

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 3061: Everything (1)

Leonel didn't even look back at Monet, his speed only increasing. He pierced through everything as he rushed ahead, Blackstar's Destruction Idol only amplifying his power to an extreme.

Because of the rules of the palace, no one was even allowed to step foot into it. That meant that all the halls were empty, and there were no obstructions other than formations, but Leonel ripped through them as though they weren't there at all.

BANG!

Suddenly, Leonel ran into a wall he couldn't push through at all. Even with his body as a spear and his blade as Blackstar's Destruction Idol, it didn't matter. He practically shattered his skull ramming into it so hard.

"DAMMIT!"

Leonel pounded on the barrier. "OLD MAN, LET ME IN!"

Leonel pounded the barrier again and again. He didn't believe that Gervaise didn't see what was going on yet.

What Leonel didn't know was that his grandfather was truly out of it. He wasn't paying attention to anything other than his wife and had shut himself out from the rest of the world.

Leonel was correct about his grandfather in a lot of ways. But he had miscalculated in one aspect... how much Gervaise actually cared for his grandmother.

In Leonel's opinion, Gervaise had only chosen his grandmother because of her bloodline and talent. He even felt quite bad for his grandmother because of it, but he had never said anything because, one, he wasn't that close to his grandmother in the first place; two, she likely already knew—she wasn't a fool, after all; and, three... if she really didn't know, then ignorance was bliss.

Leonel wasn't the same naive child he was back on Earth. In reality, he had likely never been naive enough to believe that honesty was always the best policy.

If his grandmother believed that his grandfather loved her, then that was for the best, especially since he treated her well enough that it wasn't a problem.

Informing her that he never really loved her at all would just be making her life needlessly more dark. The woman had already lost her daughter, been ostracized from her own family for decades, and taken on a weight no woman should have to bear alone.

Letting her have her love life was the least he could do.

The only time he had ever said anything remotely akin to "exposing" his grandfather was when he told his grandmother to come to him if she was ever bullied. And obviously, Leonel thought that that was exactly what was going on right now.

His grandmother was clearly at her breaking point, and if not for the World Spirit to sense the odd changes, he wouldn't have even been aware.

And unfortunately, the situation would truly be better if his grandfather didn't care. At least then he would spare some thought to the outside world to make sure his Empire wasn't burning down in his absence.

But instead, he was only focused on the woman in his arms to the point he didn't even sense anyone pounding on his own Edict World.

"FUCK!"

Leonel felt himself unraveling. He had been able to deal with his mother's death much better than maybe even he expected, but he refused to allow anyone else around him to die.

If his grandmother died now, so soon after he had made such vows, he didn't know what he would do with himself.

The world felt like it was collapsing around him, and his heart, which was far more fragile now than he seemed to have noticed, looked like it was on the verge of fragmenting into pieces.

However... Leonel wasn't the same man he had been in the past.

'Too much... I've lost too much...'

Flashes of violet trembled in the depths of Leonel's eyes, the echoes of his heartbeat causing ripples in the air.

"LEONEL!"

Monet's approaching voice came from his back, and it was clear that she was about to catch up and obstruct him again.

Leonel took a breath, and his eyes went ice cold. The hints of trembling vanished, and his body became firm.

He wouldn't allow it.

The World Spirit on his shoulder trembled slightly, and Leonel's mind pierced forward.

"BREAK!"

BANG!

The spear Leonel manifested in his hands shattered, but he didn't stop.

"BREAK!"

BANG!

Blood began to ooze down Leonel's nose. Every time he yelled "break," he was pulling on the other half of his Ability Index. But even if he commanded it, his grandfather's Edict was too powerful.

Trying to command something that wasn't possible caused an endless wave of backlash onto himself, forcing his soul into a weaker and weaker position and shredding it apart. The only reason he hadn't fallen already was because he was using the World Spirit to bolster his command over the world. And yet, it still wasn't enough.

If he continued, he would certainly die... again.

"BREAK!!"

BOOM!

Leonel's roar shredded his throat apart, and by this point, Monet had already appeared right behind him, lashing out with her ribbon of fire to swallow him whole and complete his imprisonment.

And yet, Leonel didn't seem to notice.

"I said... BREAK!!!"

BOOM! BOOM!

Despair threatened to root in Leonel's gaze once again as he saw that this strike barely caused the barrier to tremble.

Blood began to leak from his eyes and ears as he stumbled backward, his knees weakening to the point he almost fell to the ground.

However, that despair was stamped down by an even greater fury. The blood streaming down his cheeks only increased.

"WEREN'T YOU TWO SO ARROGANT!? WHERE IS YOUR ARROGANCE NOW?!"

Leonel seemed to have completely lost his mind, speaking to none other than his Weapon Forces. They were so arrogant that they didn't even want to share his body before, but now they couldn't even take down a single, measly barrier... what was their use?!

He should be able to pierce through anything, cut through anything. How dare they have such an overinflated sense of self when they couldn't even do this much?!

Monet's ribbon descended and caught Leonel.

Chapter 3062: Everything (2)

Leonel's eyes went bloodshot, his body shaking as though he couldn't sense his sizzling skin.

"STOP!" Monet roared. "You've done enough!"

Leonel completely ignored her. His muscles flexed, and the flames shattered into scattered pieces.

Monet's eyes widened, but then they filled with a determined light.

"I'm trying not to hurt you! But since you don't want my kindness, fine!"

The scorching heat behind Leonel increased severalfold. It was so powerful that Leonel felt himself catching on fire.

Leonel's fury peaked as he finally looked back.

Monet felt a shock to her soul. It was like something had driven a spear right into it, and fear crept up her spine, almost collapsing her to the ground.

It was at that moment that a second streaking light appeared. Or, rather... a streaking darkness.

"STOP! STOP!"

Mordred appeared between Leonel and Monet, stopping things before they truly became bad. However, the towering rage in Leonel's heart only seemed to burn brighter.

"BREAK! BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!"

Leonel turned back toward the barrier, unleashing barrage after barrage. Nothing seemed capable of making the barrier do much more than tremble slightly, even with the World Spirit, even with Blackstar's help—it was all worthless.

Nothing was enough.

Leonel's soul was quickly dissipating, and an eerily familiar scene was playing out once again. His soul was quickly slipping away, and no matter how hard he tried, it just wasn't enough.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Leonel continued to form spear after spear, not caring about the shattering of his wrists or weapons, or the backlash to his soul.

He had made a promise. He had made a promise.

"Em, get out of the way!" Monet barked.

"Can't you see, dear? There's something wrong here!"

"What can be wrong here that the Emperor can't handle himself!? What the hell is he going to do? He can't even break the barrier!"

Mordred's heart shuddered; she didn't have a response for that. Monet wasn't a fool; she had obviously realized that there was something wrong already. No matter how willful Leonel was, he wasn't to the point of acting so unrestrained without any reason at all.

But the problem was that things couldn't be allowed to run like this.

Empires had rules, regulations; they had to balance the will of the people and the will of the nobles. They had to maintain rules when they could, or else if just anyone thought they could do whatever because they had a good enough reason, then it would be the beginning of the end for them all.

The fact that Mordred had stepped into this Palace when she wasn't supposed to was already a huge taboo. Leonel had just gotten here, but he was already putting his wife in danger. This only made Monet grit her teeth all the more, and her conviction to stop this farce was even greater.

Unfortunately, Mordred wasn't moving, and she couldn't bring herself to truly attack her wife. There were just some things that were impossible to come back from in any relationship, and this was certainly one of them.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

"BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!"

"Em, he's killing himself!" Monet shrieked, her frustration boiling over.

Mordred looked back, and what she saw left her horrified.

Leonel was already nothing more than skin and bone. His clothing had grown so loose that it literally fell from his body, but he hadn't noticed anything.

Every time he struck the barrier, one of his arms would snap out of place, but he would just form a spear with the other and strike again in a relentless assault. He was practically bleeding himself dry.

All the beautiful spearmanship in the world didn't seem to be enough.

High in the skies above the palace, a Constellation had taken shape, as had a Destruction World and ten shimmering Stars. But because of his grandfather's special Edict, they couldn't even break through the range of the palace at all.

In the end, even his Constellation and Destruction World were destroying themselves trying to break through.

Nothing was enough. Nothing was enough.

All he had was a spear. All he had was his bow. But they weren't enough.

"NOT AGAIN!"

BANG!

Leonel's arm snapped back with so much force that his entire shoulder dislocated. In fact, his flesh had grown so sparse and fragile that the skin nearly tore along with it. The tiniest strand of flesh seemed to remain, barely holding it in place.

He cocked his other arm back and swung again, but this time, his wrist was caught—not by Monet, but by Mordred.

Tears streamed down Mordred's face as she kept muttering an apology, but she realized that Monet was right. Leonel wasn't getting anywhere; he was just going to kill himself if he kept it up.

"GET OFF OF ME!"

An unexpected power thrummed through Leonel's body and forced Mordred back. Her eyes couldn't help but widen in shock, not understanding how Leonel's body could possibly still have enough strength to do that. Even if he had been in tip-top shape, he shouldn't have been able to blow her back like that.

Violet plumes of smoke exuded from the edges of Leonel's eyes and came smoldering out from his feet.

His body churned and whined.

"BREAK!"

He pierced out again, but the scene was just the same. In fact, it was worse.

This arm didn't survive, being ripped out of its socket from the force of the backlash.

Shattered bits of spear and a hollowed arm went flying into the distance, crashing against the wall.

Leonel's heaving breaths were the only things that could be heard outside of the reverberating boom of his previous strikes.

He lifted up his one lanky remaining arm. Grabbing at the air, the previous injury only began healing enough to pop his arm back into place.

There was a certain devastation in Leonel's eyes, an unwillingness to allow anything to stand in his way.

He unleashed a roar and struck down again with everything he had.

Chapter 3063: BREAK!

Leonel roared and pierced forward with a single arm.

"BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!"

He only struck out a single time, but he roared out thrice, layering everything he had left into this single strike.

Focused and intentional, bearing his very soul itself.

He tapped into the foundations of his Weapon Force, their arrogance, their undaunting confidence to pierce through the veil of the very world itself.

... Gervaise held onto Roesia's body, his frown only growing deeper and deeper.

His entire attention was truly focused on her, and his mind was racing as he tried to understand how he could fix this.

But no matter what he thought of, it all felt inadequate.

There was only one conclusion, and it was the conclusion that was obvious to him from the very start.

If his wife didn't want to live, then no one, not even he, could make her do so.

She was in control of her own world, her own soul, her own Idol.

One of the greatest weaknesses of the Emperor's Might Lineage Factor was that it was unable to force those with Idols to fight for them.

They could be used as fuel for power, or even triggered for a short time, but even if you succeeded, they would be far weaker than when they had been alive.

The resurrection of a person through Emperor's Might, by definition, would strip them of the individuality that formed their Idol in the first place.

Even the Life Tablet could do nothing about it.

If Roesia died normally, then she would at the very least be able to resurrect as a Ninth Dimensional existence.

But if she died due to the collapse of her Idol, it was all over.

It would be a True Death.

Gervaise's jaw clenched, his eyes a dark, piercing cold.

Would it really end like this? He had been carrying the burden of the Fawkes family all his life.

He couldn't complain, it was his burden to carry.

It was his fault for being too talented, for bringing the ire of the God Realm onto his family.

What need was there for him to become a God at seven years old? He should have just been out playing in a corn field or kicking around a ball in some place.

But he had been arrogant, wanting to prove he could do it only because his teacher told him that he couldn't.

When he succeeded, he could remember the look of awe and worship in their eyes.

But then he remembered watching it all turn to horror.

His Emperor's Might Lineage Factor was too powerful... powerful to the point that it destroyed his family and crushed his childhood.

Now, he was finally back and able to raise up the family to the state that it should have been.

His talent managed to bloom from mere potential to true strength and he had the power to defeat anyone in the God Realm.

He alone was the pillar that held up the skies as there was no one else in the Ascension Empire that was even close to him in talent.

If his grandson became useless, so be it.

He still had the power to make sure the rest of his life was calm and peaceful.

He had the power to do all of this... But it still wasn't enough.

Until now, he was constantly making choices between his family and the empire.

And often, they blended together, becoming the same thing.

To him, the empire was his family, how could it not be? It was his fault that the Fawkes family had fallen, so it was also his responsibility to help them rise up no matter what the cost was.

'No matter what the cost...'

Gervaise's clenched jaw loosened and his expression became ice cold, but the tightness with which he clenched his wife seemed to tell a different story.

He held her close.

He could see the slightest hint of relaxation on her face when she snuggled into his embrace, breathing in his scent.

They sat there in silence as Roesia's life force slowly drained away.

It was a peaceful sort of path to death, one that didn't stir up any waves or destroy much of anything in the world at all.

But that was also because Gervaise was taking on all of the damage himself.

The destruction of an Idol was far from a simple process.

It could cause reality to warp and bend, shattering the laws of even the God Realm.

But right now... there was nothing but peace.

He rocked Roesia in his arms, his eyes becoming colder and colder as her body did as well.

His hands moved almost absentmindedly, stroking her white-gold hair and caressing her cheek.

His breathing became more even and a trembling aura exuded from him in a suffocating might.

It made the space more solid, and the barrier on the outside only grew stronger as a result of it.

He had no idea that his grandson was doing everything he could to make it through right now, he had no idea that he was only making it more difficult.

He only had eyes for the woman in his arms as his heart slowly became emptier.

When she was gone, his last weakness would be gone with her.

When that time came, no one would be able to stop the Ascension Empire.

He used a thumb to gently wipe a tear falling from her eyes.

Her lips moved, seemingly trying to say something.

Gervaise didn't need to hear it to understand.

He knew his wife well.

She was apologizing, like she always did.

Even now that she was dying, her first thought was that she was leaving him to carry this burden alone.

But... he felt that things just might be better this way.

At least this way, he would be able to properly atone.

BOOM!

A dull boom suddenly made Gervaise look up.

Then there was the faintest, muffled echo of a roar.

Chapter 3064: You... Can't...

There was no suspense.

Leonel's spear shattered against the barrier, but this time, the force of the reverberating impact was so great that the rest of his arm went with it, fragmented apart like it was metal rather than flesh and blood.

The impact didn't stop, traveling up Leonel's arm and taking out a large part of his chest.

He collapsed backward, breathing haggard breaths. His body didn't even look human anymore. It was cracked and fragmented, almost like he had become a mummified corpse.

And yet, when Leonel hit the ground, he tried to stand again with what little energy he had left.

Mordred and Monet couldn't help but feel their heart shake.

They had known Leonel for a long time, but they had never been aware of what kind of will power he had. In fact, they never knew it was possible for someone to even have this sort of will power at all. It didn't seem human in the slightest...

What they didn't know was that this same Leonel was a person who had once shed tears over a mere awakening of his own Lineage Factor. Since then, he had been through too much, seen too much.

And it was precisely why he needed to get up.

'Get up...'

Leonel coughed, but no blood came out. Still, he rose to his feet, carrying forward.

He tried to wave a hand, trying to form another spear, but the world wasn't listening to him anymore. Not only that... but he didn't even have his arms anymore.

He looked to his shoulder and felt his heart aching. Not because of his missing arm, but because of something entirely different.

The little World Spirit had grown pale and passed out long ago. Maybe that strike had been nothing but himself to begin with.

He gently picked the World Spirit up and sent her to Anastasia.

"Leonel, you..." Mordred tried to call out to Leonel, but she could tell that he wasn't listening at all.

He couldn't form spears anymore, so he pressed a hand against the barrier. Since nothing else was working, he was going to have to make a battle of soul against soul, the most dangerous kind, and the kind that would come with a backlash he certainly wouldn't be able to handle, but there was no other way.

So long as there was a chance...

Suddenly, Leonel vanished.

Both Mordred and Monet were taken aback, looking at where Leonel had just been. They hadn't sensed a single thing. Considering their power, how was that even possible?

...

Leonel stumbled forward and had nothing to catch him. He crashed into the ground, only to force himself to roll over. He didn't even have the strength to gather more Weapon Forces to heal himself, so this was all he could do for now.

Grunting, he managed to sit up once again. When he looked forward, he found his grandfather and grandmother on the grass of a peaceful garden. Or rather, Gervaise was holding Roesia up as she breathed her last.

Leonel's gaze went bloodshot.

"Grandma!"

His roar was out of place in this peaceful garden, especially considering his half-dead state.

Gervaise's gaze flickered as he looked at Leonel, then down at the woman in his arms.

Roesia stirred slightly, having heard a voice just now that she didn't expect. As for Gervaise, his own heart couldn't help but skip a beat when he saw this.

"Why aren't you saying anything?!" Leonel roared, looking at Gervaise as though he wanted to tear him apart. "Are you that incompetent that you can't understand she wants someone to talk to?! Or do you want to watch my grandmother die?!"

"Talk... to?"

Gervaise sounded confused. It was the first time he had ever heard of such a thing.

"I swear to God, Gervaise Fawkes. There's going to come a day where I pull you off that fucking throne, you incompetent piece of shit. Move!"

Leonel stomped forward and tried to shoulder check his grandfather out of the way, but even if he was in his optimal state, that wouldn't have worked... least of all now. However, Leonel didn't care, using what remained of his stamina to form small Edicts that lifted her out of Gervaise's arms.

"Grandma! Listen to me! I just got rid of a few useless grandchildren for you, it'll all be fine! Let's not get into the semantics! You're not allowed to die on me yet because you haven't made amends!"

The words Leonel was saying almost made Gervaise want to slap him to death. How was this helping at all? He was just picking at all of his grandmother's insecurities one after another.

"Get it together, woman! You know this old man is useless without you. He had no heart and no soul, all he knows how to do is use that thing swinging between his legs to create more meat shields for him to throw at the world!"

Gervaise's lip twitched. What the hell?

"Have you ever seen this useless prick on the battlefield? His greatest achievement is making me use up 217 strikes to finally get in here, and all that did was almost cause his wife to die! Can you believe this bastard?!"

The more foul words Leonel spoke, the calmer Gervaise seemed to become. He was slowly understanding something...

However, he also didn't believe that Leonel was telling even a single lie. At the very least, Leonel didn't believe that he was lying. If anything, he felt that he wasn't going hard enough.

His words only began to escalate until even Gervaise's thick face was having a hard time remaining completely indifferent.

"Don't go, grandma! This shameless old man definitely wants to build a harem! The moment you're gone, this palace is going to be flooded with beauties! Each one of them inferior to you! Using up your beauty products! Frequenting places you loved to frequent! Trying to cozy up to the Emperor so that their child has an inside track to the crown!"

Gervaise coughed.

At that moment, Roesia's eyes finally fluttered. She coughed as well, but hers was far more out of weakness.

"Little... Lion... you can't... say... such things... about... about your... grandfather..."

Chapter 3065: Breakthrough

"HAHAHA!"

Leonel laughed so hard that tears came from his eyes.

All this time, he had yet to shed a single tear.

But it seemed that hearing his grandmother's voice was all that was needed for him to be pushed over the edge.

He rushed forward to check on her, but then unfortunately remembered that he didn't have any arms.

He looked ridiculous right now, like a shriveled up corpse.

"Hey, old man, shouldn't you be..."

Leonel barely got these words out before he directly fainted.

"Little Lion? Little Lion?"

Roesia began to call out weakly, feeling that something was wrong.

She pulled herself up, struggling to stand from the swirl of energy that Leonel had been carrying her in.

At that moment, the laws of the world swarmed her, gathering up like a casting of [Instant Recovery].

Butterflies, spinning lilies, and motes of golden light fluttered around her, pouring into her body as though she was Existence's favorite child.

And that she was.

The strength of a Northern Star Order couldn't be measured by normal common sense.

She didn't even have limits to her use of [Instant Recovery], nor did she even have to cast it personally in the first place.

The moment the world sensed that she was injured, it would act.

The only reason it hadn't was because the impending collapse of her Idol had isolated her from the rest of the world.

However, Leonel's words had managed to pull her back from such a fate, and now she was looking for her grandson.

The more she moved, the stronger her body became and soon she was already back to over 50% health and her vision had recovered as well.

She was finally able to turn over and see Leonel's state.

Her heart leapt into her throat and all the color drained from her face.

"Leonel!"

Roesia gasped in horror and finally broke free of Leonel's Edicts, rushing to his side.

She picked him up, tears streaking down her face.

Although she hadn't been conscious, seeing Leonel like this made her put most of the puzzle pieces together even without Gervaise saying anything.

Never would she have expected that Leonel would be willing to go so far for her.

Although she didn't think that their relationship was poor to the point that Leonel would just stand by and watch her die, there was a difference between that and a world like this one where he practically gave up everything he had.

He could have died.

No... he was dying.

Roesia pressed a hand against Leonel's chest and was startled by the heartbeat she felt.

Still, she pressed on, pouring much of the healing that was coming toward her to him.

It could be said that Roesia was the greatest healer of the Fawkes Empire.

Or rather, she was probably the greatest healer even when the entire God Realm was taken into account.

It was a shame that this greatest healer had to watch so much of her family die before she did, and ironically, the collapse of her Idol was practically the only way she could die.

With her constitution, even the slightest nick was immediately healed by the world around her.

This was the power of a Wise Star Order and it was something that couldn't be measured by normal means at all.

Now, all that care and affection Existence and the Northern Star had for her, was currently being poured in Leonel.

At a speed visible to the naked eye, Leonel's shriveled up body began to regain its vitality.

His arms grew back, his skin regained its elasticity, and finally there was real blood flowing through his veins now instead of the baby powder that had been passing through him before.

It took much longer than was described, but eventually, Leonel's heartbeat began to echo once again, strong and firm.

DUDOOM.

DUDOOM.

Leonel's Weapon Forces surged, entering the Higher Creation State in one fell swoop.

It seemed that he was so injured before that he couldn't even withstand such a breakthrough... which was honestly odd, even to Gervaise and Roesia who had a great deal of experience themselves.

But then it became clear to them why this was and their eyes couldn't help but widen in shock.

Leonel had somehow tied his Weapon Force comprehension directly to his body, when one got stronger, so too did the other.

The reason he hadn't broken through earlier despite his Weapon Forces growing stronger was because his body was too weakened to withstand it and had become a bottleneck as a result.

But now that he was healed, those limitations had been shed away and there was now a beautiful cadence resonating from the depths of his heart.

The husband and wife pair looked toward one another and seemed to have reached the same conclusion.

This was an unprecedented path, one that they had never seen before.

Roesia cradled her grandson in her arms, a bright smile on her face that she couldn't seem to wipe off.

Did she still feel guilt about not caring enough about her other grandchildren? She did, that was inevitable.

It was just the kind of person that she was.

However, that guilt was overridden by her happiness right now.

Her guilt toward Leonel had been the greatest weight on her chest for many years now.

She had always thought that there was a dividing line between herself and Leonel, one that could never be undone.

But Leonel's actions today made her heart bloom like flowers.

She just wanted to pamper and spoil the little man in her arms although he wasn't nearly so little anymore.

She rubbed her belly, sensing if her new child was still okay.

After that, she completely relaxed.

Maybe this son or daughter would face the same fate as all the rest, maybe not... However, she felt that it was still her duty to do her best.

"Gervy..."

Only Roesia could get away with calling the Emperor such a thing.

"... I don't want to have anymore children after this."

Chapter 3066: Sorry Ass Crafters

Gervaise's eyes flashed.

"If you would like to continue expanding the kingdom and want to have concubines, I will not mind. I know of your heart and of your ambitions, and I know that you act for reasons much larger than yourself. I have held you back enough."

Roesia gave Gervaise a delicate smile. She didn't seem to mind at all, but it was that sort of selfless smile that could make a man willing to give up anything for a woman. Gervaise looked at his wife for a long while. Just moments ago, he was preparing himself to lose her.

Had he gone too far?

"We... can consider these matters another time." A rare hint of hesitation sparked in his words.

Roesia didn't mind it, but that was when Leonel's voice rang out.

"Gervy? What a cute nickname. I'll be sure to use it."

Gervaise's expression froze, and Roesia covered her lips in a light laugh before fixing Leonel's hair.

"You've yet to be punished for what you've done, but you've gone and broken several more rules. Do you think my Ascension Empire is your playground?"

"Yes, actually." Leonel nodded seriously as he pushed himself up. "But that aside, this isn't like you, old man. You look flustered. What was that retort? Not nearly as sharp and witty as usual."

The usual Gervaise would never show his hand like that, and certainly not without already having a plan of action. He was clearly only mentioning such a thing in order to avoid embarrassment, but Leonel wasn't going to let such an opportunity slide that easily.

"This matter isn't a joke, Leonel." Gervaise replied calmly.

As expected of an old coot, shameless to an extreme. His face was so thick that even Leonel couldn't see the slightest hint of a change. It was as though he had cemented himself into that expression.

Fascinating, indeed.

"It's not my fault you let your grandchildren run wild. Is my wife someone they can have thoughts about? I'm only helping you clean up some trash. They were never going to be useful to you anyway. Blame your sons and daughters."

Gervaise didn't say much, but he did look at his wife. Roesia had seemed to decide not to care anymore. She was still looking at Leonel with a bright smile on her face as though he was the only apple of her eye.

Inwardly, he sighed. He would have never thought that such words from Leonel would actually make Roesia feel more assured.

There were simply too many children. Roesia was working on her 17th, but what did that mean for the number of grandchildren she had? Even Noah had returned to find that he had several more brothers and sisters. Clearly, that uncle of Leonel's had been hard at work.

By now, the number of grandchildren was into the hundreds, mostly because many of the Imperial Princes had taken several wives to birth even more children for them.

On top of that, there were already many more great-grandchildren running around. It was seemingly endless.

This was something that Gervaise encouraged, but for Roesia, who wanted to have a close relationship with her family, this was especially difficult on her. It made her feel like the world was being further closed off from her, and even worse, by her own actions on top of that.

"I do have some advice for you, though, old man."

"And what's that?"

"You probably shouldn't punish me too much, because I know you need me, and I'm definitely going to end up killing more. I'm sure you didn't work this hard to build up the Ascension Empire, only for your own sons and daughters to run it into the ground in a single generation, right?"

Leonel's meaning was clear.

If Gervaise punished him now, he would be setting a precedent. That precedent would be incredibly important going into the future, especially if Leonel was going to kill again.

There was only one way out of such a thing, and that was to either not push Leonel at all, or to cleverly plan this punishment so that in the case Leonel were to kill again, it would be far easier to manage.

"These people are still your family, Leonel." Gervaise replied just as calmly.

"This can't be considered a family, it is a cabal of people you brought together for benefits. I haven't been here for long, but just the fact that people would be willing to go after the wife of their own cousin or nephew says enough, don't you think?"

"I'm aware. These things are still under my control." Gervaise said calmly.

"What are you going to do? Drop a few islands on their heads too when things go out of control?" Leonel sneered, still referring back to the Paradise Island incident.

"I thought you had grown up."

"I did." Leonel said. "And now I'll kill those who stand in my way and help those that don't. Simple enough to understand, right?"

Gervaise's gaze finally had a hint of a flicker in them.

There was a silence that fell over them all before he slowly began to speak again.

"You will be taking over a battlefield. You'll serve for either a hundred years or until the war is over."

Leonel yawned. A boring punishment indeed, but still something that was more than manageable. If he killed again, Gervaise would just extend the time and make him battle more.

Clearly, Gervaise didn't believe that the war against the Four Great Families was going to end any time soon, especially considering the fact other God Realm existences were using them as a proxy to pressure the Ascension Empire.

However, Leonel didn't mind it at all because it was also a flexible punishment. Who was going to oversee the fact he remained on the battlefield? And with the Segmented Cube, wouldn't he be able to go on vacation whenever he wanted?

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever. Now, let's get down to business. Where are my rewards for saving your sorry ass Crafters?"

Chapter 3067: I'm In

"Your punishment was lightened due to your contributions," Gervaise replied lightly.

"Oh? Is that so, Gervy? It seems that I'm going to have to steal it on my own, then."

Gervaise didn't reply to these words at all. It was as though he was fine with it one way or another... or, he was already prepared to take action if Leonel should really go so far.

Grandfather and grandson looked toward one another, one smiling and the other indifferent.

Roesia looked between the two and sighed. The both of them were too hardheaded. She could already feel it... sometime in the future, the differences between these two would boil over.

But she wasn't as worried as she should have been about it. That was because after today... she was ironically very confident that neither would go too far even if such a battle were to happen.

The question was... if after this battle was over... if the one who lost would still be the same. Which of these two arrogant men would be willing to accept such losses?

In some ways, such a loss would be more dangerous than even death.

However...

Roesia still found that she was calm.

If her husband couldn't live on anymore, she would just die.

If her grandson couldn't live on anymore... she would just die.

She had already lived for far too long anyway. No mother should outlive their child.

**

Leonel walked out casually, strutting around as though nothing had happened. His steps were quite light and the smile on his face was bright.

He would have asked his grandmother to take a walk with him. After all, she would be like the greatest protection badge he could have. But in the end, he decided that that would probably be a bit too unfair.

No matter how he felt about it, he had still killed her grandchildren. Asking her to then walk around with the murderer of those grandchildren, even if said murderer was also her grandson, was still a bit too willful.

Leonel still had some propriety in these matters, but clearly not enough. That was because he strolled out of the Palace having forgotten one very important thing...

He was still a wanted man.

A wall of fresh air hit Leonel, and then he felt thousands of powerful gazes on him.

"... Shit."

Leonel coughed a bit. He was too caught up in scolding his grandfather to remember that the old man had to say something first before he was let off the hook.

"That shameless old man. Where's the Edict? Where's the declaration? Is your word as an Emperor really so worthless?"

Leonel spoke to himself like a madman, cursing the man the entire Empire respected the very most.

"Hello, everyone." Leonel finally smiled at the crowd. "Nice day we're having, hm?"

Several lips twitched.

This young man was far too audacious. It was still fine for those very familiar with Leonel. But for those that weren't, they could only look at him as though they were staring at a scourge.

"What's with the long faces. Shouldn't you reply with some pleasantries? At least a little back and forth banter?"

At that moment, a member of the Slayer Legion suddenly grabbed at the air, making a move to capture Leonel.

But Leonel still reacted first.

A man suddenly appeared before Leonel, completely naked from head to toe... Well, ankle. He was still wearing his socks.

His arms seemed to be hugging at air as his tongue stuck out with an obscene gesture.

"Don't run, baby—"

His voice came to a sudden stop.

Nilrem opened his eyes to find that the little beauty he was entangled with was nowhere to be seen.

He blinked, trying to figure out whether he was insane or not before he looked up from his position on the ground to see a slightly awkward and yet teasing grin on Leonel's face.

BANG!

The palm the Slayer Legion member in the skies tried to form shattered against the air, seemingly not capable of penetrating Nilrem's aura.

Leonel thought of many ways that Nilrem might react to this situation, but he still underestimated this man's shamelessness.

He cleared his throat and stood slowly. He pressed a fist against his chin and curled his other arm to his back as he entered a pensive state. He would have played the role well had his erection still not been at full bore.

"Hello, everyone." Nilrem finally smiled at the crowd. "Nice day we're having, hm?"

"..."

"..."

"..."

The saying like father, like son was one they all knew. What they didn't know was that like master, like disciple would be what they actually witnessed today.

"Fuck, what's with this reaction."

Nilrem spoke again, but while everyone was in a daze he had also suddenly put his clothes on at some unknown time.

"No one likes a shitty sequel," Leonel chimed in.

Nilrem was confused at first before it set in.

"What did I do to deserve such a terrible disciple."

"I don't know, Merlin. How about we get out of here?"

"My name is Nilrem!"

"Let's go rob the Empire."

"I'm in!" Nilrem did a complete 180 and the two suddenly vanished.

A commotion was kicked up across the Empire and Gervaise's lip could only twitch. Leonel alone was enough of a headache, but when it was matched with Nilrem's personal brand of shamelessness, they were impossible to handle.

Gervaise should have known that when Leonel said he would steal he didn't mean alone.

Now, two murderers were running around his Empire and making a mockery of everything.

Luckily, his prestige was built up so high that most of these things wouldn't harm him in the slightest. Most wouldn't even think that he was tacitly allowing it. He would just let Leonel take the brunt of the pressure.

Then, he sent out his first son to deal with the rest.

Three days later, it was Noah's father, Galaeron, who brought down the orders that Leonel would be sent to the battlefield.

Chapter 3068: Black Sea

"Shouldn't you be preparing? Overlooking the battlefield? Something other than harassing the mother of your child?"

Leonel put on a shocked expression. "Harassment? This is just your husband tax. Are you not going to pay?"

"I'm paying in rearing your child."

"Ai, this never stops. You'll be using that for the rest of our lives, aren't you."

Aina giggled and snuggled up into Leonel's arms. These days, she couldn't stop smiling, she had even forgotten that she was supposed to take Leonel to go and see her father.

It wasn't on purpose, she had truly forgotten. Maybe this truth would hurt Miel more than anything else could. But the kind of hurt that Aina had experienced back when she learned the truth wasn't something that could be explained in a few words either.

Knowing that the mother she loved so much was originally just a tool for her own father's revenge was a hard pill to swallow. And to think that being used as such a pawn would cost her more than just her life...

If her mother had just died, Aina would be distraught, but she would still be able to understand it. That was the cruelty of this world.

But the torture her mother suffered wasn't something that could just be accepted in the same way. It was inhumane, and it was a torture that Brazingers obviously used quite frequently. The hatred Aina had built up over this couldn't be understated.

To know that her mother had suffered such a thing, that she herself had been cursed to suffer for years on top of that...

It was too difficult to accept... too difficult.

She understood that her father hadn't had such intentions when he started, and he probably didn't expect that things would go so far.

But in the end, he still bore some responsibility.

That said, Aina was right about one thing. Leonel probably should be learning about the battlefield and what he was going to be doing...

He just didn't want to.

He had no intention of fighting meaningless battles against the Four Great Families.

Neither the Fawkes nor those four families were interested in a victory just yet because they both knew that the depths of both parties was far too deep.

As such, these were nothing more than probing attacks and methods the two parties used to temper their youths and raise the prestige of their nobles.

It was a farce. A pathetic farce.

If Leonel was going to be fighting, he wasn't going to be doing so for clout points. He would be doing so to rip their hearts out.

As such, while he was being "escorted" to the battlefield for his "punishment", he paid no attention whatsoever because he never planned to play ball.

If he wanted to win this war, the first thing he needed to do was kick the chair out from under the Four Great Families. And that chair was none other than their backers in the shadows.

First, Leonel would attack their pockets.

He had already accomplished the first goal... but only in part. It wasn't enough. Even if he cornered the weapons and pills markets, there were too many other methods for the Gods to pivot to... let alone the fact that his Crafting still wasn't to the point of being able to do that.

His move would definitely corner the mass-production market, but what about the higher end? What about the weapons that only Dharma and Idol wielders would use? There were even many rich individuals who wouldn't touch his mass-produced items with a ten-foot pole.

At most, this move of his could grab a substantial portion of the market, maybe about 10 to 15%, but it wouldn't be enough to overturn the skies.

If he wanted to do that, he would need more. And it would be just convenient enough to do exactly that since it would be killing two birds with one stone...

After all, he still had to make the Sylvans pay for their actions. They must really think that he was easy to deal with.

They didn't like that he had taken two of their kind? What would they do when he started killing more?

A cold light flashed in Leonel's gaze.

...

The battlefield was located in the Inbetween World... Or rather, a place that had the feel of one, but was in practice much different.

A black sea spread out for as far as one could see. It wasn't water, but rather had the thickness of crude oil. From time to time, there would be a solid mass floating with it that could make one's heart shudder.

This sea was none other than a concentrated mass of Anarchic Force. The solid masses were the greatest concentration of Anarchic Force in existence, capable of rendering even the strongest Ninth Dimensional experts helpless.

The battlefield was one fought on these waters, and the various battles actually occurred on makeshift landmasses crafted

by the two parties. Often, these landmasses would be temporary, being destroyed beneath the overbearing Anarchic Force within just a few days. The people that had once called that land mass "home" would then have to weather the storm themselves as they built a new one.

It could be said that this was probably the most grueling battlefield in Existence... aside from just a single other place.

Leonel's face became more gloomy when he saw this. According to Anastasia, he had been out of it for three years. That meant that his wife had actually been fighting on this battlefield all this time.

His overprotectiveness nearly began to boil over and he wanted to find those Four Great Family bastards right this moment to teach them a lesson.

But in the end, he pressed it down. This wasn't what he was here for.

Before he took the next step in his plan, he needed to find where they were getting help from, how this help was being provided, and to what extent they would provide this help.

Once he did, his revenge would begin.

Chapter 3069: Escort

Leonel touched down with his "escort." The location was obviously one of the temporary islands of the Ascension Empire, and he was quickly escorted to the Commander of this region. When he saw this person, he couldn't help but chuckle. His grandfather sure had a twisted sense of humor. Was he really so eager for him to kill one of his sons?

'I swear, that old man just wants to see the world burn, and he's so sexist too, tsk.'

Gervaise only cared about his daughters. As for his sons, they might as well fight it out in a bloody coliseum for all he cared. This was clear from the different treatment that Alienor received compared to Galaeron.

Those thoughts seemed to also transfer to his grandsons because he and Noah had certainly been through fire and rain together.

'I'll definitely have to teach that old man a lesson. Just wait. The moment I'm strong enough, I'm beating you into the ground.'

Leonel was still a bit annoyed that it had taken him so much effort to penetrate that old man's barrier. In fact, he hadn't even made it through in the end; he just barely managed to cause enough commotion that Gervaise actually noticed someone was trying to break through.

And that was despite the fact he had the support of Blackstar at the same time.

Of course, that was because Gervaise had written a powerful Edict over his Ascension Palace that didn't allow external powers, so even Idols were greatly weakened. But the fact that he could do that at all just went to show how much stronger he was than the current Blackstar.

Back then, Leonel hadn't even been able to summon his Destruction World or his Constellation. All that energy had been stopped outside the palace.

'Old bastard. You've just got a few more years on me, that's all.'

As Leonel was lost in his thoughts, the "Commander" was only growing more infuriated. However, he seemed to be far more patient than his sons, sitting in silence as his pressure continued to grow slowly.

By now, it was obvious who this man was. This was none other than the Third Imperial Prince and the father of the three goons Aina had killed. Well, Leonel had also killed his wife.

So it could be said that Leonel had been the reason a large portion of this man's family had been wiped out.

At the same time, this man was technically also his mother's brother, Third Brother to be specific.

In the overall scheme of things, this Imperial Third Prince was actually born quite early on. There were only two Princes older than he was, Galaeron and a Second Imperial Prince that Leonel had yet to meet.

His seniority was, as such, quite high. And the location of the battlefield that he was responsible for was also exceptionally important.

Truthfully speaking, it was only natural that Leonel was sent here considering the importance of it all. But he still couldn't help but feel that his grandfather was trying to play a practical joke on him.

Leonel yawned a bit and shook his head. He looked down at the shackles that held him down and chuckled.

BANG!

They shattered.

"Alright, I wasn't actually paying much attention to what you were saying, but I get the gist of it. If you want to work together to deal with this matter, I don't mind it. We can put it all out on the table, I'm not a fan of little political schemes.

"Maybe if I cared enough to try it out, I would play this little game of politics with you and run you into the ground. But my enemy is far larger than you and I have no intention of wasting my time on this little back and forth.

"So tell me right now. Do you plan on wasting my time? Or do you plan on working with me to crush these bastards?

"I'm only giving you one chance."

Leonel's aura changed and he stared right at the man before him. Although this Third Uncle of his was much older, it seemed that their positions had flipped in an instant, and all the attendants in the large military tent were so taken aback that no one stood to refute or defend their Commander.

A dense violet light gathered in Leonel's eye, and an equally dense emerald light came from the Third Imperial Prince.

Even until now, the emotions of the man weren't clear, and other than a slight, understandable gloominess, there was nothing else.

Finally, he spoke.

"This battlefield will use you as it sees fit. For now, you will be part of the Crafting support. Help streamline the process and guide the Crafters. We will let you know if you are ever needed in battle. You may go."

Leonel gave the man a look and then turned and left.

The response wasn't an answer, but it also wasn't the worst case scenario either. As for what the man was really thinking... Leonel couldn't be bothered to care for now.

After Leonel left, the Third Imperial Prince Fawkes slowly rose to his feet, his blackened armor thrumming with life and vitality.

"General Green, you will see to the fact that he follows his orders. Everyone else, we have important matters to discuss. We will deal a decisive blow to the Four Great Families this month."

Leonel walked out of the tent, his expression pensive but his thoughts unknown.

At that moment, a familiar man walked up behind him.

"I will escort you to the temporary factory."

This man should be the General Green the Third Imperial Prince mentioned. It probably also wasn't a coincidence that he shared a last name with a certain Grand Prime Minister Green.

That man was part of the initiative that created the automated Crafting factories to begin with, and this General Green should be one of his descendants.

Leonel shook his head. It seemed that his grandfather was using him again.

Chapter 3070: Who is Guiding?

It didn't take Leonel more than half a day to change the situation of the factory. As for teaching the Crafters? Guiding them? He had no patience for such a thing.

He vanished from General Green's surveillance and the man didn't even notice until an entire half an hour later.

By the time he was put on high alert, Leonel was nowhere to be found.

...

Leonel rushed across the endless black sea, his gaze flashing. He had already forgotten about the matters earlier in the day; he was entirely focused on scouting out the region.

"How is it, Anastasia?"

"It's taking more time than usual."

Leonel nodded. This only made sense. Not only was this the God Realm, but it was also a region thick with Anarchic Force. That didn't even mention what sort of protections his enemies might have against this sort of thing.

He had asked Anastasia to map out the entire region for him to see what would happen. He didn't care about Anastasia's actions being hidden at all. They were in the middle of war, first off. And second, even if they weren't, Leonel didn't fear anyone right now. If he ran into someone he couldn't defeat, he would just throw out his handy dandy trump card.

He'd beat the living shit out of his enemies and get a free comedy show at the same time. What was there to hesitate about?

However, Nilrem alone obviously couldn't win this battle. In fact, after the first time, Nilrem had already warned him that he would likely bring him more trouble than help.

Nilrem had been around the God Realm, breaking all sorts of rules, for centuries already. His number of enemies wasn't just great, but they were all extremely powerful. Anyone who still dared to call him an enemy these days either had a great background or was their own great background.

Of course... Leonel didn't give a damn about all of this.

He might not be as powerful as Nilrem so they likely wouldn't take him as seriously, and many of them probably thought he was a useless cripple now, but he definitely had more enemies than Nilrem, not less.

That said, he would still have to be semi-cautious nonetheless. He couldn't paint Nilrem into a corner because part of the reason he was able to survive so long wasn't just his power, but also the fact he was hard to find.

Using Nilrem would have to wait for situations where the enemy was certain to die and was likewise unable to send back any information.

As for now... he just wanted a clearer understanding of the battlefield so he knew what he could take advantage of and where the rats scurrying in the darkness were hidden.

'Hm?'

Leonel came to a stop, his eyes narrowing. He sensed a familiar aura.

His gaze seemed to pierce across a long distance until he locked eyes with a little adorable beauty.

Little Nana.

She was locked in battle, holding a large, transparent blue shield in one hand and a sword in the other. She didn't seem to be particularly proficient with either, but Leonel was also using his own standards to judge her.

By now, his spear mastery had reached an unprecedented level. There were probably very few, if any, who could match him in raw skill alone.

'No, it's not just my standards. It looks like after I helped her get the Adurna family's shield, she forced herself to pick up weapons when she never had before. Her Sword Force is only barely in the Impetus State...'

If he recalled correctly, Nana actually had a very powerful Ability Index. He had met her around the same time he met Monet. Back then, she had really been a little girl, not just a grown woman with the features of a teenager. How she had managed to maintain so much of that childish innocence was beyond Leonel, especially after she had experienced so much.

She had a Bind Ability Index, but it was more complex than that. It was like a soul attack of sorts, and also like the Edict of the Fawkes...

Before, she had used a much more fluid battle style. But now it was rigid and lacked the same flare and ingenuity. This was only natural for someone who had changed their path so later in life.

'Who said a shield had to be worn on the arm? She's trying to turn herself into a close combat expert when it's not needed... who the hell is guiding her?'

Someone had to be responsible for bringing Nana to the battlefield back then, and someone also had to be responsible for the current state of things.

Leonel shook his head and stamped a foot down on the ground.

BANG!

The water rose up in waves and he rocketed forward. At that moment, his brothers also appeared around him.

"What's this? Battle? War?"

"Are you trying to sound poetic, James? You're doing a terrible job."

"It's called observing my surroundings. It says more about you than it does me that you thought I was trying to be poetic."

"Class A gaslighting. Ten out of ten."

"Fuck you, Raj."

Leonel grinned, a spear appearing in his hands.

"We're not letting a single one of those fuckers off." Leonel spoke, his voice booming. He locked eyes with the blue-haired Adurna in the distance and an almost draconic light flickered in his eyes.

"Not a single one!"

"KILL!"

A small group suddenly appeared on the battlefield unexpectedly, but the moment they collided, the world overturned.

"A GOD!"

"RUN! THE SITUATION HAS CHANGED!"

Leonel's spear flickered and danced, ripping through the defensive Lineage Factor of the Adurna as though it wasn't there at all.

A single spear, a single death.

He didn't even use any energy outside of his physical stamina. The world's Spear Force gathered all on its own, resonating with the hum of his blade.

Everywhere he passed, death came in droves.

But it wasn't enough.

'Faster. Faster. All of you deserve death.'

A violent glow lit in his gaze.

Chapter 3071: All (1)

3071 All (1)

Leonel's spear became akin to a reaper's scythe. The Anarchic Force beneath him churned, and that was when a shocking sight began to take place.

A cancerous golden energy spread out from Leonel, pouring into the thick black waters and turning it golden as well.

The dark gold liquid rose up, rotating around Leonel's body as it was pulled into his Spear Dance.

Suddenly, his attacking strength reached a new level entirely.

TSS! TSS! TSS! TSS! TSS!

Spiraling tendrils of sharp dark gold liquid danced around Leonel's blade and suddenly his range of attack skyrocketed.

"ANOTHER GOD! ANOTHER GOD!"

Leonel filtered out their words, the malevolence in his gaze reaching a new level. Every bit of rage he had pent up in his heart poured out at once.

He flickered and vanished, appearing before an Adurna commander. His Spear swept out once and the waters beneath the latter's feet reacted, tearing him to shreds.

Leonel vanished once again, taking a step and becoming nothing more than a beam of golden light.

Rip. Shred. Tear.

His spear seemed to be both everywhere and nowhere at the same time. Existences that had long entered the Ninth Dimension couldn't withstand even a single strike, making their supposed God Constitutions look like nothing more than a joke.

He spun in the air, a rippling Absolute Domain jetting out from the tip of his spear to his body.

The fragmented laws of the Inbetween World responded in kind, being forcefully pressed together to form chaotic pools of Spear Force.

Again. Again. Again.

Blood rained around Leonel, falling in a sprinkle that was far too gentle for the violence of his actions, but this was the inevitable result when his enemies were being blasted into a mist one after another.

"TOGETHER!"

The Commanders of the Adurna seemed to finally realize that running wasn't going to work. If they wanted to change the situation, the only way forward was going to be to swarm Leonel themselves.

Several powerful auras converged. Until now, no one seemed to have realized just who Leonel was... and Leonel had no intention of telling them.

ROAR!

Leonel's power seemed to multiply several times over, the thrumming of his heart growing more violent as golden red flames began to coat the dark gold tendril of Anarchic Force.

DUDOOM. DUDOOM. DUDOOM.

His chest began to shine and his veins lit up across his body. Large swarms of liquified Anarchic Force charged, following his will.

Anarchic Force should have swallowed up all his Force, but for some reason, it bowed to Leonel's will, moving along with his intention and adding a particularly chaotic essence to his Force instead of hindering it.

What no one remembered was that the core of Leonel's constitutions might have disappeared, weakening or even rendering useless most of his former talents... but there were some things that couldn't be so easily removed, especially when they were built based on comprehension in the first place.

With the Void Beasts officially gone, and the Primordial Terror dead...

It could be said that the only true Destruction Beast remaining in this world was Leonel Morales himself... and maybe his little mink companion.

Leonel's roar shattered apart their formations, their hearts sinking to the bottom. But he was nothing short of a killing machine. There was no sympathy in his eyes, no path to mercy, no thought of the value of life and sanctity of kindness.

His spear descended again and again, relentless and suffocating.

The despair of the Adurna had long since settled in. Many didn't even want to fight anymore, falling to their knees and crying out in despair.

They didn't even notice that it was Leonel's Dream Force suffocating them. A true Demon had awoken, and it was triggered ironically because his Demon Bloodline was taken away.

At that moment, Leonel didn't look like a normal human boy to them. He looked like a giant who held the skies up with his demonic horns and solidified the murky ground with his furious stomps.

A misty blood hung around Leonel, and under everyone's eyes, more shocking things continued to occur.

The Blood Force and Life Force were shredded apart into their component laws, and then these laws reformed, creating the Spear Force that Leonel needed.

He grinded his enemies down, ripping them apart into the fundamental laws of nature, and then reconstructing them into the energy he needed to kill more of their companions.

At some point, Leonel's brothers and the Ascension Empire had stopped fighting entirely. Some of them felt real fear, not even knowing who Leonel was. But this sort of cruelty...

Did even they hate the Four Great Families so much?

It wasn't just this. The main problem was... how was he doing this?

This level of application of Creation and Destruction was simply something they had never seen before. It didn't seem to matter what kind of Force it was, Leonel was able to turn it into what he needed.

His stamina seemed endless and his power was heart shuddering... No, it wasn't even that his power was so great. In fact, he didn't even seem like he was nearly the strongest person on the battlefield.

It was instead that he was far too sharp, far too skilled, far too capable.

Even after the battle was won, he simply wasn't satisfied. He killed, and he killed, and he killed... and maybe the most heart shuddering part was that his expression hardly changed. His eyes radiated a cool violent color that seemed to be looking down on the battlefield from an indifferent third-party perspective, as though he wasn't the one doing the killing at all.

These indifferent eyes could see everything and yet felt nothing at all.

Leonel stood over the last member of the army at some unknown point, staring down at the kneeling, listless man with a gaze that penetrated into his very soul.

The man seemed to finally realize that Leonel was standing above him and he looked up with a pleading expression, but he was met with a swift blade.

Chapter 3072: All (2)

3072 All (2)

Leonel walked back to the Ascension Empire army. Waving a hand, the spear he had formed vanished along with the blood that had been on it. Slowly, the dark gold glow of the Anarchic Force beneath him also faded until the water was just as dark as it was before.

"... Welcome back Murder Hobo," James eventually broke the silence. "How's it feel to be a mass murderer? They used to make documentaries about your kind, I didn't expect one to be in our midst."

"Feels about as good as fucking a Cloud Race whore in a back alley. So you tell me. You still itching down there?"

James froze.

A burst of laughter came from the others. The change caused a bubble the others didn't know they were sitting on to burst. Of course, this didn't refer to Leonel's brothers, they were mostly indifferent to it all from the very beginning as they were the most familiar with Leonel.

They were already too familiar with the kind of person Leonel was, so this was only a natural outcome to them. Even when Leonel seemed just fine, more often than not, there was a storm getting ready to explode.

...

Leonel rubbed Little Nana's head, a bright smile on his face.

"It looks like you managed to succeed."

"I did, thanks to you," Nana replied with an equally bright smile. Her eyes even seemed to be a bit misty as though she might cry at any time.

She had wanted to succeed so badly, just to prove to the Adurna that bloodline wasn't everything. But in the end, she had to rely on Leonel to succeed. Even though logically how things ended weren't her fault, she felt that she was completely useless.

"Who told you to use a sword?" Leonel asked.

Nana blinked in surprise, then looking down at her waist. She had been trying to get used to this thing for a while, but it was difficult. She had never used a weapon like it before, but she thought that a short sword was probably the best thing to pair with her shield.

"What do you mean?" Nana blinked in confusion. "No one."

"No one?" Leonel raised an eyebrow. He didn't quite believe that. "No one even suggested it?"

"Um..." Nana frowned, trying to consider something, but clearly failing. In the end, she shook her head no.

"Is that so..."

Leonel suddenly sneered and grabbed out at the air. Before Nana could react, the shield on her back flew into Leonel's palm.

BANG!

There was a sudden reverberating impact. Leonel felt as though all the bones in his arms had suddenly shattered, but there was also a clear whine that came from the shield as well.

Ignoring his injuries, Leonel struck out again, and then again.

Nana watched on in shock, not quite understanding what she was seeing. She didn't believe that Leonel was stealing her shield even after she saw him forcefully take it, and this pretty much confirmed that. But it also made her more confused.

He struck out again. Every time he acted, flickering flames would collide with the shield, penetrating into the core and echoing through the Dream Plane.

"[Emperor's Edict]."

Leonel's gaze flashed and violet flames began to smolder out from the corner of his eyes.

He realized the problem immediately. Someone had planted a suggestion in Nana's mind and she was too weak to realize what was happening. The only person, or rather thing, close enough to do that was this shield.

When he thought of the possibility that Aina's battle ax could have some suggestion on it as well, he was immediately furious.

The spirits of these weapons shouldn't be so intelligent, and if they were, and were so eager to stop the likes of Nana from controlling them in the first place, then why would they agree to be controlled in the first place?

It was more likely that this suggestion had been placed or at least triggered by someone else using the shield as a proxy.

And now, Leonel was burning all of that away.

"SCRAM!"

His voice thundered and the shield shook and almost collapsed.

Leonel caught it out of the air and handed it to Nana. But before he explained anything, he waved a hand and Aina's battle ax appeared before him. He scanned it, but in the end, his expression slowly relaxed.

It was either Aina had already gotten rid of the suggestion herself, or there had never been on her Heirloom to begin with.

"It should all be fine now," Leonel looked at Nana with a smile. "Your skill doesn't lie in close combat, don't waste your time maximizing what isn't good for you."

Nana blinked. "Someone?"

She wasn't stupid, she could guess some things after Leonel took such violent action.

"Yes, but it should all be handled now."

At that moment, Aina appeared. After her battle ax disappeared, she knew that it was Leonel, but she couldn't help her curiosity.

However, the moment she appeared, the atmosphere completely changed.

Leonel had been just fine until now, but his rage boiled over in an instant. All the color drained from Nana's face and she fell back, almost collapsing to the ground.

Veins of crimson spread across Leonel's face and body, his jaw clenching so tight that his teeth actually cracked and fractured in several locations. However, he didn't seem to feel the pain at all.

His gaze was locked onto Aina's belly and his rage had consumed even his breath, constricting his lungs and his heart alike. He couldn't even take a breath without feeling like he was inhaling scorching magma.

'I'll kill them... I'll kill them all...'

Leonel's thoughts were barely coherent as he reached a hand forward, too fast for anyone to react.

He pressed his fingers against Aina's belly and pulled, his fingers flickering with dense violet flames.

His thoughts went completely black, and at that moment, the waves of the Inbetween World began to roll and surge, forming tsunamis that towered into the skies.

- Chapter 3073: Wrath

Chapter 3073: Wrath

3073 Wrath

Leonel had been angry many times in his life before. He had even thought that he had reached the pinnacle of what was possible for him. He had watched his father die, his own mother had died for him, his world was destroyed, his life was played at the hands of his own grandmother, he had even watched his own wife die before him once before.

He had been through so much, experienced so much, but nothing could have prepared him for this moment.

Many said that it was impossible to understand the breadth of a parent's heart or what they were willing to do for their child.

The baby wasn't even a tangible idea in Leonel's heart just yet. He didn't know its gender, what it would grow up to be, what kind of quirks and personality it might have... he knew none of that.

He had always thought himself to be a rational person to a fault. Was it even possible for him to love something that he didn't know or understand yet? To be pulled by the whims of evolution and instinct instead of the control of his own mind?

But right this moment, all of those thoughts went out the window. He felt rage to the point that it was almost irrational, as though he would crawl across a bed of rusted nails with nothing more than his teeth to pull him forward if he could just take a single bite out of the perpetrator's flesh. He wanted to boil their blood and stew their bones, dig out their eyes and pull their brains out through their noses.

The rage was so palpable that even Anarchic Force seemed to tremble, unable to come close to the savagery being exuded from Leonel's mind alone.

There was no one that sensed this aura that didn't feel a dense sense of fear. The only person that saw it as something else was his wife herself.

Her face paled, but not because of Leonel's aura. It was instead because he had pressed a hand to her belly and that could only mean one thing.

Her baby... what happened to her baby?

Aina almost delicately grabbed onto Leonel's wrist as though she didn't have any strength left in her body at all. She trembled all over, anxiously waiting for Leonel to finish and not daring to speak a single word.

She went back to her usual habit, biting her lip so hard that she drew blood.

Despite his rage, Leonel was in a state of unprecedented focus. If anything, his rage only focused him more. If his enemies thought that they could make him lose his mind like this, they were sorely mistaken.

They would regret this day. He would make sure they did. He would make every one of them feel his wrath.

He wasn't just infuriated with them either. He was infuriated with himself, for not noticing earlier, for allowing his child, no matter how immature, to suffer even the slightest inconvenience.

If not for running across Nana, he might have only noticed when it was far too late.

He had been trying to respect Aina's wishes. She didn't want him to know what gender she had chosen, so he hadn't been checking. He let her control everything.

Of course, at this stage, he wouldn't be able to tell a gender with just a look either, not unless he looked down closely into his child's very cells. But he had kept it as a nice little secret for his wife to be happy about.

He didn't expect that this would be the opening his enemies needed.

The suggestion that had been on the Battle Ax Heirloom simply didn't work on Aina. With her Clairvoyance, even though their Soul Bind was no longer there, her ability to combat Dream Force, especially the subtle kind, was too high. She was too clear on her own thoughts, so any stray thoughts could be easily ignored by her. "Suggestion" simply didn't work on her.

However, who would have expected that upon realizing this, the suggestion would actually turn to a new target?

Their baby's soul was too fresh and new. It could be said that right this moment, it would never be easier to affect its mind and its path.

It was simply unforgivable.

Leonel didn't know what their plan was exactly. Maybe they wanted to use their baby as a trump card, maybe they wanted to use their child as a hostage, maybe they wanted to turn their child against them in the future.

Every potential route Leonel thought of just added to his fury, all the ways this could have gone, all the paths their lives could have taken.

The two of them just wanted to be happy. They had both lost so much in their lives, the world itself didn't even seem to have much time left at all, and yet these people still insisted on targeting his bottom line again and again.

Leonel's irises turned entirely red his fury reaching its absolute peak.

The Dream Plane of the God Realm seemed to be thrown into complete upheaval. A venomous fury spread all across the land as though a monument to Leonel's anger was being built.

It rose higher and higher until it couldn't be ignored by even the strongest Dream Force experts.

Leonel didn't care for the changes one bit, his focus entirely on the baby in his wife's belly.

She continued to hold onto his wrist, the two of them standing there together. Their reactions were completely different, but there was a clear solidarity between the husband and wife at that moment.

It was then that the Soul Bind that had been destroyed began to be forcefully etched back into place. Their baby formed a bridge between the two of them, a pact... an oath that the two of them would be the hands that held up the skies for their child.

Whoever had done this would suffer their wrath.

Chapter 3074: Bestowment

3074 Bestowment

Leonel pulled his hand back, taking deep breaths to try to calm himself. He didn't have a target to vent on right now; he had already killed all of the Adurna family's army. And, now that he was finished, he didn't have anything else to focus his anger on.

"Leonel..." Aina said softly, looking up at him with a pleading expression.

Leonel felt his heart breaking when he saw how fragile she looked. She was one of the strongest women he knew, and yet they had made her end up in such a state.

Aina had been carrying a burden all alone since she was a child. His journey had only started days before his 18th birthday, but she had been pushing herself hard since she was a mere toddler.

Every step of the way, she took it with a grit of her teeth and hardly a falter. Part of what made her so fragile in the face of the Puppet Master was precisely because he took away the one aspect of her life that she could control completely and wholly: her own body.

But now, this strong woman looked as though she might collapse with the slightest breeze. She was teetering on the edge, waiting for Leonel's words. She didn't even have the presence of mind to realize their souls had been connected once again. She could easily read Leonel's mind if she wanted to.

Leonel pulled her into his arms, pressing her head to his chest with a gentle hand.

"It's all okay. The baby is safe," he said softly.

Aina trembled when she heard this and tears began to fall. Her sobs reverberated through his chest and every tremble made Leonel feel as though another piece of his heart was falling away.

In the end, he still wasn't strong enough. Part of the reason he wanted to avoid having children for now was because he didn't want Aina to have to deal with this very problem right here.

Leonel gently stroked her hair, the rage in his eyes slowly cooling into a heart-shuddering indifference. All that anger was suppressed into a small kernel in the depths of his mind, seemingly ready to explode at any given moment.

It took a few minutes for Aina to regain her bearings, her sniffing slowing down.

Little Nana stood to the side, her own eyes red. She wasn't exactly sure what happened, but her guesses painted enough of a picture. Still, she didn't interrupt the two.

"... I'll, go back now," Aina said softly, pulling away from Leonel's chest.

Leonel cupped her cheek, looking down at her as he wiped her tears away with a thumb.

"I'll kill them all. I promise." He spoke softly, giving her a kiss on the forehead.

Aina closed her eyes, seemingly basking in the tenderness of his lips. Slowly, her shaky breath calmed.

She suppressed her own fury, not wanting to affect the baby. She didn't know how Leonel had done it, but their Soul Bind was back. Now, there was no way any Dream Force would slip by her.

She had never had any interest in training Dream Force in the past because she didn't need it. But now she would make it her sole focus. She would never allow someone to target her baby like that again.

Soon, she vanished into the Segmented Cube.

Leonel closed his own eyes after she vanished. Digging deep, he could feel that suppressed fury. His mind was hard to control at this point and he wanted nothing more than to rush off and find who was responsible immediately.

08:09

But he knew that this wasn't possible. Whoever was strong enough to do this was more than likely one of the highest echelon members of the Four Great Families. They would certainly be under a great deal of protection.

There was even a chance that they weren't the only ones that were involved. After all, back then, the Four Great Families had to abandon their weapons for a reason. This would give another power all the chance in the world to tamper. Or, it could be the case that the Four Great Families were truly willing to collude with their masters to this extent.

Leonel wouldn't put anything past those worthless dogs.

Organizing his thoughts took more time than Leonel would usually think. After a long while, he managed to open his eyes again, looking toward Little Nana.

"Little Nana, from now on, follow your natural path and progression."

"Leonel, is everything..."

Leonel shook his head. "It's fine. Things worked out and they will pay for what they tried to do."

"... I see... I think I wasted three years, then," Nana said with a bitter smile.

She had put her everything into training the sword in these years, and her progress was less than satisfactory... and that was probably exactly what her opponents wanted. They didn't want her to have the chance to bring out the full potential of the shield.

She had thought that maybe it was because she was too useless before, but now, even though she knew it was because of external interference, she still couldn't feel at ease. Was it already too late to fix things?

Leonel walked toward her and then pressed a finger to her forehead.

Dream Path.

It was a skill that Leonel hadn't used in a very long time. Back in the Dimensional Verse, it was this skill of his Ability Index that he used to help his brothers progress more quickly by illuminating the path ahead of them.

But back then, his Simulation abilities were imperfect, and though he did help them greatly, it couldn't be said that he had given them their perfect path.

Now, however, things were different. His Ability Index had reached an unprecedented level and his Simulation abilities were perfect within reason. If his target was singular and the variables were limited, it was a simple matter... especially now that he had the other half of his Ability Index and Emperor's Might on top that. Not only was he capable of elucidating such a path, but he could bestow Titles much like King Alexandre had.

The difference between himself and King Alexandre, though... was that his bestowments were far beyond just mere Titles.

C

Chapter 3075: Thank You

Just now, what Leonel had done seemed easy, but it required entering the world of the Adurna family's Heirloom.

The Lineage Factor of the Adurna family was quite simple. It was defensive and was designed to, as one might expect, increase defenses. It was a coating of a special concentrated Force that formed a crystalline skeleton over their bodies.

The weakest version of the Lineage Factor, and the one Leonel was most familiar with, was just a coating of skin. But it could increase to the point that it coated bones and even the inner lining of organs. At the highest levels, not only would you be able to control this Force to express itself into the air or attach itself onto other Forces, but it was also possible to extend its abilities beyond simple applications of defense.

After seeing through the depth of the Adurna family Heirloom, all of these thoughts coalesced and came together for Leonel quite clearly.

He was able to see Nana's truest potential even more clearly than he could see his own thanks to this. And as a result... it only took a single point.

"Are you ready for your Title, Nana?" Leonel asked softly.

Nana nodded seriously.

Leonel smiled. It was a bit of a sad smile since the previous occurrences hadn't been completely cleared from his mind, but it was still a sincere smile nonetheless, like an older brother hoping his little sister would soar.

"We are all people of Earth..."

"But..." Nana hesitated. She was only somewhat a citizen of Earth. Though she was born there, she was technically a traitor.

Leonel's smile didn't fade, shaking his head.

"We are all people of Earth..."

Nana's large blue eyes brimmed with tears, but she just barely managed to stop them from falling.

"... In that case, I will give you a Title that reflects the people of Earth. Their stories, their myths, their hopes and dreams..."

"I'll bestow you the Title of Athena."

There was a sudden strong surge of Dream Force as the world quaked.

What Leonel didn't know was that in order for Earth to make it to the God Realm, they, and the Dimensional Verse as a whole, had to go through a great deal... the most

powerful Sub-Dimensional Zone reflected legends that Leonel could only dream of as a child.

The Greek Gods and Athena were among them, and there were many times that Earth had sent groups that were entirely wiped out due to those Gods alone.

After finally clearing this Sub-Dimensional Zone, Earth also gained their Inheritances. Right now, some of the most powerful non-ruling families of Earth relied on these Inheritances.

The Green Prime Grand Minister Family, for example, gained the Inheritance of Demeter.

There were real Gods in existence that represented this role, and though they weren't nearly as strong as Gervaise, they were powerhouses in their own right. To try and bestow someone else their Title, it would certainly require a feat, and they would also most definitely sense it.

But at the same time, this very thing allowed the Title to hold all the more power.

BOOM!

A mental block within Nana seemed to have been completely ripped apart. It was like she finally realized that she was capable of things that she had always been capable of... but had never had enough belief to follow through on.

Her strength didn't seem to have changed at all, and yet its comprehensive, cohesion, and fluidity had reached a whole other level.

At the same time, she felt that her improvement into the future would only...

BOOM!

Nana's hair began to whip about wildly, an enormous manifestation rising up behind her. It reflected herself in all its perfection.

But then, it began to change.

In one hand, she raised up a shield, gorgeous and resplendent in its crystalline light. In the other, she raised up not a weapon, but an owl. This owl exuded a pressure of wisdom, carrying the hidden intent of Nana's Ability Index. It commanded the world not with its strength, but with its wisdom. Everywhere its gaze passed by, the world seemed to freeze.

Beautiful in its simplicity, harrowing in its presence. The dichotomy played off of one another until it solidified into a single aura, one of a Goddess that looked down upon the world from above.

It took a long while before Nana's aura settled down. She had just formed a Dharma, and she felt like she was just one step away from completing her own Idol. Her power had risen to an entirely new level, one that she found hard to put into words.

Leonel nodded with satisfaction.

Guiding someone in Force Manipulation, especially when the last few stages required personal thought and breakthroughs, was incredibly difficult. If he wasn't careful, he could cut off Nana's path to improvement entirely.

But now, his Dream Force control was on a completely different level. He was able to use a combination of suggestion and tangible change to the world and mind state to make a person believe that they had comprehended it all on their own... when technically they had.

The end result was just a single step shy of what his grandfather had accomplished... but arguably far more impressive.

His grandfather used Emperor's Might to create his own Idol at just seven years old, but Leonel used his own to help someone else reach the state of Dharma. Both of these things were extremely difficult to do, but the latter was certainly on the higher end of difficulty... if one ignored age, that is.

That said, in Leonel's defense, unlike his grandfather, he hadn't been born in a perfect environment.

Nonetheless, it seemed that only time would tell whose abilities were superior.

Nana snapped out of her daze and a light of excitement lit her large blue eyes. Leonel had basically just helped her recover her wasted three years and then some. Even if she had followed her true path from the start, she wouldn't have made it so far so quickly.

"Thank you, Leonel!"

Chapter 3076: So What?

"Finished?" Leonel spoke to Anastasia.

It had been over a week since Leonel's last battle, and he had been forced to sit with his rage for a long while. But he knew that he didn't have much of a choice.

Being too eager right now would have the opposite effect. His killing intent had already leaked into the Dream Plane, and it could be said that most Dream Force experts were waiting for the other shoe to drop. But the number that knew it was him should be zero.

Leonel was no longer the same vulnerable young man he was in the past. Although he had yet to form a Dharma, his Dream Force had already reached the very limits of the Creation State. There didn't exist anyone in the world that could manipulate or see through his mind as they pleased... at least not without him noticing.

One shouldn't misunderstand what a Dharma and Idol were. Technically, the Peak of the Creation State was already the extreme of Force control, there was nothing beyond it. Rather than being a type of Force comprehension, one's Dharma or Idol were just extensions of oneself and one's understanding of oneself.

If the Creation State was the pinnacle of understanding the world, the Idol was the pinnacle of understanding oneself and carving out a place in the world that even Existence couldn't ignore.

This was all to say that Leonel's Dream Force comprehension right now might not be unmatched in power, but in terms of understanding the ins and outs of the Force, there was no one who was beyond him.

"Yes, but a lot has changed. It took too long. By the time I got to the end, the beginning had changed..." Anastasia replied, feeling a bit guilty.

The Inbetween World was too volatile, and temporary islands didn't last for long. It took Anastasia over a week to finish, so it was to be expected that much of the original landscape had already changed.

"That's okay, I expected as much already. Send it to my mind."

Even if there was a change, there would be a pattern to take advantage of. If one's temporary island was destroyed, the likelihood they would create another in the vicinity was high.

In addition, construction on an island definitely started long before one collapsed. So there would even be clues to where the next one might be even if they weren't so lazy.

"Are you sure?" Anastasia was taken aback. Usually, she had to filter out what she was seeing so that she wouldn't overwhelm Leonel's mind. But now it seemed he was asking for all of it.

Leonel smiled lightly. "Don't worry. My mind now is no longer the same as in the past."

"... Okay."

Though hesitant, Anastasia ended up complying. Ultimately, she still had some blind faith in Leonel. Because of her mental limitations, she didn't even think to start slow just in case, she just did as she was told.

Leonel hadn't wasted his hundred years of torture. That much was obvious considering his new strength, but an unexpected boon of that time were the changes to his mind.

His soul underwent constant tempering. He was forced to breakthrough in his own willpower again and again, and that directly translated to his Dream Force...

Respect and Persistence.

It was perfectly in line with his Dream Force Path. Although he wasn't able to comprehend a Dharma, that was one, because he hadn't been at the pinnacle of the Creation State at the time to begin with, and two, because of the Time Warp.

After Leonel left, not to mention triggered his Persistence again after battering against his grandfather's barrier, he broke into the Peak Creation State and all of those locked insights came flooding out at once.

It was a different sort of accumulation, and it could be said that Leonel was a bit lucky that his Dream Force could be progressed in this way, otherwise it would have been easy for his insights to become twisted by the time warp.

In the end, his Dream Force couldn't be described simply at all... in fact, this actually made it much harder for him to form a Dharma in the future because his Dream Force had simply become too powerful.

But it was also this power that gave him the capability to finally withstand Anastasia's computational ability.

Leonel sat in silence for a long time, his eyes almost dull. For a moment, Anastasia was actually worried that his soul had been obliterated.

But soon, Leonel's gaze brightened up and a powerful aura exuded from him.

This powerful aura was tempered and restrained quickly as he slowly stood to his feet.

With a step, Leonel began to gather up his brothers.

"We're going on a mission, boys," Leonel said.

"Doesn't sound like a normal mission."

Leonel grinned. "It isn't."

With a wave of his hand, he was once again wearing their uniforms, a sniper rifle appearing on his back and thick black military gear bathing him from head to toe.

"Haha!" Raj laughed to the skies. "Put me in, coach!"

"Those bastards dared to touch my little nephew..." Arnold surprisingly spoke, catching everyone off guard. Then, everyone burst into laughter at once.

"Arnold, dammit, you don't even know what the gender is yet."

Miland gave Arnold, who was already embarrassed about his little slip up, a heavy slap on the back. The big guy could only rub his nose.

"Look at him, to think the Russian mob boss would be looking forward to being an uncle. This is adorable," James spoke between bellies of laughter.

Leonel smiled, hints of warmth and coldness flashing through his eyes.

It was the same for all of his brothers. They seemed to be laughing now, but they were truly all truly infuriated.

The enemies they were facing had no morals, no bottom line, no sense of humanity. In that case, why should they care at all?

Leonel was a man who would rather save a child than give himself great power. He always had lines he would never cross...

But since they had taken things so far, so what if they all became Demons?

Chapter 3077: Hazy Memories

"What?" The news of the complete wipeout of an Adurna troop took their upper echelon off guard. It wasn't a particularly powerful troop, but the problem were the plans that were based around them.

Obviously, ever since the loss of their Heirloom, one of their main targets was Nana. The problem was that the opponent wasn't stupid, how could they not know this as well?

At the start, Nana was nowhere near the battlefield, having become a highly protected asset by the Ascension Empire. Even getting to her was a nightmare, let alone finding a method to take their Heirloom back.

But that was when they were approached by a party and something was suggested.

At first, they were infuriated. That was because this party all but admitted to tampering with their Heirloom in advance.

That was right, the suggestion left on the Heirlooms wasn't the fault of the Four Great Families at all, but rather an existence working in the background. As for exactly who that existence was, even the Four Great Families weren't 100% certain yet, and the reason for that uncertainty was because... there were too many people who wanted the Fawkes dead and gone.

Until now, they had received help, whether directly or indirectly, from the Sylvans, the Void Race, and even the Beastman Race. Those were just the large figures as well. There was still subtle hints of help coming from the newly risen God Races such as the Owlans—or rather the Minerva as they now called themselves—and even the Barbarian Race.

This shadowy figure seemed to be lurking and unwilling to reveal their identity, so this seemed to likewise point to the fact that they weren't among these few. But... that would be thinking that was too rigid.

Maybe it was precisely because their Race was already overtly helping the Four Great Families that they thought being covert now would help cover up their identity all the more.

After all, who would suspect that this hidden figure was actually part of those other Races already? Why expose themselves then, but hide themselves now?

Did they fear the Four Great Families? That was possible. Tampering with the Heirlooms was obviously crossing a bottomline. But there was something off about it...

Why did they need to reveal the fact it had been tampered with in the first place? Wouldn't that just give the Four Great Families the runway they needed to ensure that they had a countermeasure in the future?

It was all too confusing, and it made them feel as though there was a larger web at play here.

But larger web or not, it was all irrelevant... not when their plans had suddenly taken a hit.

Thanks to the suggestion, they had been able to slowly coax Nana into both following the wrong path and into the battlefield. The unfortunate part was that she was still in a fair protected region and there were too many layers of formations and armies between herself. So it was hard to send their very best at her.

They chose to take the slower route instead, carefully chiseling away at her psyche. They had been gearing up until the time was ripe to both strike and force Nana into making a tactical error. It would be a year at most before they had her in their clutches.

For an army to suddenly be wiped out in combat with her suggested that something had gone wrong. There shouldn't be anyone powerful enough in that region to do such a thing, and they should know because they kept close tabs on one another.

As restricted as the Adurna were in moving their armies, the Fawkes army was likewise just as restricted. They were essentially in a game of tug of war.

Now receiving this news, the head of the Adurna family, Nysa, couldn't help but have a gloomy expression on her face.

"I have a speculation, Head... I don't know if you'd care to hear it?" A man deep into his middle-ages spoke, his blue hair looking far lighter than the others, a sign of aging in their Four Great Families. Though... it could also be a sign of strength.

"Speak, Anemos."

"Our spies have reported that Leonel Morales has woken up and caused a great deal of commotion in the Ascension Empire. Soon after, he killed three of his cousins and his aunt. Following this, he was punished with a hundred years of military service and was shipped to this battlefield."

Nysa frowned. She had heard that Leonel Morales had woken up. Most believed that his talent was dead in the water after what the Demoness did to him. Many of their memories of exactly what occurred back then were hazy because it had been a battle of two supreme Dream Force users, even they couldn't escape their fuzzy thoughts.

But the broad strokes were sharp enough to conclude a few things.

First, Leonel was crippled. Two, the Demoness had managed to survive as the only lasting member of the Primordial Terrors faction. Three, the Celestial Terras had been suppressed within the confines of the Four God Beast Territories as it seemed that the other three God Beast factions were not happy with them for one reason or another.

As for the other details, such as the familial tie between Leonel and the Demoness, or Leonel revealing that the Demoness had been responsible for everything from start to finish... well, they had no idea.

The only person who remembered such things was Leonel himself. As for his grandfather, he hadn't even been present for that matter so he had no ability to force himself to remember.

Though there were certainly other Dream Force experts in existence strong enough to forcefully remember something the Demoness wanted them to forget, none of them had been physically present at the scene, and as such, it was impossible for them to recall something they didn't witness in the first place...

"What does this have to do with anything?" Nysa asked.

Chapter 3078: Cripple

Anemos had already expected this kind of response. There was a lot of anger toward Leonel, but they were also well aware of his strength.

Back then, he had taken advantage of several factors in order to strengthen himself, many of the details of which were incredibly hazy. However, it was enough for them to know that his power back then wasn't natural at all.

And that was when he had access to his full array of talents. What about now that he was a cripple?

One might wonder why the Demoness would even want people to know this. If others knew she had taken Leonel's talent, then it might be possible for clever individuals with powerful Dream Force to be able to reverse engineer what had happened back then.

There was also the Pluto who were still shocking powerhouses. Even El'Rion had been able to reverse time in the Dream Plane to experience what had happened in his absence... so what could the strongest members of the Pluto Race do?

There were several factors to this.

First, the Demoness was far more powerful than anyone knew. Simply put... she saw the entirety of existence as her chess board, and her pieces didn't avoid the Pluto Race. She actively used them when it suited her needs. She feared no one.

And second... this wasn't her intention in the first place.

The reason Leonel could be known as a cripple now was because he had survived when he shouldn't have. Not only that, but his survival was tied to the death of one of the three strongest existences of the Ascension Empire.

This was all to say that it was impossible to make hazy the memory of Leonel becoming a cripple because him being alive was evidence enough, and the people the Ascension Empire could never forget their First Imperial Princess.

The moment they wondered why it was their shining beacon had died, they would remember that it was in order to save her son, and they would, by extension understand that Leonel was a cripple as a result.

The reason this was so important was because this was also the lynchpin that Leonel was using to recall everything as well.

No matter how powerful the Demoness' Dream Force, it was impossible for her to make Leonel forget his own mother... and so long as he remembered that smiling face, there would come a day he got his revenge.

By extension of all of these matters, the world knew as well.

Ironically, this was also even more important for Leonel's survival. It was because this idea of him being a cripple pervaded that the God Races had never truly gone all out to crush him.

With this background, it was clear why Nya and many of the other elders that were present couldn't help but look toward Anemos with a weird glint in their eyes.

Anemos looked around and sighed. None of the Four Great Families specialized in Dream Force, all of their skills were combat oriented. Originally, they were meant to be secondary protectors of the Human Race, following after the Envoys. As such, they were warriors.

As such, it was difficult for the few among them who did have a strong understanding of Dream Force to explain such matters. Anemos was even partly convinced that from the very beginning, the Four Great Families were too susceptible to manipulation precisely because of this great weakness.

"I want to say that I do not think that it is a coincidence that this matter occurred mere hours after Leonel was scheduled to arrive on the battlefield.

"Even if you take this boy as a cripple, his intelligence cannot be underestimated. All things considered, he stood on a battlefield of Gods at the mere Sixth Dimension. Even if he's become weaker now..."

"As far as I know, his crippling extends to his mind. Without his foundation of Dream Force talents to rely on, even the Life Tablet is useless in his hands." Another elder interjected.

A fiery discussion suddenly sparked before Nysa put a hand up.

"That's enough. Finish what you want to say Anemos. Let's say I accept that this was the fault of Leonel Morales. What would you have us do?"

"We need to start tracking odd occurrences. Assuming that it is Leonel Morales, we can conclude that he has a very rare spatial treasure capable of transporting large numbers of living beings in an instant.

"I was confused as to why the Fawkes did not take it from him as it would be an invaluable war weapon, but it is very likely that it has made an appearance.

"We need to find a way to track his movement patterns and kill him swiftly."

In an Inbetween World of this caliber, most spatial devices didn't work properly. Those that were powerful enough tended to only be capable of carrying inanimate, non-living objects.

It also had to be remembered that just in order to carry a single Ninth Dimensional existence in the first place, a spatial device would have to both be capable of carrying living things, and be extraordinarily powerful.

Without this, it would be impossible for them to be of any use.

It could be said that the Segmented Cube was the only treasure in existence capable of doing such a thing. It was worthy of being the Magnum Opus of the Fallen Minerva Race even if it was a failed product in Leonel's eyes.

When Anemos said this, far more people accepted it. If it wasn't Leonel, but rather Leonel's treasure doing all of this, it would make far more sense.

"Lay out your plan in more detail." Nysa spoke again.

"Yes..."

Anemos began to lay out everything as he saw it and their eyes became brighter and brighter.

Just as Nysa was about to adjourn the meeting so that they could go execute, a cold, shadowy aura suddenly appeared.

Nysa's eyes sharpened as he recognized it. This was the aura of the mysterious figure.

"Things have changed," a raspy voice spoke out. "My suggestion has been destroyed."

Nysa's eyes opened wide.

Chapter 3079: A Cripple?

The shock was palpable.

No one here was a fool. In order for them to even listen to such a mysterious figure in the first place, they had to have displayed an adequate level of power, one that made the Four Great Families wary at the very least.

They dared to make an enemy of Gervaise, and that was enough to speak about their level of overall power. For them to choose to team up with someone who had tampered with their Heirlooms instead of going all out to eradicate them, one could imagine the level of strength this shadowy figure had to have displayed.

How could such a person's suggestion be overridden so easily?

That was just the first problem. A far more shocking thing was the implication that, in order to destroy the suggestion in the first place, it had to be found. That was a whole other layer of difficulty.

Was it even possible for a person to do such a thing? The Heirlooms were the most important items in all the Four Great Families and yet they had no idea that they had been tampered with; how could someone else figure it out before they did?

The only explanation seemed to be that there was some internal struggle going on within the power this shadowy figure was from, but why would they go so far as to destroy something like this? This didn't seem to help them either. Wouldn't it be better to take advantage of such a carefully laid plan?

That was when the shadowy figure continued to speak and their eyes opened wide.

"It was Leonel Morales."

They didn't know how to take this information, but it was no doubt the truth since this shadowy figure had no reason to lie to them, or to make such a bold statement.

Still, Nysa had no choice but to ask.

"How do you know this?"

"You don't need to know. All you need to do is understand your target, their weaknesses, and take advantage accordingly."

With a flick of their hands, an object fell and landed in Nysa's palm.

"Use this." The shadowy figure continued to speak. "His Dream Force level is far beyond yours. Without this, you will suffer greatly."

After saying these things, the figure vanished.

The figure had only ever admitted to tampering with the Adurna family's Heirloom. None of them knew that they had actually tampered with all four of them.

Of course, the other families had still done their own checks after finding out about this matter, but they hadn't been able to find anything. If they were aware of this, the so-called Four Great Families would be even more shocked by Leonel's feat.

By now, with this said, it was obvious why it was that the figure was able to figure out that it was Leonel. That wasn't because they had sensed Leonel, but rather because the suggestion on Leonel's child had disappeared around the same time that all-pervading killing intent spread through the Dream Plane.

There was no doubt that that killing intent was aimed toward this shadowy figure and the Four Great Families. And after sensing it, the figure couldn't help but feel a frighteningly cold chill pervade their spine.

They had never sensed such unbridled fury before, and this was in the case that Leonel's child had come out unharmed.

What would have happened had they fully succeeded? For the first time, the shadowy figure felt hints of relief that their plan didn't work out as expected. Otherwise...

It was hard to tell just what might have happened to the landscape of the God Realm.

What others didn't know was that Leonel had only lost to the Demoness for a single reason: she started planning long before he did, and he had lived decades of his life without even knowing of her existence.

But now, after his first true death, he had already been expended as a piece on her chess board. There was no one in existence left that was capable of reining him in.

'It should be enough,' the shadowy figure thought, looking back toward the Four Great Families, thinking of the item they had left behind.

Dream Force experts were on the scale of the God Realm were truly fearsome. In fact, it was a very good thing that there were no official God Races that specialized in Dream Force any longer. Otherwise, it would likely be extremely difficult for any other powers to rise in their presence, at least not without being manipulated in ways they couldn't fathom.

The Fawkes Family was still much too small, while the Dream Asuras, whether by design or not, was still very much a Demi-God Race unless the other Demi-Gods who almost all took the opportunity to take that final step.

Still, while there were no Races on a large enough scale that specialized in this Force, there were still extraordinary experts. Much like how the dangers of Spatial Force were

contended against with various formations and counters, powerful families and powers all had the capability of combating the worst Dream Force had to offer.

Some methods were more potent than others, and likewise, some cost a pretty penny just to put into action.

Given that this environment was an Inbetween World, the difficulty of countering Dream Force was exceptionally high because the cost of using Dream Force in the first place was extremely high.

It could be said that Leonel had only been able to succeed so easily in countering the suggestion precisely because they were in the Inbetween World. However, this was still what shocked the shadowy figure the most and caused them to make such a sacrifice.

So long as Leonel dared to rely on his Dream Force to start forcing large scale changes, he would be ensnared and pinned down. At that point, the shadowy figure would take personal action.

A cripple? Even if Leonel was that, he was too dangerous to allow to live for a moment longer.

Chapter 3080: Chaos

Leonel stood in silence, overlooking an island. Moments ago, this island couldn't be said to be vibrant, but it had been bustling with life. Now, however, it was burning in an inferno of flames, slowly sinking into the thick black waters below. There was a light of indifference in his eyes, one that looked down on the world as though no amount of death or destruction could faze him. And yet, that was in direct contrast to the beautiful fluttering violet lights around him.

In his hundred years of seclusion, Leonel had only really been able to focus on himself. The pain of constantly tempering his body with Weapon Forces was obvious enough, but what it taught him a lot about was the state of his body. What was interesting about this approach was that it came with an ingenuity and understanding of his current condition that only those with Clairvoyance could match...

But it also made Leonel realize that his Control Ability Index was exactly that but a step beyond. Clairvoyance was to understand what your body needed and when. But his Control Ability Index, when taken to its logical extreme, was about shifting the state of the body to suit the needs of himself at any given time.

Aina was following along the path most suitable for herself, but Leonel was able to take the reins and shift courses when it was necessary. The difference between Leonel and

Aina was that even before her death, her Ability Index was incredibly potent. After her death, her Ability Index became mind-numbingly strong.

In just the three years Leonel had spent out, she had already progressed to her seventh Rebirth, having stepped into the Ninth Dimension while he was unconscious. Her current strength, if not for the baby, was certainly enough to strike fear, and there was no doubt that her name had come with quite a bit of terror whenever it was spoken these days.

Leonel, however... well, his Ability Index, he was now realizing, was never actually his strong suit. It had only become extremely powerful over the course of his journey thanks to the techniques he created for it, and most importantly, his natural Dream Force talent.

It had to be remembered that all Ability Indexes came in five stages, with the fifth being exclusive to Savants. Some people automatically awakened theirs to the fourth stage. If you were a Savant, you would automatically awaken it to the fifth.

But now that Leonel thought back... his Ability Index awoke at the first stage. He had taken the C-Grade that the Ascension Empire's watch had given him to be a joke or a mistake, especially since not long afterward, his Ability Index began to display more and more powerful skills.

But now that he had recontextualized everything, and especially knowing everything his grandfather would have known about the extended Dimensional Verse and beyond... How could Gervaise have made such a mistake?

It could be said that if Leonel was born with his Ability Index alone, without any of his other supporting Dream Force talents, his Dream Force affinity would be classified as middling or even worse than that.

However, because he had the Northern Star Lineage Factor, because he had Dream Asura Blood, because he was a Wise Star Order, because he had King's Might, because he had both Dream Asura Lineage Factors... His Dream Force talent overruled what Existence gifted him in an Ability Index, allowing it to soar, quickly moving from the first stage, to the second, and eventually the very pinnacle of the fourth.

It was quite funny when he thought about it... it had actually taken him so long to figure that out mostly because of his own personal arrogance.

But the question was... why was all that important now? What did it even have to do with the current situation?

The reality was that Leonel could be said to be the first person in history to become a Savant by forceful means. His Dream Force talent was so high, and he pushed against the fourth stage's ceiling so hard, that he eventually broke right through.

When he did so, he gained a vision that allowed him to see the other side of the coin, the opposing party to his Control Ability Index, King Alexandre's...

However, this still didn't explain why this was important now.

Leonel looked at the violet lights fluttering around him. For the first time, he really looked at them.

All his life, there had been two forces pushing and pulling at him. One of them was a dense crimson energy that seemed to want to destroy all things... the other was a beautiful violet energy that wanted to nurture and heal.

Leonel never really understood what they were. He thought the crimson energy only came from his near failed attempt to awaken his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor, while the violet came from a mutation in his King's Might.

What was funny was that... he was right. That was exactly where these energies came from. Happenstance and the gambling of nature.

And because of that gamble, he was able to

see things, feel things, understand things that most could never dream of.

From the very beginning, the strength he needed to jump off the Demoness' chess board was right in front of him, two complete variables that she had never considered before.

Leonel still remembered the small light of surprise in the Demoness' eyes when she fought him in Flaura's body. Back then, he had been too enraged to even care and thought it was related to the fact he had touched upon True Destruction back then.

But after those hundred grueling years, Leonel realized that this wasn't the case.

He was a unique combination of Destruction and Creation forced into a single body... He had always been. And because of that, he could touch onto a concept that hadn't been seen since the beginning of time.

Chaos.

The improbability of life, the chance for predictions to veer so wildly off course that even the sharpest minds couldn't keep up, a complete wild card.

Being this wildcard was what allowed him to break the rule of the fourth stage... And he was only getting started with breaking rules.

The first was his Weapon Force Constitution.

The second was his Weapon Force Innate Node, the very first of its kind.

The third was his now God Childe-level Ability Index.

The fourth was controlling Anarchic Force to fuse with his own Forces in battle.

And the fifth...

Well, it was going to give his enemies a very bad time.

Protections against Dream Force? What a joke.