

Dimensional Descent Chapter 971

## Chapter 971 - Head Butting

Emperor Fawkes' laughter rang through the spring gardens. He laughed so hard that the birds dispersed and the Force around him seemed to warp. If it wasn't for certain protections placed around the Palace, maybe the whole of Earth would have heard his laughter.

Leonel's uncle soon made his way to find his father in this state. Quite frankly, he was speechless.

Maybe if Earth was still a Third Dimensional world, Leonel's 'rebellion' would be quite meaningless. There were simply a million and one ways to stamp out whatever hope he had toward fulfilling his goals. There was a limit to what mere mortals could do in that aspect, especially when the Empire had already unified the whole of Earth.

Now that Earth once again had enemies to face toward the outside, the Slayer Legion had returned to their rightful place as the protectors of the Emperor, so there wasn't even this foundation for Leonel to use either. It could be said that if Earth was in the Third Dimension, they would have the luxury of laughing and watching Leonel's ambitions fizzle out. After all, he was their own flesh and blood, sometimes there was no need to be so harsh with family.

But, in this sort of situation, it was much different.

Not only had Earth entered the Fifth Dimension, Leonel clearly had methods of freely travelling between worlds. On top of that, they were well aware that he had a father who was quite unfathomable. And, Leonel's uncle knew well just how much Leonel's mother and loved and what kind of temper she had for certain people.

This was all to say that if Leonel's mother learned of Leonel's ambitions, she would probably directly pass on her position as Crown Princess to him. And, even if Emperor Fawkes voided it, he would end up having to fight both his grandson and his daughter.

If things continued like this, especially since Leonel was a brat who might not be able to see the bigger picture, Earth might suddenly be shaken with internal conflict when their blades should have been pointed toward the outside.

Knowing all of this, despite the fact Galaeron had very rarely questioned his grandfather in his life, he still couldn't help but speak.

"Imperial Father, is... This really a laughing matter?"

Emperor Fawkes sputtered with laughter, his white gold hair shimmering as his emerald irises twinkled.

"Look at that, Galaeron. He's even rubbing off on you. You actually questioned me for once."

Galaeron frowned slightly before his expression became somewhat bitter. Maybe only his father could make his expression warp like this.

"You should learn from that brat a little bit more. You need to be more rebellious. Don't you find it sad that I gave the position of Crown Heir to your little sister and not you? You would think that would have bred at least a little resentment in you. I expected to find some undercurrents brewing, maybe some schemes as you pulled the court to your side.

"How is it that your sister has been gone for decades and yet you've done nothing? I'm quite disappointed."

Galaeron was speechless. His father was lamenting... Him not trying to start a rebellion?

"But... This could..."

The Prince truly had no idea how he should approach this. Leonel's words couldn't have been clearer.

"Yes, yes. That brat finally grew some balls. It's about time."

Galaeron almost choked on air. This was the most vulgar thing he had ever heard his father say. What the hell was going on today?

"Last time he came here, he was far too much of a pansy. He hated me but he hardly even showed it, letting his purpose become warped beneath the ideologies of another. A Fawkes man should think for himself."

"But Imperial Father, he's..." Galaeron shook his head. "... He's being quite shameless..."

This was the best argument Galaeron could think of. It was clear he had been rendered completely speechless by his father.

"Shameless? I think it's the opposite. If he had wanted to, he could slink around in the shadows, never letting anyone know his purpose before he suddenly struck at a critical time. But, he actually came here to issue a direct challenge, what's so shameless about that?"

"That's... not what I mean..."

"You mean resources? Well, the brat is right. I do owe him many birthday presents."

Visit [for a better\\_user experience](#)

After hearing this, Galaeron really didn't know what to say anymore. He and his own son were like two sane people in a family filled with maniacs. Whether it was his brother-in-law, his nephew, his own little sister, his mother, even... They were all insane. Sometimes he wondered if he had been swapped with another child at some point.

He didn't know why he was so surprised. This was the same father of his who laughed up a lung after he learned that Leonel almost destroyed the Royal Blue Fort.

To put that matter into real perspective, their Ascension Empire had known of the threat of the ocean for a very long time. Royal Blue Fort was one of their most powerful chess pieces toward countering this invasion of sorts. Yet, his father had laughed about it like it was nothing.

Emperor Fawkes finally stopped laughing and shook his head.

"Your vision is still too narrow, Galaeron. The reason he can do this is because he knows his worth. There are still some things that are inconvenient for me to do personally while he's well aware that he's maybe the strongest warrior on Earth right now. The oceanic beasts are just the beginning, another war is coming..."

"As long as he's working, who cares if he takes some advantages? That said, he'll still have to pay a price for leaving us behind to go and chase skirts."

Galaeron's expression twitched, suddenly remembering that Leonel had mentioned White City before he left.

Emperor Fawkes burst into another fit of laughter, this one even more uproarious than the last.

"He likes his moral high ground so much, right? I'd like to see what he does when that moral high ground is exactly what's holding him back from taking what he wants."

Galaeron felt a headache coming on. He really wasn't ready to deal with the logistics of head butting between a Prince and the Dove Grand Prime Minister family.

[Just one more chapter coming later today... dkm...]

Dimensional Descent Chapter 972

Chapter 972 - Then.

White City was the very same city Leonel had dropped from the sky to crush Anared and the Variant Invalid. Truth be told, he had only just remembered that he had traded the Ruby Imperial Pendant he had earned for it. He thought it might be a convenient way to get things started. After all, he didn't have the patience to build a new city even though he was uniquely suited to doing such a thing.

As for what Leonel wanted the city for, it would be a convenient fort. Plus, he still had the enormous spatial Force Art he could repair and use again. Before he could only use it once before it got too damaged. But, he was more than confident in making it even sturdier now. Though, it would take an even more powerful formation to move about in a Fifth Dimensional world.

Leonel wasn't really sure what happened to White City, though. He had dropped it right in front of the Imperial Capital. And, now that he thought about it, there should have been a second city in the surroundings, not to mention the third city which was the one he crashed.

The state of White City should be pretty terrible if it wasn't touched. After all, it wouldn't come out unscathed from such a thing. And, there was also no telling if it was still around the Capital or if it have been moved elsewhere.

Truth be told, Leonel hadn't been paying much attention when he was on his way here. He had been moving too fast and was entirely focused on crashing the Capital to cause a commotion. Well, he had managed to do that, so now he was content with settling down and making some money.

However, when Leonel laid eyes on White City, his brow twitched.

The latest\_epi\_sodes are on\_the website.

If it wasn't for the fact he could still sense the lingering remnants of his large scale spatial array, he wouldn't have even connected the two cities into one at all. The White City he had once known was nowhere to be seen.

The city was about the same size as it had always been. Since Terrain had never quite fully conquered its own world, its cities were purposely built large so that it could accommodate large numbers of people and enormous sums of resources. This was to say that it was massive, about double the size of a normal large city.

However, what was shocking were the number of people and the hustle and bustle. The economy was booming to a mind numbing degree, Leonel could almost smell the money in the air. But, what was

maybe most shocking was that maybe only half the number of people here were actually from Earth. As for the other half, they had clear energy signatures that marked them as alien to this world.

What Leonel didn't know was that White City and the other Skyfall Cities—as they were now known as by the people of Earth—had become hubs for trade and diplomacy.

The other Skyfall Cities had been razed to the ground. But, these two, White City and Black City—the latter of which had once pincered the Imperial Capital with Keafir City—were the two that remained and had become great tourist spots.

Emperor Fawkes didn't allow people to freely travel throughout Earth, but this made perfect sense. The resources Earth had as a talented Earth was far beyond what even many Disaster Worlds could hope to have.

In order to 'hunt' on Earth, one needed to pay an exorbitant price, usually worth more than even the resources one would manage to gather. However, many still bit the bullet and paid this price because the talent of beasts here was far beyond what they could find elsewhere.

Visit [, for the best no\\_vel\\_read\\_ing experience](#)

The Beast Crystals of Earth provided a unique opportunity to increase the strength of their abilities. Anyone who had any sort of money at all would definitely send their children here. The result was Earth swimming in more money than it even knew what to do with. Let alone robbing a Force Crafting Guild, Leonel should be thinking about robbing his grandfather's coffers.

This was all to say that the city Leonel stood above on his black surfboard treasure—having long since been upgraded by him to the

point it could stand hundreds of meters in the air even in a Fifth Dimensional world—was an enormous well of resources...

And yet, Leonel knew he couldn't casually touch it.

Leonel's expression turned cold. There was no way this city was functioning on its own, it was definitely being controlled by someone.

Though Leonel hadn't heard his grandfather laughing, he could very well imagine that old man's brilliant grin. It was almost more annoying that that old man was more handsome than he should be at his age. Leonel almost wanted to tell him that his time was up and to give it up, but he knew that would just make him look even more bitter than he already was.

What was he supposed to do?

He couldn't just kick these people out. Even though half of them weren't from Earth, the other half relied on this place for a livelihood, they had already built their lives and families here over the course of the last three years.

Visit [, for the best no\\_vel\\_read\\_ing experience](#)

He couldn't use force either. How would they react to someone who just tyrannically took over their home after they had been living in peace for so long?

And he most definitely couldn't just kill them all.

Just from a glance, Leonel could tell that there was practically no one in poverty in this place. Though his grandfather's genocide was something Leonel could never accept, what he did have to accept was just how good of a position it had put Earth in. They were in a place



where every Earthener could prosper and benefit without needing for anything.

Leonel stood a distance from the city, hovering in the air with his surfboard.

After a moment, his lip curled.

With a wave of his arm, he sent out several messages. It was about time he begin.

'Dove family, is it? Let's play, then.'

Visit [for a better\\_user experience](#)

Dimensional Descent Chapter 973

Chapter 973 Governance

Leonel slipped through the city gates completely invisible to the eyes of the guards. He didn't feel like going through an inspection process nor did he have anything proving his status as a Prince outside of his face, so he felt that it wasn't worth it.

After he was a distance away, he found a location to reappear and blended into the crowd. With just a few minutes of observation, though, Leonel realized that things weren't so simple.

Whether it was the residents of Earth that lived here or the tourists from other worlds, each had their own identification cards. It only took Leonel a moment to realize that Earth had replaced its original monitoring system with another one. What was surprising, though, was that this monitoring system was both less intrusive, and most

surprisingly, it revolved around the very same wrist watch the people of Earth had always had.

Of course, outsiders weren't given their own wrist watches. Instead they were given badges they had to use to verify their purchases.

Essentially, without either a wristwatch or a tourist badge, one could only walk around the city aimlessly without benefitting from anything.

As Leonel continued to walk around, he picked up on more details. For example, outsiders had a higher sales tax to pay, they were restricted from certain regions, and they were only allowed to rent property but couldn't own anything.

The latest\_epi\_sodes are on\_the website.

Everything from top to bottom was meticulously organized and despite searching for it, Leonel couldn't find signs of corruption and, more shockingly, poverty. It was as though the people of Earth had all simultaneously been risen in status...

But, Leonel knew that this was far from the case. The cruel underbelly of this was that the poor had already been killed by his grandfather. All that were left were individuals with great connections, wealth and political affiliations.

Of course, no country or world could possibly function without labor workers or those that did less than lucrative jobs, and yet it seemed that this had been handled as well.

It seemed that Earth had either begun training Force Crafters of their own or had invited over Crafters to automate much of the labor process. And, where it was impossible to do this... There were the people of Terrain.

Leonel had already noted that there was no poverty, and this was true. But, this was only in the in your face, dirty slums and grimy streets sort of ways. The true underpinning of what allowed the people of Earth to continue living their lush lifestyles while everything in the city seemed to work on its own were the inconspicuous workers wearing grey tunics and pants, gliding through the city silently with their heads lowered and their gazes glued to the ground.

The invasion of Terrain didn't just end with the war. After all, the cities themselves resulted in an influx of tens of millions of people who had been essentially uprooted from their homes by their City Lords.

After their City Lords died, they were left behind with nothing and no way to get back home, leaving them stranded on Earth without recourse or power to do anything.

The latest\_epi\_sodes are on\_the website.

In truth, Leonel had at some point assumed that his grandfather would have them all massacred. The image he had of his grandfather was that he was a cruel man willing to do anything to hold onto his power and take a step ahead. Ultimately, tens of millions of Terrain citizens, albeit far less talented than the people of Earth, were a threat to their forward progress.

And yet... They had been seamlessly integrated to the point where even Leonel had almost not noticed them at all.

With some more observation, Leonel came to understand this as well.

'I see... So he created a hierarchy system with the promise that those born five generations from now would become true citizens of Earth. With this promise in place, the current people of Terrain are living silent and peaceful lives and are even helping Earth to fix its clear population problem... As long as they don't cause trouble, four

generations from now they'll be able to say that they birthed children who were true people of Earth.'

Just from an hour of walking around the city, Leonel had seen several of what he would classify as... 'sensual' shops. Whether it was a small boutique that sold women's lingerie or even something more in your face like outright sex toy shops, they were here in quite large number.

On top of that, Leonel had seen many parents walking about with toddlers and newborns. Such a thing would have been impossible to see right after the Metamorphosis and most children did not survive the calamity for obvious reasons.

Leonel could feel a clear push for the people of Earth to have children.

Visit [for a better\\_user experience](#)

Despite there being so many sensual shops, there wasn't a single brothel in sight. In addition, despite the fact a woman of Terrain could have a fifth generational baby so long as she slept with a man of Earth, there seemed to be an invisible barrier between the two groups.

Picking up on all of these subtleties, Leonel was astonished. This level of governance was far beyond his capabilities. He couldn't help but feel a small bit of respect for his grandfather.

Leonel's emotional intelligence worked best on a micro scale. Of course, he could impact things at a macro level too with how he almost destroyed the foundation of Valiant Heart Mountain with just a few actions, but he still felt like he lacked the nuance and grace his grandfather had.

However... With every step through the city Leonel took, he seemed to soak in something different, shifting his ideals and rebuilding them

with new thoughts. To those who walked by him, it would almost seem like he was in a trance-like state of enlightenment.

Before Leonel realized it, he had reached the end of his journey and found himself at what must have once been the City Lord's mansion, though now, the flag of the Dove family flew high and proud.

"Halt! The Grand Prime Minister's Estate is closed off to outsiders!"

Leonel kept walking forward as though he hadn't heard anything. Just when the guards wanted to take action, they found their legs rooted to the ground.

Visit [, for the best no\\_vel\\_read\\_ing experience](#)  
Dimensional Descent Chapter 974

## Chapter 974 Corner Office

The Dove family guards looked down in shock, only to find that their legs had suddenly been encased in stone.

In that moment, it wasn't just the Dove family guards that were shocked, but the tourists in the area who treated the Estate like a landmark to visit were stunned silent as well. In all their time here, no one had dared to stir up trouble. This was the first time they were seeing such a thing.

Of course, what the crowd didn't know was that this wasn't true at all. How could there possibly not be any bad apples? It was just that these individuals had been dealt with swiftly and with the utmost secrecy. Hardly anyone was even aware that such events had occurred.

But, Leonel was the Prince of the Empire. He couldn't exactly be stopped ahead of time, right?

A blinding pair of white gold wings appeared to Leonel's back in a flash. In one moment, he was on the opposite side of the gate. In the next, he had leapt over, landing softly on the other side as a small gust of wind followed his movements.

Leonel strolled forward with his hands in his pockets. Every guard that rushed forward found themselves cemented into the ground, not harmed, but completely unable to move. The difference was so striking that it shook the observers to their core. They had no way of knowing just who this young man was.

Visit [here](#) for the best no\_vel\_read\_ing experience

Leonel swept a gaze forward.

The Dove Estate was Victorian in its construction. It had a somewhat castle-like, somewhat modern feel to it. It had great archways for each of its windows that melded seamlessly into the design. In addition to this, there were a few towers built right into it with a structure that finished the painting of a beautiful picture.

The fences and gates that surrounded the property didn't obstruct the view at all. Leonel's actions were clear for all to see, from his gliding over the perfectly trimmed grass up to the point he began to walk up the stairs to the wide doors.

To the surprise of the people watching, rather than alarms beginning to blare, the doors opened, revealing a man dressed in an archetypal butler uniform. Everything from his pristine white gloves, to his golden pocket watch and the tails of his suit were perfect.

"Welcome, Prince Leonel. The Dove family feels humbled by your visit."

It was right then that the guards suddenly came to understand that they had been trying to stop the Prince of an Empire. Not only that but...

A surge took hold of the crowd. Many of them were the people of Earth. The instant they heard Leonel's name, things clicked and a look of reverence flooded their expressions.

Visit [for a better\\_user experience](#)

To the people outside of Earth, Leonel was a wanted criminal. To the people of Earth, Leonel was the man who dropped a city that ended a war.

What was important for an Imperial Family? It was making sure they held on to the love and adoration of the people. The more they were revered, the more godlike they seemed, the more power they would manage to consolidate.

Quite frankly, Leonel hadn't expected such a reaction to his name. After all, the people of Earth should know that he was a 'criminal' as well. However, it seemed that his grandfather had grasp an opportunity.

Leonel couldn't help but be astonished by his grandfather's audacity. He knew that Leonel stood opposed to him, but he actually still took action to raise Leonel's legend. What would he do if the people revered him as a Prince more than they revered him as an Emperor?

Leonel let out a sort of speechless laugh.

His grandfather... He was the most arrogant bastard Leonel had ever met.

Leonel gave the butler a gentle smile. "Sorry about all this, I just came back and I don't have the credentials, so I could only choose this sort of crude method. Speaking of which, I have to thank the Dove family for taking care of my city so well. This is far beyond what I imagined I would come back to."

Visit [here](#) for the best no\_vel\_read\_ing experience

The butler was taken off guard by Leonel's smile. It was an obvious sign of disrespect that a mere butler would come to greet a Prince, so why was he smiling? But the main issue was that the butler suddenly found it difficult to continue with a hardnosed approach.

That said, his lip twitched fiercely when he heard the second half of Leonel's spiel. This Prince...

The butler snapped out of his shock when he suddenly felt Leonel pat his shoulder. Before he could react, Leonel had invited himself in, stepping by him and into the residence. Without even needing the butler to guide him, Leonel cut through the home as though he lived here.

'Ah...!' The butler reached out to try and stop Leonel, but despite the fact Leonel seemed to be walking slowly, he was already 20 meters ahead of him by the time the butler reacted.

The worst part was that the direction Leonel was headed in wasn't where the butler originally wanted to lead him. According to his orders, he was meant to bring Leonel to the Young Miss. But, Leonel was actually going to exactly the place the Young Master and Grand Prime Minister Dove were.



A cold sweat covered the back of the butler. This Prince really didn't know how to follow the rules of etiquette. But, why was it so hard to get mad at him?

Visit [no\\_vel\\_read\\_ing](#) for the best experience

Leonel went through three floors and five hallways, finding his way to a corner office that overlooked the city. With just a small knock, he entered, a gentle smile on his face.

At the moment Leonel entered, he found what he almost felt were a pair of twins looking back at him. Both Tyrron and his father seemed to be cut from the same cloth. Despite being surprised by Leonel's appearance, they didn't seem to react much initially. It wasn't until Leonel took a seat next to Tyrron and facing Grand Prime Minister Dove that the two of them finally smile lightly.

Like this, three fake smiles met one another in a single corner office.

Dimensional Descent Chapter 975

Chapter 975 Everything,Right?

It was only after sitting down with the father and son that Leonel finally began to pick out some differences between them. They both had on glasses, both were dressed prim and proper, both had measured and controlled attitudes... it could be said that the only difference between them was that Tyrron's father had a slight greying in his hair, but it was clear that even this was vanishing as he absorbed Force day by day just like how Leonel's grandfather was also continuously getting younger.

"I will be honest, I do not blame the two of you."

The father-son pair were caught off guard. Usually, this would devolve into a game of pressure to see who it was would crack and be forced to speak first. In most cases, whoever spoke first would be seen as the more nervous of the two and thus be on the losing side of the discussion from then on.

But, not only did Leonel not wait, he began to speak almost immediately. It was hard to tell if he was simply not used to such royal etiquette, or if this was a tactic to throw them off.

"At the same time, I also don't have the patience to play these games. I'm on a little bit of a time crunch. I won't be young forever, you know. So, how about I lay things out how I see them?"

Visit [for a better\\_user experience](#)

Leonel sat comfortably in his seat and continued to smile.

"You two are not my enemies. We just happen to see things differently.

"To you, this is necessary. While you might be a Grand Prime Minister family now, as Earth expands and its territory grows, it's impossible to say that your hold on power will remain the same. The best case is that it dilutes, the worst case is that you're forgotten to the annals of history and washed away along with the other noble families that failed to continue to meet high standards.

"This, however, is also an opportunity for you. You now suddenly have ample room to grow whereas in the past you had already met a ceiling you couldn't break past. So, if a brat like me claims a city with a small bit of merit and then suddenly disappears for three years, it wouldn't be surprising that you would choose to swoop in. After all, there are many things you could say.

"For instance, you could claim that this isn't the White City I claimed. There are practically no parts of the city I once claimed remaining and even a rational person might conclude that this was no longer my city to begin with."

Tyronn's eyes narrowed but he quickly recovered, continuing to listen to Leonel's words without saying anything himself.

The latest\_epi\_sodes are on\_the website.

"Of course, none of those petty tricks really matter. Ultimately, I am a Prince and this city was claimed for me by virtue of an Imperial Pendant. If you look at things this way, in terms of places on Earth that represent the Imperial family's prestige, the Imperial Capital is number one, and this city may very well be number two.

"However, I'm sure you father and son pair are smart enough to understand this as well, which means you have several other tricks up your sleeve.

"If I were in your shoes, I just might send my butler to receive myself and announce my name and title to those present. Maybe very quickly the reverence the people held for me would take hold and I would walk around the city, suddenly finding that I couldn't take a step without someone looking toward me with a worshipful gaze.

"If that were to happen, I just might get full of myself and believe that I was untouchable. Once I began to believe that, I just might also think that snatching White City away by force was something that the citizens of this City wouldn't fight against and even something they might accept with open arms.

"But, if I did that, I would be walking into a trap, now wouldn't I?"

This time, even Grand Prime Minister Dove couldn't help but narrow his gaze, staring toward Leonel intently. Unlike his son, though, he made no attempt to hide these changes.

Visit [here](#) for the best no\_vel\_read\_ing experience

"Because if I were you, after I did something so foolish, I would leave silently while allowing the underpinnings of the city I painstakingly built to crumble one by one.

"For example, I might use the contracts I've signed with merchants to manipulate the economy of the city. After all, those contracts were signed with White City, not the Imperial Capital or the Ascension Empire. These merchants might start withdrawing, decreasing the quality of life in this city and shifting it toward Black City instead.

"Once I was finished doing that, those merchants might start demanding lower tax rates as they would have less customers to sell to. How would they be able to protect their profit margins without some help from the me?

"When I thought that problem was finished, I would suddenly realize that the Hunters who came to White City to gain certificates to hunt beasts in the surroundings would suddenly plummet. And why wouldn't they? The merchants would have been forced to lower prices on them and haggle for their goods. At the same time, I would probably have been forced to raise the price of certification just to keep the city afloat. Why would they continue to come here when they could go to Black City instead?

"Then, just when everything seemed as though it was coming crashing down, the nobles you have in your pockets would finally begin to complain. If I lost my temper and used force to suppress them when they had legitimate matters to complain about, I would look like a tyrant, wouldn't I?

"By this point, I would barely be able to sustain the upkeep of the city and the final nail in the coffin would become the people of Terrain. How would I be able to feed and clothe them without money? Without proper care, their residences would deteriorate, resulting in a true slums forming in the city and ultimately causing many to want to move away.

Visit [here](#), for the best no\_vel\_read\_ing experience

"Just like that, White City would collapse under my rule in give or take six months to a year.

"That's everything, right?"

Leonel continued to smile lightly, observing the father-son pair.

Chapter end