

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 3081: Heirlooms

The number of military encampments that Leonel and his brothers destroyed was only growing. Every time they acted, it was swift and decisive, and their advantage couldn't be described in just a few words. Of course, that had to be the case; a squad of barely more than ten was continuously taking down armies numbered in the thousands at worst, so there had to be a secret to it.

Obviously, that secret was twofold...

First, Leonel had a God Beast of Destruction by his side. This world was practically Blackstar's oyster.

And second... he knew how to pick his targets. Why would he go to a place he wasn't sure he could wipe out just yet? He didn't care how weak they were, whether they were a distraction or a vanguard, he didn't even care if they were forcefully enlisted from the ranks of the Four Great Families.

He killed them all.

By the time they got support, Leonel and his brothers were already long gone and no information seemed capable of reaching the ears of his enemies.

Until now, they were still under the impression that Leonel was leading large armies for the Fawkes, swiftly killing them all with overwhelming numbers. Never could they have realized that all Leonel was doing was with nothing more than a few brothers of his own.

A week later, they returned to Nana's army.

...

"Do the scan again," Leonel said while speaking with Anastasia. They had no choice but to return because the last few islands they visited were too off the mark. So obviously, Anastasia's previous scan had become outdated. But that was fine.

This was also well within Leonel's expectations.

"How is it?" Leonel moved to Nana's side after ensuring that Anastasia had everything under control.

In this last week, she had had the time to get used to the Dream Path and make some progress. Leonel was already eyeing an Incomplete World for her to absorb, but getting to it was going to take an extra bit of effort.

For now, it would at least be another week or two.

"Great!" Nana said with a hint of cheer in her voice. "I feel like I've made more progress in seven days than I've made in the last ten years."

Leonel smiled. "Show me."

Nana nodded seriously, beads of sweat still running down her forehead. It was clear that she had been doing everything in her power to not disappoint Leonel.

After having received so much help from him, if she couldn't at least hold up her end of the bargain, wouldn't she be too useless?

She pressed two fingers together and held them up before her chest. The Adurna shield flew from her back and suddenly vibrated before separating into hundreds of clones at once.

Nana flew into the skies with a slow cadence, her petite frame looking like a little ladybug caught in a windstorm. And yet, she was firm as all the power accumulated around her.

Leonel's pupils constricted.

Those hundreds of shields formed a honeycomb pattern and covered hundreds of kilometers both left, right, above, and below.

Can she really defend such a large area all on her own?

Leonel's gaze flickered for a moment and then he threw out a punch.

BANG!

The fist energy rebounded against the wall.

Leonel nodded once, flipped a palm to reveal a spear of energy, and then struck out casually.

BANG!

The energy rebounded again.

Now, Leonel was a hint serious. He was targeting not the core of the formation of shields, but rather the edges. Theoretically, they should be the weakest, and yet they hardly shifted.

His grip on his spear tightened just a little bit more as his gaze flashed.

He took a step forward and thrust out again, a valiant momentum surging around him.

BOOM!

The array of shields shook, but in the end, they maintained their state.

Leonel's eyes couldn't help but brighten. These Heirlooms... they were stronger than he expected. If they could increase Nana's strength by this much, it was truly shocking.

Nana was barely a talent better than his own brothers before he gave them Incomplete Worlds to devour the insight of. She was good enough to get some attention from the branch levels of the Adurna family, but she ultimately came from an "Impure" line and didn't have the greatest talent.

Compared to Leonel and Aina, she was far inferior.

For her to block his attention like that when the power was dispersed over such a large region, it was truly shocking. But what happened afterward was more shocking.

Nana's blue hair began to dance in the wind and her bright blue eyes only became brighter.

"Bind."

Her delicate voice spread over a long region, and one of the many shields blinked out of existence.

Leonel felt a pressure descend onto him, and his body was frozen in place.

His Dream Force shook and shattered it apart, but then Nana spoke again.

This time, several more shields moved out, layering Leonel in Bind after Bind as though the laws of the world were moving to the whims of Nana's words.

Leonel was still able to bear it at three, and even at nine, he could still forcefully shatter it apart with just a little bit more effort.

But the more they layered, the more he realized that he was slowly facing off against an insurmountable mountain.

'Fascinating... so this is a Path of Crafting as well, that's where these treasures get all their power from...'

Leonel felt waves of enlightenment hitting him as he stood in a bit of a daze.

Up in the skies, Nana became flustered, feeling that she might have accidentally harmed Leonel. She hurried to disperse her shields, rushing to his side to see if there was anything that she could do to fix things.

But when she got close, she somehow felt that Leonel was a world away, as though he was untouchable to her even though he stood right there.

Suddenly, Leonel's eyes brightened.

Chapter 3082: Law Spirit

Leonel understood something after seeing the true Adurna shield in action. Before, Nana had been just using it like a normal shield, albeit an extremely powerful one. She attached it to her arm and used it to directly block blows from enemies.

Honestly speaking, even while being used like this, the Heirloom was extremely powerful. It could absorb blows far beyond Nana's strength, allowing her the sturdiness to not even need to take a step back.

However, this wasn't where the true strength of the Heirloom lay.

It all clicked for Leonel when he remembered one very important thing: the spirit.

It could be said that the outer appearance of the Heirlooms was just a shell. It could practically be anything so long as it was sturdy enough.

But what really shocked Leonel was that the spirits were almost like the embodiment of a law, more complicated than an Edict, less potent and lacking in depth compared to a World Spirit.

The spirit of these weapons was essentially capable of exerting an influence of its own rules onto the world, and when you learned to communicate and convene with this Law Spirit, you could then begin exhibiting the truest strength of the treasure.

The Adurna family's Law Spirit seemed only capable of doing one thing: Defending. But this wasn't exactly the correct way to describe it. Rather, one needed to take a step back and realize that whether it was Force or the body of its wielder, the Law Spirit always had to be attached to something.

Rather than saying it practiced the Law of Defense, it would be more accurate to say that it practiced the Law of Reinforcement.

It could reinforce the skin, the bone, the inner organs... even one's Force.

Just like the Adurna family Lineage Factor! In fact, the two were extensions of one another!

'It's almost like an Idol concentrated into a weapon... it's a beautiful feat of Crafting...'

What Nana had realized was that this Law Spirit was likewise highly compatible with her Ability Index.

Nana's Bind Ability Index was a form of Reinforcement as well. It convened with the laws of the world and her words in order to bind her opponents, reinforcing the world around them until they couldn't move. If anything, her Bind Ability Index was just a higher form of Reinforcement, capable of more flexibility and application...

That was because she couldn't just bind people to stand in a single spot; she could bind the laws themselves, limiting access to certain Forces, restraining Ability Indexes, and even Lineage Factors.

When the two came together, she was able to display a great deal of power, the likes of which the Adurna family Heirloom had never been able to experience before.

The irony was that this was all because of her Ability Index, something that was inherently non-hereditary. The Four Great Families could breed themselves until the end of the world and still have no guarantee of displaying this sort of compatibility.

In the distant past, Leonel had always wondered about Ability Indexes; they had no rhyme or reason, and even when family members shared some characteristics of them, it was purely coincidental.

However, he had come to the conclusion that Ability Indexes were like Existence pressing its weight on the scale of evolution, giving other powers chances to rise up and shifting the balance of the world.

Now, that was only all the more clear.

Leonel's bright gaze looked toward Nana. "I see you're focused on large-scale defense?"

Nana nodded, lowering her head.

"I can see your intentions, but don't focus too much on that stuff. If the power of the spirit wasn't so dispersed, your strength would be several times greater. Even if you want to help a large amount of people, you need to first be able to protect yourself."

Leonel smiled, rubbing her head. It was an action he couldn't help but do. She was far older than him by now, but he really couldn't look at her as anything other than the little girl from back then.

She had been carrying a burden for a long time, ever since she was a child. But now she was worried about worrying about the wrong things.

The reason those people wanted her to go down the wrong path was because she was the danger. If she spent too much time trying to protect a large amount of people, it would be slightly better, but still worse off than she could be.

What she needed right now was the strongest power in her hand.

"You've seen for yourself how compatible your Ability Index is with the Adurna shield. You're best suited for it. Take that to heart and display its fullest potential."

After Leonel finished speaking, he flipped a palm and the Brazinger Heirloom appeared in his hand.

"Watch." He said lightly.

He stared at the ax for a long while. Slowly, his eyes began to turn a fierce shade of red, crimson veins rushing up his arms in eerie patterns that looked as though he had been poisoned.

Leonel had realized that if the Adurna shield had such a Law Spirit, then the Brazinger ax certainly did as well.

He had been wondering what it was. Destruction, maybe? But no, that wasn't it. If it was he would have noticed this long ago. It was something else entirely... something more complex.

Rather than a Law of the Body like one might expect, it was actually a Law of the Mind.

To fight without Limits. No... to fight without a care for tomorrow.

The Law Spirit of the Brazinger Family Heirloom could only be the strongest in Aina's hands, that was because much like Blood Force, it took control of your Life Force, expelling it out all at once rather than in increments and over time.

It broke the protective limitations of your mind, giving you the greatest power... But if it was applied to a Weapon Force.

A raging intent stormed out of the blade and Leonel began to laugh.

"If I say you're a spear, then you're a spear."

Chapter 3083: You Win

****BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!****

There was a certain violence to the battle ax at the moment, something that seemed to seep into the world around it and savagely break apart everything.

Leonel casually swung it and cracks of crimson appeared across space everywhere it passed.

After seeing Nana in action, he realized something else. As good as Nana's Heirloom was for her own Ability Index, the Brazinger Heirloom might be even better for his own.

"Silence."

Leonel spoke lightly as suddenly a span of thousands of kilometers was blanketed by a stretch of jagged crimson runes. All at once, the sounds of the world fell to silence, and when Nana gasped in shock, fear struck her when she realized she couldn't hear her own words.

The result was as expected.

Much like the body had limits, so too did the world. A planet in an Incomplete World had limited lifespans, so too did stars. In Complete Worlds, those lifespans were far longer, but they existed as well.

World Spirits and Regulators existed as a form of regulation for worlds much the same as Blood Force did for humans. They were all filters to stop a world or a body from rushing to expend all its Life Force at once.

In fact, it could be said that this was even more important for a world because it had even more to manage.

The people born in a world had to be given an equal amount of potential, and when they died their potential had to be taken back from the world.

There needed to be a balance of Force Herbs born and powerful landscapes created. It could even be said that if there wasn't any regulation, there would be nowhere people could even live because the landscapes would be too powerful.

Because of these protections, worlds were exceptionally resistant to change.

They protected their Earth Force stringently, making Earth Force one of the most difficult Forces to make use of. And that only made sense. After all, Earth Force was what laid the foundation that allowed Forces to remain bound to a world.

And by extension of this, whenever Leonel cast an Edict or tried to influence a world with his Dream Force, he was fighting against the world itself.

With their regulations in place, how could a world allow him to change it so easily?

And that was where the Brazinger family Heirloom came into play. If he used it to influence a world, breaking its hold on the Life Force around, it would be far easier to manipulate it as he pleased.

What Leonel had never imagined was that this was even possible to begin with.

'The Self... I see...'

The Self Path was self-created by his father, it was something that shouldn't exist in this world at all.

However, it seemed that whoever Crafted these Heirlooms had reached such an extreme of the Life Path that they were able to cross over and touch the edges of his father's Self Path.

The Self Path was the only thing that could allow this. No matter how great a Life Grade Weapon, it was something that was in line with the laws of the world, it couldn't create its own world or its own laws, it had to rely on what already existed.

This also meant something else...

Leonel didn't have to reach the level of skill of this Crafter just yet in order to replicate the feat on a smaller scale. Even if the scale wouldn't be the same, the power surely wouldn't be able to be ignored.

If Leonel applied this properly, his Crafts would take another enormous leap forward.

As for the battle ax... well, since his wife wasn't fighting any battles for now, he might as well borrow it for a bit.

He wasn't worried about its shape. If there was anything the Spear Domain Ring had taught him, it was that a spear had too many forms it could take.

He had seen "spears" that were more like crooked branches, ones that looked more like glaives, double-headed ones, ones that even extended from chains...

They were too numerous in shape and size.

What decided whether something was a spear or not wasn't the form, it was how it was wielded and the heart of its wielder.

****SHIIING!****

A ring appeared around the base of the blade, a golden light getting out in between the double blades to form a point. Suddenly, it looked more like a halberd than a spear.

Leonel casually thrust out and...

****BANG!****

The net of crimson that covered thousands of miles shattered to pieces, motes of light falling high from the skies.

Leonel pulled back and rested the ax on his shoulder.

"Well, what's mine is hers and what's hers is mine anyway." Leonel said with a grin.

"That's not how it works," Aina's voice echoed in his head. "It's what's yours is mine and what's mine is mine. I can see you've never had a wife before."

Leonel scoffed. "Would you want me to have?"

"You wouldn't dare."

He could practically hear Aina's scowl in her words.

"I dunno, maybe she would be less selfish."

"I can be as selfish as I want. It's hard carrying a child."

Leonel's lip twitched. They weren't even through month one just yet and Aina was really milking this.

Funny enough, it probably wasn't her fault. Other mothers wouldn't feel any drain for at least a few months. Well, other than some sickness from time to time.

But then there was Aina who was practically giving all of her Life Force to their child from the very start.

"Fine, fine, you win."

Leonel could already see the rest of his life flash before his eyes. He might never win another argument again.

But that was fine. So long as his child was born plump and healthy...

And for that, some heads would have to roll. They had already long since touched his bottom line... so he was going to eviscerate theirs.

Chapter 3084: Rendezvous

"There."

Leonel and his brothers stood shrouded in darkness, having been pulled into Blackstar's Shadow World together. In these last few weeks, Leonel had sent out a ton of probing strikes. But as he had said, his main goal wasn't to win this war, at least not yet. As much as he wanted to, that just wasn't possible. The opponents he was facing was too powerful, and presumably, whoever was helping them in the background was even more powerful. He had destroyed so many islands and troops by now, but not only had he only been able to target the Adurna family, but he had hardly left a dent in their forces. His ten-person squad wasn't enough.

His main goal, first and foremost, was to find out who was helping them behind the scenes, and if he wanted to do that... he would have to apply a lot more pressure than this. Well, the matter of who was less important than the matter of how. The who was obvious. It would be some combination of the Sylvans, the Void Race, and maybe even the Minerva. However, the how... that was what was really spurring Leonel on. The Four Great Families seemed to have an ability to react to the greatest of dangers with swift and decisive action. Three times now the Fawkes had had the chance to wipe them out, but every time they managed to pull something at the last minute. Leonel had a pretty good idea how that could be possible. But he would love to confirm it personally for reason that would likely be clear very soon. ...

Ahead of them, as the group stood there, it seemed that they were staring out into an endless darkness. They all stood there in silence, not speaking a word and not having their usual banter. For the first time in their battle, Drake was present. Until now, they hadn't been using him, mostly because the aura of a God was unmistakable and he didn't have the ability to hide himself that Blackstar did. If they were too casual with using him, he would be detected too far ahead of time. But now... it seemed that Leonel didn't mind it. That was only made more obvious by the fact that Nana was with them as well. At that moment, the silent blackness rippled. Leonel's eyes seemed to light up as though a slumbering beast was waking up. The Brazinger Heirloom on his shoulder trembled and red, jagged veins began to grow down the length of his arm. But he still didn't move. The ripples became greater until two figures stepped out, one with green hair and eyes, the other with golden hair and eyes. The former was a man while the

latter was a woman, and the two of them had a very obvious hint of rosiness to their cheeks. Though their clothing was immaculate, and there was nothing out of place, Leonel could tell immediately what he was seeing. A secret rendezvous. The man pinched the woman's ass and she slapped his hand away before the two shot in different directions. There was a reason such a relationship had to be secret. The Four Great Families were obsessed with pure bloodlines, but that also included one another. In fact, probably the greatest taboo, even worse than bearing a child outside of the families, was to bear one from one another. If such a relationship was found out, the both of them would be killed. And the irony was... this relationship would do a far greater harm to their cause than just a child out of wedlock. Leonel took a step forward after they were gone and his brothers quickly followed. They appeared where the ripple had opened up, but there didn't seem to be anything here at all... Seem was the operative word. The Heirloom left Leonel's shoulder and he suddenly thrust forward. Before, it would have taken him quite some effort to do this, but after learning the secret of the Heirloom. "Open."

His voice was gruff and filled with a dense murderous intent as though he hadn't spoken in years. Jagged red runes filled the darkness and suddenly the ripple opened up once more. The group stepped through, and when their vision cleared, they found themselves in the middle of nowhere. There was an endless desert plain in all directions. However, Leonel had already expected this. If they immediately transported into enemy territory, those two lovers wouldn't have had such rosy faces. Otherwise, they would have long since been caught. This place was a world of the Four Great Families. In order for there to be a battle in the Inbetween Worlds, there obviously had to be a way to get there. However, the power of God Realms made this more complicated than it seemed. That said, this complication made it easier to protect their worlds. The Ascension Empire hadn't been able to bring the battle to their doorstep just yet because they couldn't find a gateway inside. But Leonel had. After analyzing three different maps created by Anastasia, he had deduced where it had to be. "Go, Anastasia. Let them know we've arrived."

Anastasia's powerful senses immediately flared out and covered the entire world. Unlike the Inbetween World that took her a week to scan completely, she finished in a single instant this time. All at once, the information was projected into Leonel's brain and deduced everything. A savage grin spread across Leonel's face, his fury reaching higher and higher until it practically became tangible. The Sylvans. Leonel stomped a foot and shot off in a certain direction.

At that moment, in a far off distance, an ancient tree was standing tall and proud. All the nutrients in the region seemed to be sucked up by it, leaving most of the surrounding land desolate. It had been in a calm meditation, ignoring the world, when it suddenly sensed a powerful sense sweep over it. 'Not good.'

The Sylvan immediately began the process of uprooting itself, knowing it would be vulnerable in this state. But Leonel had already appeared over the horizon, a bloody pillar of light jetting out from him.

Chapter 3085: About

Drake suddenly came to a stop in the air, raising up his sniper rifle high and firing three shots. They whizzed forward with a pace almost akin to teleportation, slicing by Leonel's figure with a close shave that practically exuded endless confidence. Before Leonel could even arrive before the large Sylvan doing its best to unroot itself, the strikes got there first.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The three bullets drilled into the body of the Sylvan, exploding with the force of bombs and gouging out large pieces of its bark. A roar of rage and pain filled the skies. Many birds that had perched in the Sylvan's canopy fluttered, shooting into the skies.

However, while many of them seemed to be meaningless, Leonel's gaze flashed. Suddenly, the character of his Spear Force changed, becoming a dense collection of silvery light. Star Force and Spatial Force came together, and high in the skies, a Constellation formed, casting the world in darkness as the figure of the Morales stood tall and powerful.

SHHUUU! PUCHI! Leonel's body suddenly changed directions, shooting up into the skies.

He seemed to become a blade of silvery gold light. With a flash, he cut into space, vanishing and appearing several kilometers into the skies in a single instant. One of the birds in the skies was bisected, falling down in a rain of blood.

The roar of pain became layered, increasing in volume. Without Leonel saying a single thing, his brothers got the message. They flared out and Drake repositioned his sniper rifle.

Disks of metal flew from Allan's back as he unholstered two desert eagles. With a click, he aimed them both forward as those disks of metal shredded several birds apart.
BANG!

BANG! He unleashed a rain of fire. The birds tried to dodge, but the metal plates exuded an electromagnetic field, pulling the bullets in a curve according to Allan's will and ripping their skulls apart.

Raj shot into the air on a surface diamond. He slapped his belly once and a reverberating echo roared through the world. In that instant, the earth that the Sylvan was trying to pull itself out of solidified, becoming harder and harder, and eventually starting to constrict its very flow of energy.

Crimson lightning sparked around Gil. He unleashed the pace of a Speedster, pulling out a single desert eagle. He didn't even bother to aim and shoot, he cut through space as though it wasn't even there, appearing beneath a bird and blasting a hole through the bottom of its beak and out the top of its head.

Milan and James roared at the same time. Standing shoulder to shoulder, they slammed out a fist toward one another. The instant their knuckles met, a surging energy covered the battlefield.

The skies were suddenly covered in a dome of reflective gold, and it was then that Little Nana seemed to realize that this was her turn. She also let out a delicate shout, the Adurna shield on her back vibrating as the dome Milan and James formed became honeycombed. BANG!

BANG! BANG! Several birds trying to escape crashed right into this enormous barrier, exploding by the force of their own escape.

A rain of blood fell from the skies as Joel, Arnold, and Franco all appeared by the trunk of the Sylvan. They all unleashed their attacks at once. Joel slashing out with his glaive, Arnold slapping out with his palms, and Franco unleashing a furious whip of a hammer.

It seemed that Franco had finally decided to take advantage of his strength Ability Index, carrying around a hammer so large that the flat of its head alone was larger than even his body. The three took the vanguard of the attack, unleashing a furious rain of attacks that suffocated the roaring Sylvan. High in the skies, Leonel's spear continued to dance.

Everywhere he appeared, a shriek echoed soon after. He was absolutely relentless. Each one of these birds had the power of the Eighth Dimension at worst, many of them were at the Ninth, and yet it was like they had no combat power at all... because that was precisely the case.

The moment Leonel laid eyes on them, he realized what they were. A contingency plan. The Sylvan had hidden it carefully, but it couldn't possibly hide from Leonel.

The Sylvans knew about their own greatest weakness, so how could they not be prepared for it? These birds were an extension of what Leonel assumed was the Sylvan's Ability Index. He had managed to fuse it with a Lineage Factor and a personally created technique to split his soul into several beings.

Every time Leonel killed one of these birds, he was killing another piece of the Sylvan. "THIS SON OF A BITCH IS ABOUT TO BREAK FREE!" Raj roared out. He wasn't yet a God like Drake was. The fact that he had held out for so long just went to show how much improvement he had made.

But if things continued like this, the Sylvan would break free and begin to exhibit its true combat power. The look in Leonel's gaze, however, was still a calm icy coldness hiding a smoldering fire of fury. He appeared high above the Sylvan, ignoring the birds for now.

With a point of his arm, the Brazinger Heirloom suddenly began to tremble. Veins of red appeared, spreading across the ground like a cancerous tumor. "Sink." Leonel said coldly. BOOM!

The Sylvan's body, which had been about to pull itself out of the earth, almost lost all of its height. It was forced into the ground, its canopy, once high in the skies, almost being crushed against the sandy dunes it had created. Earth Force swirled around Leonel and he grasped onto Raj's hardened earth. "Harden." "Solidify." "Constrain." BOOM!

BOOM! BOOM! ROAR!

The Sylvan roared like a madman, but it was entirely unable to do even a single thing. Leonel's spear spun in his hands, his Dream Force flaring. Then, he thrust out.

Chapter 3086: Too Late

BANG! Leonel's spear pierced through the heart of the Sylvan. Its body writhed and shook, its fury palpable.

"I know this isn't enough to kill you," a savage grin spread across Leonel's indifferent features. "You're probably thinking about your revenge, is that it? You think you're too powerful, too untouchable, maybe this isn't even your main body?"

Leonel twisted his spear and the screams became worse.

"Nono, I think they're all your main bodies. Is that it?"

Leonel couldn't even see the face of the Sylvan while it was in this form. Its true body was probably somewhere deep within this monstrosity, but it had no ability to separate itself from this situation. It was already far too late for that.

The reason the Sylvans were so vulnerable in this state was because it was the state they entered when they wanted to either monitor a large area to deduce something, or absorb a large amount of energy. Usually, it was a combination of both that varied depending on the situation.

In order to do this, they were essentially extending their Life Force into the world around them, then forming a bridge between themselves and the world.

On the one hand, that put everything that happened in a world in their purview. They were probably even better than Anastasia in this regard because rather than scanning everything one by one, for all intents and purposes, the world was them and they were the world.

This was the fearsomeness of Sylvans.

And yet, on the other hand, it also left them extremely vulnerable.

The only reason this Sylvan dared to do this here was because it was confident in how well hidden this world was, and it was also confident that the Four Great Families wouldn't dare to touch him.

What he couldn't have ever expected was that their Dream Force countermeasures would be worthless against Leonel.

While they thought that they had properly restrained him, he had been observing them all the while, and he found the perfect time to strike out and crush them all.

"You Sylvans truly overestimate yourselves. You had no reason to get involved in this conflict. You could have let someone else take the brunt of my wrath for you.

"Yet, you insisted on dipping your toes into these hellish waters. You tell me. Was it worth it?"

Violet smoke billowed from Leonel's feet and the corners of his eyes. At the same time, his destructive aura skyrocketed, the Constellation high in the skies only growing in strength.

"Nana, come here." Leonel suddenly said, not caring or wanting to hear the words the Sylvan might have to say."

Nana rushed over, beads of sweat falling down her little face. She was a bit confused about what Leonel might want, but what happened next shocked her.

Veins of red began to surge across the bark of the Sylvan and the screams that had just died down erupted once again.

"I originally wanted to find a way in to get you the perfect world. There would be no better world than an Incomplete World from the Adurnas, but this fool took all the energy first, turning this place into a barren land.

"So, instead... I'm going to give you its heart."

"LEONEL MORALES!" The infuriated roar of the Sylvan filled the skies as it spoke for the first time.

"YOU WILL NOT HAVE A GOOD DEATH! MY SYLVAN RACE WILL—."

"Shut up." Leonel spoke lightly, and yet the voice of the Sylvan was completely cut off.

"Take this as the last bit of mercy I'm giving you. Because I promise had you threatened my family in any way, what I have in store for you would only get worse."

The entire Sylvan shivered in horror, feeling its life being stripped from it step by step.

Usually, Emperor's Might could only be used on the dead. Yet, Leonel seemed to be breaking this rule, forcefully taking control of his body.

At the same time, Leonel used the Brazinger Heirloom to counter the laws he needed, then he reverse engineered it all, creating the Natural Force Art he needed to allow Nana to absorb it all.

Since the Brazinger Heirloom was designed to break laws, why not use it as a method of more quickly comprehending the world around him?

The commotion that happened here had certainly alerted others. He didn't have the time to waste slowly comprehending it all. This was made worse by the fact the Sylvan had definitely absorbed more than one world, so it was too much of a jumbled mess.

But now...

The last of the red veins enveloped the Sylvan and Leonel's eyes glowed with a fierce light.

"Assimilate."

What kind of pain did one experience being Assimilated while they were alive? If the Sylvan had to describe it, it was like every bit of his flesh was being compressed into his heart, almost like walls were slowly pressurizing him from all directions.

If before his shrieks had been mostly to let Leonel lower his guards so that he would have a chance to escape, this time... it was truly the most horrifying thing he had experienced.

The worst part was that Leonel seemed to slow it down on purpose, his cold eyes piercing through his bark and staring right into the very depths of his soul as though his shrieking pain was a tonic for his fury.

And yet... Leonel didn't seem to be satisfied with this alone. The Sylvan was already experiencing hell on earth, but this wasn't enough for Leonel.

The Sylvan could finally see it, the madness of a man whose bottom line had been crossed.

There were two types of people in the world. One would allow themselves to be trampled over, or they might feel like no harm was done so the punishment didn't have to go so far.

And then there was another... the kind of person who would raze your life to the ground for even daring to think of standing against them.

Too late the Sylvan had realized which one Leonel was.

Chapter 3087: Silver Platter

Soon, there was nothing but a Sylvan Heart remaining. However, the cold in Leonel's eyes still hadn't vanished.

One after another, his brothers landed, having killed all the birds in the skies. There was a light sheen of sweat on them. This matter certainly wasn't as easy as it seemed. It was just a good thing that they were very good at working together.

The moment Leonel saw through the problem, the battle was already over.

Had they failed to kill the birds, the Sylvan would have been able to use a technique to displace its Life Force and reform its body elsewhere in an instant.

However, because Leonel had...

The result spoke for itself.

"Absorb it." Leonel handed the Sylvan Heart to Nana.

The moment he handed it over, Leonel had already looked into the distance, feeling that the powerful auras he had already expected to appear were on their way.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Leonel's wrist flexed and his grip around the Brazinger Heirloom tightened.

A surge of murderous intent poured across the skies and a small troop of a few dozen appeared. With a single glance, it was clear that they were mostly of the Laevis and Crudus family.

At that moment, Nana's aura was skyrocketing by leaps and bounds.

Nana lacked the foundation of [Dimensional Cleanse] that the others had. As such, it could even be said that she had lucked out by having the Sylvan process all of this energy for her. If not for this, Leonel would have either had to find a way to get her to start [Dimensional Cleanse] as a secondary Dimensional Method, or found another roundabout method.

This Sylvan, however, in death, had ironically become the exact thing she needed to make all of this several levels easier.

Her aura suddenly grew to the point the Four Great Family warriors couldn't even approach any closer, their gazes becoming incredibly solemn.

"The Adurna Heirloom!" A young man with flowing gold hair suddenly shouted out.

It was only at this point that they all understood the seriousness of the situation. And that shock only became greater as they looked through the carnage and devastation.

Wasn't that where the Sylvan was supposed to be? Where had it gone?

They couldn't be blamed for not realizing immediately. The enormous body of the Sylvan was no longer anywhere to be seen, having all been shrunk down into the form of its Sylvan Heart. They hadn't noticed because there was nothing to notice.

This part of the desert had gone from the core of the entire world, to a wasteland of sand, flesh, and blood.

Leonel's gaze landed on the young man who spoke, his eyes narrowed when he saw a bow strapped across his body. There was something strange about it.

The bow itself was beautiful. It had a golden body with what looked like a twin pair of eastern dragons etched in diamond twisting around one another in opposite directions. The two heads of the dragons formed the heads of the bow itself, their maws opening wide with a roar out what seemed to be the thinnest bowstring Leonel had ever seen.

Even if you had the strength to pull such a bow, if your body's defenses were too low, or you didn't wear special protective gear, you would slice through your entire hand.

However, this wasn't what was so magical about the bow. Its aura...

It felt identical to the spear in his hand and the shield on Nana's back.

"Brazier Heirloom!"

Another shocked voice echoed out from another young man. This one had green hair and eyes, wearing armor that seemed formed of bark. However, if one didn't look

closely, it seemed to be gorgeous elven-inspired armor, formed of leather and nature's vines.

It, too, had the aura of an Heirloom.

Leonel couldn't help but find himself to be a bit stunned...

Were these Four Great Families truly so stupid? To allow their Heirlooms to fall into his hands just like this?

'These Heirlooms, though... they're missing their spirits. Is that their contingency plan?'

Leonel was correct.

The Heirlooms of the Four Great Families weren't just weapons, they were also opportunities. The secret depths of their Lineage Factors, depths that only the strongest of their Ancestors had touched upon, were hidden within these weapons.

As such, using the weapons to try to convene and commune with their Lineage Factors was a shortcut to maybe touching this hidden past.

But it was difficult, and not all of them would succeed in doing so. As such, the Heirloom was usually passed around and touched the hands of the most promising descendants of their families.

To protect against any problems that might arise, the Heirloom was separated from its Spirit. This made it more difficult to sense the intricacies, but this was a necessary evil. After all, they wouldn't have the tears to shed if someone took advantage and snatched away their Heirloom and its Spirit alike... Something that the Adurna and Brazinger were learning about in real-time.

So long as the Spirit was still in possession of the family Head, the weapon would be able to be summoned across time and space without issue, making it worthless to steal.

Plus, this could act as an additional test for their future family Heads. If they could reach the pinnacle of their Lineage Factors without the Spirit, then it was only right that they would be even more powerful when they finally did gain it.

These two, Munk of the Crudus family, and Endrick of the Laevis family, were the current holders of the Heirlooms, and probably the de facto leaders of this current troop.

In all likelihood, they had already reported what happened here and reinforcements were on the way. However... Leonel didn't care about any of this.

He had come here only as the start of his revenge, not the end of it. He just didn't expect that his enemies would give him such a chance on a silver platter.

Chapter 3088: Five Minutes

Nana's aura began to slowly settle down, but the brightness in her blue eyes was on another level still. She seemed to be constantly having insights with every passing moment.

Despite hardly doing anything, the barrier that she, Milan and James had put up together was even growing stronger with every passing second. Let alone her aura, they didn't even have a chance to break through this barrier.

Endrick's expression turned fierce as he pulled the bow from his back, firing an arrow that looked more like a beam of light. However...

PENG!

It rebounded off of the barrier, barely leaving a small nick.

His expression became ugly, not having expected such a thing. Although he didn't have the bow's Spirit, he should be far stronger than Nana. It was nothing more than a joke to them that she had gotten her hands on an Heirloom, and it was a humiliation they made sure the Adurna felt. But none of them actually believed she would ever be able to use it properly.

Most of the Four Great Families didn't even know that Nana had been manipulated... and they certainly didn't know that she had not only broken free of that suggestion, but she had grown far more powerful as a result.

However, at that moment, something unexpected happened.

Leonel raised a hand and placed it on Nana's shoulder.

"This isn't your fight, not now. Just digest what you need to digest."

Then, with a wave of a hand, a young man appeared.

He was seated in meditation, and even after he felt the shift around him, it was a few seconds before he slowly opened his eyes.

His skin was a delicate brown, his eyes looking like a blue star had exploded within them.

However, as elegant as his appearance was, his clothing was no less simple than Leonel's, wearing his favorite white tracksuit as always.

Elorin Hutch. Old Hutch's grandson.

"You've been eating my food and swallowing up my resources for a while, it's about time you be a little useless, don't you think?" Leonel asked with a cold smile.

Elorin looked at Leonel, then up at those in the skies.

"Take them." Leonel said lightly.

Elorin nodded, slowly raised a hand. His gaze flickered and he swiped down.

His hand seemed to multiply in the air. Despite moving slowly, it left countless afterimages in its wake. Only those with the sharpest of gazes could see them as the ripples in time that they were.

Then, Elorin's hand suddenly stopped before moving toward Leonel and handing him something. Or, rather... two things.

Raj's lip twitched and Milan's mouth was practically hanging open. They rubbed their eyes, trying to make sure they had seen properly.

Was that what they thought it was?

Endrick's hand was empty, and Munk was almost naked.

Instead, the former's bow, and the latter's armor, were now being held by Elorin's hands.

Instead, the former's bow, and the latter's armor, were now being held by Elorin's hands.

Leonel pursed his lips. "Not bad."

He took the bow and tossed the armor into the Segmented Cube.

Truthfully speaking, he was actually quite looking forward to the armor as well.

He had mutated his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor, gaining the ability to take plants and control them. The thing was that he never used it.

He had gotten a taste of it with the Sylvan Hearts before, but that had ended up destroyed during his battle against those Gods. He felt that it would be interesting to study it again.

Of course, his entire Lineage Factor had changed, and a lot of factors had been changed along with it.

His Metal Synergy, for example, wasn't quite that anymore. It was difficult for him to pinpoint exactly what was the same and what was different... but that was only to be expected after the core that combined them all was taken away.

However, he was sure that he could find something interesting from it.

As for this bow...

Leonel flipped it on his palm. Even when he slammed its head into the ground, it was taller than even himself. Cool to the touch, it felt so smooth in his palm that it might just slip out at any moment.

"Not bad." Leonel said lightly.

Leonel touched the bowstring and it cut into his finger just as expected.

"Be obedient." Leonel spoke lightly, Bow Force flaring in his eyes. His heart churned and the bow trembled in his presence.

He touched the bowstring again, and this time, it was impossibly silky smooth. Even if he tried to cut himself again, he would certainly fail.

He raised the bow and pulled back the string.

All the Light Force in the region seemed to rush toward him. Soon, a blazing arrow had formed. However, unlike Endrick's, it soon solidified into a solid mass, swirling with gold and violet colors.

"Lower the barrier." Leonel said lightly.

Endrick and Munk's eyes were already bulging with rage, the former having replaced the bow with another and the latter having put on a new set of armor.

These words were like music to their ears...

Until it actually happened.

The barrier vanished and suddenly the arrow disappeared from its bowstring.

PENG!

Endrick's eyes opened wide, his head rocking backward. No one saw what happened until it bobbed forward once again... it was only then that a small, bloody hole was clear for them all to see.

BANG!

Endrick's head exploded, the residual force blowing him apart.

"Mm..." Leonel nodded. It had been a while since he had had such a powerful bow. He had almost forgotten how important of a role it played too. "... Not bad, indeed."

Leonel lowered the bow, seemingly having already had his fun. He put it away, storing it in the Segmented Cube as well.

"Elorin, you have 5 minutes."

"I don't need that much time." Elorin said lightly, taking a step down from his meditating hover position.

Then he suddenly vanished.

The air seemed filled with afterimages of Elorin. Many tried to swipe at them, only to hit nothing but empty air and lose their lives in the next instant.

12e05fe13ca927045c0b6720aa0e7cb406a370a8b976f8ea8c62ff38c49ed212529eb73bad66320968d527c31e4c5ac82a09d72424565f744ed92bc74423457c

Chapter 3089: Lifespan

Elorin's movements and stances were practically impossible to keep up with. He didn't seem to have much functional skill in combat, but when it came to the use of his Ability Index, he was simply on another level.

Leonel thought that maybe he should train Elorin in a Weapon Force, or maybe teach him some martial arts, but after a moment, he scrapped the idea. In fact, he felt that things were just fine like this.

During all these years, Elorin had been basically being trained by Anastasia. Anastasia's understanding of Time Force was probably comparable to even the most ancient ancestors of the Pluto Race. However, because of the failure of the Minerva in "creating" her, her thought processes and flexibility were limiting in combat.

At first, Leonel had been a bit worried about what that would mean for Elorin, but not enough for him to truly care. That was because he still didn't like Elorin all that much anyway. The only reason he was still keeping him around was because he felt that he owed Old Hutch at least that much, and because he felt that he might be useful in the future.

Although Elorin had been the one to kill his own grandfather, if his mother was anything to go by, he was more than willing. In fact, he had already deduced that the infamous

Hacker Hutch had allowed himself to die so that he wouldn't have to choose between his duty and his grandson.

However, from what he could see here, Elorin had mostly used Anastasia as a springboard, learning what he could from her and the dense Time Force she could provide, and doing the rest on his own.

Although his actual skill in combat was limited, his actual battle sense was exceptionally high. He simply didn't need to be able to wield a sword as beautifully as Amery, or a spear as deftly as Leonel, to be able to take this step.

In fact, if they paired him together with Drake's Gun Force, he would truly become a force to be reckoned with.

'I need to invest more in my people, I guess... very soon, how strong they are will make or break a lot of things.'

There were many people training in the Segmented Cube.

There was his cousin, Fifth Nova... There was Kira who was doing her best to keep up with Blackstar's footsteps and now had many more Envoy corpses to analyze... There was Emna who was maybe the most shocking talent of them all, her potential was exceptional and she had a chance to stand on Leonel and Aina's level.. There was Amery who seemed to have forgotten about everything but his sword these days. In fact, it was like the man had forgotten that he had two Innate Nodes as well.

Of course, Leonel hadn't forgotten about Elthor. But... Elthor and the other Oryx were in a bit of an odd situation.

Lifespan.

Leonel had noticed it quite a bit ago, but he didn't quite know how to deal with it.

Back when he first became a Wise Star Order and saw through the true use of the Tablets, Elthor had been among the few he helped upgrade. His affinity for Chaotic Particle Force and Raj's Ability Index both played off of one another well.

However, since then, Leonel hadn't done much other than speak with Elthor from time to time.

These days, Elthor, who had once been a great talent, was only growing weaker. And the problem was because he was aging too fast.

At first, Leonel thought that the problem was because Elthor came from that Sub-Dimensional Zone. However, he dismissed that idea when he realized that the others, like The Pure Speedster or his former good friend, were just fine.

They were living out happy lives and most of them had no idea that they were even "trapped" at all. To them, they were just in a normal world, and as more generations were born, even those that were aware had mostly forgotten.

That was when Leonel realized what the problem was: Hyper Evolution.

He had always thought that Hyper Evolution was a great thing, but clearly it had its drawbacks as well. For Elthor who was maybe the greatest beneficiary of it, he was bound to suffer the most.

In the end, he hadn't been able to bring out much of his potential at all.

Honestly, Leonel felt that he had let Elthor down.

For one, he gave up most of Elthor's family and Race for the sake of saving his brothers the first time. Back then, he had been self-obsessed and incredibly selfish.

Although he had been lucky enough to enter that Zone again and rectify those mistakes, the burden of that guilt was still there, especially since he hadn't bothered to care for Elthor's feelings at all.

Ironically, it was due to that that though Elthor had been by his side for so long, and was also highly compatible with their friend group, Leonel found it hard to truly treat him as one of his brothers.

Leonel planned to take steps to fix that, but if he wanted to, he would definitely have to fix Elthor's troubles first.

'Wait...'

A flash of enlightenment sparked through Leonel's mind.

That was right... he had gotten a second chance to revive the people of that Zone... but, that had come at a cost.

He lost Goggles, his good friend looked at him as nothing more than a stranger, most of the warriors he had been able to grow and depend on during their battles were too fearful to even look him straight in the eyes these days.

However... wasn't Elthor a part of that Zone? If he got a second chance at it, what happened to Elthor himself?

Was it really Hyper Evolution that caused this? Or was it because a piece of Elthor had been taken away, a piece he hadn't noticed until now?

Leonel's gaze flashed with realization.

Chapter 3090: Result

His mind continued to whirl as he looked back toward the Silver Tablet for the first time in a long while. Ever since he got the Life Tablet, the Silver Tablet felt a bit redundant. Other than that time he used it to trick the world into thinking he was someone else, he hadn't had a need for it at all.

But right now the Silver Tablet was invaluable because it was the tablet that housed the souls of the people here.

'It really is here...'

Leonel shook his head and sighed.

It was just a sliver, and it was easy to miss, but there was a piece of Elthor's soul right there.

It was no wonder his lifespan was hindered. This should be why the other Oryx were experiencing this as well because some of them had been resurrected the first time along with Elthor as well.

'I'm actually so incompetent.'

Leonel shook his head.

He wasn't the same as the past.

He remembered the first time he came across these Tablets... he thought they shouldn't exist, that they made life feel cheap, and he had even gone into a bit of an existential crisis about it.

But now he understood far more. Life wasn't just about the intrinsic value of a soul or a body itself, but rather the culmination of experiences... a mix of nature and nurture that couldn't be replicated.

Maybe there really would be some way he could revive his dad in the future, but the man he knew would already be dead because the culmination of things that had made his father, his father, were simply no longer there.

Goggles had been the biggest wake-up call and he learned that these Silver Tablets weren't a way to cheat death, they were just death by another form...

He couldn't treat them as carelessly as he had in the past.

'I will help Elthor recover properly, then... but there's still more people. There's the little Rapax still in my world, there are the Sea Gods as well...'

Ever since he formed his Inner World, he hadn't had the time to care for those matters. All of those people were very much still there and it had already been almost four years or so.

'It's about time I put some real effort into growing this little Kingdom.'

Leonel was so lost in his thoughts that he didn't even pay attention as Elorin killed the last of them.

Elorin returned to the ground in his tracksuit, his eyes seemingly still blazing with a fighting intent that slowly waned. This was the first time he'd gotten to fight in a long while.

"Anastasia." Leonel suddenly said lightly.

At that moment, an adorable little girl with a lower body of floating clouds appeared. She smiled brightly, seemingly still happy that Leonel had finally gotten up.

After taking a deep breath, Leonel summoned Aina as well.

Aina looked around in a bit of confusion, but sensing the hints of seriousness coming from Leonel's soul, she focused herself quite quickly.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

Leonel gave Aina a reassuring smile and then looked at Elorin.

"As early as the Heir Wars..." Leonel said slowly, his gaze far more stern now. "...I could have brought your grandfather back from the dead."

Elorin's pupils trembled fiercely when he heard this. Although he quickly regained his calm, this wasn't something that could escape Leonel's notice.

It was only after he felt Elorin's reaction to this information that he continued.

"And your parents."

Elorin was far more prepared this time, so his face remained placid. However, Leonel could still see the blood draining from his face.

His parents were the reason he had a falling out with his grandfather at all. He couldn't accept the fact that the Fawkes had just let them die on those Paradise Islands when they knew exactly what would be coming. It was simply unacceptable.

"However, I didn't." Leonel continued. "And do you know why?"

Elorin's heart rate slowly calmed down as he waited for Leonel to continue.

"It's because I didn't want my wife to know that it would have been possible for her to revive her mother as well... had she not entered the Seventh Dimension."

Aina's eyes widened, her own heart shaking. She gripped onto Leonel's hands fiercely, trying to keep herself stable.

It hurt. It definitely hurt. She had been striving to get stronger to avenge her mother all this time... only to find out that her pursuit of that strength was the very thing that stopped her from seeing the woman that she wanted to with her entire heart and soul...

It was devastating.

The worst part was back then... she had only just entered the Seventh Dimension. Just a few days shy and maybe she would be holding her mother right this moment.

A flash of rage lit Elorin's eyes. To know the reality of it all now, and that Leonel had simply not wanted to upset his wife so he let him wallow in his own pity... well, how could he not be infuriated?

But, he managed to calm himself once again. It would make sense if Leonel simply wanted to hurt him... but why would he do that at the expense of his wife? Why summon her?

Plus, if he wanted to do that, why wait until after he had given him all this power and room to improve? Was Leonel truly still so confident that he could defeat him?

"However, things have changed. I have the Life Tablet now, and between your ingenuity for Time Force, and Anastasia's power, it's possible to go through the stream of time to revive them.

"But, I will only ask you this once. Is it really what you want?"

Leonel let the words hang in the air.

He could feel Aina's hand tightening around him to the point her arms were trembling. However, he couldn't do anything to help fix her internal turmoil. As much as it hurt, he could only allow her to make the decision herself...

Even though he knew exactly what the result would be.

Chapter 3091: A Chance

Back when Anastasia offered to help revive Elorin's parents, it was because she, too, knew the kind of danger he would be. Even with her simple thought processes, she thought that it would be easier to control Elorin in the future if he was very grateful to Leonel.

It was a good idea, but the simple-minded little World Spirit had never connected the fact that this might help Aina's parents as well. At the very least, if she had brought up the idea earlier, it would have been possible. But she only brought up the idea right after Aina had just become a Seventh Dimensional existence.

According to Anastasia, the problem with Aina's Dimension being too high was that now the link to her mother was being weighed down.

With the Silver Tablet, back then, Leonel could revive up to the Seventh Dimension. With Anastasia's ability to reverse the flow and peek into the stream of time itself, it would work.

Unfortunately, it wasn't just the Silver Tablet that was limited, but Anastasia herself. This was why even after getting the Life Tablet, Leonel never thought to do this.

However, Anastasia's limitations could be mitigated by Elorin.

Anastasia had the raw power, and when it came to executing the in-built functions of the Segmented Cube, she was practically second to none. This was why if the Segmented Cube wanted to hide, no one would be able to find it, and it was also why Leonel even had the option to turn a couple of hours of the outside world into an over century for himself!

However, for a task that was outside of her purview, her control was limited.

That was where Elorin could step in. His raw Time Force was completely inferior compared to Anastasia, but when it came to control... well, Leonel had just seen it personally.

Elorin was still only the Sixth Dimension, but he had just taken out a group of Eighth and Ninth Dimensional individuals with God Constitutions as though they were worthless.

Even Leonel couldn't do such a thing so easily.

"I..." Aina's lip trembled.

Leonel was looking down at her with caring eyes. While Elorin felt enraged about all of this, Aina only felt guilty and warm at the same time.

This demonic couple had never had a normal moral compass to begin with. Aina didn't particularly care about Elorin's feelings on the topic. All she could see was Leonel's care for her feelings even though having a trump card like Elorin would have made so many things far easier on him.

Elorin had become a true powerhouse long ago and could have definitely taken on a great deal of the burden along with him. But because Leonel couldn't trust him, he kept him on the back burner.

He had had a trump card to force Elorin into submission for a long time now, but he hadn't used it for her sake. It was hard for her to feel anything but warmth... and hints of guilt at the same time.

Now, Leonel was giving her a choice.

His words were clear. The result of this might be outside of her expectations. He was no longer nearly as naive as he was in the past and he likewise knew that playing with life could end poorly for them all.

But he was still giving her this choice.

She was a grown woman, the mother of his child, the love of his life. She had the right to make this decision for herself instead of him making it for her.

"I will do it," Elorin said plainly.

Leonel faintly nodded, but his gaze didn't leave Aina's.

Aina thought about all the dreams she had of her mother suddenly reviving one day, of her coming back and their lives being all the better for it.

But then, for the first time... she thought of what the worst of it might be.

What would her mother be like if she came back with memories of that torturous death she experienced? Her mother was nothing but a mortal, which was why this was even possible at all to begin with... could a normal person's mind even hold up after such a thing?

And what if she did manage to hold up, what would happen to their lives after that? What about when her mother found out that her husband had only gotten close to her as a tool for revenge? That it was because of Miel's selfishness that she had ended up suffering like she had?

How would she feel about the fact her daughter killed without blinking an eye and consumed blood for pleasure? Would she be able to adapt to this new world at all? Would she still be the same loving mother, perfect and flawless in her memories?

It was the first time Aina had ever thought about anything going so wrong. She had seen Leonel break down several times every moment he ran into a roadblock in reviving his father... and now he didn't even think much about it at all, having already realized that it would simply be an impossibility.

Aina's eyes dimmed a bit and she leaned her cheek into Leonel's chest, using the rhythmic flow of his blood to calm herself down both for the sake of her own sanity and the health of their baby.

How nice would it be if she had her mother's help in raising their child...

"Is it okay if I... watch first?" Aina asked softly.

Leonel stroked her hair. "Of course. You can change your mind whenever you want."

Smiling lightly, Leonel continued to reassure her.

"Even if you want me to go pluck out some stars from the sky for you, I'll do that."

Aina smiled, chuckling softly.

"Anastasia. Let's retreat first, then do this."

"Okay," Anastasia nodded.

...

Soon, the group had retreated... but they didn't leave the world. Instead, using Anastasia's ability to hide in space and time, they hid deep within the endless sand dunes.

Then, they began.

Chapter 3092: Fourth Dimension

Leonel stood in silence as Anastasia and Elorin began to form a resonance between them. He had always been fascinated by Time Force, and though it was a bit hard to care to focus on it when he was still comforting his wife, he couldn't help but throw out a few more glances.

His Weapon Forces always had a tendency to touch onto Space and Time Forces when it reached an extreme, though in limited applications.

However, the stronger his Weapon Forces became, the more obvious the overlaps became and the more he realized the kind of direction the pinnacle Weapon Forces went toward.

There was something unexpected that reinforced this idea, however... and that was his former Emulation Spatial Force Innate Node, now turned his heart.

Emulation Spatial Force was a combination Node of Dream and Space. But what was more interesting than that was how Leonel had deduced that it sat as an inferior version of Infinity Force, the all-encompassing Force that could be or represent all things.

The reason this was interesting was because of the very fact Emulation Spatial Force was made of Dream and Spatial Force in the first place. It was like a hint...

The fabric of all things was divided into consciousness and the tangible result of it. This was the soul and body. When you had these two things, it was only natural that you could create anything.

But it was still missing something...

Time.

Could it be that the true Infinity Force was a fusion of Dream, Space, and Time instead of the amalgamation of all Forces like many claimed it to be?

The world had no meaning, no structure, without time. Even if you could think of anything and force it into being, what kind of substance would it have if time was ignored?

There was already an amalgamation of all Forces... it was Neutral Force.

Back then, Leonel had thought that the difference was that Infinity Force was perfectly balanced in all Forces, while there were a ton of impurities in normal neutral Force, but now he wasn't so sure...

And the reason for that was precisely his Weapon Forces.

Weapon Forces were also a kind of creation. It was the consciousness of a person that forced it into being.

The fact this was true, and how it seemed to be able to control Time and Space to an extent at its extremes, seemed to point toward there being something much more deeply hidden in all of this.

And now, observing how Anastasia and Elorin were weaving their Time Force together to pull at the stream, he felt endlessly fascinated... especially because they were using the core of Elorin's being to succeed.

They weren't just aimlessly searching through time, they were using Elorin as an anchor and looking back through his past to find his parents and grandfather.

And this was what sparked a small moment of enlightenment for Leonel.

Weapon Forces started coming off of him like slow solar flares, arcing and slowly separating into a resonant ring.

Aina sensed the change, but she remained perfectly still, nestled up in his arms without a desire to disturb him. Plus... she was endlessly comfortable here.

PENG!

Leonel's Weapon Forces broke into the Higher Creation State.

PENG!

They broke into the Peak Creation State mere moments later.

There was a calmness to his gaze even though he was looking forward in a daze.

Time wasn't just something that stretched through the infinite bounds of space, but it was represented in one's consciousness as well.

His Dream Force shook.

A memory, if clear enough, was almost like a pocket of a past enough, a return to a previous timeline...

Suddenly, Leonel had touched upon a comprehension level of Dream Force that only the Demoness ever had.

When the Demoness appeared in the lair of the Invalids and all time seemed to stop... this had never been an application of Time Force.

It was an application of Dream Force that only she had ever comprehended.

Until now.

Control.

That was Leonel's Ability Index, but he had thought of it in far too limited a capacity.

The Dream Plane existed in the Second Dimension, and his Dream Force Comprehension had reached down into the first, making lower-case dimensions feel worthless. It was why he could sense it when someone spoke about him even from countless worlds away.

But he had forgotten... the dimensions weren't just three... they were four... and the fourth was Time.

To have Control over one's mind, to truly control it, meant not just controlling himself in this present space in this present time... it meant controlling himself across all iterations, across all timelines, across all events.

A bomb seemed to have echoed through Leonel's mind and his aura began to change rapidly, not necessarily growing stronger. Sometimes, it would grow infinitely weaker, but then explode forth with a great amount of strength.

Sometimes it would begin at an impossible to fathom height, only to drop down to an abyss of weakness.

He didn't know how long he spent in this state, but when he awoke, he found that the souls of Old Hutch and Elorin's parents had already been pulled out.

He slowly regained his bearings, the pressure he was giving off slowly receding.

Elorin's looked toward Leonel with wild flickers in his eyes, seemingly only now understanding why Leonel had never

cared about antagonizing him...

Leonel simply didn't fear him. His opponents were the True Gods of this Plane.

Leonel waved a hand and a surge of energy flooded into the Life Tablet. He ignored Hutch for the moment and poured it all into Elorin's parents.

Before his eyes, they became more tangible and slowly regained their human forms.

Elorin finally couldn't hold his emotions back anymore. They were real. They were here. These were his parents.

He rushed forward and hugged them both before they understood what was happening, tears flooding down his cheeks.

Leonel watched this in silence, not saying anything even as he watched the whites of Elorin's parents' eyes suddenly consume their irises and pupils.

SKRI!

Elorin's parents chomped down on his neck at the same time.

Chapter 3093: To His Knees

Elorin froze.

He was too powerful by this point; their teeth couldn't even penetrate his skin. In fact, his father ended up shattering his own, seemingly having awakened a kind of broken strength Ability Index.

However, his father, the man he thought about almost every day without rest or pause, didn't seem to notice this pain. It was a pain that should have put even elite warriors at bay, and yet he didn't even pause before he moved to chomp down again.

The second one hurt. Not to Elorin's father, or even in terms of physically for Elorin, but rather to the very depths of the latter's soul.

There was no humanity left. Even pain wasn't any sort of barrier. All his father wanted to do was to shred him apart and use him as a step ladder to increase his evolution.

And then there was his mother. She didn't awaken any sort of strength at all, and seemingly not knowing how to use her Ability Index, she instead began to scratch and claw at him, gnawing into his skin for any hope of breaking free or just the slightest taste of blood.

Aina looked away, burying her head into Leonel's chest and silently sobbing.

She had thought of so many things, but she didn't even consider this route. She didn't even think of the possibility of what if... her mother wasn't even able to make it through the Metamorphosis in the first place.

Her mother was just a normal woman. Until the end, she probably didn't even have a full appreciation for the kind of man her husband was, or the woman her daughter would be able to become in the future.

She didn't even come from a particularly powerful family and could only stay on the Paradise Islands along with everyone else. Ironically, had Aina not been an orphan who gained a scholarship to go to Royal Blue Academy and stay on their campus, she would have been on those Paradise Islands too.

In all these years, she never even considered the fact that she might have lost her mother long ago one way or another, and right now... she had no willingness to find out.

She could practically see Elorin's heart breaking through his eyes. Even now, he continued to hold his parents in place, hugging them tightly as they tried to rip him to pieces.

Aina didn't know what would happen to her mind or psyche if she ever were to see her mother in such a state. She simply couldn't do it.

At that moment, Leonel's words seemed to have a different sort of connotation to them, a different sort of weight, and it formed a lump in her chest that just sat there, unwilling to move.

Leonel sighed inwardly, gently stroking Aina's hair. He held her close, giving her the only comfort that he could.

As for Elorin, he seemed frozen in his own time. It didn't seem like he had any ability to move at all. The daze in his eyes was deep.

But eventually, he simply broke down, unable to hold it in any longer.

Tears streamed down his face and pooled toward the ground. His heart thumped madly as he knew what he would have to do.

He unleashed a roar of agony and suddenly squeezed down on his last hug to both of his parents.

They shattered beneath his strength, becoming motes of light that descended and entered his body.

By this point, the strength that such Invalids could give him was next to nothing at all. It hardly even gave him any warmth. In fact, they felt almost shockingly cold and his body couldn't help but shiver on impact.

With red eyes, he stared down toward the ground, his lips trembling.

He knew that his grandfather had already known about all of this. There was a reason that his grandfather had taken him away from that Paradise Island, but made no attempt to do the same for his parents.

They had already deduced what would happen and his grandfather had saved him from this fate.

The worst part was that his grandfather had already explained all of this to him, but he just didn't believe it. Even now, he didn't want to believe it.

There was no blood left, no bones, not even the faintest wisp of a scent. The irony was that the only thing that was left was the saliva his parents had left on his neck while

trying to bite through it. It was such a pitiful remnant that he almost laughed like a maniac.

He had done all of this. It was all his fault. His grandfather had been right from the very start, but he had ended up killing his only family remaining with his own hands.

His grandfather hadn't even fought back, letting him do it. Not once did he blame him, not once did he show the slightest hint of unwillingness. All there was... was a hope that Elorin would one day find what he needed.

Elorin fell to his knees, practically burying his head into the ground as he sobbed like a weeping child.

Not once during the course of these years did he regret what he had done to his grandfather. He thought that old man was brainwashed, forced into duty and indoctrinated until he could think for no one other than Gervaise Fawkes.

He had hated everyone in the Fawkes family to the bone, and had sworn that he would one day rip them down from the throne and destroy them to the last man, woman, and child.

But now he knew that he had been fishing for nothing more than fool's gold. He was the fool in this situation, and he had lost everything.

Aina's shoulders quaked as well, feeling at just as much of a loss. Her heart shattered into countless pieces and she didn't even know if she could pick them back up again.

In the end, these weren't things that anyone else could help them through.

Chapter 3094: Oh! Oh!

It was a long while before Elorin reached any sort of semblance of calm. With red eyes, he looked up to Leonel to find him staring back at him indifferently, his wife in his arms.

Elorin took a shaky breath and nodded only once.

There were no words that needed to be exchanged. Leonel already knew that he wanted to revive his grandfather.

When Aina thought of reviving her mother, she had come to think of several issues as well, things about her current life that her mother simply wouldn't be able to accept.

Could her mortal mother accept that she killed as easily as breathing now? That her daughter used blood to strengthen herself?

What if her mother transferred some of the blame of the torture she experienced onto Aina herself and their relationship was never the same? It was impossible to tell what someone who had gone through such trauma might think or feel, and it was even more impossible to take back words that had already been spoken.

No matter how lenient or forgiving Aina would want to be in such a situation, once some lines were crossed, there was simply no going back... especially now that Aina was even more sensitive about certain things with their first baby on the way.

Would she still be able to forgive her mother if she said something about their child?

All of that was all before she even considered the fact that her mother might not even come back human at all...

Invalids might have been living creatures in some sense, but they were the antithesis to the living in others. Pawns of Existence, they were designed only to do one thing: destroy.

Their souls were corrupted and they simply weren't the kind of beings that could be "saved".

As much as some might want to talk about extending an olive branch, or treating all the same... Leonel was willing to do such things when it came to all Races under the sun. But Invalids didn't fall into such a category.

Invalids could come from practically any Race to begin with and they represented the underbelly of Existence, the Yin to the Yang that was life, the Destruction to the Creation of the world.

Even when they broke free of those violent instincts and evolved into Variant Invalids, those tendencies only became more twisted and sinister in nature, backed by an intelligence no less than any other creature that only made them all the more dangerous.

Invalids weren't people. They were the representation of a Force of Nature... A Force that Leonel had no ability to reverse or fix.

Elorin obviously knew this, or else he wouldn't have killed his parents with his own hands. And part of the reason he had sobbed so much was because he too had begun to realize some of the things that Aina had.

Even if his parents weren't Invalids, what would he do if his parents despised him for killing his grandfather? Would they even be able to look at him the same?

Now, he was facing the same issue with his grandfather. They had already been growing distant after the Metamorphosis descended, but what would happen now?

However... this time, Elorin was ready. Even if his grandfather hated him down to his guts, he would still revive him.

That sort of punishment was precisely what he deserved, and his grandfather deserved to live life.

Elorin took a deep breath and stood to his feet before he began working with Anastasia again.

It was much harder to commune with Hutch because his Dimension had already been in the Seventh when he died. Luckily, that Seventh Dimensional cap was decided by an Incomplete World which made it somewhat easier. But that didn't stop beads of sweat from falling down Elorin's brow. Controlling this much Time Force was still beyond him.

However, he grit his teeth and pressed on.

His grandfather deserved a chance at life. He knew how much his grandfather loved to battle. He had been waiting to step out into this world for the longest time, a time where he would finally be able to test his blade against the world and see how his Machete Arts stacked up against the geniuses of the rest of the world.

But his own grandson had robbed him of that opportunity. Maybe even worse, Elorin had abandoned the Machete Arts his grandfather had passed down to him, wanting to distance himself from the man as much as he could.

Knowing his grandfather, this was probably an even crueler torture than just outright killing him.

'I'll make up for all of it, I swear... even if you hate me to the bone... even if you never want to speak to me anymore...'

Blood began to seep from the corner of Elorin's mouth but the staunchness in his eyes only grew deeper.

At that moment, a flickering Dharma began to appear to his back.

This time, it was Leonel's turn to be a bit shocked... because the Dharma was actually in the shape of a Silver Machete. No, it wasn't just a single Machete... it fanned out forming two... three... nine... twelve...

The number seemed to keep expanding until the layers of machetes fanned out like a fan, so numerous that it was impossible to see the individual ones.

'This is...'

Leonel's expression flickered as he came to grasp something.

These machetes, each one, represented a time Elorin could have chosen to practice the machete but ignored it.

He was using his Causality Ability Index to go back and rewrite this causality for this one event. But as he did so, he was giving up his Time Force control in equal parts.

Leonel didn't stop him although he felt like it was a waste. Instead, he looked at Anastasia and gave her a message. If he didn't say anything, this little dolt wouldn't have realized.

"Oh! Oh!" she said in a cute cadence, giggling as she understood something.

And at that moment...

BOOM!

Chapter 3095: Old Hutch

There was a sudden rush and eventually Leonel waved a hand, pulling a soul out of the stream of time and stuffing it into the Life Tablet.

Elorin collapsed into a daze, his aura still growing as he gasped for breath.

He was quite lucky, honestly. If not for Anastasia's intervention, all of his Time Force training would have turned into machete training and he would have been back to square one with his Ability Index.

Truthfully, just from an objective point of view, this would have made him weaker. His Ability Index had shocking versatility, versatility that a blade couldn't match up to.

That said, if he managed to grasp the same comprehension of Weapon Forces that Leonel had, then maybe he could have regained his Time Force comprehension in a more roundabout way.

However, Leonel's current ability to see through people and what was a good path for them and what wasn't had risen considerably after his new Dream Force breakthrough.

By this point, although Leonel was technically still at the Peak of the Creation State, it would be difficult to find even an Idol Dream Force master with better Dream Force comprehension, usage, and execution than him.

That was why he could tell at a glance that as much as Elorin wanted to pay homage to his grandfather, making the machete his main skill and focus would be ruining his future.

Instead, if he wanted to use it, it should be a supplemental addition to his strength.

Luckily, there was Anastasia. By helping to bolster the amount of Time Force he had in those moments, rather than having to make a tradeoff between his knowledge, he was able to keep both.

Of course, there was another price to pay...

Elorin looked much older now than he did before. He seemed to be a man in his mid-thirties, and considering his strength, that meant that he had lost a considerable amount of years.

However, Leonel was pretty confident that that could be reversed. He just needed to go up in Dimension again.

After Elorin seemed like he was about to regain his bearings, Leonel finally poured the energy into the Life Tablet and Old Hutch's figure began to slowly manifest.

There was a slight moment of silence.

Leonel's brothers had a dear fondness for Old Hutch as well. It was he and their coach that had helped them during Leonel's two-decade-long disappearance, helping them train into the men that they were today.

They had a great hatred for Elorin because of what he had done now as well. But they also knew that it was impossible for any one of them to replace Elorin in the old man's heart. After all, no matter what, Elorin was his grandson.

As such... It wasn't their place to decide whether to forgive him or not.

Old Hutch's eyes slowly cleared.

He looked much younger than when Leonel first met him. He still had wispy hair that left much of his scalp exposed, but now it was much more grey-black than it was white. His beard was just as wild, and his skin was a healthy, deep bronzed color. His had a brown richness to him that made it feel like he had worked on farm fields all his life... it gave him a youthful exuberance despite the rest of his appearance.

The old man, though, was in a rare daze. The first person he saw was obviously his grandson, and it left him confused... had he died? Had his grandson come with him?

He couldn't help but sigh.

He had somewhat known that Elorin's revenge would end in failure, but it still hurt to see the result himself. He couldn't help but blame himself—

Elorin suddenly hugged Hutch tightly, causing the old man's eyes to open wide.

When was the last time his grandson had hugged him? Years? Ever since he became a teenager, he had become too "grown" to do that. And after he learned about the fate of his parents, their distance only grew further apart.

The hug was one thing, but when he felt Elorin's sobs, Hutch's eyes couldn't help but tear up and turn red.

Was he dreaming? Why did it all feel so real, then?

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry... It's all my fault..." Elorin squeezed these words out, holding onto his grandfather with a firmer and firmer grip, almost as though trying to make sure he wouldn't disappear again.

Old Hutch didn't even know what to say to these words.

Aina slowly wiped her tears, releasing shuddering breaths in Leonel's embrace.

"... I want to see my dad..." she said so softly only Leonel could hear her.

"Okay." Leonel nodded.

Would it be easy to see Aina's father right now? Absolutely not. He had been basically banished from the Fawkes Empire and he was certainly in their midst. Doing so would either require ignoring his grandfather's words and bringing down an even harsher punishment onto himself, or actually finishing off this war.

But he didn't care. Since his wife wanted something, he would make it happen. It was really that simple to him.

So long as she could get herself out of this rut, it would be well worth it.

He had been too naive in the past about how life worked. From the very beginning... it was never so fragile.

For every one case there was with Old Hutch, there were a million other failures.

It took a long while, but when Old Hutch finally realized that everything around him was real, he also broke down into tears.

Then, something that left Leonel speechless began to happen.

His aura skyrocketed, his Blade Force practically piercing the skies.

Leonel shook his head. Old Hutch was his first teacher in this wild world, the man who always said you should listen to your blade.

Back then, Leonel had said that that was absolutely ridiculous. But now he was seeing it in real time.

Now that the one regret in his life had vanished...

Old Hutch had torn the final layer holding him back.

Chapter 3096: No Choice

"You've finally finished crying, old man?" Leonel asked with a laugh.

Old Hutch only seemed to finally realize that Leonel was behind him at that moment. He blinked for a moment and then his eyes brightened.

"Don't make fun of me, brat. I've been making my enemies shed tears since before you were a thought in your father's sack. It was about damn time I shed a few."

Leonel laughed. The old man was still the same, it seemed. Well, the same in some aspects... and very different in others.

The old man's Dimension remained the same, but his Blade Force... that was very much different. Even Leonel could feel some pressure coming from it.

That man really had an obsession with his machete.

"Tell you what, old man. I'm kidnapping."

"Hm?" Old Hutch asked in confusion.

"Technically, you're supposed to be a warrior of the Slayer Legion, but we're not doing that anymore. You're coming under me."

Old Hutch was speechless. Was this the sort of unilateral decision you could even make?

The old man had always been a person of duty. He didn't even allow his grandson's hatred to get in the way.

But now Leonel was...

"Nope. You don't get to refuse. Do you know why?"

Old Hutch was confused again before he suddenly realized what was going on.

"... You think you've grown some hair on your balls finally and think you're stronger than me? Is that it?"

"Think?" Leonel burst into a fit of laughter, his booming cadence filling the skies.

Leonel patted Aina on the back and pulled her behind him. Then, he grabbed at the air, causing the Brazinger Heirloom to appear.

Then, with another wave of his hand, he tossed over a familiar rusted blade over to Hutch.

Leonel looked at the Brazinger Heirloom and after a long while, he shook his head and pierced it into the ground.

"That's too much. I don't want to scare the old man."

Old Hutch's eyes almost bulged out of their sockets. "Hehe..."

It was all he said but a bloodthirstiness was already coming from him.

Leonel grabbed at the air again, but this time a long branch broke free of a tall tree. With a surge, his Spear Force rushed into it and it began to glow a bright golden light until a blade grew out from its tip.

"Come on, you old bag of bones. I'll show you that listening to your weapon nonsense you were spewing was all bullshit."

Veins bulged from Old Hutch's forehead.

"I'm going to spank you like the good 'ol days, brat."

BANG!

The two suddenly vanished at once. A shockwave spread out from between them, however, it was clear in a single glance who was superior although neither took a single step back.

High in the skies, Leonel thrust out his spear with a single arm, the tip matched with the blade edge.

Hutch tried to twist his wrist and continue his attack, but every time, Leonel only lightly flicked his wrist, sending them back to the starting position.

"Hoho... it seems you really have grown a bit. In that case... I can stop holding back."

BANG!

A violent red aura seeped out from Hutch and his eyes went crimson.

He suddenly pulled back his machete and unleashed a violent rain of attacks.

Leonel took a single step back, his wrist elegantly flickering. His arm hardly moved, but every time the blades clashed, Old Hutch's machete would be parried to the side.

But what surprised Leonel was that with every strike, Old Hutch would seem to adjust, and then adjust again.

He wasn't becoming faster or stronger, but he was becoming sharper.

The lines of his attacks were becoming more simplified, more to the point, and yet they carried a myriad of mysteries deep within that all pointed to one direction...

Kill.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Leonel became a hint more serious, his second hand finding its way to the shaft of his spear. His aura changed and a suffocating spear dance erupted from him without the slightest change to his expression or his foot position.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

His wrist twisted and parried the machete upward, but Old Hutch had already bailed into a spin, moving toward Leonel's spear and shifting slightly, causing the blade to just barely miss cutting into the back of his neck.

His torso tensed and he continued his spin, forcing down his parried machete right toward Leonel's throat. He had closed the distance too much for Leonel to pull back his blade in time.

And yet, Leonel was completely indifferent to it all. He pulled his arms up and changed his stance slightly.

BANG!

The machete's blade met the shaft of Leonel's spear just before it could decapitate him.

Old Hutch was just as savage as ever, immediately twisting his wrist and sliding his blade down the shaft to cut Leonel's fingers into minced meat.

But Leonel only pushed upward, throwing Old Hutch who was still in a half spin off balance.

Taking advantage, he erupted with a quick three-piece combination, thrusting toward Old Hutch's head, heart, and crotch seemingly all at the same time.

Old Hutch was still off balance and hurried to block, but it was clear that he was pressed into a sorry state.

He stumbled backward and almost fell after the first thrust, but the second was already coming toward his heart. He barely managed to twist out of the way, but that left his crotch wide open to a slash.

By this point, he had barely managed to recover his machete blade and thrust it downward to block.

CLANG!

"Not bad, old man," Leonel said with a laugh. But this time it was his turn to twist his wrist.

Old Hutch's expression changed as he found that his own blade was being pressed toward his crotch. If this continued, his own precious blade would castrate him.

However, just as this was going to happen, Leonel suddenly stopped.

The loss of a force to fight against caused the old man to stumble and almost fall out of the air.

Leonel grinned, catching his old teacher by the shoulder.

"See? You have no choice."

Chapter 3097: Monstrous

Hutch was speechless. This wasn't a joke; you couldn't just do this.

"The situation has changed a lot since you died, old man. I'll let others fill you in, but I want to make it clear that I'm not giving you a choice."

Leonel gave the old man a level glance.

Old Hutch shook his head. He could feel that there were two secrets hidden within Leonel's gaze.

The first was more happy and cheery, the interpretation he wanted to take while ignoring the other. And that was that Leonel was forcing his hand so that he didn't feel guilt about abandoning his position. After all, if Leonel was the one forcing him to stay by his grandson's side, it wasn't really his choice, right?

But Old Hutch was a veteran, a man of many battles who had seen countless things. He knew that this kid before him now was the same child he had known back then.

Maybe the youthful Leonel he had met all those years ago would have been like this. But that Leonel would have also let him leave if he insisted on it.

However...

The more dreary side of Leonel's current tone was that he was truly not allowing Old Hutch to reject. If Hutch resisted, he would find out quickly just how much Leonel had held back.

Right now, Leonel had kicked the ball into his court, letting him know that whether their relationship stayed so cordial or truly became one of master and servant was entirely up to his reaction to Leonel's words.

Old Hutch couldn't help but sigh, feeling a bit uncomfortable in his heart. He wasn't used to doing such things. Something like swallowing his own feelings on a matter and burying the thoughts of his heart just weren't in his nature. However...

He looked toward his grandson.

For too long, he had neglected him. There was a reason he had never blamed Elorin, and that was because it was his job as his grandfather to raise him right since his parents weren't around.

He had neglected his grandson, too obsessed with going back to his glory days, too obsessed with being Hacker Hutch again, to even see how much his grandson was hurting.

Now he was being given an opportunity to right that wrong, to stay by his side this time... how could he not take it? How could he make the same mistake twice?

Old Hutch sighed. "I don't know what happened to you, kid... but you're becoming a lot more like your grandfather."

"Don't compare me to that old fogie. I'm much more handsome."

Old Hutch was speechless, but in the end, he could only chuckle.

Inwardly, he was also feeling for Leonel. What did Leonel have to go through to become this version of himself? He would have never thought that Leonel had it in himself to strong-arm him like this.

Although Leonel's ultimatum was a bit cruel, there was a reason Old Hutch was so loyal to Gervaise. Sometimes, a leader had to have that sort of edge to them or else, rather than a little bit of discomfort now, it would be their people suffering for it in the future.

In the past, Leonel would mitigate this by taking on the entire burden himself, suffering the pain himself so that others wouldn't have to.

But he had matured enough now to know that there was certainly a sort of middle ground to take. Even if he was going to take on the burden himself, he had to put more effort into raising everyone around him up.

He descended from the skies and wrapped an arm around his wife. Aina still felt a bit fragile now, but he could see that there was some color returning to her face.

"We're going to need a lot of Force Pills very soon; do you think you're up to it?"

Aina's eyes brightened somewhat, and she nodded. Something to distract her, and something to do while she couldn't battle... that was exactly what she needed right now.

"I just need blood," she said softly.

Usually, she would use her own blood to concoct pills. But she couldn't for obvious reasons now. She was directing much of her Life Force to the baby and wouldn't misdirect it for this purpose.

However, that didn't mean that she couldn't pull the same Life Force from others. Even though she had never done that before, she was quite confident in it.

In fact, doing things that way would probably be even more efficient. After all, she wouldn't have to worry about overdrafting if it was someone else's blood. She could just focus on directing the Blood and Life Force. She would probably even be more efficient like this.

"Don't worry about that. You'll have plenty of blood soon." Leonel grinned. "Hey, old man, show me your Ability Index."

"You finally realized how much I was holding back? Is that it?" Old Hutch sneered, still a bit dissatisfied.

After he finished speaking, there was a sudden rush through the air and Leonel felt like he was frozen in place. It wasn't just him, but it felt like everyone was experiencing it all at once.

Old Hutch crossed his arms over his chest, laughing to the skies.

"How is it?"

Leonel would have blinked in surprise if he could. This was clearly an application of Spatial Force, and though it seemed to function like Nana's Bind Ability Index, he felt that it was completely different.

It was such a strong application of space that it actually crossed over to influence time as well.

He was solidifying the three Dimensions to such an extent that even Time Force itself couldn't move freely, effectively causing a result that was akin to Time Stop without quite being Time Stop.

Leonel's body trembled slightly and his Weapon Force tore the constraints around him apart, causing Old Hutch's lip to twitch.

However, none of this stopped Leonel's eyes from brightening into two suns.

The combination of grandson and grandfather would be monstrous.

Chapter 3098: Four Dimensions

Leonel felt that just by observing these two, his comprehension of Time Force was only increasing. But what left him truly speechless was the fact that Old Hutch was the perfect opposite of his grandson.

Elorin was almost entirely focused on his Ability Index, many would say too focused.

But by comparison, Old Hutch ignored his too much. He had such a powerful Ability Index, but his mastery over it was clearly lacking.

And yet, despite that, Old Hutch's Ability Index was practically as close to the Fifth Tier as you could get without being a Savant. He was basically born with his Ability Index at the absolute extreme.

Leonel's gaze flickered. In just a few seconds, he had thought of thousands of uses for Old Hutch's Ability Index. But even when he directly dismissed all those that would help directly with his machete, he was still feeling quite shocked.

Right now, Old Hutch was a Dimensional expert to the standards of Old Earth. Meaning... he was far too weak.

If Leonel had wanted to, he could have defeated the old man in a single strike. It was just that he wanted the man to know that he had surpassed him in skill as well, so he weakened himself considerably.

If Old Hutch wanted to be of use, he would need to improve in two massive ways. First his foundation had to be reforged, and that would be easy enough given Aina's abilities and Leonel's own.

And second, he had to start using his Ability Index properly.

"Old man, how much do you know about your Ability Index?"

Old Hutch shrugged. "It's just a parlor trick you can use against weak people. My blade is still best."

Leonel almost coughed up a mouthful of blood. He looked toward his brothers, and many of them were also feeling aggrieved.

The one of Leonel's talents that had started off incredibly weak was his Ability Index. He had put in a great amount of effort to get it to this level, and this damned old man was wasting such good stuff.

Sometimes Leonel felt jealous. If he had been born with Elorin's Ability Index, or Old Hutch's... heck, even if he had been born with James', his strength right now would be far more exaggerated.

Of course, it was stupid of him to complain about this. It was like an already rich man crying about not being richer.

Leonel shook his head and then waved a hand. At that moment, his Dream Force rippled and they entered his Dream World. Grid lines of blue filled the white space, making it look as though they had entered a matrix of some sort.

"Watch." Leonel said.

He grabbed at the air and a machete manifested from his Dream Force. Then, everyone froze in place.

It was like Hutch's frozen domain had descended once again, but this time more subtle and hints more powerful.

Leonel swung down and Hutch's eyes widened.

He was certain. Leonel wasn't swinging the machete very fast at all. And yet, it was so fast that there was simply no time to react at all.

By the time Hutch finished these thoughts, the machete was already resting against his neck.

"Do you see?" Leonel asked.

"..."

Hutch's eyes brightened into saucers. He took his blade and rushed off into the distance, only to hit the edge of Leonel's barrier and choosing to stay there and swing his blade again and again.

Leonel was speechless. This first teacher of his was a little bit... stupid. But his talent and instinct were on another level.

The reason Hutch had always said to "listen" to his blade was because that was all he understood how to do. He didn't think through things because he never had to. If Leonel explained the science of what he had just done, Hutch's brain would probably implode.

He had deduced it all thanks to Anastasia and Elorin...

There were four small-d dimensions that acted on the world. And according to a certain theory of relativity, they were all acting in conjunction.

Hutch's Spatial Ability Index was powerful to the point that it could influence time. Changing and warping space, how much of it you were moving through, and thus tweaking your acceleration through it, could influence time.

If Hutch mastered this, he could take his Ability Index to an entirely new level.

Right now, he could only make people freeze in time. But there was no reason why he couldn't make time accelerate around himself like Leonel had just done.

If this was layered with his grandson's ability, the duo would be able to control all four dimensions with ease and their power together would be greatly exaggerated.

At that point, had Leonel not only comprehended his own path to mastery over Time and Space, he would have no confidence in defeating these two at all.

"Perfect."

This here was his foundation. Before he died, he had already decided to truly begin to form his faction, even to the point of having created the first iteration of their uniforms.

Now that he was back, he had not only not changed his mind, but he was planning on pouring even more into it.

He flicked a finger and used Dream Path on Hutch while he was lost in his own thoughts, madly swinging his blade. After that, Leonel could practically see the enlightenment in his eyes.

"You're all going to have to work a lot harder," Leonel said with a grin to his brothers. "Otherwise the old man is going to surpass you in a few days."

"Fuck that!" Milan roared. "Give me drugs!"

He looked toward Aina with a feverish light, causing her to burst into a fit of laughter.

"Let's stay here for a while. I'll have Anastasia deduce a few things for me and soon we'll do another round of Incomplete World absorption. Aina, you just help Hutch fix his foundation. As for me... I'll be back in a bit. I have a certain swordsman to visit."

Leonel hadn't seen Amery in a long while. He wondered how much improvement the man had made.

As Leonel moved, though, he was thinking about something else. The new Time Force capabilities of his Dream Force... they just might allow him to give the opportunity his grandfather had given to him to everyone else. If he completed this new technique of his Ability Index well... he could allow everyone the chance to return to the Third Dimension again.

Chapter 3099: A Former Weakness

Amery was in the same exact state that Leonel remembered him being in: sweating buckets and swinging the very same wooden sword. In fact, the only thing that had changed was that he was using a different hand, but Leonel was pretty sure that was a coincidence.

Amery had always been a dual sword wielder, so it wasn't a surprise that he would use both hands. In fact, part of the reason for that was because his Innate Nodes were in his hands.

He probably wasn't born ambidextrous, but had instead learned it. That said, it was clear that he had a proclivity toward it nonetheless.

The reason it would be easier for him to learn to use his off-hand compared to others was precisely because of that Innate Node in his left hand. It made certain that the Nodal Pathways in his arm were just as robust as the Nodal Pathways in his dominant arm. Thus, so long as he trained his muscle memory, the skill would come naturally.

Seeing Amery still working at it, Leonel felt a slight hint of admiration. It was something that he wouldn't usually feel toward others. In fact, the only man who had ever elicited such awe in him was his father.

However, maybe because he was in a bit of a charitable mood, he had projected some of that onto Amery.

However, it wasn't truly because he felt that what Amery was doing was impressive, but rather because of a certain empathy.

The only difference between himself and Amery in regard to this training was that Leonel had timed it in a time-warped zone, while Amery had been drilling himself in this clearing, in the same spot, to the point he was already standing in a crater of his own making.

What made it more shocking was that this crater wasn't due to a sudden and abrupt use of power. It only appeared because he had been grinding at the same region with his feet again, and again, and again, tirelessly for years on end.

Leonel could tell with a glance that the man hadn't even eaten anything in all these years. His entire focus was on the sword and he replaced any of his nutritional needs with Force.

In fact, Leonel was pretty sure that he wasn't even absorbing energy from the surroundings at all. Instead, he was relying entirely on his two Innate Nodes.

From what Leonel knew, Amery had one Dark Force Innate Node and a second Gaia Force Innate Node.

Gaia Force was a truly shocking and rare Force that was a fusion of Water, Earth, and Life Forces. It allowed the user to borrow power from both land and water to bolster their strength considerably.

With such a setup, it could be said that Amery was a unit no matter what battlefield he stepped onto, the only exception being the vacuum of space itself. But in that case, everyone took a hit. After all, there was no Force for anyone in space.

Leonel didn't say anything for a long while as he simply observed Amery.

Right now, he wasn't in a rush. He had already taught the Sylvan who dared to lay a hand on his child a severe lesson.

Although it was up in the air if that Sylvan was still alive in another form or not, Leonel knew that rushing wouldn't get him anywhere right now.

The Four Great Families were definitely antsy and could easily overextend themselves right now. They knew that someone had infiltrated their world, but they had no idea where this person was.

Leonel planned on letting them stew in that discomfort for much longer before he struck again, and in that time, he would build up the coalition that he should have long ago.

When he appeared in the world once again, there would be an entirely different Legion to worry about.

Amery had certainly noticed Leonel's appearance already, but since he didn't say anything, he just continued to swing, and swing, and swing.

"You've hit a wall."

This was what Leonel said after an entire three hours of observing Amery in silence.

The truth was that it had taken Leonel this long to fully analyze Amery's state. Although his Dream Force was on another level now, Amery's skill was also no joke.

Trying to use Dream Path for a swordsman when he had no affinity for swords, and said swordsman was nearing him in skill, was incredibly difficult.

However, in the end, he was still a step beyond Amery in terms of Weapon Force mastery. So he knew where Amery had to go and about where he was.

Amery's sword stopped and he looked toward Leonel with a level gaze, his chest heaving in an oddly slow rhythm as sweat beaded down his body.

"You're ironically too obsessed with the sword and it's not letting you see what's beyond it."

Amery's brows furrowed.

"If you can answer this question, you'll make it through," Leonel continued calmly. "Ask yourself... do you want a sword that lords over all things, or a sword that is all things?"

Amery's eyes flashed like a bright pair of torches.

In truth, when it came to his Weapon Force, Leonel felt that Amery stood on the same level as him. The difference between them was that Leonel had a Dream Force affinity that was off the charts, one that allowed him to see his Weapon Forces from a different sort of perspective, a perspective Amery couldn't see.

At the same time, Leonel had those ten years in the Sea God Zone to blow Amery out of the water. Though, he didn't really count those because Amery had started training far younger than he had as well.

All things considered, they should be at about the same level... but they weren't. And the reason for that was ironically the one thing Leonel had always seen as a weakness...

He had too many affinities.

Now that he had reached this point, he realized that could be an asset as well.

Chapter 3100: Too Long

Amery had many affinities as well, as made obvious by his several Innate Nodes. But he had only ever allowed the sword to guide him. He let everything fall into the backdrop and it became his one obsession.

At the same time, he didn't have another Force like Dream Force to give him insights on the plane most Weapon Forces existed on.

In the end, he ended up spinning his wheels. He couldn't see what lay beyond.

Ironically, in terms of raw Weapon Force mastery, until just about a few hours ago, the two were on the same exact level.

However, Leonel had broken through the plane and seen through the mystery of Weapon Forces, allowing him to touch onto a comprehension of Space and Time Forces through his Weapon Forces.

By comparison, Amery was still stuck, and from his progress, he would have continued to be stuck for several more years, even decades to come.

Leonel could have just directly told him about Space and Time Force. He was sure that Amery was sharp enough to understand it. So long as he was told and guided, it would be a matter of a few seconds.

But... Leonel decided to take another approach.

Who was to say that his way was the only way and the certainly correct way?

He could forcefully guide someone who was lacking in talent, but if he did that with someone as sharp and powerful as Amery, he would instead be holding him back.

He spoke a lot about how Emna had about the same level of talent as himself and Aina, but what he didn't speak nearly enough about was that... Amery had such potential as well.

The problem was that Amery was chained down by his systematic training. Since he was young, he had been the apple in the eyes of his family, given a sword from practically birth and taught exactly how to wield it.

By comparison, whether it was Aina, Leonel, or Emna, they were all mostly on their own. Even for Emna who had been given guidance from a small organization, she had to break free of them quite early because they were simply too weak.

Now, Amery had a chance to shed all of that.

So Leonel gave him a choice...

Did he want to follow his path...? Or did he want to forge another?

Leonel didn't even tell him which path he had followed so as not to bias Amery, but the irony was that the result was expected.

"A sword that stands above all things."

A howling sword light came from Amery and pierced into the skies above.

Leonel's lip couldn't help but curl.

This was the path exactly opposite to him.

Leonel had chosen a Spear and Bow that were all things. That was why his spear could warp time and space, even swallowing his Scarlet Star Force, or evolving to the point that it could become his body.

Right now, his Weapon Forces were the foundation of his talent, and as such, they were everything to him.

However, even without knowing any of this, Amery still chose the opposite path to himself.

Amery didn't want a sword that could become Time and Space. He wanted a sword that stood above Time and Space.

It was a subtle difference, and many could probably argue until the last rays of the Northern Star set which path was superior...

But to Leonel, it didn't really matter.

Maybe in someone else's hands, the path he had chosen would be weaker than Amery's. But in his...?

How could it ever be?

Streaks of gold rolled through Amery's wooden sword like veins before they broke apart, leaving a golden sword behind.

At that moment, even though he was still casually leaning against a tree, Leonel could feel all the hairs on his body stand up as goosebumps raced across his skin.

This was exactly what he expected. A sword that lorded above all things could cut through all things.

He had a feeling that no matter the defense, no matter the preparation, it simply wouldn't matter before this blade.

It was a blade that could sever the laws of reality themselves, a sword that could cut without a single swing, a sword that moved with the intention of one man alone.

Leonel grinned, his blood suddenly beginning to boil. For some reason, he really wanted to battle Amery right now... Not just a casual spar...

But to the death.

It didn't take him long to understand why. His Weapon Forces were being provoked and their Path of Supremacy was being challenged. They even somewhat felt dissatisfied with Leonel choosing for them to be all things rather than lording over all things.

However...

The current Leonel wasn't the Leonel of the past.

'Silence.'

The moment he spoke, his Weapon Forces cowered into the depths of his body. They were no longer in position to dictate his state or his actions. He moved as he pleased and did as he pleased.

Very soon, they would know why he had chosen such a path.

Amery felt his hair stand on end as well. Just now he had felt a fiendish killing intent lock onto him that covered his already dripping body with another layer of cold sweat.

Luckily, it vanished just as quickly as it appeared, but he still couldn't help but look toward Leonel with a wary gaze.

However, Leonel only pushed himself up from the tree he was leaning on and reached out a hand toward Amery.

Amery looked at the hand for a moment before reaching out his own as well.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Sharp blades of gold swirled through the air as ring-halos appeared around their wrists.

A clash of spear and sword shook the skies and tore the bounds of the laws around them apart, but neither seemed to be particularly trying for this to happen.

"How long has it been since your sword had tasted blood?" Leonel asked with a smile.

Amery looked him in the eyes.

"Too long."