantly, I want people to hesitate before they even commit a crime. Here." Leonel flipped a palm and several masks appeared.

However, these weren't normal masks at all. They fit over their heads, front, back and sides, and obscured everything.

They seemed to be made out of a mesh material and they had a fluorescent pair of eyes that appeared outside, hovering within the black mesh material.

The result made it look as though they were nothing but eyes, they had no mouths, no ears... nothing but a piercingly sharp gaze reminiscent of a wild beast.

"These masks, or helmets if that's more accurate, will send you all information filtered through me first.

I'll assign a difficulty rating and an optimal approach to the situation. Depending, only one of you might need to act, or it could be three or you, or even all of you. So long as you follow the plan, everything should be fine."

"Within a single month, the word should spread adequately. Leave the Thrusting Skies Sector and the Viola family to me. I made a mistake letting that Rychard live once, he won't get the opportunity again."

"Gotcha, cap." Drake, Allan, Arnold and Joel seemed to be the only ones paying attention, as for the other four, they were still enraptured by the mesh masks.

Only after they realized Leonel was finished speaking did they wave a hand toward him as though they got it. Leonel chuckled but didn't mind too much.

Then, he turned toward Aina. "Are you going to follow me, or?"

"I want to find Savahn and Yuri," she replied. Leonel laughed.

"Are you that scared of being bullied?" Aina glared at Leonel, but before she could respond, Joel suddenly spoke.

"Yuri and Savahn probably aren't within Earth's territory right now. It was... a bit hard for us to see eye to eye after the war because they felt that it was smarter to return to the Void Palace, but we wanted to stay on Earth in case anything else happened." Leonel raised an eyebrow.

Though Joel explained it quite simply, Leonel had a feeling that their disagreement was probably a bit more explosive than that.

It was difficult to manage their relationship without the existence of Leonel and Aina, especially since to them, that relationship had long since been strained.

It wasn't until today that Leonel's brothers learned that he and Aina were actually back together again.

So, given the fact they were on two opposite sides of the spectrum in this regard, it wasn't surprising that they found it difficult to reconcile.

But to Leonel's shock, the one with the weirdest expression when the two were mentioned was actually Raj.

Leonel's gaze landed on Raj as though he was trying to see through him. And Raj, almost immediately, felt as though he was in some sort of hot seat.

"Hey! Hey! You can't blame me, cap! You're back together with Aina now, I'm in the clear!"

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1780: Nothing

1780 Nothing

Leonel was speechless for a long while, his mouth hanging open. "No way..." he eventually managed to say.

many words what happened, how high was Leonel's EQ? How sharp were his senses? He could even see a reflection of Raj's soul if he so wanted to, and he could tell just from that inkling that Raj wasn't messing with him.

It wasn't just Leonel who was looking at Raj with weird expressions.

Clearly, this wasn't exactly public knowledge, the only one who didn't seem surprised was Joel who was obviously aware of something previously, but this made sense. With Leonel not there, Joel was the de facto leader. In that sort of role, he would have to be aware of everything going on around him.

Raj cleared his throat. "Why are you all looking at me like that?"

"Spill it, fatty," Milan glared from over the table.

Raj sneered. "Just because you're a 40 year old virgin doesn't mean you can just lash out at me as you please. Some of us have sex lives."

Milan's mouth hung open. Virgin? He wasn't a virgin. Raj had been the last virgin among them. Well, that didn't include Leonel, of course.

But given Leonel's status in their hearts, none of them even really considered him to be a virgin, it is pretty clear to them that he could have lost it whenever he wanted to.

In fact, even now, they weren't questioning his virginity, they just had their assumptions based on a few context clues. Leonel wasn't the type of person to go around talking about such a thing. The true virgin among them was Raj.

This wasn't even necessarily because he couldn't find a girlfriend, but rather because he had a big mouth and a fiery temper, he had no idea how to filter his words or coax a woman. He just blurted out whatever he was thinking, and that wasn't exactly conducive to keeping a woman happy.

Every time Raj got into a relationship, it ended in a fiery burning inferno, usually with him ranting at the top of his lungs about how idiotic the fairer sex was.

It wasn't a coincidence that his words after Leonel and Aina's break up were the most scathing. But the idea that Raj had not only lost his virginity finally, but even to one of either Savahn or Yuri, left them entirely without words, this was especially so because he had never filtered himself in front of them, even talking about his dream of having a harem.

But then again, since they were willing to leave him for so long, maybe they had gotten sick of his rant.

Seeing everyone's speechlessness, Raj slammed his meaty palms onto the table. He could handle much of their scrutiny, but the way Allan was pushing up his glasses and even Arnold of all people was looking toward him with such interest was getting on his last nerve.

Even the only person who could make him admit to such a thing, Leonel, was looking toward him as though his head was screwed on backward.

"You bastards! Can't you see this handsome specimen before you?! Do I look like someone who struggles with women?!" Raj's voice boomed, causing a section of the flagship to quake. However, his reaction wasn't met with the reception he wanted and he almost deflated.

"Fuck! People can't recognize a good thing even when it's right in front of them!"

"Alright, alright, tell us what happened already, stop throwing a temper tantrum you big lug," Franco laughed, his gaze particularly lustful.

"Just tell us, who was it, was it Savahn or was it Yuri? Also, I need details."
Franco found his voice caught in his throat.

He coughed lightly as his head slowly turned toward Aina. She seemed to just be smiling a beautiful smile, but why was it that the air was suddenly so chilly.

"Ahem," Franco cleared his throat again, "less details, less details, just tell us about your beautiful romance."

"Forget you all," Raj snorted.

"It was definitely Yuri," Leonel suddenly said, causing everyone to look toward him, "I just didn't expect it. I underestimated you, big guy."

Aina's own expression flickered with surprise as well, but since Leonel dared to say it, she believed him. He wouldn't be one to mess around like that.

She suddenly wanted to see Yuri a lot more so that they could talk about this. She wanted details of her own, despite the fact she had given Franco such a friendly reminder. Interestingly enough, Raj deflated when Leonel finally said it, sinking into his chair with a sigh. He seemed to be regretting something, but it was already too late.

"It ended poorly, I take it?" Milan asked.

"Bah, forget her," Raj waved a hand, his expression quite unhappy.

But considering Raj of all people barely said anything and didn't even seem to be about to go on a rant, it seemed that this one was quite a deep one.

But he eventually sat up. He had regrets when he died, maybe there was a chance now that he was living again.

"Ah, forget it," Raj waved a hand in distaste, "I'm not chasing after that woman, she can kiss my ass."

"What happened, exactly?" Milan pressed. "Don't speak in code, or I'll beat it out of you."

Raj glared toward Milan. "It just didn't end well, alright?"

"It couldn't have been that bad, you're not even ranting about it and we had to squeeze this information out of you. I bet it was nothing," Milan replied.

"Nothing?" Raj sneered. "The last words she said to me when she left was that she'd destroy her body and make herself a new one so that I couldn't say I took her first time. Is that still nothing?" Milan's lip twitched. That was indeed a bit... extreme...

Leonel, though, had a different reaction to all of this.

'So that's it... Yuri really is a Spiritual.'