

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 3121: Better

"It's, um... Well..."

Anastasia seemed to be mulling something over.

Leonel realized that it wasn't that she was trying to figure out what to say, but rather if she should be saying it at all. Right now, Anastasia wasn't just weighing how to help Leonel, but she was also considering her own moral values and compass.

There were certain things that had changed between them, but there were also some things that remained the same.

She wanted to help Leonel, but now she had her own thoughts about such things. And unfortunately for her, she wasn't quite used to hiding her thoughts and picking and choosing things.

She was high on intelligence and deductive reasoning, but her emotional intelligence was much lower by comparison.

It made her very easy for Leonel to read, even if she would likely feel unfathomable to most people.

Soon, Leonel realized why it was that she was struggling like this.

"The simplest thing to do would just be to resurrect the Envoys..." she finally said as though someone was pulling her teeth.

Leonel smiled, finally understanding.

It seemed that she was very much against the resurrection of the Destruction Envoys.

He could tell why. They were the antithesis of World Spirits who wanted to see the flourishing of the world. Creating it would make her feel quite disgusted with herself even if the target wasn't her own world.

At the same time, it wasn't particularly easy. It would ironically be easier for her to resurrect a God Beast of Creation as opposed to an Envoy of Destruction despite the former being far superior.

God Beasts of Destruction were beasts of Creation that eventually veered down another path. They weren't normally created from scratch but earned their Titles through life or had them passed down through blood.

If Anastasia did this, she would probably be the first World Spirit in all of history to create a God Beast of Destruction herself.

Leonel chuckled. "And you don't want to do that?"

Anastasia pouted. "They're disgusting."

"Oh man, don't let Blackstar hear you."

"Blackstar and Kira are exceptions!"

Leonel laughed harder. "And why's that?"

"I..."

Anastasia's eyes rolled in their sockets as she tried to find an answer. But truthfully, she didn't know.

"You're bullying me again!"

Leonel would have spit up his drink if he had one. This little girl was learning too fast. She had definitely picked that one up from Aina.

When you're losing an argument, just play the guilt trip card.

Leonel couldn't even get a word out in front of Aina these days. The moment he tried, the baby would be brought up. It was an endless cycle and one he'd never be able to escape for the rest of his life.

In the end, he could only laugh. Who asked him to be a soon-to-be father?

"And what are you thinking about instead, then?"

"If your goal is just to create a force of Dream Force masters, it would be better to target humans who already have a small affinity and use the Envoys of Destruction to bolster them. We already have plenty here."

"Better?" Leonel asked with a smile.

Anastasia blushed again. It definitely wouldn't be better. Having Envoys they could control would be a thousand times better than trying to raise an army of humans to do the same.

However, she really didn't want those icky beasts around.

Just when Leonel was about to tease her again, her eyes lit up as though she had just realized something.

"It really would be better."

"Oh?" Leonel didn't refute this time. He assumed that she had thought of something amazing.

"Yes. I can copy your Ability Index and return them all to the Third Dimension with ease. In fact, I can revert them all the way back to children pretty easily, but that's beside the point."

Leonel's eyes lit up. All this time he had been looking for a way to automate his new Dream ability. It took up too much stamina.

But he had forgotten.

Anastasia wasn't just a master of Time Force; that just happened to be one of the most useful Forces of this world. She was adept at the use of all Forces. In fact, saying that she was adept was even doing her a disservice.

There wasn't a Force in the world that she couldn't use within her world.

Including Dream Force.

But what surprised Leonel was the fact that she could copy his Ability Index. If he had known that, he would have guessed this long ago.

In fact, if he was correct, there probably also wasn't an Ability Index in the world that Anastasia couldn't use. Or more accurately, any Ability Index that stepped foot into her world was in her purview. And, further than that...

Any Ability Index that was in the Life Tablet.

"If I revert them to an early enough state, I can even change their Ability Index. I can also make them very malleable and allow them to accept the changes of new Lineage Factors with much greater ease. We can easily recreate the pinnacle of the Human Race because I have you as a template.

"It's easy to reverse engineer the success of the God Beasts of Creation. And with my skill as a World Spirit, I can make it even better."

Leonel's gaze flickered. It seemed that even when he overestimated Anastasia, he was still underestimating her.

Saying that Anastasia just might be the strongest treasure in existence wasn't an exaggeration any longer.

"In fact, your idea isn't all bad. Because the Human Race is so malleable, we can use the Dream Asura blood to bolster their foundational Dream Force ability and then layer the blood of the Envoys on top of that..."

Anastasia's understanding of these matters was much deeper than even Leonel expected, so much so that she said something that caught him off guard in the end.

"An even better template for all of this would be the Spirituals."

Chapter 3122: Baring

Leonel's eyes narrowed. The Spirituals...

He hadn't really thought about them since the time he left. He had only glanced at their throne and then left directly.

Honestly speaking, they were very lucky he hadn't just wiped all of them out. He had been wanting to turn over a new leaf. The old him would have definitely razed them to the ground.

Now that Anastasia mentioned them, he realized that she was correct. They would definitely be the best for all of this. After all... they were also human.

But, given how sensitive he was about such things right now, he couldn't guarantee that he wouldn't wipe them all out if they pissed him off again.

He still had a belly of anger that he was currently suppressing. These months had helped him to mellow out a bit. But as their baby's due date was swiftly approaching, he really didn't have patience for nonsense.

Then again, he wouldn't be surprised if the situation of the Human Race was quite terrible right now.

'If for no other reason than the Dwarven Race, I'll have to return no matter what... I'll see what the situation is then.'

"Okay. I'll think about it. For now, how are things going with the Sea Gods?"

Anastasia frowned.

"Not good?" Leonel followed up.

"... The problem with the Sea Gods is that they aren't a naturally selected Race by evolution. There's a reason for that.

"As powerful as they seem, their flaws are larger.

"If you wanted to save a few nice seedlings from them, they could be useful. But I believe you want to use them to rule the seas, right? Well... that's a lot more difficult."

"Mm," Leonel nodded. "Go on."

"The bulk of it is that Water Force isn't a good foundation for a Race. There's been no real path before. The Sea Gods are just ultimately like any other Race with extra steps. That's why they need to pump their water full of so many minerals.

"Ultimately, they're reliant on Earth Force just like everyone else."

"And what's the problem with that?"

"Their existence is antithetical to reality. You'd have an easier time reversing all their evolution and turning them into land creatures."

Leonel was still having a hard time wrapping his head around it. Sometimes when he was speaking to the new Anastasia, she felt simple and easy to tease. But times like these where even he was lost were becoming more and more frequent.

He still didn't quite understand what the problem was.

"Remember, the Sea Gods were part of the creation of the Barbarian Race. Or rather, they at least helped them to evolve.

"According to the first path that Incomplete World would take, the Sea Gods would be phased out. It was the Barbarian Race that interfered and helped them to become superior.

"The reason for that is that the Barbarian Race wanted to bolster their own natural Clairvoyance. The Barbarian Race is very in tune with the Earth and they have a passive sort of Clairvoyance ability that can be considered to be a bastardized version of Aina's.

"However, because it's spread across an entire race, it obviously makes them extremely talented on average.

"What they wanted to do was create a version of their Clairvoyance that was a lot closer to the real thing. But Earth is rigid and very difficult to progress.

"That was when they came across the Golden Tablet and realized that Wise Star Orders were sort of the opposite of what they wanted. So they decided to use it as a template."

Leonel was getting more surprised the more Anastasia spoke. That was because he had deduced a lot of this, but not to this level of detail. Anastasia had only been passively observing everything before, but she still figured out far more about it than he had.

But that made sense... she understood more about the underlying mechanisms for these things than basically anyone else would.

She could pick up on things he couldn't connect.

"It can be said that the 'flaw' of the Sea Gods was done on purpose by the Barbarians because this was their method of making Earth more malleable. However, it was basically poison to the Sea Gods.

"A Race that needs to terraform their enemies to invade is inherently a weak Race. The seas you would want to target would all be special waters, ones that had high concentrations of very specific Water Forces and wouldn't easily allow the Sea Gods to terraform.

"The only way to give them a chance would be to reverse what the Barbarians did to them, which is why your Cleansing Waters idea isn't bad...

"The issue is that even if you succeed, you would just be destroying their greatest strength in exchange. The end result would be a mediocre race, one Existence should have already phased out."

Leonel vaguely understood what Anastasia was trying to say, though it was still a bit over his head. It seemed that he needed to study Force Pill Crafting more. Just how many deductions was he missing out on because of this lack of knowledge?

"Do you have a solution?"

"Uh... yes. But the solution might as well not be one at all, because it could practically be the solution to everything."

"And that is?"

"Help them gain a high affinity for Creation. If they can gain that, they can self-correct a lot of their own weaknesses. But there's a reason most Races, families, and Lineage Factors are founded on the simplest Forces in Existence.

"Building a Race with high affinity for an equally high Path would not only burn a ridiculous amount of resources, there would also be a large number of 'duds' among them. Their own Lineage Factors would be unlikely to awaken among their kind, effectively making it just as rare as usual."

Leonel's lip twitched. This really is a worthless solution.

Were the Sea Gods just screwed, then?

As Leonel was about to fall into his thoughts once more, Anastasia suddenly looked off into the distance.

"Not good..."

"What happened?" Leonel looked up.

"The Pluto just declared war on the Void Race."

Leonel's heart skipped a beat.

This sounded like something that didn't have anything to do with him, but his heart was suddenly doing cartwheels.

This was the worst-case scenario.

The Pluto were baring their fangs.

Chapter 3123: Question

Leonel still didn't know what exactly the Pluto owed the Fawkes, but he somehow subconsciously knew that the fact they were acting now meant that they felt that debt had been paid.

That was an odd thing for him to deduce considering they were attacking the Void Race and now the Fawkes, but the flexibility of Leonel's mind right now was something that even most True God Dream Force experts couldn't fathom.

Because of his new understanding of Time Force, he understood why the Pluto took their Favors so easily.

If he had to guess, the Pluto had very strict laws about how they might use their abilities. After all, if every one of them was as impudent as Leonel, trying to play chess with the timelines to force an outcome in the future that best suited him, the entire world would be in a mess.

Of course, this wasn't to say that the Pluto were some holier-than-thou, saint of a Race. Rather, he had a feeling that there were definitely some very severe balancing acts that needed to happen whenever one person played with the timeline so much.

Leonel didn't know if his future self managed to transcend those issues or not... or maybe he was suffering from that counterbalance already. That would explain why he never seemed to get any rest.

But regardless of what was true, in order for a Race of Time Force to exist so long, they had to have measures in place to avoid such counterbalancing.

Even with all their efforts, the Pluto Race was still in a slight decline. So it could be imagined just how difficult this was.

If they were taking action now... they just might be like the Minerva of old, making a final spurt, a last push to reverse the aging of her Race...

And Leonel had a feeling that they would succeed.

The Void Race had gotten cocky. They and their allies thought that they could just bully the Pluto Race into the shadows, not realizing that the Pluto were just biding their time.

Now that it was time to explode, the Pluto would reaffirm their positions as the top dog. And given how little time there was for Existence to, well... exist, they would likely remain there until the very end.

But why was this a problem? It wasn't as though Leonel had ever had any real problems with the Pluto. Well, at least not any large ones. At worst, he had offended El'Rion by a small measure, but it wasn't to the point of life and death.

The reason that Leonel was worried was because he doubted that it would stop with the Void Race.

And even if the Pluto didn't declare war on the entire God Realm, they would certainly throw their weight around. That would cause unwanted variables to appear, and in this sort of chaos...

The Demoness thrived.

What he also didn't want to think about was the potential worst-case scenario... a situation where the Pluto would, indeed, choose to target the Fawkes.

He needed to find out what this debt was all about sooner rather than later.

"Is that everything you know?"

"I only caught a glimpse of what was happening because of a commotion in the Dream Plane. I don't have any details other than that..."

"But I can say that the Pluto Race are violently spreading their influence, not just through this war, but they seem to have sent out their current and younger generations without a care if they get killed or not, almost as though they're trying to bait people into attacking them."

Leonel's gaze flickered. This sort of tactic...

Weeding out the weak.

Of course, the weak he referred to were members of the Pluto Race themselves.

First, the Pluto made a big move like attacking a sovereign Race, and then they exposed the most vulnerable of them to being hunted down.

On the one hand, the world would now obviously know that the Pluto were making a push to re-establish themselves firmly at the top.

And on the other, they were letting the world know that this was their last chance to take the spot from them.

If they passed this storm with enough of their younger and current generation intact...

The world would never know a ruler other than the Pluto.

It was a double-edged decision, but it was a powerful one nonetheless... one that exuded a great deal of confidence...

Suddenly, Leonel understood something.

His grandfather... there was absolutely no way he would give up such a chance.

When he saw through this, he realized why it was that the Pluto might have wanted the debt to be cleared first.

Gervaise would almost certainly make an enemy of the Pluto very soon. As for why, that was obvious.

He wanted to rule the God Realm just as much as the Pluto wanted to, and they were now giving him such a chance.

The war with the Four Great Families wasn't even over, but he knew his grandfather well enough... in fact, maybe the reason Gervaise had yet to personally step out and

the Fawkes Empire was still in relative peace was because he was waiting for a moment like this one.

Leonel took a breath and sighed.

The end of the world was on its way, but these powers were actually more interested in being the last standing than anything else.

And maybe he couldn't blame them.

Wasn't that what he was trying to do as well?

But this was troublesome to him for other reasons.

His grandfather might have been willing to deal with his antics before, but he certainly wouldn't accept such a thing now.

Very soon, he would receive an ultimatum.

Either he stood with the Fawkes or he didn't.

Right now, he was only so free because he was breaking military law, and probably several more laws on top of that.

The question was... what should he do?

He was stuck between a rock and a hard place.

Chapter 3124: Two Paths

Leonel honestly wasn't sure.

He wasn't even close to finishing. He was so far from filling up and building out his army that he could only feel a bit helpless about it.

The Sea Gods were still useless, the Oryx had yet to reach their full potential, the Morales hadn't even all been resurrected yet—though, Anastasia was making that much faster.

He, himself, was still in the Sixth Dimension and an impossibly long way from the Seventh. His master had just disappeared and would be unlikely to be back any time soon. His brothers had only just regressed back to the Third Dimension and were still working their way back up...

His wife would likely be in labor in another year or so!

This was the absolute worst time for him to be given such an ultimatum.

Leonel stood in silence, staring off into the distance. It was like the universe was telling him that now wasn't his time to be a King, and maybe he would never have such a chance again.

After a long while, he took a breath and sighed.

On one path, he would have to break off from his grandfather much earlier than he expected to, and that would cause more strain on his grandmother. They had just barely repaired their relationship somewhat, and she was still in a fragile state.

Although she was certainly more than intelligent enough to know that such a thing was coming in the future, she probably didn't expect that it would happen so soon either.

And on the other, he would be pretty much stifling his own progress.

'Let's take this one step at a time.'

"Anastasia, I trust you. The protocol right now is simple.

"I want the Sea Gods to reach their fullest potential. I want as many Morales to return and be placed under Ramon's command. Help them get used to their new Lineage Factor and Constellation.

"There are many talented humans in here who just have not received any systematic training. They'll be the next priority.

"Right now, I'll be going to the Spirituals and the Dwarven Race and will take them into the fold as well."

"And what about..." Anastasia began.

"My brothers will be directed by me personally. They've already made great progress in the current situation. I will help fast-track them."

"Okay."

His brothers, the likes of Amery, Elorin and Old Hutch, Elthor, Emna and the others...

They would be the core of his power in the future. No matter what path he was forced to take in the future, he wanted to help them progress as quickly as possible.

Leonel's figure flashed and he appeared in his living quarters again. His wife was sitting with a smile on her face, once again concocting pills as she hummed a tune.

Aina wasn't much of a singer, but that wasn't because she couldn't. Her voice, especially when she stopped restraining it.

Aina's voice always had a strong coercive character to it, something that Leonel still didn't quite understand until now. But it was something that Aina likely understood, and that was enough.

However, ever since she awakened it, she had suppressed it... That was because when she used it properly, it was like she was trying to seduce everyone around her.

She didn't like that feeling for one, and it also leaned too much into the vampire/succubus aspects of her being that she tended to want to avoid.

Leonel never really pressed her one way or another, but he had to admit that her real voice was so sultry, so seductive, so...

Leonel shook his head, waking himself. He was on serious business now.

"What's the matter?" Aina asked with a smile, seemingly seeing through Leonel's lewd thoughts with a giggle.

"Your friends, how do you want me to do with them?"

Yuri and Savahn were here, and they had been for a while. But Aina never seemed to want to put much effort into helping them to grow stronger.

Aina fell into silence, her gaze flickering.

"... Not everyone in the world wants to become strong," she suddenly said.

Leonel blinked and then nodded.

Indeed, not everyone had the ambition to grow strong. But it was a shame.

They didn't want to grow strong, but they also didn't want to have children because they felt the world was in too much chaos.

Not everyone was designed for greatness. The fact his brothers had lagged so far behind him was proof of that. If he didn't make a concerted effort to pull them up with him, they would only fall further behind.

But they were different. They had practically been warriors on a battlefield together since they were young. Following him to war was ingrained into their very bones.

But Yuri and Savahn... they didn't have such ambition and the weight of the events was probably sitting heavily on their hearts.

They had been through a lot and Leonel could understand... that they were just tired.

Now, the chessboard was far too large and they just felt like pawns.

"But what do you think?" Leonel asked.

Aina smiled bitterly. This husband of hers was growing more overbearing every day.

If he thought it would make her happy, he wouldn't give the two of them a choice.

Aina loved battle; it was just that she loved the idea of having children even more. Because of that, she had given up the former for the latter. But her friends didn't want to follow her in either. It would inevitably leave her feeling a bit lonely.

Leonel wanted his wife to experience nothing but happiness. If that meant dragging her friends along, he would do that. He still had a few bones to pick with Yuri anyway.

"It's not what you think. They just don't want to be a burden and it makes them feel extremely uncomfortable when I try to help them too much."

Leonel paused. "I see. Okay, I'll figure something out."

As for what he had figured out, that was obvious enough. Since it couldn't come from him and Aina, it would just have to come from Raj and Joel.

But he wouldn't put too much energy into this. He had things to do.

Chapter 3125: Throne

Leonel appeared high in the skies.

Coming to the Mortal Realms after so much time in Demi-God and God Realms felt... odd. There was a pressure on his body as though the world was trying to expel him. But luckily, his Dimension was low enough, and his Dimensional Method was odd enough, that he wasn't directly expelled.

He had already been by the Dwarven Race.

As expected, he didn't give them much of a choice and just directly took them away. He was only short of refining their world and turning it into one of his own.

Of course, he wouldn't go so far. But he had no interest in a back-and-forth.

The Dwarven Race had almost died under the assault of the Invalids. Luckily for them, Leonel had appeared to deal with the situation, and soon after the battle on the Demi-God Realm turned God Realm ended, the Invalids seemed to have vanished into thin air.

Though, Leonel was pretty sure they were hiding away somewhere on the God Realms, waiting for the perfect opportunity to strike. If there was anyone who didn't fear the fall of Existence, it was the Invalids who prayed for its downfall every day anyway.

But now here was the world of Spirituals.

There was an odd atmosphere in the air as he stood above it all.

They hadn't been attacked, but for some reason, Leonel felt that the world was gloomier than it should be.

The last time he came here, they were filled with happiness and cheer while he was off the battlefield after they stabbed him in the back.

But he had yet to even target them, and yet...

Suddenly, the skies shuddered and several figures appeared.

There was Lady Emberheart and her husband, along with the old male-female elder pair he had met before.

But he didn't even get a chance to say much as they fell to their knees in the air. Leonel could basically see their bodies trembling. He would have been able to see it even if his senses weren't so sharp.

They seemed to have a great amount of fear in the depths of their souls.

Leonel raised an eyebrow but he didn't say much at first, just silently observing them. However, the longer he stared, the less inclined they were to raise their heads.

Lady Emberheart had grown extremely powerful, and from what Leonel could tell, she had already successfully formed a Dharma and wasn't far from forming an Idol.

She was the most powerful of them here, but she was shaking the most fiercely as though she likewise understood the situation better than all the rest of them.

Well... she was right.

As powerful as they were, they were mere mortals. Honestly speaking, even if Leonel couldn't defeat her through straightforward and easy means, he still had a million and one ways to crush her.

Still, he didn't feel like this was the reason they were acting like this.

Finally, he began to speak, and the information he got later only made his eyebrows raise higher.

"Show me this Throne."

...

Leonel stood in front of this Throne for the second time, his gaze flickering.

Something about this Throne felt odd.

When he listened to the stories of the Spirituals, he was even more taken aback.

The prophecies of the tablets were written after the fact? By a blade that transcended time, coming from an unknown future to etch them?

Leonel looked down at his hand. Was it a coincidence?

Spear Force flared in his palm and suddenly, the Time around it began to warp.

If it was before, he wouldn't think much of it. But now it felt like too much of a coincidence. He had only just given his Weapon Forces the character needed to control time and space. No... even his Dream Force had only just gained such characteristics as well.

Could it be that he was only meant to come here now?

It seemed that his future self had a sense of humor, and a ridiculous ego too. But he had to admit, this was a crazy flex.

Going back in time with your blade to write prophecies about yourself.

It, in one part, made the "chosen one" narrative ridiculous. He had fooled even the Primordial Terror into thinking he was someone great when really he was just putting himself on a pedestal.

But on the other hand, he found it hilarious. At least he hadn't lost his sense of humor after he lost everything.

The sound of Leonel chuckling made the hearts of the Spirituals quake. They didn't quite understand what he was trying to get at.

"You say that when the person who's meant to sit on this Throne does so you'll return to the Human Race?" Leonel asked.

"Yes!" Lady Emberheart replied with conviction.

"And the reason you tried to kill me is because of that?"

"... We—."

"Just answer the question, I don't bite... most of the time."

Lady Emberheart's heart fluttered. But she still grit her teeth in the end and nodded.

"Yes."

"Mm..."

Leonel nodded. He could understand it. If they put so much hope into this Throne, the fact that he tried to pull them back into the fold early would be a huge red flag to them.

Returning to the Human Race before the Throne was claimed was unacceptable to them. That wasn't something that they could allow.

Since Leonel hadn't shown signs of being that person, they chose to kill him.

What they didn't expect was that Leonel had just not fully awakened yet.

Suddenly, Leonel turned and plopped down onto the Throne.

The world shook and overturned, a beam of light cutting through the sunlight above as though the Northern Star itself was reacting.

Leonel felt his body hit by a great force. His bones creaked and his inner organs whined.

However...

He could feel that his Dimensional Level was suddenly accelerating forward.

Leonel's eyes narrowed, a violet energy surging through him.

Violet Force.

Chapter 3126: Take a Step Back

It was no wonder Leonel was somewhat taken aback. Violet Force was the Force of the Viola Family, a weak little family he hadn't thought about in years, and why would he?

Rychard wasn't even on his radar when he almost married Aina, let alone now.

Of course, the circumstances back then had been completely different. He would mince Rychard into pieces if he tried to pull such a thing again. But that was beside the point right now.

Violet Force was flooding through his body and it was accelerating his Dimension Level by leaps and bounds.

He needed an obscene amount of energy just to progress a single step due to his Inner Worlds, but right now... it was like he was shooting through all of them one after another.

How could he not be stunned?

'So... it wasn't an illusion...'

During the final moments in him assuring Anastasia made it through, Leonel had layered [Star Fusion: King's Might] with several abilities. His Violet Winds, his Vital Star Force, and his Dream Force all came together to make a final push.

At that moment, he had been stunned for a moment. Because he thought he sensed something familiar.

But he hadn't been able to focus on it. That was because the time was too sensitive.

After that, he became worried about Anastasia's changes, and then was wrapped up by his duties again. By the time he tried it again, he couldn't grasp the same feeling. So he thought he had just imagined it.

It had to be remembered that because of his Ability Index, Leonel was able to revert his body to any particular state it had been in before. He also had perfect recall.

So to him, the fact he couldn't grasp this feeling again meant that he had basically imagined it. It wasn't impossible considering how many things his mind had been juggling back then. Even he was almost overwhelmed.

But now... he realized that this wasn't the case at all.

Leonel was truly stunned this time.

It seemed that he had created a Force of his own. In fact, he had already created it in this life as well.

The combination of his Violet Winds, Vital Star Force, and his Dream Force...

That was Violet Force.

His Violet Winds were a mutation of his Destruction fog. It was such an extreme of Destruction that it became Creation—the opposite of his Scarlet Star Force.

His Vital Star Force spoke for itself, it was Life, especially in the body.

Then his Dream Force had recently gained a Time Force character to it, and it allowed his Ability Index to branch out and sense the movements and changes of other timelines and such. It made his simulation ability far sharper.

'No, this is still only a part of it... this isn't a Force...

'It's my Idol.'

Leonel finally grasped it. The Idol of his first life, the Idol of his Future self.

It wasn't just Violet Winds, Vital Star Force, and Dream Force.

It incorporated his Ability Index. It was because of his control over his body that he could use the others to shift and change things.

But it was also his King's Might Lineage Factor. It was because of its existence that he could extend that control to his very soul. Well, that in conjunction with his Dream Force.

It was also his Scarlet Star Force because it was the foundation of Creation that he needed.

No matter where he looked, it was a perfect melding of it all.

It was nothing short of his Idol.

And if he was correct, he was likely the only person in all of Existence that could use this Force to its fullest potential.

Rychard had called this Force a curse... and that was pretty much what it would be to anyone not named Leonel Morales.

Violet Force did just one thing: break the laws of physics.

If you could swing your arm with 100 pounds of strength, it would give you 120 pounds of strength.

If you could normally run 10 miles an hour, it would allow you to run at 12.

If you could have jumped 10 meters in a single bound, it would allow you to jump 12.

The numbers weren't what was important. What was important was that it was the only thing in Existence that could create things from thin air.

At no cost to its owner, it boosted everything they could do.

It could even take 10 years of training and unceremoniously make it 12.

This was exactly what Leonel was experiencing now. It was taking all of his training and boosting it as though he had been pushing for many more years than he actually had been.

The affinity for this Force that the Viola Family had was simply far too low. They turned what should have been sure success into a gamble. As such, they ended up losing large portions of their lifespan.

However...

Leonel was the God of this Force.

BOOM!

Leonel looked up to see an enormous crown of violet and gold appearing above his head.

The Spiritual all across the world were forced to the ground, their bodies practically sinking into the soil. It looked as though they were about to become the fertilizer for Leonel's power.

Leonel, however, didn't seem to notice. He knew that they weren't in any actual danger, but more importantly than that...

Did he want this Idol?

He thought about it for a moment, his thoughts churning for a long while. Then, he spoke.

"Violet Force is a stupid name. The Viola family is filled with nothing but fools. From now on, you will be King Force, the Force I use to rule the land.

"However, even you will have to take a step back beneath my will.

"You won't be my Idol. You will only be a part of it.

"Take a step back. You will be my first Dharma."

BOOM!

The skies shook and split. The Spiritual's world couldn't withstand the might and it cracked apart.

Chapter 3127: Not Too Different

A crown of violet and gold rotated high above Leonel, its aura growing sharper, stronger, more full with each and every passing second.

However, Leonel himself continued to sit in silence, his gaze almost dull in a way.

Of course, this wasn't a dullness that referred to lifelessness, but rather a dullness that came from Leonel's indifference to it all... almost as though such a powerful breakthrough was only natural for him.

All of his accumulation, the breadth of his foundation, the convergence of countless timelines...

It was all for today.

A Dharma was meant to represent one's life, a measure of the path one had taken.

An Idol was a step beyond that. It didn't just represent one's life, but it represented a refined essence of the core of one's being, so refined, in fact, that it was worthy of being worshipped by others.

There wasn't a clear and obvious dividing line between the two. And as one would know by now, there were countless variations and striated levels of differentiation between Idols alone.

If one extended their senses to the Dharma Realms, it was even harder to differentiate. Sometimes, Dharmas were more powerful than even some Idols. But sometimes, Dharmas might not even be more powerful than some Peak Creation State existences.

Leonel's Dream Force was the perfect example of this. It was already stronger than most Dream Force experts with Dharmas, and many who had Idols.

Right now, however, things were changing with a particular sort of oddity. That was because Leonel had most definitely comprehended an Idol just now.

The creation of a new Force, no matter what it was, always warranted an Idol.

And yet, Leonel was forcing it to be his Dharma.

The tug, push, and pull of these Forces was particularly violent. It was like Leonel was trying to focus the blessings of Existence and the Northern Star itself into a much smaller box than it was meant to fit into.

And he was unrelentingly stubborn about it. So much so that the world he was simply sitting in was splitting apart at the seams.

However, he didn't show any hesitation at all.

Although Violet Force was powerful, extremely so, he had other ideas for where to take his Idol this time.

That said, Violet Force was too good for him to give up, and he had to admit that he was a genius for creating it if he could toot his own horn for a moment.

As such, he came up with this sort of compromise.

Ironically, Violet Force was precisely the Force that he would need to break such rules. After all, Violet Force was probably the strongest application of Breaking Force in the entire world. What it did best was break the rules of the world.

However, the issue was that there was a bit of cyclical logic happening here.

Violet Force was what would allow him to break rules in the future, being even more compatible with him than the Brazinger Heirloom could ever hope to be.

But if it was the reason he could break rules, then could he use it on itself? It felt cyclical in logic and difficult to pin down properly. It felt like it was something that shouldn't be possible.

However, Leonel didn't seem to realize the flaw in his logic at all. Instead, he just kept pressing, forcing it down.

At the same time, there were a great number of changes taking place in his body. And most accurately... to his King's Might.

The blood vessels in Leonel's brain seemed overrun by pulsing violet. They began to crystallize, and then soon after, they ran into his Ethereal Glabella, forming solid pathways between them all.

His eyes had always been a pale violet ever since they changed from their original greenish hazel color. It was so pale that it almost looked pink and white in some lighting.

His hair was the same, though it carried a sort of crystalline character to it. His hair had also been basically uncuttable ever since he entered this world of Dimensions and the like as well.

But now...

A dense light began to pulse out from his eyes. At the same time, his hair became more ethereal.

By the same token as all of this, Leonel had always been a decently handsome man. But his sort of handsomeness could only be mentioned as a few steps above average. He might get an extra look walking down the street, but it wouldn't be neck-breaking and it certainly wouldn't be to the point of speechlessness.

This changed somewhat after he completed his ascent into Godhood. He had become more perfect and his handsomeness became more defined and obvious.

However, once again, lost in a sea of people with God constitutions, it was basically meaningless. He was back to the same old above-average handsome man.

But now...

Something seemed to have fundamentally changed.

His hair danced, gaining a darker, richer violet to it. His eyes were the same, emitting their own light that seemed to pierce into the very depths of the soul of anyone who saw them.

His features became perfect to the point of stopping hearts, a refined sort of elegance exuding from him.

His skin became smoother, reflecting like glass. It had a rich bronzed hue to it, yet looked so delicate that one couldn't help but want to stretch out a finger to touch it.

At the same time as his actual features were growing to such heights, his aura was accelerating even faster.

The Spirituals prostrated on the ground felt like they were looking at a True God, and yet their senses confirmed that Leonel was still very much in the Sixth Dimension...

CRACK.

Seventh Dimension.

It didn't make any sense.

It was like he had broken the mold of the entire world, overturning it and forcing it into submission as though it was just another one of his Crafts.

And maybe... Just maybe...

It wasn't too different from one at all.

Chapter 3128: Don't You Think...

Lady Emberheart looked up with shaky eyes, her heart trembling.

The dichotomy between the casualness of Leonel's style of dress and the aura he was exuding was simply too much. She had never felt so inferior in her entire life.

The crown solidified on Leonel's head and a pulse of light rippled to the outside world.

Lady Emberheart trembled again.

He had actually succeeded.

A Dharma should have been in the shape of a human. Or, more accurately, it should have been in the shape of the Race that created it. This was the simplest sort of manifestation to form because it was just a projection of oneself.

Idols, however, could take many forms. They could be a humanoid, but they could also be weapons or things of the like.

Leonel's King Force Dharma was in the shape of a crown, very clearly the shape that it would have taken had it continued to become an Idol.

However, Leonel had forced it into the state of a Dharma.

The main difference wasn't in power. In fact, it might even be argued that his King Force Dharma was even more powerful than his King Force Idol would have been. This was because his King Force Dharma was ironically more in line with the true power of King Force, doing things as it pleased and going around breaking the rules of the world.

The real main difference, however, was that Leonel's aura still had a malleability to it that those who had successfully formed Idols wouldn't.

One was only allowed to form one Idol in their lifetime. This was a hard rule. And after it was formed, one's path was set and it was difficult to defect to another.

Forming an Idol also made it far more difficult even just to comprehend other things. It was like one gained a one-track mind that couldn't be deviated from its path.

Ironically, in a lot of ways, forming an Idol was like becoming some version of the past Anastasia. You might have all the intelligence in the world, but your thoughts would become rigid and inflexible, set down a certain path like you were wearing blinders.

That said, although this made Idols sound bad, that wasn't the case at all.

Usually, one would spend an entire lifetime refining themselves to reach the point where they could form an Idol in the first place. An Idol, by definition, would already be a combination of everything you had already learned. Technically speaking, once you formed one, you would never need to comprehend another path in the first place.

But that was why those who saw Leonel could only shed their own tears in silence.

Only a man like this one would actually dare to so carelessly give up the right to form an Idol... and such a powerful one at that.

However... his breakthrough had unfortunately left their world in shambles. She couldn't help but wonder just how many had died in such a commotion.

Leonel was still sitting there in silence, looking up and into the skies as though he was lost in thought.

He opened his mouth suddenly and spoke a single word.

"Reverse."

The shattered world of Spirituals trembled, and all of a sudden, the breaks and fissures reformed one after another. But it wasn't just that... even the dead Spirituals seemed to have come back to life.

Leonel stood to his feet, his heart almost solid in the dense light they exuded.

"Gather everyone up. Your people will be coming with me."

Lady Emberheart's pupils constricted. But... she didn't dare to refute.

Whether it was for the prophecy or Leonel's individual strength... how could they dare?

This was what their Ancestors had been waiting for all this time, and even if they were unwilling, what could they do against a man who could destroy a world with a breakthrough and reform it with a word?

However, as Lady Emberheart began to act, she was even more shocked.

She realized that Leonel hadn't just repaired the world; he had revived everyone.

Was this the power of someone who was in the Seventh Dimension?

How could she even begin to accept such a thing?

...

Leonel stood high in the skies, still lost in his thoughts.

He had used his King Force just now to accelerate his breakthrough. It wasn't as simple as adding energy to him. Instead, his King Force had analyzed his entire body and then retroactively optimized all of the training he had done in the last several decades he had experienced, practically doubling its efficiency in one go.

That was to say that his King Force had made it seem like he had trained for double the time he really did...

And yet, he had only progressed from the Sixth Dimension to the Seventh.

Just how large were the leaps between his Dimensional Tiers? It seemed that breaking through would be even more troublesome than he thought.

But first, he would have to do something about his Inner Worlds. Right now, they were in a configuration he didn't like at all, especially since he had been forced to absorb so many Invalid Worlds back then.

'One step at a time,' Leonel thought to himself, looking off into the distance. He could feel that he likely wouldn't have the time to do all of this. 'I'll finish with a trip to the Rapax world and then return as quickly as possible. I have a bad feeling about all of this...'

...

Lady Emberheart stood with her hands trembling. She still couldn't seem to calm down. The more she thought about what happened, the harder it was for her to accept, and the more confused she was about it all.

"What is wrong?"

Lord Emberheart caught his wife's hands, stopping them from shaking so much.

"I..." Lady Emberheart didn't want to say it; it was too shocking. However, beneath the pressing of her husband, she eventually spoke the words from her heart.

"Don't you think... don't you think that he looks and feels too much like a Spiritual now?"

Chapter 3129: Good

"Don't you think... don't you think that he looks and feels too much like a Spiritual now?"

Lord Emberheart's eyes widened. His head subconsciously snapped toward Leonel, who stood in the far-off distance, high in the skies like a deity overlooking the world.

The more he looked, the more his heart trembled. Soon, his hands were shaking not much unlike his wife's.

None of them would care if Leonel was a Spiritual or not. It wouldn't make much of a difference, and if there was a difference at all, it would be the fact that it would make their people much easier to convince in the future. After all, they had spent years spreading propaganda against humans despite the fact that they were actually humans themselves as well.

The problem, as per always, was the underlying truth that would likewise have to be true if this was the reality. As the saying went... the devil was in the details.

There was something especially odd about Leonel's aura. They knew that he was a human; that was undeniable. But how had his aura so spontaneously changed like that?

According to their history, the first Spirituals only appeared after there were odd birthing occurrences where mothers started to face near-death experiences as their babies gathered large amounts of energy for the sake of forming their bodies.

There shouldn't be any accounts of Spirituals spontaneously forming like this. And yet...

The more they looked at Leonel, the more they felt like this was exactly what they were experiencing.

But what did that mean?

Back when the energy had descended onto Leonel, it was like a blade was being drawn from the future to the past. However, that blade...

Its aura was identical to Leonel's own. If they weren't so against the idea, they would have thought that Leonel himself had struck out with such an attack, taking matters into his own hands.

But how could that be possible.

Suddenly, Leonel turned his head, looking toward them with indifferent eyes.

They felt their souls freeze over, their bodies almost collapsing to the ground. It was just a gaze, but it felt as though they were about to lose their lives in a single instant.

They remembered a time when Leonel could only run before them. Then there was the time he rampaged in their world and they could do nothing even as he humiliated them. And now...

They didn't even dare to look at him.

**

Leonel crossed the universe, moving with the swiftness of a man on a mission.

Soon, he had reached his destination, a world of Rapax.

With a thought, he pulled out a familiar pair of Rapax from his Inner World.

Dreadmaw and Shadowclaw.

The two were taken aback. After years of being stuck in Leonel's Incomplete Worlds, they thought that they would spend their lives stuck in this place.

"You!"

Dreadmaw didn't hesitate to attack, but he had barely started moving when he froze in place. This wasn't because Leonel had done anything... in fact, all Leonel did was look at him.

And in that moment, Dreadmaw felt as though his entire body had been thrown into an ice cellar. He shivered from head to toe, suddenly feeling completely naked.

The Rapax had complete immunity to Internal Sight and had natural protections against Dream Force by extension. The most powerful of them couldn't even be locked onto by powerful Dream Force experts, and their souls couldn't be found in the Dream Plane.

They were the perfect warriors. They could put everything into their physical attributes, but they wouldn't have to worry about the drawbacks that came with it at all.

However, at that moment, Dreadmaw suddenly felt that it was all absolutely useless against Leonel.

Internal Sight, Dream Force, even his soul itself, all of it locked onto him.

It was a feeling that he, as a Rapax, was completely unfamiliar with and it shook him down to the depths of his soul.

They were so unused to it, in fact, that if Leonel wanted to make them kill themselves, it would take nothing more than a single nudge.

The fear made Dreadmaw feel as though he had a guillotine hanging over his head, like his death was nothing more than a hop and a skip away. There was absolutely nothing that he could do...

If Leonel wanted him dead, he would be dead.

At that moment, it was Shadowclaw who suddenly blocked in front of Dreadmaw. When he sensed the same pressure that Dreadmaw did, he even began to hiss, a guttural rumbling coming from his throat.

It was an odd reaction for Shadowclaw, who was usually so calm and docile. But Leonel knew that any warrior that the Rapax were willing to invest so much in wouldn't be a coward.

The Rapax represented strength and battle merit far more than potential. If you were a coward, you wouldn't be worth anything to them in the first place.

Leonel's aura pressed down on Shadowclaw, and the latter felt his body shaking, but he didn't back down.

It was only when Shadowclaw was about to collapse from exhaustion that Leonel retracted his Dream Force and Dreadmaw calmed the young Rapax.

"I won't explain myself to you two. The Rapax were my competitors, so I dealt with you as I would competitors. Now, I'll give your Race two choices.

"Either follow me, or die. Which will it be?"

Leonel looked toward Shadowclaw, his eyes glowing. Even though he wasn't using his Internal Sight any longer, Shadowclaw still felt a great pressure on his spirit.

Although Leonel had been in a time warp, his Incomplete Worlds hadn't experienced that time. So to them, it had only been a handful of years since they saw him last.

They didn't understand how someone could grow so powerful in a short time.

Surprisingly, it was Shadowclaw who spoke first.

"The Rapax only follow the strong."

Leonel looked at him, then nodded.

"Good. I'll lead you to the best battlefields in the world."

Chapter 3130: Come

Leonel didn't need to question anything else. Wouldn't doing so be questioning whether he was among the strong or not? There was no need to even consider it.

Over the next hour, he subdued the Rapax world and forcefully pulled them into his Segmented Cube.

Like this, he had the Dwarven Race, the Rapax Race, and the Spirituals Race.

Of course, he hadn't taken all of the Races. He only took them from one Mortal World. The rest of the Mortal Realm was still filled with other examples of these Races, but he had his hands full with these three worlds alone, let alone the others.

However, he was still content.

First, these worlds were the ones with the strongest potential to begin with. They had produced the most Gods in the past and had the best chance of producing the next wave of Demi-Gods.

Second, his resources were limited. He was already having a great deal of trouble dealing with the Morales alone. Thankfully, Anastasia had taken over the burden of resurrecting the Morales for him, but even she was having her own fair share of issues.

Of course, her "issues" still allowed her to be much faster than Leonel. In these last few days, she had already resurrected millions. Compared to the hundreds that Leonel could have managed in that time, she was clearly on an entirely different level.

Plus, he was less interested in numbers versus quality.

The main reason he took in the Rapax was because of Shadowclaw. And the main reason he took in the Dwarven Race was because of Lumielle.

On their own, these two would have likely become Gods in the future. At the very least, they would have formed Dharmas.

But now, he would make them true monsters. Their talent made them more than great enough to be among his Generals, especially Shadowclaw.

He hadn't observed the combat genius of the Dwarven Race enough, but he knew that Shadowclaw was particularly special. If he could reach his potential, he just might stand on the same level as Emna and Elorin.

Now, Leonel felt that he had the foundation he needed for the future.

The only question was...

Would he get the chance to solidify it before the other foot dropped?

**

The encampment was filled with the clang of weapons and the roar of warriors. The Third Imperial Prince stood in the middle of the battlefield, his green eyes glowing with a fiendish light as his golden hair danced in the air.

Large manifestations that looked like spiraling dragons wrapped around him. Every time he punched out, one would drill through a large number of enemies, leaving nothing but blood and bone in its wake.

Stronger members of the Four Great Families began to encircle him, but it was clear that they were no match for him alone.

"Just obediently bow down, Fawkes scum," a Brazinger laughed uproariously, his halberd screaming through the air with every swing.

Green and red flashed through the air.

The Third Imperial Prince didn't reply, his eyes focused and his killing aura dense.

The Four Great Families had suddenly inexplicably changed their tactics a few days ago.

The war had mostly entered a bit of a lull, but then they all of a sudden started sending out full assaults, catching them off guard.

On top of that, Nana's disappearance left a gap in their defenses, making it even easier for such a thing to happen.

However, the Third Imperial Prince was still scanning the region. There were nothing but ants surrounding him; he didn't even care to pay much attention to the taunts of the man in front of him. Under normal circumstances, this man wouldn't even have the right to speak to him.

The only reason he was even in this battle at all was the fact that his side looked like a beast had just taken an enormous bite out of it.

High in the skies, hidden in the darkness, a man with a fiendish golden aura and a bow stood. The fury between his brows was clear.

This man was an elder of the Laevis family. After their Heirloom had been stolen, how could he not be absolutely infuriated?

He had managed a sneak attack on the Third Imperial Prince, heavily injuring him. But the damned bastard refused to fall, and even worse, the senses of Fawkes elite warriors were too sharp. After the first sneak attack, he wasn't sure if he could—

PCHU!

The elder froze, slowly looking down at his chest.

When...

When had a hand appeared there...?

He turned back with the only strength he had left in his body.

The last sight he saw was a young man, handsome beyond words. His hair seemed a combination of wisps of energy and crystalline strands of violet, but his eyes... they carried such shocking depth to them that even though the elder was already dying, he still felt real fear, as though he wanted to use the final moments of his life to run...

Leonel Morales.

At that moment, the battlefield fell into silence as a man descended from the skies, the bleeding body of an expert on his arm.

Leonel looked down indifferently as the Laevis elder's corpse fell from his wrist and forearm, plummeting to the thick Anarchic Force waters below.

With a wave of his hand, a familiar bow appeared.

He had already noticed long ago that the Laevis Heirloom was missing its Weapon Spirit. However, even without it, it was a truly powerful weapon...

But who said that he had to continue to be without it?

"Come."

It was only a single word, but the skies seemed to split open because of it.

As he stretched out the bowstring, it seemed to be slowly coming to life until it shone with such a bright light that Leonel looked like a golden twelve-pointed star in the skies.

And then...

A rain of gold fell from above. The carnage was so devastating that the Four Great Families could only look up in despair.

Chapter 3131: Timeless Radiance. Infinite Radiance.

The skies split open and the world overturned.

For a moment, the Inbetween World gained light.

Violet rained down, and the flames that smoldered at the end of all things made themselves known.

An enormous portal took shape, and a spirit on the other side began to struggle.

Leonel was already raining down arrows as though he didn't care whether the Weapon Spirit listened to him or not.

However, slowly but surely, with every pluck of the bowstring, a resounding TWANG! echoed, and the Weapon Spirit was pulled closer and closer.

In truth, this wasn't fake.

Leonel didn't care very much about the Weapon Spirit.

As far as he was concerned, he and his wife could create a stronger weapon given enough time and the proper resources.

Though, the latter would be harder to find than he gave it credit for.

However, it was also because of this that he wanted this Weapon Spirit now as a stopgap measure.

It had been a long time since he had wielded a truly powerful bow.

Remembering how it had felt to use the White Lion Bow initially, he felt his blood boil.

He wanted that feeling again.

He had always had the greatest affinity for Bow Force, even above that of his Spear Force, despite the fact he had only been born with a Lineage Factor for the latter but not the former.

However, now he felt like he truly understood why that was.

Or... maybe he always had, in a way.

The answer had always been on the tip of his tongue.

Control.

There was no other weapon that could control a battlefield to the same level as a bow.

He found that he didn't even prefer a gun nearly as much.

One might think that a gun was superior... but he had never agreed with that either.

There was a reason he had stopped crafting sniper rifles.

It wasn't as though he lost the skill to do so along the way.

There was a certain flexibility and added control that came with using a bow and arrow that he simply couldn't replicate with a gun.

Even if he could add a bit of crafting magic to replicate that sort of control, it would never be the same... because whatever he could add to a sniper rifle, he could add to a bow and bolster the control he already had over it even further.

About the only thing that was superior to a bow was the overt and oppressive power a gun could unveil in a single brief instant.

However, in exchange for control... Leonel would trade that away ten out of ten times.

The bow was the ultimate form of who he was.

A person who wanted to not just control his own body perfectly, but even the world around him.

When his Dream World bloomed and covered the battlefield in full force, the Weapon Spirit finally couldn't seem to protect itself any longer.

It was ripped away from its location and tore a path through time and space, drilling into the beautiful golden bow.

ROAR! The roar peeled through the skies like a clap of thunder.

All of a sudden, the bow blazed with life.

Leonel, who had already become what looked like a twelve-pointed star in the skies, became even larger as though a true sun was descending from above.

He didn't even need to prep himself or take a breath, almost as though he had been waiting for this exact moment his entire life.

The world overturned, and the rain of arrows accelerated.

A profound understanding overwhelmed Leonel, and he realized just how much power this bow had.

The theory of relativity was complex.

It could be explained simply enough on its surface, but the deeper you went, the more of a genius you realized Einstein was.

Every day, you could learn tidbits about the spacetime continuum through this theory that could shake you to the core.

And one of those things for Leonel was a secret of photons of light.

The simple fact of it was that light was constant in its speed.

The closer you got to the speed of light, the heavier you became, and the slower time moved for you in relation to everything else.

Of course, as Leonel moved into wider existence, he had learned many ways of bending and breaking the laws of special relativity.

But what he had learned nonetheless was just how close to the truth Einstein had been... at least when you weren't using your Force to forcefully rewrite those laws and shatter them.

When the world was intact... special relativity was correct.

And that meant, when you took it to its logical extreme, it held up as well.

What did it really mean that you approached infinite mass when you closed in on the speed of light? What did it really mean that time became infinitely slower in relation to everything around you as you approached the speed of light? The logical conclusion, and something that had excited young Leonel, was a simple thought... The thought that photons of light were the only things in existence that never aged.

Even further, that photons of light were in the very same state they had been since the beginning of time, from the instant they had been created.

And even further than that, that photons of light were trapped in a single instant of time.

Leonel had already deduced this long ago.

It wasn't like he was the first, but he had at least come to realize it without reading it in a book first, extrapolating the obvious conclusion from the information in front of him.

This memory came bubbling up the moment the World Spirit entered the bow because he understood what it could do... and he understood even further just how much it would bolster his strength.

If one listened to the twang of the bowstring, they would come to notice something shocking.

An arrow would leave and strike its target all before the sound even echoed.

In fact, there was seemingly no lag between the disappearance of the arrow and the death of an unfortunate foe.

Not a single bit of time passed.

It was instantaneous.

One shot.

One kill.

And his targets didn't even have the right to ready themselves.

The Laevis members in the army felt their hearts leap into their throats.

They understood exactly what this was.

This was the absolute highest state one could reach with their Heirloom, a state that hadn't been reached in countless generations, one that hadn't even appeared since the fall of the Creation Beasts.

The reason they allowed their youth to try out the bow in turns was because they were trying to train this level of mastery to appear again.

What none of them could have ever expected was that an outsider would grasp it... Timeless Radiance.

Run.

There was nothing else to do.

Such a person appearing on a battlefield meant death for them all.

However... BOOM! An arrow landed and exploded an entire island.

Despair colored the expressions of the Laevis family members.

The others of the Four Great Families seemed to pick up on what was happening late, but when they did, their despair was no less.

Infinite Radiance.

To think that an outsider would comprehend not just one, but both of their greatest states.

Not only was he using them, but he was using them continuously as though they didn't mean much to him at all.

Timeless Radiance was able to strike with an instantaneous arrow.

There was no lag between the pluck of the bowstring and the death of the target.

It was faster—faster than even the laws of the world themselves—so much so that they didn't have the speed to act on the arrow.

But even so, that was only the first of their two shocking abilities.

Infinite Radiance was a strike that carried infinite mass.

No matter what it crashed into, it would be heavier, denser, more destructive.

It was even more shocking than Timeless Radiance because light shouldn't have any mass.

It represented a level of law-breaking that exceeded Timeless Radiance by a step.

The bow seemed born to be in Leonel's hands.

He was killing so fast that the Fawkes warriors found themselves standing around without enemies to face off against.

The Third Imperial Prince stood gasping for breath, a hint of paleness on his face from the earlier injury.

He realized that if the elder who sneak-attacked him had such an ability, let alone standing here trying to catch his breath, he would be a dead man.

He couldn't even track the arrows at all.

The only saving grace was that the Timeless Radiance arrows didn't carry enough punch to rip through his defenses... But what about Infinite Radiance? It seemed that Infinite Radiance was at least slow enough for him to react to, but... Something told him that Leonel was still holding back.

To him, this was only the beginning.

Chapter 3132: See

Leonel slowly lowered the Laevis Bow, his expression calm and his movement unhurried.

After reaching the Seventh Dimension, he felt that even most Ninth Dimensional experts simply weren't a match for him, God Constitution or not.

Maybe only those with Dharmas could put up a fight, but if it was a weak Dharma, they would quickly find themselves on the other end of death.

And if they were sneak attacked like that Laevis elder from earlier, they would die even quicker.

As far as he was concerned, the only ones with a real chance to kill him now were either absolute geniuses of at least the Eighth Dimension.

Such individuals were incredibly rare, and even for a super powerhouse Race like the Pluto, there might only be a handful sprinkled through each generation.

Of course, there might be someone out there that could surprise him and be capable of fighting him at the same Dimension.

But... He believed that now he firmly stood atop what was possible talent-wise.

Even if there existed someone who could fight him at the same Dimension, that individual would certainly be several Tiers above him.

And that included his wife.

He had always said that he would be able to beat Aina ten out of ten times even if she was stronger than him, and he was firm in that resolve.

But now, he believed his talent had surpassed hers even as a God Childe.

The power of his Violet Force Dharma was unlike anything he had seen in the world just yet.

And the combination of it with his father's technique and his own [Dimensional Cleanse] standing at the Seventh Dimension was enough to make the stars weep.

Leonel couldn't help but smile to himself a small measure.

He only realized a small fact now... He had finally returned to his peak and taken a step beyond.

How long had it been since his grandfather used mysterious means to send him back to the Third Dimension? It had certainly been a long trek back.

But it was well worth it.

His power spoke for itself.

With a thought, Leonel descended, strapping the bow to his back as though he couldn't bear to part with it for even a moment.

But this action placed a great deal of pressure on the world around him.

When he appeared before the Third Imperial Prince, the latter felt for a moment like he was facing off against his father.

It was a feeling that even Alienor had only been able to replicate in part.

But right now... Leonel had captured almost the entire essence of it.

They looked different from one another, and their temperaments couldn't be further apart, yet the Third Imperial Prince was even more sure of his assessment.

It was no wonder the Emperor had always shown such favoritism to this grandson of his.

Emperor Fawkes had never made it a secret that he preferred some descendants over others.

The Third Imperial Prince had always been jealous of Alienor and the First Imperial Prince, but there were likewise other Princes and Princesses that were jealous of him.

However, none of them could have expected that it was a brat born long before them in an ironic twist of fate that would actually be the most favored... And yet also the most hated.

The Third Imperial Prince relaxed when he had this thought, and a hint of his dignified air returned.

Ironically, it might precisely be because Emperor Fawkes favored Leonel too much that they had a falling out.

A mountain couldn't house two tigers.

"Round everyone up.

We're returning," Leonel said.

The Third Imperial Prince frowned when he heard this, but Leonel had already vanished.

Everyone looked toward him to see what he would do.

Technically speaking, Leonel was a prisoner here.

He had even less of a right to command as a result, let alone the fact that he couldn't just end the war with the Four Great Families because he felt like it.

Yet, to everyone's shock, the Third Imperial Prince echoed Leonel's words.

They all seemed to realize at that moment that something big must have happened.

The Third Imperial Prince was speculating that it must be related to the odd change in the attack pattern of the Four Great Families, but he wasn't sure what it was.

Since Leonel dared to say these things, he was smart enough to know that there had to be a reason.

Returning now was most important.

... There was a flood of retreat from the Inbetween World as the Fawkes gave up valuable progress.

Things went about as Leonel had expected.

This uncle of his was smart.

Between smart people, there wasn't a need to explain much, especially when Leonel didn't ever really feel like it anyway.

If Leonel was correct, news of the Pluto's actions was only just being disseminated now.

The Sylvans were helping out the Four Great Families, so it made sense that they would react in time.

But news wouldn't necessarily make it everywhere else as quickly.

In the end, the Sylvans were still the top dogs of information in the God Realm.

They would certainly be the first to know of any information.

This time around, Leonel had technically been the first, but only thanks to Anastasia.

Because of these changes, the battle against the Four Great Families felt small and insignificant.

Or at the very least, it couldn't be fought in the same way.

There would be an easier opportunity to wipe them out in the chaos, and that was when he would strike to pull them up by their roots.

As for the details of it all, he didn't care one way or another.

He still needed to bide time for his own army to be up and running.

And in that case, he would spend time doing something that he had already promised his wife he would do long ago... See her father.

The return to the Ascension Empire was swift.

Chapter 3133: Not Much

Leonel sipped at some tea, looking between father and daughter with a mischievous look in his eye.

Honestly speaking, he should be more serious at a time like this.

But seeing Miel's reaction to finally seeing his daughter for the first time in a while, with a noticeable baby bump at that... well, his subterfuge couldn't help but bubble up to the forefront.

After all, he had had a bit of a feud with this father-in-law of his for a long while.

Was it mature to take this as a victory for himself? Absolutely not.

Did it feel good anyway? 100%, yes.

Yes.

And then yes again.

He was laughing like a little child on the inside, then sparing some thoughts toward his curiosity about the baby's gender, before he went back to sipping his tea.

Miel's eyes were flickering with all sorts of complex emotions, but ultimately, he was more than accepting of this.

After all, in his eyes, Leonel and Aina were already married even if there was no ceremony.

The vows that they had made to one another, and the level of trust they shared, was something that any father would dream of for their daughter.

The binding of souls was something that existed beyond anything a little piece of paper or a ceremony for the eyes of others could possibly ever match.

So that wasn't his problem with the situation at all.

It was only natural that a husband and wife have their first child.

He was really only concerned about two things: the first being the timing of their choice, and the second being... well, the fact that he only learned of the situation so late into the process.

As much as he understood why Aina would want to keep him at arm's length, it didn't change the fact that it hurt down to the depths of his soul.

However... He took a deep breath and smiled a genuine smile.

"I'm going to be a grandfather?" Aina nodded with tears in her eyes, subconsciously grabbing at Leonel's wrist for support despite the fact they were sitting.

"This is great news."

Aina nodded again, but the depths of her eyes seemed to be waiting for her father to say something else.

However, Miel seemed to be willing the atmosphere to awkwardly fall into silence.

He looked at his daughter, his mouth slightly opening before closing again.

He didn't know what he should say, or even if he was allowed to say it.

Leonel was half content to let the man flounder, but then his mature side kicked in, before it quite literally kicked out, landing a solid blow on the man's shin.

Miel's gaze flickered slightly, though he didn't look at Leonel.

He hesitated to open his mouth again, but as he was about to close it, a swifter, sharper kick came.

This time, he barely stopped himself from wincing, and the words tumbled out.

"... But is this really the wisest choice right now? You'll have to move and stay with me. The world is in chaos right now, and it's not safe to have a little baby running around—."

He stopped himself as he was about to continue.

But then he realized what he was saying and felt embarrassed.

He didn't want to say these words initially because he didn't believe he had the right to say them.

After everything that had happened, could he still be a father? This was why he had waited until after Aina found someone she could fully depend on to explain his past to her.

When he sensed Aina was married to Leonel, there was nothing more to hold back.

But now... The tears that Aina had been holding back fell in a rain, and Miel thought that he had well and truly done something wrong.

Watching the man squirm, Leonel actually began to feel somewhat bad.

"Don't worry, old man. Reprimand her more. If you didn't know, your daughter's a bit of a ma—."

There was a sudden mighty pinch to Leonel's side, more powerful than any strength Aina had exhibited in the last several months.

She seemed to have dug deep and unlocked her mom strength ahead of time, or else the pinching pain in his side wouldn't be so great.

In fact, Leonel even felt that she had twisted the blood in his side at the same time, enhancing the pain.

Suddenly, both father and son-in-law were wincing in pain.

"I yield..." Leonel wheezed out. He really had almost gone a bit too far in teasing this father-in-law of his; maybe they should finally bury the hatchet.... "

I was jooooking! I was going to say magnet for punishment! You thought I was going to say masochist?! Get your head out of the gutter! Pervert!" Leonel half laughed and half groveled.

He really wasn't going to say masochist, but he knew that Aina would stop him even before he got out what he wanted to say, which made it even funnier to him.

He would never say something like that in front of her father, no matter how much he wanted to torture him.

Aina pouted and ignored him.

Even though she knew he was telling the truth, she wanted him firmly placed in the doghouse for at least a business day.

How dare he ruin such a good moment? And yet, the smile on her face seemed to paint a different tale entirely.

Leonel had been right.

She wanted her father to simply be a father, something that he rarely was.

She didn't care whether he agreed with her decision or not; that decision had already been made.

Maybe only adults that had experienced so much life might one day miss the times their parents were hard on them... Even with the world collapsing around them, she was happy.

Happier than she had been in a very long while.

She wasn't pining for anything, hoping or praying for anything... she was just... content.

With her father looking after her safety, a baby in her belly, and her husband begging for her forgiveness... what better life could she hope for? At that moment, Leonel's gaze sharpened as he swiped a hand out at the air, catching a sharp envelope of gold.

It trembled in his hands and then burst apart.

'A summon from the old man, huh... seems I won't have much time after all...'

Chapter 3134: Take Care

Leonel strolled into a familiar courtroom. The first time he had been here, he had been in a pair of silk boxers and robes. One would think that he would be better prepared this time, and

unfortunately, that was only technically true... the best kind of true...

He still wasn't wearing any shoes or any shirt. But he was at least wearing pants this time. A comfortable pair of sweatpants that made him feel nice and cozy.

Once again, he was the center of attention. But this time, the atmosphere was much less... inviting, if it could be said to ever have been.

The pressure was powerful, especially from Emperor Fawkes himself. The difference might as well have been night and day. As expected and as he had deduced, his grandfather was no longer in a joking sort of mood.

This matter would decide the fate of the Empire and whether the Human Race would be washed away or rise to the top once again.

Gervaise simply didn't have the patience for Leonel's antics right now, and Leonel didn't really blame him.

It was just that for these things... they would be standing on opposite sides of history. That was all. Nothing more, nothing less.

So, his smile remained just the same. And when he noticed that his grandmother wasn't present, he realized what sort of choice she had made as well.

She wanted nothing to do with this.

Leonel eventually found a seat and partially reclined, waiting for the meeting to start.

He could already feel several gazes on him, likely infuriated that he hadn't shown at least some sort of decorum before his grandfather and the Emperor, but he didn't mind it. It was as though he couldn't sense anything but the beautiful dreams in his own thoughts.

Dreams that would likely be coming crumbling down very soon.

And that they did.

The actual meeting was a blur. Gervaise didn't allow anyone else to speak and simply handed out order after order.

This took aback even several officials. Usually, there would be some discussion, and only in rare instances would Gervaise step in to make the final decision for them all, and that would usually be when they couldn't decide on their own. But now, it seemed that he wasn't allowing any room for dissent.

Everyone realized this and remained silent.

Leonel left the Imperial Court with an expected result. For now, he had been assigned to work in the Crafting Factories.

That was objectively the smart choice. But he also knew that it was a temporary one.

That was because, quite frankly speaking, he was the best of the Fawkes younger generation. Honestly, he was saying that with maybe too much confidence because he simply hadn't met many of his cousins. Maybe there were some of them that were truly amazing.

But the reason he said it was because he was doubtful if even the Pluto had anyone who could face

him right now.

Then again, the Pluto were on the decline, so it was natural that their younger generation was a bit weaker.

As for their Ancestors and the pillars that held their Race up? Well... they spoke for themselves. Leonel's steps came to a pause. He looked up to see Noah standing before him with a weapon on his back. Well, it was only a weapon because Leonel recognized it. At first glance to practically anyone else, it would have looked more like a flat blue tower shield.

This "shield" was, of course, Noah's saber. Due to his Ability Index, Noah had always been fond of the obscenely large weapon.

Unlike Leonel, Noah had been assigned to be among those of the Fawkes younger generation that went out to challenge the others.

The actions of the Pluto had caused many Races to begin large-scale skirmishes on a "small" scale. This might sound contradictory, but all it really meant was that there was a free-for-all between the youths of various Races for now, and everyone was trying to kill everyone else.

The Ancestors clashed in the dark, and the youths clashed in the light.

Honestly speaking, Leonel believed that his grandfather was practically sending Noah out to die.

Noah had always been more a part of the Ascension Empire than Leonel had ever been, so after Leonel disappeared for three years due to his coma, Noah had ingratiated himself back into Ascension Empire life quite easily.

He took up his former duties, got married to the young heiress of the Grand Prime Minister family, and was now quite well known as an Imperial Prince.

But he was behind the eight ball, and he could only be considered to be a mid-ranged talent among this third generation of Fawkes.

He wasn't necessarily wrong or right to leave Leonel's side, and as far as Leonel was concerned, he was his one true cousin, so he wouldn't hold any sort of petty grudge about such a thing.

How could he expect a grown man to put his life on pause for him? That would be ridiculous.

Noah smiled when he saw Leonel.

"I'm glad you're alright!"

Leonel chuckled. "You make it sound like I was terminally ill.

"You were worse than terminally ill," Noah replied seriously.

Leonel couldn't help but laugh harder. This cousin of his wasn't much of a joker. He was a lot like Arnold or Allan in that respect.

But he was right. Dead was technically worse than terminally ill.

Leonel hesitated for a moment before he shook his head.

"Take care of yourself, Noah!"

Noah's gaze flickered, and he seemed to hesitate as well.

"Honestly, I would prefer to follow you. I realized long ago that I had to temper my ambitions. Life doesn't always go like you want it to."

The two cousins looked into one another's eyes for a moment in silence before they both nodded and went their separate ways.

Leonel looked into the skies, suddenly feeling like life was a bit too fragile and meaningless.

Chapter 3135: Respect

Leonel made a few more casual upgrades to the Crafting Factories based on his new insights before kicking his feet up, still lost in thought.

He didn't like how things were going at all, but he also wasn't powerful enough to stop his grandfather from taking action like this.

This wasn't to say that the Fawkes weren't prepared for such a thing. They had spent a very long time on Earth building up and perfecting their talent. Right now, the talents of the Fawkes were probably no worse than many of the other God Races, and they had been tempering themselves against the Four Great Families for the last couple of years as well.

It could be said that they were very much ready for this.

Part of Leonel just wanted to be out there. But then he really thought about it...

What would that change?

Sure, he could lead a bunch of Fawkes on a killing spree against the Void Race, the Pluto Race, and especially against those Sylvan bastards, but would that change the underlying problem?

The world was about to end, and all these people were worried about was rushing to gather up more power for themselves. It was hard not to look at that and feel like it was ridiculous on its face.

'What to do...'

He had all this Dream Force at his fingertips, all this intelligence, yet he felt like he was running into a brick wall again and again.

The funny part was... even if he did have the power he wanted, would he be much different?

No... he would probably be vying for power as well, believing that his way was the best way along with everyone else.

As Leonel was lost in thought, billowing smoke and heat around him as the factory worked in overdrive, a pair of man and woman walked in.

They both had flowing golden hair and piercing green eyes. No doubt Fawkes through and through.

He vaguely recognized them, though he didn't acknowledge their presence.

The woman was known as Honey, an odd but adorable name for a woman who was anything but. This wasn't because she was more beautiful than she was cute, but rather because there was a biting cold to her eyes that seemed to freeze everywhere she looked.

She was the eldest daughter of the Second Imperial Prince, and she had a very rare mutation that caused her Emperor's Might to have a frosty air to it. In fact, her passive

gaze could cause a bluish-green ice to cover anything she looked at if she wasn't careful.

The other was the "eldest" son of the First Imperial Prince.

The reason "eldest" was in quotations was that the eldest son was technically Noah. However, because of time-wimey nonsense, his younger brother ended up far older than him.

He was known simply as Ji Fawkes.

The both of them stopped within five meters of Leonel and simply stood and waited there.

This actually surprised Leonel more than not as he looked over.

They were patiently waiting? What a surprise.

"Do you need something from me?"

"Elder cousin, if it isn't too much trouble, we'd like to ask you to create a set of custom weapons for us."

"Oh?" Leonel's gaze flickered.

Maybe he had become too jaded these days. The sign of actual politeness somewhat threw him off, and he was almost embarrassed that he had dismissed them.

Almost.

The truth was that he was too lost in his own thoughts to spare the senses to read their intentions ahead of time. Otherwise, he would have known they hadn't come with hostility.

Leonel hopped to his feet. "Sure, why not?"

The two seemed equally surprised by Leonel's candor, only to find that he had wrapped an arm around the both of them.

"You know, my wife says she really wants a big family, but I've never seen the fascination in it all. This is kinda cute, though, don't you think?"

Ji and Honey were both used to being quite stoic and had no idea how to deal with Leonel's enthusiasm.

They had originally come here with quite some reluctance because, in the eyes of many of them, Leonel was a murderous freak who would kill even his own family.

But now... they were one part uncomfortable and another part relieved to have him on their side.

It didn't even take Leonel a few minutes to finish their orders.

At first, they were disappointed because they felt they had been conned... until they actually touched them.

He made them both a set of armor and weapons.

Honey's armor had a single metal pauldron on her left shoulder while the rest was a tight-fitting green leather embroidered with gold.

Her weapon was a bow that looked like a curved stack of green and gold vines wrapping around one another and carried so much power her fingers shivered when she pulled at the bowstring.

Ji preferred a full set of heavy armor and shield, along with a heavy spiked mace. When he saw it at first, even he thought that it might be too heavy for him.

However, all of that changed when he put it on.

The two seemed to forget that Leonel was even there, their eyes lighting up like children on Christmas morning as they checked every nook and cranny of their new items.

They really couldn't believe that Leonel had managed to craft something so amazing in just a few minutes.

A long while later, they finally snapped out of it.

"Elder cousin..." Ji began hesitantly. "... Could we?"

Leonel waved a hand. "I don't have anything else to do. So long as they're respectful, I don't mind."

Ji's eyes lit up and he gave Leonel a bow before quickly leaving.

When he first came, he had been respectful only because he felt like it was the smartest thing to do. But now he felt like it was only natural.

In front of such an expert, how could you be anything other than respectful?

Chapter 3136: In That Case...

Leonel continued to make armors and weapons for those that came to him. There was something about the monotony that made him feel at peace.

He had always liked Crafting. Well, ever since it was introduced to him by his father. There was something about the process that always made him feel like he was... winning. And there was nothing he liked more than winning.

Every step in Crafting was like hand-to-hand combat with the laws of the world, and every tweak and change was like a master move on a chessboard.

This was the first time that he had spent time Crafting what others wanted. Generally speaking, he had always been Crafting what he wanted, or what he thought others needed. Regardless of which of the two it was, it was always something that he personally deduced.

But this time, his cousins were coming to him with their own prepared materials and their own visions for what they wanted. And, it was up to Leonel to forge what they envisioned while also ensuring that they received the best version possible.

It was a different sort of challenge, but he found himself settling into the groove quite easily. And for a moment, he almost forgot that he was trying to come up with a solution...

It was when another unexpected visitor came that it finally clicked for Leonel...

The Third Imperial Prince walked into the Crafting Factory to find Leonel staring off into space again. The latter suddenly looked his way and they fell into silence for a long while.

The Third Imperial Prince was one of the few who knew just how powerful Leonel was. Many probably still thought that he was a cripple with great Crafting talent, but the results on the battlefield said something completely different.

He, himself, had been quite surprised that the Emperor had chosen to assign Leonel here. But it wasn't long before news spread and he understood exactly why that was.

It might even be said that Leonel's Crafting talent was even beyond his combat talent. And it seemed that every time his combat strength took a huge leap forward, the result for his Crafting was a mirror of that increase.

It wasn't hard to tell why. Often, an increase to Leonel's power came with an increase to his Dream Force, so it was only natural.

"If you're free, I would like to ask if you could work on my gauntlets for me!

Leonel looked at the spatial ring his uncle held in his hands and surprisingly just nodded. "Sure."

The Third Imperial Prince was taken aback that it was truly so easy, and a part of him even began to worry if Leonel just wanted to sabotage them. But then... Leonel began to mutter to himself and even speak.

The easiest things for Leonel to forge were armors, spears, and bows. He had the absolute most familiarity with them, and it came naturally.

This was ironic considering in the past, he couldn't even touch unacknowledged spears, let alone forge them. But he had obviously left that version of himself well behind.

Gauntlets like this one for a fist master like his uncle were trickier.

This wasn't in the sense that he couldn't do them, because he could. With ease, even.

The problem was that they weren't up to his standards, and he didn't like that.

He could create a top-class bow like the one he made for Honey in just a few minutes. Even without much effort, it would definitely light up at least 45 runes on the Truth Pillar of the Minerva. However, if he had the same casualness for his uncle's gauntlets, it would barely light up like 27. That was still excellent, of course. But only relatively so, and definitely not enough for an expert of his uncle's level either.

The good news this time was that these gauntlets already had the foundation here. That made it somewhat easier. Improving on a design was much easier than creating one from scratch. But it could get complicated if he misunderstood the intentions of the original Crafter. By then, he just might have to redo all of it, which would be beside the point.

'Going with the flow, huh...'

It was something that he had been doing these last few days.

In truth, he was just biding time for Anastasia to finish helping him build his army. He also didn't want to be caught up in a battle while his wife was giving birth. Even if she would be safe in the Segmented Cube, he wanted to actually be there himself.

So, he had just been allowing himself to sway with the wind, taking in the tasks that came to him and then staring off into the distance when they didn't.

His thoughts moved so freely, and his heart was at ease these days. It didn't even seem like he had to make much effort for his Crafting skill to continuously improve.

'The flow...'

A Dream World cube formed around the gauntlet. It looked like a matrix grid line that quickly took shape, analyzing everything.

Suddenly, with the addition of Time Force, Leonel could see the past and the potential simulated futures of where he could take the gauntlet. But then, he paused...

"This isn't the Self Path...

If he followed the flow, he could take the Life Path to an absolute extreme. He could probably become the best Crafter in Existence this instant if he did such a thing. In fact, technically he just might already be just by virtue of realizing he could use his Simulation abilities like this.

But there was something else missing in the equation.

The Life Path was all about maximizing the paths of the Ores you used and allowing them to display their greatest strengths and abilities as a part of a new whole.

But the Self Path was about forcing change onto an Ore, suppressing some aspects of it and increasing others until you gained a completely new product.

'In that case...'

- Chapter 3137: Blueprint

Chapter 3137: Blueprint

A Union of Light and Darkness Will Reveal the Twelve-Pointed Star...

The words came to mind for reasons that Leonel couldn't quite understand now. But the effect was profound nonetheless. It felt as though he had suddenly grasped something fleeting, and yet powerful.

His mind seemed to whirl with thoughts of a life he might have spent as a fist expert, one where he ignored his talent with the bow and the call of the spear... maybe even one where he was too unlucky to find a weapon to make use of and had ended up having to rely on his body instead.

His Dream Force simulation whirred to life and for a moment he seemed to radiate the air of a master of the spear.

Violet Force trickled in from the surroundings, slowly, but enough for the Third Imperial Prince to sense it and feel like his heart was shaking.

This Force... just what was it?

Suddenly, Leonel began to craft, losing himself in the flow of time.

Half an hour later, he awoke with a flicker in his eyes.

Little Tolly weakly crawled back to his arm and practically pasted himself onto his skin, exhausted.

This was the very first time that Leonel had ever seen the Metal Spirit feel tired. He couldn't even quite understand how that would be possible. Technically, for Little Tolly, just the act of Crafting replenished strength, but this time...

'I understand...'

Tolliver was suffering a bit because Leonel had just used Violet Force to complete the Craft.

Re-simulating his whole life to pretend as though he was a Fist Master for a moment was impossible without the addition of Violet Force. And bringing those simulations from thoughts to reality was even more impossible without Tolliver to act as a bridge from his mind to action.

But, becoming that bridge was a huge toll on Tolliver.

The problem with Violet Force was that Leonel was the only one in the world that could use it without consequences. To practically anyone else, it was a death sentence. Or, rather... a slow death

sentence.

It would slowly pinch off your lifespan until you had nothing more to give.

That said, Leonel wasn't actually worried about Tolliver's lifespan. Not to mention the fact that the fatigue wasn't from a loss of lifespan, the fact Tolliver was a Metal Spirit and had fused with a God Beast of Creation was enough that even if Leonel did exchange his lifespan for Crafts, it would hardly leave a dent.

Tolliver would certainly have no issues living for several million years. And even that might be an understatement.

'Not bad...'

Leonel tossed the gauntlets around in his hands a few times.

These would definitely light up around 63 Runes. For a casual Craft, it wasn't bad at all.

'A balance of light and darkness, huh...

Leonel almost forgot his uncle was even present, his mind lost in its own race.

He felt like he had touched upon a newer, higher level of Crafting. But he couldn't just grasp it. It was

just out of his range, and his comprehension wasn't deep enough to succeed.

But more important than that, maybe... was that he knew what he had to do.

Going with the flow had to be counterbalanced with something else. There was a balance that existed for all things in the world, and unless he knew and took proper advantage of it, he would be the one that ended up on the losing end.

Sure, being stuck in this Crafting Factory might allow him to bide his time, but from another perspective, it also allowed his grandfather to keep him within arm's reach and under control.

By the time he was ready to act, it just might be too late. In which case...

He would have to forge his own path, one where going with the flow would force better outcomes

for him.

He needed to find a way to quickly raise his Dimension, and just sitting around on his hands waiting for that opportunity to come to him wasn't going to cut it.

After a long while, he tossed the gauntlets back to his uncle.

"Tell the others that I'll be resting for a couple of days."

The Third Imperial Prince hesitated for a moment before nodding,

It was only natural. He could see how tired both Leonel and his Metal Spirit were.

After saying this, Leonel disappeared into the Segmented Cube that hovered in the Crafting Factory as though it wasn't worried that anyone would take it.

The Third Imperial Prince gave the item a complicated glance before turning and leaving,

Leonel stood over a table with a long strip of beast leather. A Force Quill trembled in his hands as he hovered over it, his thoughts spinning.

He felt that he had made a breakthrough, so it was about time he reforged his armor. And this time... he hoped it would be the last time he ever had to.

'Metal... fire... herbs... plants...'

The ideas he bounced off of his wife came to mind in waves, but he still hesitated to begin with the first stroke.

Suddenly, Leonel burst into action. Every quiver of the Force Quill etched another piece of the blueprint. It looked as though a printer was etching into it, almost like Leonel was more machine than man.

The lines were beautiful in their curves when they had to be and sharp in their corners when not. It took Leonel an entire day just to finish the blueprint. Then, he handed it off to his wife, who studied it for a few hours before she began to make her own adjustments.

Only then did Leonel receive it once more before spending yet another day making adjustments and changes.

Finally, they were left with a result that they were both happy with. An armor to end all armors to be

sure...

However, as long as it had taken to complete its blueprint, it would take even longer to forge, and maybe even longer to find the materials he needed.

First thing on the docket...

A True God Sylvan Corpse.

Chapter 3138: Ruthless

Leonel exited the Segmented Cube with an ironically satisfied yawn. He stretched for a moment, only to freeze.

His lip twitched.

'What the hell is this?'

There was a long line that had formed in front of his Segmented Cube, one long enough to truly

leave him speechless. He had no idea what happened while he was gone, but maybe news had spread a bit too quickly.

He really wasn't in the mood to Craft for so many people, but in the end, he shook his head and chuckled.

At the end of the day, the Fawkes were his family as well. At least his interaction with Honey and Ji was positive enough for him to start to care a bit.

He had a bias toward the Morales because he had been pining after their Heir role for what seemed like most of his life at this point. Plus, it was his last name and how he had identified himself all his life.

However, he owed the Fawkes if for no other reason than his mother. She wouldn't have wanted to see them fall by the wayside as she too had given up much of her life for their sake.

His mother's side of the family deserved no less affection from him even if he had to butt heads with his grandfather eventually.

Life felt too fleeting. He might as well do what he wanted to do.

Leonel raised an eyebrow as what felt like his millionth guest finally came through. It was none other than Mordred and her seemingly now wife, Monet.

Monet's lip was continuously twitching, but Mordred was practically dragging her.

"Well, well, well..."

"I'm leaving." Monet's temper flared.

Mordred couldn't help but chuckle as she caught her fleeing wife.

"Can't you tell that he's doing it on purpose? He doesn't actually care all that much!"

"No, no, no, I really do care!" Leonel nodded assuredly as though he was scared that Monet's scrunched-up face would unscrunch.

Mordred rolled her eyes. "Ielp this one out a bit, would you, deary?"

"That depends"

"On what?" Mordred blinked innocently.

"Don't let him make any demands. Em. I told you, I don't need it!"

"Stop being so stubborn. If you don't have this weapon, you'll fall behind!"

"My baby probably needs a God Mother, too," Leonel said with a smile. "Not this one though; she can go away!"

Monet was only seconds from a wave of guilt before it all came crashing down. She really wanted to wring this little bastard's neck.

Leonel continued to spend his days crafting as though he was waiting for something in silence. He knew that he couldn't just leave and act on his own like he usually did; the stakes were different, so those around him would act differently as well.

It was on the third month of this monotony that Grand Prime Minister Green came to visit. At first, it seemed like a routine matter.

Grand Prime Minister Green was a Crafter himself, and he was also the one that originally built the factories to begin with. It wasn't too much of a surprise that he would eventually lay down his pride to come only after so long.

Leonel didn't think much of it. He assumed that even if the man didn't need a weapon, he would come anyway if for no other reason than to have a piece of Leonel's work to observe and study.

However, even Leonel was a bit taken aback when the man suddenly attacked just as he was handing the treasure over.

Leonel had some of the sharpest senses in all of Existence right now. For him to be taken aback by something, even calling it rare, would be too much of an understatement.

Even though he was taken aback, though, his reactions were as lightning-quick as one might expect. And even if they weren't, he still had Dream Counter.

He hadn't had to use Dream Counter in a very long while. It was an ability that only activated when his conscious mind couldn't act fast enough to evade death. Only then would a pre-designed program effectively take control of his body and make it move on its own.

This time, he wasn't close enough to death for it to activate, but he wasn't far enough from it that he could come out unscathed either.

Everything made him believe that this Grand Prime Minister Green actually knew far more about his abilities than he should have.

Leonel's gaze flashed.

His hands were occupied; the palm was almost at his chest, and there didn't seem to be any time to circulate any Forces.

Fast, ruthless, and seemingly suicidal.

There were too many people here to witness this. And even if there weren't, it was impossible that his grandfather wouldn't learn of what happened later. It was like he had sent himself here for no other reason than to die.

'Ruthless indeed...'

BANG!

The palm landed against Leonel's chest under countless astonished gazes. The reverberating boom was enough to make one's skin crawl.

As terrible as the sound of the bones of a mortal breaking was, when it was the bones of a powerful existence like Leonel, it was many times worse. The tremendous amount of strength and pressure it took to push his current bones beyond the bounds of their limits came with an equally as tremendous sound.

It felt like the normal grating feeling of a bone snapping was dialed up to the ninth degree, and it was only made worse by the fact that the atmosphere was quiet due to their respect for Leonel's crafting to begin with.

Leonel coughed up a mouthful of blood and was sent flying back like a meteor shot out of a cannon, but the light of surprise in Grand Prime Minister Green's eyes was great.

All of those calculations, just to fail anyway? Leonel didn't even seem like he had tried to dodge at all. He should have at least twitched.

But from start to finish, he only looked him right in the eye.

Chapter 3139: Babye

Leonel's entire chest collapsed as a gloominess sparked between his brows. There was something off about this; he could feel it. Well, he could feel something other than the pain wrecking his body right

now.

However, he had long since transcended the point where pain alone could affect his thoughts, and his mind was even sharper now after experiencing his almost hundred years of torture.

This time, though, it was his Innate Node that saved his life.

His heart was no longer a normal heart. Though it had never really been one, especially when his Dream Asura Bloodline was activated, it was especially so now.

His heart was no longer even made out of inorganic material and didn't pump in the normal sense either. Rather, it was constructed of the Laws of Existence.

He didn't form his new heart himself. Rather, it was because Existence acknowledged the creation of his new Innate Node that his heart was successfully formed.

A blow that should have crushed his heart reverberated through his Innate Node instead and was swallowed up as though it had entered a black hole.

But that only confused Leonel more. This person seemed to know so much about him, even about techniques he had never explained or bothered to explain to anyone.

And yet he didn't know such an important part?

Could it be because he had recently incorporated his King's Force into his Innate Node as well? It wasn't on purpose, which was why he hadn't thought of it at first. After he comprehended his King's Force, he had flooded it into every aspect of his body, and his Innate Node was naturally no exception.

The reality was that his Innate Node didn't stop at his heart. It could even be said that, in a way, his Innate Node was now his entire body.

Though the main body of his Innate Node was his heart, his entire Nodal Pathway had been covered in the same material, including his Nodes.

His Nodes didn't have the same potency as his Innate Node, but they all carried the same character, and they could all withstand Weapon Force tearing through his veins.

This was the real power of his body. But somehow, this person who knew about an ability as obscure as his Dream Counter-an ability that he hadn't even activated in the face of the Demoness and, in fact, couldn't remember having activated since he was still in the Dimensional Verse-didn't know about this?

The only explanation had to be his Violet Force.

It was beyond the realms of calculation.

It was beyond what his conspirators could account for.

Leonel landed heavily against the wall of the factory, another mouthful of blood coming out. And yet, when he slid down, he landed solidly on his feet.

He looked down at the dent in his chest almost as though he was looking at someone else's body. He was calm, unperturbed, and didn't even have the slightest fluctuation in his gaze.

"Pluto," he eventually said.

Grand Prime Minister Green's pupils constricted.

"You know, I thought it was only the Cloud Race that tucked their tails and pretended to be others. I didn't expect that the Pluto Race would do such a thing. How the mighty have fallen, huh? But I guess that's why you're all doing this, right?"

The more Leonel spoke, the calmer Grand Prime Minister Green became.

Then, under the astonished gazes of those present, he began to morph and change.

Soon, a Pluto, standing at five meters tall, appeared within the factory. Skin a steely blue, body a lean mass of muscle, the claws of a dragon, and the momentum of an emperor.

Even after practically calling him a pathetic coward, Leonel couldn't help but admit that the

momentum of the Pluto Race was completely unique.

They were powerful and regal to the point that even someone Leonel thought to be pathetic actually had such a presence.

Of course, Leonel wasn't serious. All was fair in love and war, especially since he had had a plan or two that might count as despicable in his lifetime.

But those words were still enough to get the Pluto to expose him.

The Pluto was clearly enraged. His body seemed to swell, and his steely blue eyes looked at Leonel as though he was staring at a dead man.

"Oh... you also punch like a little bitch! Leonel said with a smile.

The eyes of the Pluto constricted with fury as he suddenly punched out.

The fist carried the momentum of the world, and as the current owner of the World Spirit of this space, Leonel could clearly feel his control being stripped away.

'Powerful, indeed!

This Pluto was in the Eighth Dimension only, and Leonel was fairly sure that his status wasn't very high, and yet here he was executing such a powerful blow.

Unfortunately...

Leonel reached out a hand.

PA.

The fist landed on his palm, echoing with an almost dull slap. The wind in the surroundings fell into silence for a moment before a hailstorm erupted in all directions, shredding the building apart.

And yet, Leonel continued to stand in silence, unmoved.

"See what happens when it isn't a sneak attack? Is this all you have? Leonel asked indifferently. The pupils of the Pluto constricted for completely different reasons now. He felt as though his understanding of the world was being overturned. What had he just seen?

At the same time as he was in a daze, Leonel's deformed chest began to heal at a visible rate. This was practically the straw that broke the camel's back for the Pluto.

"Who are you?!"

"Ugh..." Leonel shook his head with disgust. "Why'd you have to tee me up like that? I almost said something only someone as corny as Merlin would say"

Any combination of "your maker," "your death" or "your reaper" was definitely something Nilrem would say, and Leonel wanted no parts of it.

"You already know who I am, Leonel said with a grin. "On the one hand, you're smart for making me

a high-priority target. On the other hand, you're stupid for being someone else's pawn.

"Babye."

Chapter 3140: My King!

The Pluto was forced a step back by a light push of Leonel's palm, and at that moment, all the control the Pluto had over the world was stripped away.

He barely had time to realize what was happening and to be shocked about it when Leonel's palm continued forward, smashing into his chest.

The wind fell into silence once again. But this time, it was even more exaggerated. There seemed to be a lull of a full three seconds as though Leonel was allowing the Pluto to understand that these were the final moments of his life.

BANG!

A sudden cyclone of energy ripped its way out of the Pluto's back, so forceful and so fast that the wound lagged behind it. Only after the booming explosion did a gaping hole appear in his chest.

Leonel smiled, waving as the Pluto's gaze dimmed.

To the credit of the Pluto, he died standing. Even the force wasn't able to blow him off his feet as though his legs were filled with lead.

However, Leonel wasn't inclined to give anyone who wanted to kill him credit.

'A time-based simulation ability, huh? So that's how...'

Leonel had an idea before, but now he was certain. This man had a Time affinity like most of the geniuses of the Pluto did. But they all manifested in different ways.

This man had a more auxiliary ability. It was similar to Elorin's ability, but without the ability to pick and choose causalities. Instead, he could only peer into them ahead of time and take contingencies based on them.

The fact that this person would choose to sneak around made sense. After all, preparation and scheming was the best way to make use of his abilities. But in the end, he had suffered for it.

Well, he had just targeted the wrong person. The World Spirit of this world was under his control. The Pluto thought that he had already factored this into his calculations, but he had underestimated just how much control Leonel had because he could not fundamentally account for King Force...

But honestly speaking, King Force was only a small aspect of what happened here. The real reason he couldn't comprehend it was because of the way the World Spirit listened to him as if it had naturally chosen him when he hadn't.

The Pluto had no way of knowing that his mother could pass on her legacy to him in this way, and the result was that he had suffered for it.

'But that was interesting. Do the Pluto have a natural ability to do that?'

There was no reason the Pluto should have been able to control the world like that. It was almost like they had a natural instinct to do what the Brazinger family Heirloom. "They're more powerful than I thought, it seems!

Leonel suddenly grinned as he raised a hand. "[Arise]"

He spoke the words casually, but they alone were like a bomb being set off in the minds of those that heard it. And soon, it was like a bomb had shaken the entire God Realm.

There was no surprise that a Pluto would have protections against the Fawkes Lineage Factor... but so what?

A crown appeared above Leonel's head and his now deep violet hair whipped about wildly.

Deep within the Ascension Empire, Gervaise slowly opened his eyes, a deep emerald glow flashing within them.

One of his fingers twitched, but then for an inexplicable reason, he looked over to his beautiful wife. She was busy, knitting away at what must have been the thousandth set of clothes.

These weren't just for the baby in her belly, but also for her future grandchild as well. She had no idea what its gender would be, but she seemed content to make sets for both. Regardless, it was a way to spend the day.

She had no interest in increasing her strength any longer, and yet she smiled more now than ever before. She was well and truly content.

Gervaise watched her for a long while, and she seemed entirely oblivious to his gaze. After a long while, his finger lowered and he closed his eyes, returning to his meditation.

Leonel's aura continued to climb until it reached a peak. In that moment, he seemed like a man of energy, like the Father of Spirituals.

His hair became a foggy violet light, his eyes didn't seem to have separations between their whites, pupils, and irises, and his body seemed to glow with an enigmatic light.

King Force surged, and the world shook.

Leonel suddenly felt as though a powerful gaze had landed on him. However, his lip just curled.

He already knew people would interfere. In fact, he even had thoughts that his own grandfather might.

"Scram."

BANG!

The aura shattered apart.

There were very few people left in this world that could stand up to Leonel's Dream Force... trying to stop him from afar on top of that?

They were overestimating themselves.

A Pluto soul was stripped out of his body, and Leonel almost tilted forward.

There was a great force coming from the soul. It wasn't that there was another hidden protective mechanism, but rather that...

It was just so heavy.

Leonel never thought that he would describe a soul this way. It was almost like it was trying to sink him into an abyss.

Still, Leonel's smile didn't fade as he unleashed a roar and pulled up.

The rest of the soul was ripped up, his crown shining bright and brighter.

And then, the soul solidified.

Wreathed in an armor of solid violet, the Pluto fell to a knee.

Existence shook as though it was witnessing something unnatural, and at that moment, Leonel's King Force seemed to become several times more powerful.

The Pluto respectfully bowed its head, a slight struggle flashing for only a moment before it was ruthlessly suppressed.

Then, he crossed an arm over his chest, and his voice echoed like a thunderous boom.

"My King!"