

Dimensional Descent Chapter 976

Chapter 976 A Smile

Leonel's smile didn't fade amidst the silence of the father-son pair. In fact, it only grew. It was clear that this silence meant something far different than it would have at the start of all of this.

"I see." Grand Prime Minister Dove suddenly spoke.

His voice was deep and rumbling, a marked difference from his son's more light tone. It seemed that Leonel had finally found a second difference between them.

"Then what exactly do you propose, Your Highness?"

Leonel waved his hand. "You don't need to call me that, just call me Leonel. Not like it matters much anyway, not like you two went out of your way to kneel when I entered."

Tyronn's lip twitched. Members of the Grand Prime Minister family didn't have to kneel to Princes. This was something that Leonel would have known had he not been raised outside the Imperial Family. But, it didn't seem appropriate to correct him on this now since he had already waved it away so casually.

"As for what I propose it is quite simple. For the next year, all profit White City makes will go to me. Beyond this, all shops that I come to own will be tax free and work without restrictions.

"While I am away, this city will continue to be yours. Quite frankly, I planned to take White City and move it to the coast, but it is clear that this is impossible. So, instead, I'll be building a city myself."

Grand Prime Minister Dove's gaze flashed, but he remained silent as he continued to listen.

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"In exchange for this, any Force Crafters you are nurturing can come under my wing for the time being if you aren't afraid of me poaching them away. In addition, any boom in White City's economy that are as a result of my actions can continue to be yours once I've gone and the year period I've marked out has passed. As for when I am in the city, I will take 30% of the revenue following this year period."

Hearing Leonel conclude so simple, Grand Prime Minister Dove was quite shocked. He had expected to be completely fleeced by this Prince but Leonel had actually gone so easy on them?

Though losing a year of revenue was a difficult pill to swallow, a year was ultimately just that. Before the Metamorphosis, the human life time had more than doubled already, making a year worth far less than it had been in the past. Now with the help of the Metamorphosis, Force, and the various rare Force Herbs Earth was continuously producing, they could live for even longer than that.

In addition to this, Leonel said that after this year, he would only take 30% of the revenue for when he was actively in White City. He had already left for three years prior to today without a word, and though the Grand Prime Minister couldn't guarantee that Leonel wouldn't do this again, the fact that he wanted to build his own city was evidence enough.

Without much thought, Grand Prime Minister Dove nodded.

"I find this deal to be agreeable. From this date until this time next year, all the revenue of the city will be yours. If you need Crafter to

help in your building a city, I will also provide them. If they are to your lacking, there is no problem with Prince poaching a few.

"As for your shops being tax free, this is of course not a problem as well. I'm sure that the added business your endeavors will bring will leave us at a net positive regardless. There are easily half a dozen prime storefronts Prince can choose from. If you would like, you can have them all."

Leonel smiled. It seemed that this Grand Prime Minister was quite the smart man.

"Oh right, just one more thing," Leonel said, "When I say revenue, I mean all of it. Don't bother sending taxes to that old man for this year either."

Grand Prime Minister Dove was rendered speechless. Firstly, Leonel was calling Emperor Fawkes 'old man'. And, secondly, evading Imperial Taxes was not just a small crime. Even shaving a bit off the top was impossible, but not doing so for a whole year was a completely different level of face slapping.

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"Don't worry about it, I've already spoken to him about it."

"... Really?" Grand Prime Minister Dove looked toward Leonel skeptically.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that White City represented at least 20% of Earth's current wealth. Losing it for a year was not a small ask at all. The only reason Grand Prime Minister Dove wasn't bleeding was because most of that money went to the Imperial Family

anyway, so what he was left with wasn't something he was unwilling to part with.

The only thing he really needed to worry about was making sure all the guards and especially the Terrain servants were properly taken care of and paid. But, he was still willing to pay out of pocket to cover this for a year.

Leonel, however, was clearly a maniac. Grand Prime Minister Dove couldn't even fathom what Leonel would do with this money.

Just to put things into perspective, the eye popping number of Urbe Ores Leonel had given to Elthor was something White City would make within three days. As exaggerated as that might sound, this was the true value of a world like Earth. The Ascension Empire was raking in funds hand over fist.

Without more explanation, Leonel smiled and stood.

"By the way, Tyrron, I wanted to apologize."

Tyrron, who had still been trying to wrap his mind around all this, suddenly started. He was surprised to the point of being speechless.

"When we first met I was a bit overly sensitive and ended up shattering your glasses. It was rash of me and something I shouldn't have done. I hope we can move past it. In exchange, how about I Craft you a Bronze treasure to your specifications?"

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"Ah..."

Tyrron, who was almost always composed, didn't know what to do. He had never expected an apology for that and he had most definitely never expected Leonel to be so nice to him. But, most shockingly of all... Leonel was a Bronze Crafter?!

"Tyrron, quickly thank His Highness."

"Ah, yes... Right, right." Tyrron shot up from his seat and accepted Leonel's handshake.

He looked deeply into Leonel's eyes, trying to find some sort of contempt or sneer, but all he saw was warmth that made him feel almost too comfortable. The grievances he had held toward Leonel suddenly vanished into the wind and he blushed beside himself.

Leonel left the corner office with a smile on his face. He realized just how correct Anya had been. If he had had a warmer relationship with Tyrron from the very beginning, instead of lashing out at him for just looking at Aina back then, maybe this matter would have gone even smoother. If he wanted to succeed, he had to lead with a smile. There would always be time for him to use his fists later if the situation suited it.

"Young Miss! Please don't!"

As Leonel was about to leave the Estate, he suddenly heard a familiar voice. When he looked back, he saw the butler chasing after a young lady that seemed to be in her very late teens, likely 18 or 19 years old. Despite her age, Leonel's first impression of her was that she was quite cute, in a cuddly sort of way.

However, that fiery look in her eye as she stamped toward him was definitely anything but cuddly.

Chapter 977 Coasts

Leonel smiled lightly.

He had been monitoring the butler with his Internal Sight ever since he entered the estate. Initially, he had been rushing after Leonel, but after he realized he couldn't catch up, he had changed directions and shot off toward where this girl had been lying in wait.

If Leonel had to make a guess at what happened, he had probably entered a wing of the estate that the butler didn't dare to enter. As such, the butler had no choice but to change tactics and go and seek help from this cute girl.

It was very likely that this was the young woman the Dove family had prepared to field Leonel. And, clearly, she wasn't very happy that Leonel had ignored her while going straight off to her brother and father instead.

It was rare that the Young Miss got a chance to do something important, so it felt like Leonel had snatched away her chance. The result was the poor butler chasing around someone he couldn't catch up to for the second time that day.

"You are Prince Leonel?" Though it was a question, it almost came out like a demand.

"You could say so." Leonel chuckled. "And you are?"

"I am Avery Dove, the Young Miss of the Dove family! We were meant to have a meeting today, but why is it that you seem to be leaving already?"

Leonel looked this girl up and down, suddenly realizing something. He had mostly met all of the noble young men and women during the war with Terrain. But, back then, Avery was just 14 or 15 years old—far too young to participate. It was no wonder this was the first time Leonel was meeting her.

"I see, so it's Young Miss Dove. It's a pleasure to meet you. I wasn't aware that you were waiting for me, my apologies. How about this? Your father said that there are six prime store fronts for me to choose from, would you mind being my guide?"

Avery, who was fully prepared to be a young lioness, was caught off guard by Leonel's suggestion. She had felt that she would need to be more hardnosed because she was a young woman, but especially so because she had this face of hers to overcome.

"Ah... Yes, yes I can!"

Avery didn't know the details, but she knew everything about White City. The moment Leonel mentioned those store fronts, she already knew exactly which ones he was referring to and even exactly how to get there from the estate. It could be said that she was well prepared.

Though she hadn't spoken to her father or brother about this matter, she didn't think that the Prince would lie about this, nor would he have to. She had already been briefed that there might be trouble when Leonel returned so thinking quick on her feet, she assumed that this was a compromise.

Around a corner not far away, Tyrron, who had been prepared to step in to do something, chose to pause instead. Compared to the niceties that Leonel had given him before, this was worth far more. He suddenly found it very difficult to even think of tricking Leonel, let alone doing it.

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He shook his head. He felt ridiculous today. He had actually done something as embarrassing as blush. Now this.

Not long later, Leonel was escorted out of the mansion under the lead of Avery.

Along the way, Avery found herself relaxing even to the point she began to laugh and giggle at the things Leonel said from time to time. She almost forgot that she was meant to be on official business, representing her Dove family.

"... You really have seen a lot of things. My father won't let me off of Earth, I've always wanted to see what the greater universe looks like."

Avery had a slight longing in her gaze as she looked up toward the sky. But, unfortunately, there was nothing but an expanse of blue to see.

Leonel smiled. "I never would have thought that the stoic Grand Prime Minister Dove would actually be so overprotective. It seems that all fathers have a soft spot for their little girls."

Avery pouted. "I don't want him to have a soft spot. He should treat me like he does Tyrron but he doesn't take me seriously."

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"Who knows? Maybe Tyrron wishes your father treated him more like he does you."

"Definitely not." Avery shook her head, her black hair sprinkling about. "My big brother is a workaholic. He's been like that even since he was a kid. If it has nothing to do with self-improvement, he wants nothing to do with it..."

Leonel's brows raised but he didn't refute Avery. Who was he to correct her views on her family members? She definitely knew them far better than he did.

"... It's only a coincidence that Tyrron is even here right now. If it wasn't for father calling him back, he'd probably be on the coasts with everyone else."

"On the coasts?" Leonel asked.

"Oh, right. You just came back so you might not know. Most of the young nobles aren't near the Imperial Capital anymore, they've gone off to the coasts to hunt the oceanic beasts. There've been a lot of them trying to come on land as of late. Not only is their meat really good for strengthening bodies, but their Beast Crystals sometimes go for exorbitant prices depending on their level."

"I see..." Leonel's lip curled into a smile.

"Ah, we're here. This is the first prime store front. We were planning on holding auctions for these in the coming few months, but since father said you can have your pick, feel free."

The location was indeed perfect. The shop was on a prominent street corner and had a body that wrapped around its edges. No matter what direction you were coming or going from, it would be impossible not to spot this storefront.

On top of that, the surrounding ambience was perfect. The smell in the air made one feel relaxed, there was a hint of nature with a park being nearby but not too close that it would ruin the metropolitan atmosphere, and there was even a bank not too far away in case one ran out of money to spend.

Leonel nodded when he saw all of this. "No need to go check out the other ones, I don't need more than one storefront anyway. I'll take this."

Chapter end

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Chapter 978 Beach

Avery blinked. Leonel really made decisions fast.

The truth was that it didn't really matter to Leonel if there was another storefront that was a little bit better than this one. As long as it was close—as he expected they would be—his store would become the most popular among them. In fact, even if he didn't get a prime storefront, it was only a matter of time before his store still reached the top. It would just take a little longer.

"Do you need me to assign some people of Terrain to you? They can help with the upkeep of the store and can also manage it for you. There's a small fee to pay, but it's nothing too great."

It made Leonel slightly uncomfortable to hear this but he knew it was probably the best choice so long as his grandfather followed through on his promise to integrate their later generations as one of their own.

"No, that won't be necessary."

Leonel could just automate everything like he had with his Valiant Mountain store. As long as he upgraded it from time to time and had his people maintain them Force Arts, there wouldn't be a problem.

Avery nodded. "Alright."

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Leonel was about to say something when he suddenly sensed several responses from his talisman. He had sent out quite a few messages earlier and they had finally gathered up. It was about time for him to go.

"Seems that I have to go now. Tell your elder brother that he can come here in about a week with the specifications for the Craft he wants. If you'd like, I can make something for you too." Leonel said with a light smile.

Avery was stunned again but before she could react, a black surfboard had appeared beneath Leonel's feet as he shot into the air.

Toward such a thing, Avery could only be speechless. Flying was most definitely prohibited within city limits. This Leonel broke rules left and right without regard for anything. But, rather than feeling that he was a pampered Prince, Avery couldn't help but smile. It was clear her impression of Leonel was quite good.

"Oh no, there's so much work to do." A bulb suddenly went off for Avery.

She needed to sign over the property in Leonel's name, handle the paperwork for the property and service taxes, and on top of that she needed to get the permit to sell goods from the Imperial Capital itself. She suddenly felt as though Leonel had saddled her with a whole bunch of work he was oblivious to.

It was a whole other can of worms if Leonel planned on opening a Crafters shop. Just think about it, back on 21st century Earth, not just anyone could open up a gun shop or a gun range. It was definitely far more difficult than opening up a restaurant, but even a restaurant needed to meet certain health guidelines.

Compared to a gun shop of the 21st century, a Crafter's shop was thousands of times more dangerous and such things had already been taken into account and heavily regulated by the Ascension Empire. Now Avery needed to wade through these waters and handle it all.

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She pouted her cherry lips, her appearance becoming even more adorable than it was previously. She didn't think Leonel had done it on purpose, but he was really too reckless.

'Forget it, maybe he knew something since he offered to make me a treasure too.'

Avery did an about face and began to stroll back to her family estate, thinking of all the stories of the outside world Leonel had told her about.

"The air is so salty, my skin is drying out." Allan frowned, his brows furrowing behind his glasses.

"Stop complaining, four eyes. You're already wearing so many layers of clothes to begin with, how much of your skin is being affected at all?" Raj called out.

As usual, Allan had buried his perfect physique beneath layers of baggy clothing. Considering they were currently standing on a beach, he looked especially out of place. Though, that could be said for all of them. Despite the surroundings, they didn't have the luxury of wearing swim trunks and exposing their torsos.

Up ahead, rather than sand meeting water as it usually would, there was an enormous border of steel. Not just that that, but the ocean's water was filled with tankers and warships. It was easier to spot a wall of metal than it was to see the blue of the waters.

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The eight brothers stood a distance away. If not for this, they wouldn't even have the luxury to stand on sand. It was clear that Earth was taking the defense of its coasts extremely seriously, but if you had seen the kind of monstrosities that were trying to make their way to land, this wouldn't be a great surprise at all.

After just a year, the auras of the eight had grown exponentially. It felt like they could conquer anything.

"Hey you eight, what are you standing around there for?"

A modified military jeep drove through the sand, rolling toward the boys. It only took a simple glance at their wrists to know that these

eight came from Earth. However, the soldier was casting them looks of disgust.

There were no small number of youths that had come to the coast to show off and say they participated when in reality they would just stand around and avoid danger just like these eight. At least... That was what the man sitting in the passenger seat of the jeep thought initially until he got closer.

He didn't recognize them all, but when Arnold cast a glance over toward him, he froze.

A memory of Arnold shooting into the air and smashing a 20 meter tall squid to minced meat with a single palm replayed in his mind. In that moment, his next words couldn't help but get caught in his throat.

However, by that point, the eight young men had already ignored him as they had all locked eyes with another young man who rode the back of the military jeep with a wide grin on his face.

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Who else could this man be if not for Leonel?

"Cap!"

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Chapter 979 Steroids

Leonel hopped out of the military jeep only to be tackled into a bear hug by Milan.

"Oof—"

Though Milan wasn't nearly strong enough to knock the wind out of Leonel, the latter still feigned weakness. Unfortunately, that didn't garner him any sympathy as Milan just squeezed him harder.

Before Leonel realized what was happening, he was suddenly dog piled. In fact, the only two who didn't move were Allan and Arnold. The two looked toward one another and shook their heads. It seemed that they were in lockstep when it came to matters like this.

The driver and passenger of the military jeep looked on incredulously. That was a Prince of the Empire, what was going on? Since when could you treat a Prince like that?

Thinking about Prince Noah and how stoic he was, not to mention the cold, short haired beauty that was always by his side... This Leonel was really too much of a drastic difference from the kind of royalty that they were used to.

"Alright, alright!" Leonel muffled groans sounded beneath the six man pile. However, they seemed to have no intention of letting him go.

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"Hehe, consider this a little punishment for leaving us for so long, Cap." Franco's voice rang through the pile, his big mouth being the first to open. Maybe if he could see Leonel's sly grin from beneath the pile he wouldn't have been so cheeky.

BANG!

Suddenly, six bodies went flying in all directions, flying up and outward completely out of their control and releasing squeals along the way.

Leonel rose from the sand with a grin, patting it away from his body and winking toward Arnold and Allan who seemed to have guessed that things would end this way.

"Captain, you're in the Fifth Dimension already?" Allan shook his head. Last time they met Leonel, he was still in the Third and he had already been stronger than them back then. Now, he had suddenly leapfrogged them all. Wasn't this a bit too ridiculous?

Of course, they had also grown far more powerful in the last year. So, they couldn't compare to their former selves as well. But, this was still too much, wasn't it?

Raj spat out a huge mouthful of sand, his rotund body rolling out of a massive dune.

"Fifth Dimension? That's bullshit, Cap! You can't just shoot up PED's just cause there's no athletic commission to check on you anymore!"

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[Author's Note: PED's are performance enhancing drugs. Steroids, essentially]

"Oh? I had some for you, but if you don't want it, forget it, forget it." Leonel shook his head and sighed as though he was lamenting something.

"Fuck that! Give me the drugs!"

The six recovered quickly, surrounding Leonel with their eyes lit up. They didn't need to be a genius to know that Leonel had brought back good things.

"What happened to doling out punishment?"

"Oh Cap, you're a broad-minded person, right? You wouldn't fuss over such a little thing, right?" Franco's eyes blinked innocently, but the movement of his big ears made it look like his head would fly away any moment now.

Leonel laughed. "To tell you the truth, I did bring back some good things that should help you get to the Quasi Fifth Dimension very quickly. But, I'll still need to see whether your bodies can handle it."

While on Planet Solara, most of what Leonel had found were precious Ores. Most of the Urbe Ore had already been handed to Elthor to feed the Oryx for the next month. As for the other Ores, they had been kept by Leonel for the sake of Crafting. However, aside from these Ores, near the core of the world, Leonel had found a small patch of Force Herbs.

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For these herbs to grow in such harsh conditions, it wasn't a surprise that they were exceptionally valuable. Leonel had to rely on the dictionary to identify them since plants and such weren't part of his expertise. And, he wasn't disappointed in the slightest.

They were a Fifth Dimension Herb known as the Bone Burning Rose. According to the dictionary, in the hands of a Force Pill Crafter, such an Herb could be used to cleanse and strengthen the body all the way through to the Quasi Sixth Dimensional level.

The bad news was that Leonel wasn't such an expert and Aina was no longer with him. The good news, however, was that there was a cruder method that required blending and diluting the Herb with Cleansing Waters.

Though it was a bit of a waste to use the Force Herb like this, it was for the best. Taking in a Fifth Dimensional Herb of such potency was obviously too difficult for their current bodies. But, when diluted like this, it would take just enough edge off.

In addition, thanks to the Segmented Cubes new abilities, as long as he saved a single stock of this Force Herb, he'd be able to make more of this Herb in the future so long as he absorbed enough Fifth Dimensional Force to do so—something the Segmented Cube had ample of.

That said... According to the dictionary, the best state to take this crude concoction was after being pushed to your very limits. So, Leonel needed to run his brothers through the gauntlet first.

Seeing the evil grin on Leonel's face, the eight suddenly felt a cold wind nip at their necks. They fused the image of the current Leonel with Coach Owen, causing traumatic memories of suicide runs in 40 Degree Celsius weather to resurface in their minds.

Just as Leonel was about to explain, his head tilted in a certain direction. In the distance, he could see rolling black clouds heading in their direction. They were still several hundred miles away, but Leonel estimated it wouldn't be more than two or three hours before they made it here.

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Still, this wasn't what Leonel was looking at. It seemed his cousin was on this coast as well.

Dimensional Descent Chapter 980

Chapter 980 Three Natural Basins

Leonel smiled as he saw Noah riding over with the daughter of the Grand Prime Minister Scarlet family, Jessica. The two sat on the back of an enormous turtle with an obsidian black shell. It was definitely the case that this creature was being controlled by Jessica's ability and it was actually well into the Fifth Dimension as well.

Leonel couldn't help but sigh to himself. This was a difference in talent.

From what Leonel had seen in the outside world, finding someone who could battle the Fifth Dimension while being in the Fourth was impossible out there. But here was Jessica, who was clearly still within the Fourth Dimension, using her talent to control a Fifth Dimensional beast. In that case, couldn't it be said that she could fight across Dimensions as well?

The people of Earth might have been lacking in their foundation and their Dimension level, but as the people of Terrain had learned first hand, the talent granted to them by their abilities was so great that this gap could be closed.

If it wasn't for the fact Leonel's ability was auxiliary and not strictly offensive, his own prowess would be even more exaggerated.

Well... That might not necessarily be true. But, Leonel was still a young man. He couldn't help but think that the grass was greener on the other side. As he aged and matured, he would definitely come to realize that his own ability was the most suited to him. If he had been born with an attack type ability, let alone becoming stronger than he was now, he may very well become weaker.

"Noah, Jessica. It's good to see you." Leonel greeted with a smile, looking up toward them as they leaped down.

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The two were immediately caught off guard by Leonel's greeting, this was especially so for Noah. Leonel's attitude toward him had always been lukewarm. In fact, if it wasn't for the fact that he was Leonel's cousin, he might have already died at Leonel's hands.

Of course, there was a good reason for this. For one, they hadn't grown up together like many cousins would. At the same time, the first time they met was on a battlefield... After Noah tried to kill the woman he presumed Leonel loved. So, it could be said that they had gotten off to a rocky start.

The reason Noah had come over despite knowing this strain in their relationship was because he always put duty before his own comfort. He and Leonel were the Princes of this generation, if they were on the same coast and yet didn't meet, it would make the people conjure up stories in their mind. If the Imperial Family wasn't a solid block, how would the Empire be whole?

However, he had never expected for Leonel to greet him so warmly. It almost caused him to falter.

"Ah... Yes... Right." Noah forced a smile of etiquette, his white gold hair fluttering in the salty winds.

"Is this your cousin, Cap? Wow, I've seen him on live broadcast before. You really are a Prince." Raj spoke foolish words as he tended to do, granting him a slap to the back of the head by Milan.

"What's that supposed to mean? You think Cap lied?"

"Piss off," Raj snarled, rubbing the back of his head. "I just meant it's kind of lame. If he was a Prince, he should have told us a long time ago. Think about how many noble young women I've missed out on!"

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"Keep dreaming, even if Cap was Emperor it wouldn't help you get pussy, you tub of lard."

"Are you tryna go, Milan? I won't let you off easy like your papa Arnold would."

"The hell did you say to me?!" Milan reacted like a cat who had his tail stepped on. Claiming Arnold was his better was definitely a reverse scale of his.

Leonel shook his head. It seemed he overthought things about these guys growing stiff in the face of nobility.

"Let's go over there. These guys have gotten riled up, it seems." Leonel chuckled. "I don't know a lot about this coast and how things are set up, maybe you could clarify some things for me?"

Noah nodded, having already regained his composure. "Yes, I can do that."

The pair of cousins began to exchange information and Leonel quickly gained a picture of just how things worked.

"... When Earth was Terraformed, it was designed with this day in mind," Noah explained. "Though we combined all seven continents, the truth is that Earth's mainland only has the equivalent land of about a third of that."

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Leonel nodded. He knew this as he was taught in school. But, it was always explained away as a necessary trade off, not something that was done out of necessity like Noah was explaining it now. Leonel could immediately think of several possibilities now that it had been brought to his attention, one of which Noah began to describe soon after.

"The remaining two thirds of land was left to form underwater defensive measures. As Earth evolved beyond the Third Dimension, those mechanisms will only become stronger with time.

"The first line of defense are the Three Natural Basins. Essentially, most of the main continent is surrounded by shallow water not surpassing about 20 meters in depth. Essentially, powerful marine creatures avoid these areas as they're not deep enough to live in. These shallow water stretch out for hundreds of miles from the 'coast' and can essentially be counted as purposely flooded lands."

Leonel's gaze narrowed. This was indeed a great defensive option. Even in the rare instance a powerful creature did make a move there, it would be easily handled.

"The Three Natural Basins are the only locations surrounding the continent where this rule is broken. Not only are the waters not shallow, they're even purposely deep. Even right up into the coast, the water is as much as half a kilometer deep. An oceanic beast might not even realize they were approaching the coast as a result of this.

"These Basins are shaped like water droplets with a narrow coast and a wide base. This allows many creatures in but they begin to crowd the nearer they get to the coast. This leaves us with only about a hundred miles to defend.

"We are currently at one of the three Natural Basins—The Royal Blue Basin."

Leonel shook his head. His grandfather... Was an extraordinary genius. This wasn't something he could deny any longer.

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