

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 3141: The Pluto.

The Fawkes in the factory were stunned into silence.

The irony of it all was that Leonel might be incredibly talented in using King's Might, but his understanding of the overall Lineage Factor was limited. He didn't know how he stacked up against the other Fawkes. He just happened to feel that he was likely the very best.

If there was anyone who could stand up to him in this regard, it would be his grandfather. And honestly, at this point, Leonel felt that even Gervaise might be inferior.

Of course, he had no way to confirm for sure.

However... the rest of the Fawkes family wasn't as in the dark as he was. They instead felt as though they were witnessing a complete and utter miracle.

The truth of the matter was that most Fawkes could only forcefully summon those beneath them in cultivation. Only a very few could do it for those at their Dimension, and they were already considered to be the cream of the crop and incredibly rare at that.

By comparison, not only had Leonel targeted someone a Dimension above him, he had bypassed protections left by someone who had presumably already formed a Dharma at the very least, and as though that wasn't shocking enough, it was a Pluto.

Sure, anyone could target someone from a weak Race and claim a soul higher than them in Realm. Well, theoretically speaking. But what good would that do?

The fact it was a Pluto left them all in abject shock.

And soon after the shock came the horror.

Just what did it mean for a Pluto to be blasphemed like this? They didn't even want to think about it.

The sacredness of the Pluto was something that was told in legend. The first time Leonel met El'Rion, despite him having lost an arm, he only bled a single drop of blood.

That single drop of blood from a mere Fifth Dimensional existence tore through the body of a ship forged by the corpse of a Void Beast. And not only that, but when he regained control of his body, that singular drop of blood returned to his body as though even the loss of an arm wasn't worthy of making him shed blood.

This had been something Leonel found to be shocking at the time, but he wasn't really in the mental state back then to actually care all that much. He didn't particularly care how powerful El'Rion was or how enigmatic his Race, the only thing he cared about back then was finding a way to revive his father.

Although he hadn't forgotten about that matter, it was such a far-off recollection that he didn't recall it... until he saw the state of this Pluto's body.

There was a hole blasted right through his chest, a hole that had been formed with nothing more than pure physical power. There was no Force, and certainly no Fire Force involved. Logically speaking, he could be bleeding...

But he wasn't.

And everyone here seemed to know why but Leonel.

The history written in the Life Tablets only accounted for what occurred before and during the reign of the God Beasts of Creation.

Although the Pluto's time overlapped with this somewhat, they had yet to reach their peak, obviously. As such, the legends that, well, made them legends, were unknown to Leonel.

And by extension, the reason they would owe a family like the Fawkes a favor was likewise baffling.

However, this truth was something the upper echelon of the Fawkes did know. And that number happened to include all those with the standing to even come to ask Leonel to complete a Craft for them in the first place.

And, maybe by happenstance, or maybe because this was the only way that things could ever be, the current legend that was the Pluto was inextricably linked to the Fawkes.

What many people outside of the Fawkes didn't know was that the Pluto weren't always the Gods of Time. Before, they had been known as something else....

The Gods of Death.

Of course, back then, they could hardly be considered Gods either. They were instead more accurately known as Demi-Gods. However, they were extremely powerful even back then nonetheless.

Unfortunately for them, with the existence of the Fawkes, it was impossible for them to transcend from Demi-Gods of Death to Gods of Death. How could they have more control over death than the family who could literally bring the dead back to life?

Becoming a God Race wasn't a simple matter. There was a reason why some Mortal Race and Demi-God Race geniuses could become True Gods, and yet the station of their Races never changed.

Not only did you need a proper foundation to become a God Race, a prerequisite level of talent, but you also needed something akin to a Constellation, a comprehension the entire Race shared to elevate them all to another level.

One would think that the Human Race's, back when they could be considered Gods as Race's was built on something quite special, but it also piggybacked off of the God Beasts of Creation as this was who granted their power. As such, they weren't truly of their own making.

However, despite this, the presence of the Fawkes was such that even though the Human Race didn't have a special carve out of their own, the Pluto were unable to take the final step.

At that point in time, the Fawkes were still having trouble solidifying their rule and having powerful subordinate forces would be a great boon to them. So, they chose to help.

Providing aid in such a situation wasn't exactly straightforward. It wasn't as though the Fawkes could just speak to the Northern Star and say they were fine with the Pluto encroaching on their territory.

However, the help that the Fawkes did provide resulted in a mutation more shocking than anyone could have guessed.

The birth of the first Race of Time...

The Pluto.

Chapter 3142: Sacred

The help of the Fawkes was quite complex. It required a level of manipulation that was only possible thanks to the God Beasts of Creation.

Of course, the God Beasts of Creation didn't act directly, or else the favor wouldn't be owed to the Fawkes in the first place.

Instead, it was rather related to the God Beasts of Creation by proxy due to the uniqueness of Ilumans.

It had to be remembered that before choosing the Human Race, the God Beasts of Creation had tried to create Envoys of Creation with all sorts of other, seemingly much more powerful Races.

However, in the end, they failed every time.

It was simply impossible to get another Race to take on the strength of the Beast Envoys, let alone they as Gods of Creation themselves.

That was when an Ancestor of the God Beasts of Creation chose to think outside of the box. Why start with an already powerful Race when they were granting them power anyway? In such a case, wouldn't it be best to just pick the most malleable Race?

As one might expect, the most malleable of the Races was the one Race that didn't seem to have a single talent shared across their people.

This made the Human Race perfect.

The method the Fawkes used to help the Pluto was simple when this was understood. All they needed to do was to share some of their malleability with the Pluto. As for how they did that, it was reliant on what was none other than the most feared Lineage Factor in Existence.

Emperor's Might.

Or more accurately: [Assimilate].

Leonel personally knew the power of [Assimilate]. After all, it was thanks to [Assimilate] that he was able to fuse the corpse of a God Beast of Creation into Little Tolly, thus raising his Crafting to another level.

Honestly speaking, Leonel felt that he was still not using Tolliver adequately. He hadn't studied how to maximize his new powers nearly enough.

As of now, Tolliver's extra abilities were just glorified mass producing. As explained before, he could create Ores he had seen before, and he could fuse two or more Ores

of different characteristics to create a new one, essentially leaping over the hardest parts of forging a Life Grade treasure.

But whether he was using Tolliver to the best degree or not was a matter for a different time. What was most important now was the power of [Assimilate], a power that couldn't be denied.

The Fawkes essentially used the bodies of their Ancestors to give the core members of the Pluto a chance to peek into what it would feel like to be Human.

But what none of them expected was the change that would occur after the fact.

Before the interference of the Fawkes, the Path of Death the Pluto followed was a bit unique. Rather than being Gods of Death, they were more like reapers along the stream of Death. They could guide it, accelerate it, slow it down, but they didn't actually control Death itself. It just seemed like they did by proxy.

For example, it was impossible for them to do what Shan Rae had done, essentially coming back from the dead. But that was also why they were Demi-Gods and not Gods just yet.

This was also why their bodies were so shockingly powerful. A lot of their strength came from borrowing from their lifespans, and manipulating their death dates. It was a lot like how Aina's Blood Force, or even Blood Sovereigns in general, worked.

The Pluto believed that once they broke into the God Realms, they would finally be able to exhibit the kind of control over Death they had always longed for.

But they didn't expect to run into an even better mutation of it all. Or maybe they should have...

It turned out that the foundation for their mastery over Death had never been Death Force itself, but rather an extremely rudimentary form of Time Force.

When everything came to a head, a legend was born and their Time Force flourished, but that also led to something else.

Their bodies had grown robust due to the constant manipulation of their Life Force. Unlike Aina, who had flexible Blood Force and could add and subtract from her Life Force whenever she wanted, the Pluto hadn't had the ability to do this. They had to rely on external items to supplement themselves, and often when they went too far, they would simply die.

This was why they had evolved to grow so powerful. Because only a powerful body could possibly withstand the wild fluctuations of Life Force they had to endure without the foundation of Blood Force affinity.

When their Death control became Time control, though, their strength of body didn't regress but instead reached another level entirely.

Now they weren't just capable of withstanding the ravages of Death-or the fluctuations in Life Force in this case-but they were also capable of withstanding the ravages of time.

It was said that the bodies of Pluto simply never decayed. And the moment they stepped into Godhood, they reached a level of sacredness and sanctity that couldn't be touched.

However, as with everything, there was a give and a take.

Their bodies were only so powerful now because they were bound by the Laws of Time, and the Laws of Time had its own rules that needed to be followed.

Things like Karma and Fate bound them inextricably, and though they had suddenly become a Race so supremely powerful that most well-established Gods feared them, they could not forget or hope to forget the debt they owed to the Fawkes.

However, there were some things left unsaid that didn't need to be stated so explicitly... but one only need think about it for a moment to understand.

If the Pluto were so good at repaying their debts, how could it ever be the case that the Fawkes would fall in the first place?

Chapter 3143: Didn't Care

All of this information were things that Leonel wasn't in the know about. And honestly speaking, he probably wouldn't care very much.

It was just unfortunate that killing and defaming a Pluto after death like he had weighed much more substantially than he currently knew.

The Pluto's body was unbothered even by Time itself.

This seemed unimportant other than the strength provided. But this was the very key to everything.

After the death of a Pluto, its body was sacred precisely because it was unaffected by time. The Pluto could return their kind to their tombs and incorporate them into a network that would help to further strengthen their Race into the future.

In the past, this was only a matter that would impact the Pluto and no one would care. But now... it. was related to a secret that was woven into the very fabric of Existence itself.

What much of the world didn't know was that Existence was much closer to destruction than any of them knew. The real reason the Northern Star had yet to descend and destroy everything was because of the Pluto.

Every time a Pluto died, their bodies were preserved and sent back, being incorporated into the formation. This would increase the longevity of Existence by piggybacking off of the timelessness of the Pluto Race themselves.

It was only after this ritual began that the Pluto Race's body went from just sacred to them and their kind, to reaching realms where they were Sacred to everybody.

Of course, this sort of respect didn't stop the likes of the Void Race from targeting them. And this was because the Pluto had no need to be the overlord Race in order for their corpses to be used in

such a way.

However, killing them was one thing... snatching away their bodies and stopping them from being used in this ritual was a completely different matter.

And that was exactly what Leonel had just done.

Most didn't understand the underlying secrets of these matters. But everyone grasped the sacred nature of a Pluto's corpse.

Leonel's actions were tantamount to infuriating not just the Pluto Race, but every power in Existence.

And the thing was, even if he did know... it would only mean two things to him.

The first was that he would feel as though this was the real reason why everyone was so nonchalant about the end of Existence. They were probably waiting for the Pluto to make this very move here so that they'd have a chance to kill them in droves and add to this formation.

And second...

He still didn't give a damn.

The Pluto and the powers of Existence had no right to dictate to him what he would do.

They couldn't stop him even if they wanted to, nor would he allow them to stop him.

Leonel took a glance at the kneeling Pluto that was still more than half a body taller than him.

A smile tugged at his lip as he found a chair and sat. He reclined, clasping his hands behind his head and putting his feet up.

This was precisely the change he was waiting for. Now, it was just time to take advantage.

All across Existence, Pluto looked into the skies as though feeling like they had just had a part of themselves stripped away.

It was an odd feeling that most of them had never felt before. In fact, there wasn't a single living member of the Pluto that had.

However, the sharpest of them were able to guess what it was that happened. And when they did.... They were absolutely furious.

"Who died?"

The language of the Pluto sounded like rumbling thunder and roaring dragons. It was the kind of domineering cadence that could only be spoken by those with bodies as powerful as theirs. The last time Leonel had tried to speak their language, his throat was shredded to pieces. In fact, back then, it was a lot worse than that. His head had almost imploded under the pressure.

Ger'Ain stood with a fierce expression, his gaze flickering with a deadly momentum.

By his side, El Rion stood, his emotions unreadable. But then again... for this guy, it had always been the case.

"No need to check. It's certainly Jones!"

There was a rumbling cold to El'Rion's voice.

"Impossible," Ger'Ain said. "They wouldn't dare!"

"He would dare, El'Rion replied just as indifferently.

El Rion had warned them about Leonel, but it was better if he hadn't said anything at all.

Instead, they chose to take it as a challenge. Jo'Anes had always had an inferiority complex and didn't like the fact that someone younger than him was warning him out of kind intentions, and this was the ultimate result.

Now, this matter would be blown out of proportion. He even had a small feeling that someone with Dream Force had manipulated Jo'Anes.

The Pluto had Dream Force experts, but honestly they were far more like the Rapax than they were like the Fawkes. In terms of Dream Force, they were mostly immune and it took someone extremely

powerful in this Force to do anything to them.

However, they could easily be susceptible to it.

Only a Pluto would know that though they were extremely powerful, ironically their great power came with equally large amounts of responsibility.

The rules that bound them were more than any other Race, and because of that, they were

vulnerable in many ways.

Of course, El'Rion had no proof. It could just as easily be that Jo'Anes' inferiority had kicked in again. But if it was someone in the background, they had certainly succeeded.

Because the Pluto were pissed now.

Leonel didn't even move. In fact, after he began to recline, he actually started to nap as though he

wasn't worried about the time limit of Jo'Anes' summon at all. He didn't seem to find subduing a Pluto to be shocking or worthy of extra thought.

Right then, the skies began to rumble. With his eyes still closed, Leonel's lip curled.

Chapter 3144: Inferiority

Leonel could feel his blood boiling for some reason.

Although he continued to sit there in silence, there was a violent sort of pressure radiating out from him. Other than Jo'Anes, who continued to kneel before him, everyone else felt themselves shivering from head to toe.

For a moment, they thought they were in the presence of Gervaise and not his grandson... somehow, their momentum felt practically the same in volume and strength.

Leonel, however, wasn't paying attention to his Fawkes family at all. Instead, still reclining, his head was angled to the skies almost as though he was cloud gazing.

The roof of the factory had already been shredded apart and much of the factory was a mess due to the clash between him and Jo'Anes. And yet, he seemed to be perfectly at home.

Three Pluto appeared from different directions, each one using their powerful bodies to step through the stream of time and shatter the formations that would have otherwise bound them. One was in the Seventh Dimension, and the two remaining were in the Eighth.

Their expressions were hard to read, but their auras carried their fury. Leonel could easily see through it with his Dream Force control.

In the same instant, they all locked onto Leonel. When they saw a member of their race kneeling before someone else, their minds almost exploded with shock and abject rage.

Leonel slowly stood. With a wave of his hand, a bow appeared.

"Don't ruin my fun!" Leonel said casually as the Fawkes seemed to be about to interfere. But in reality, he was speaking to Jo'Anes, who had begun to stand in order to protect his King.

What made the Fawkes' methods so shocking compared to other necromancy-like abilities was the intelligence of the summon. They carried all the skills, talent, and smarts they had when they were alive. There was only one thing that changed...

Their absolute loyalty.

Leonel rose into the skies, his Lacvis Bow trembling somewhat with excitement. It seemed to have completely forgotten that it had a family to serve. After the first time Leonel had used it, it had been itching for more.

How long had it been since the full extent of its power was used?

"How-"

The rumbling cadence of the Pluto's language began before it was ruthlessly cut out.

"Save it," Leonel said.

He didn't bother to speak the Pluto's language, although he was more than capable of doing so now. "You three came here to kill me, right? I want to see if all Pluto are so pathetic!"

"I'm sorry for my inferiority, master!" Jo'Anes lowered his head even further as though Leonel was scolding him.

The eyes of the three Pluto practically popped out of their sockets when they saw this. Veins bulged across their bodies and their shocking bodily prowess caused space to twist and whine.

The fact that such a thing was possible in the God Realm went to show just how shocking their body strength was.

"Honestly speaking, Leonel continued as though he hadn't heard Jo'Anes at all, "I need the bones of a Ninth Dimensional Pluto. But I doubt any of you would come, right? They're probably busy fighting the Void Race right about now..."

The Sylvan Heart of a True God was only one aspect of his Divine Armor. He just didn't expect that Plutos would come to him so soon.

In reality, he had actually planned to use the bones of a God Beast instead. But he felt that this worked even better.

"Say, you," Leonel called out.

"Yes, master!"

"Why do the Pluto owe the Fawkes a favor? I've always been curious!"

"Because-."

"Jo'Anes! Have you no shame?!"

"-the Fawkes are the reason we were able to grasp Time Force and become a God Race! "Oh?" Leonel blinked, finding this a bit surprising. So you all came to attack your benefactors?" "The debt has long since been repaid, one of the Eighth Dimensional Pluto growled. Leonel began to laugh, its cadence booming across the skies with even more vigor and shocking radiance than the language of the Pluto.

It became clear to them in an instant that if Leonel wanted, he could easily speak their language. In fact, he could speak a language far more shocking than that... the language of Existence itself.

When he spoke, the world listened.

"You have the reasoning of a five-year-old child. What was your method of repaying the Fawkes? Giving them an Incomplete World? And standing on the sidelines while everyone attacked them? Do you think any one of these things is actually valuable?"

"Do you know-?!"

"How valuable an Incomplete World with such potential is? Is that what you wanted to say? I can find another within three days. I have one in my body right now. You're apparently the strongest Race in Existence and that was the best you could do?"

Leonel raised his bow.

"I've realized for a while now that your Pluto Race isn't so impressive. You three have been standing there, so infuriated and enraged, and yet neither one of you has dared to attack just yet. Are you waiting? Hoping that more Pluto will arrive?"

"Didn't I tell you that your Time Force is useless to me? You three were able to enter because I allowed you to. The backup you're waiting for will only arrive after you're dead. So how about we have some fun?"

The bow trembled as Leonel pulled its string back.

Suddenly, with a single pluck, a rain of arrows shot through the skies.

In the far-off distance, Honey watched with a fierce glow in her eyes. She hadn't known that Leonel was also a bow expert. The moment she saw him with a bow in his hands, she felt as though her entire world was being overturned.

Could such a powerful Bowman appear in this world?

And that was all before he even fired a single shot.

The moment he did that, her gaze lost focus.

Chapter 3145: Normal Way

Leonel's arrows curved through the skies and there was a bright smile on his face all of a sudden. He didn't even use his greatest strength at first, as though he was trying to probe the limits of the Pluto first.

The reason the Time Force of the Pluto was useless against him was because he could see through time manipulation with ease with his Dream Force, a consequence, or rather benefit, of his Dream Force transcending the limits of space and touching upon time.

When that was paired with his absolute control over his body, hoping to confuse him or manipulate time around him would either require direct force or someone far stronger than these few.

The reason their friends couldn't enter was that they were using their Time Force to bypass the protections of the Ascension Empire. But with Leonel in control of the world's World Spirit and his Time Force compatible Dream Force...

If he didn't want them to enter, they would either have to send a True God or wait outside patiently. One of the Pluto seemed to finally realize their situation. They had been lured here by Leonel on purpose as though he wanted to pick them off one by one.

He was either looking to replace quality with quantity by taking in their bones or he was hoping to lure the quality he was looking for here.

Either way, they had to fight here or they would die.

The moment they had this thought, a switch seemed to flip.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Leonel's eyes lit up. This was it.

His arm suddenly became faster, a blur being left in the air as he met power with speed and quantity.

The power of the Pluto was so exaggerated that he could feel his bones rumbling even from a distance. Every arrow seemed connected to his heart, and every strike reverberated back to him in an endless feedback loop.

A Pluto suddenly vanished, crossing an impossible distance in a blink and appearing by Leonel's side. He punched out, drilling forward with menace.

However, he found that although he was punching with his greatest might, his fist wasn't getting any closer to Leonel. It was as though he had fallen into a quagmire, an endless quicksand in the middle of the air.

"I already told you. Your Time Force won't work.

The man's image vanished. When he appeared again, he was in the same spot he had originally been in.

He stumbled back as though he had swung at nothing but air, only to find a trio of arrows at his chest before he could even stabilize himself.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The arrows didn't even break skin, but it felt like he had just been hit with a trio of sledgehammers. His heart did flips and his inner organs roared and rattled.

The echo of thunderous booms played across the skies as Leonel began to walk forward slowly.

One after another, he unleashed rain after rain of arrows. Every time the Pluto tried to slip free, they found themselves back where they first started, only to be battered by arrows once more.

By the third time it happened, they seemed to finally understand that their Time Force wasn't working for reasons they couldn't quite comprehend.

It was like every time they had the intention to use Time Force, they were cut off from the world around them and any action they committed to was reversed.

What they didn't know was that Leonel's Time Force was technically on a higher plane than their

Own.

His Time Force originated from his Dream Force, which rooted itself in the Second Dimension. Although the comprehension of these Pluto was already at the Life State, meaning they were at the Second Dimension at the very least as well, because they couldn't as easily communicate with the Second Dimension as Leonel could, their control might as well have been stripped away.

The longer the battle went on, the more bored Leonel became, the excitement fading. After a while, he just shook his head.

He lowered his bow and waved his hand. At that moment, Elorin appeared.

"Have fun," Leonel said, yawning.

He had come so excited, but these guys were the definition of foolish. They didn't even try to find another method of getting around him.

Of course, part of the problem was that the World Spirit was helping Leonel. But that little guy was as overprotective as his mother. Even when he told it to not interfere, it didn't listen.

So in that case, he might as well give Elorin an opportunity.

Elorin was confused at first, but when he saw the Pluto, his eyes couldn't help but widen, his heart trembling.

The Fawkes still watching from a distance felt some solidarity with the young man. This was the normal reaction someone should have in the face of the Pluto. Calling them cowards and blaspheming their dead was something only someone like Leonel would

even dare to do. However, Elorin quickly settled down, a silver machete appearing in his hand. It was a short blade, not even a foot and a half in length, but his aura solidified when he felt it, almost as though it was reassuring him.

BANG!

Elorin launched himself forward.

The Pluto split, two moving toward Leonel while the last moved to block Elorin.

However, to their astonishment, blades that seemed to transcend time appeared before each one of them. Elorin only slashed out once, but they were all blocked.

Elorin coughed up a mouthful of blood as he took a step back, the reverberating impact of three blocks sending him stumbling. However, he stabilized himself quickly, his aura growing.

Time Force experts... he had never fought one before. He wondered what he could learn in this battle.

Down below, Leonel had already stopped paying attention.

"Right, don't you people need treasures Crafted? Line up!"

The Fawkes looked toward Leonel, not knowing what to say. Couldn't this man do anything the normal way?

Chapter 3146: Who Else?

Elorin's focus grew more and more intense as the battle went on. His body split into several iterations, and the Fawkes watched in horror as each one was split apart.

Rains of blood fell from the skies, but every time, Florin seemed to successfully avoid the iteration that led to death.

At the same time, he seemed to be quickly grasping the methods of using Time Force.

Elorin, if he had a master, it would no doubt be Anastasia. However, for a long while, Anastasia was only able to give him a foundational understanding of Time Force. By the time her mind was fixed and she could have more complex thoughts, she was distracted by Leonel's asks of her and couldn't give Florin more guidance than that.

However, as the battle went on, Elorin was quickly finding that the foundation that Anastasia gave him was invaluable.

It was as though he had been given all the tools and formulas already; he just had to learn how to apply them.

Every time he saw a technique that the Pluto used, he was able to take it on himself and grasp it. He was like a dry sponge, soaking up everything he came across.

As Leonel Crafted down below, he spared one part of his mind to pay attention, and he couldn't help but be surprised.

Back when Elorin formed his Dharma, a fan of silver machetes that carried the aura of Time, it had been mostly on a whim and in acknowledgment of the sacrifices his grandfather had made for him. But the problem was that he had wanted to use all the training he had done in Time Force and exchange it for training in Blade Force instead.

Leonel had felt that that would be a shame, so he enlisted Anastasia's help so that he could keep both.

The reason this was important now wasn't just because Elorin's Time Force and Blade Force were now both on a shockingly high level, or even that they were both likewise improving a great deal...

But instead how much that reminded him of Violet Force.

He, of course, hadn't been able to put two and two together before because he only awakened King Force after the Florin fiasco took place. But now, this sort of exchange for time or substance for something else... it felt like an inferior version of his King Force.

There was a question that had been bothering Leonel all this while, and it was why or how did his King Force appear in the Viola Family to begin with?

It was a Force that only he could use, and logically speaking, there was no reason for it to appear in such a place.

The only real answer seemed to be that it was related to his master, Nilrem. After all, the Viola Family and the Luxnix shared a corner of space together. If Nilrem wanted to do it, it might be possible if he wanted to experiment a bit.

But that didn't explain why.

The Viola were gone. He hadn't seen any sign of them in the Ascension Empire's new stomping grounds, which meant that they had truly been wiped out... though, most of that had been done by Leonel's own hands.

It was odd... odd indeed.

'Unless...'

Leonel's gaze flickered, a bad feeling welling up in his heart.

Now that he thought about it, Rychard hadn't been able to make even subtle use of his 'Violet' Force until he came back from the Cataclysm Zone.

The "Cataclysm Zone, though, was already something that Leonel knew to be the Complete World of the Humans, and the very place he had ended up after leaving the Dimensional Verse.

Before that, the Violet Force of Rychard could have been mistaken for a heaviness Force that added weight to his attacks.

Although Rychard said it was mostly to fool people and hide the true strength of their Lineage Factor, that was nothing but hogwash. If they could have used it properly, the Violet Family would have never fallen so easily.

'Lineage Factor! Time Force!'

The thoughts steamrolled through Leonel's mind, and a cold sweat matted his back. Sparks of lightning rampaged through his mind.

He was that close... that close...

He thought he had already jumped off of her chessboard with his death, but to think that he was still entrapped in her web.

But how had she done it?

Leonel's thoughts seemed to ramble, feeling a bit incoherent.

Elorin's battle had made him realize something profound.

The way Rychard explained his Violet Force, and the way Leonel used his King Force, were completely different.

Rychard described exchanging time for something else. But Leonel just took what he wanted; he didn't really consider the mechanisms.

It was odd because it was a Force that he created himself. It was almost like an athlete trying to describe exactly how they caught a ball or threw a pass. The foundational mechanics could easily become murky given the right circumstances.

Leonel had assumed, then, that his Force and that of the Viola family's were one and the same. What he hadn't considered was that maybe someone had tweaked the latter

just a slight bit. Violet Force could only be used by him, but what if there was a workaround for it? What if someone knew that he wouldn't form his Idol in this life with his King Force, but instead suppress it to a Dharma, thus weakening his overall control and dominance over the Force while birthing it into the world nonetheless?

And what if this same person managed to find a method of generating the use of Violet Force through the sacrifice of an entire family of people?

And, what if even on top of all of this, this person managed to trick even his master into doing their bidding for them, making it so that Leonel didn't question the appearance of this Force, and his master wouldn't even bring it up?

Who else could it be if not the Demoness?

Chapter 3147: Become...

Suddenly, Leonel understood how it was that the Demoness managed to stay out of his way and his timeline. She was always above the timeline... she had always been.

The scale of her game was unfathomable, and it was hard to tell if Leonel had even grasped it all. Today, he was lucky that he was observing Florin fight, or else the link between Time Force and his King Force wouldn't have clicked in the way it had.

Had he made a mistake not making his King Force his Idol? Was he being too greedy? Too arrogant? Suddenly, Leonel's playful expression completely disappeared. After all of his improvements, a bit of his former arrogance had begun to appear.

He had forgotten that it was in his very nature to be confident and unbothered by everything. He had purposely chosen a route of Dream Force that was opposing to this so that he didn't make the same mistakes as in the past, but he had still almost fallen down the same rabbit hole again...

A rabbit hole where he had even begun to underestimate the woman who had the entirety of Existence in the palm of her hands.

Even if he hated her, he had no right to look down on her. And in the most extreme of cases, he had no choice but to respect her.

A light glowed between Leonel's brows as he refocused himself.

He knew what the problem was. He had successfully formed his Innate Node which incorporated his Sovereign Weapon Forces. And that had left a gap in his mind that could be exploited.

His Sovereign Weapon Forces were just as arrogant as his Dream Force of old, and he had allowed them to begin to influence him back to his old path again.

The path to change was a long one, and it was one you would likely have to spend fighting along for the rest of your life.

People didn't just change in one instant and remain that way forever. It was a constant trudge of work and effort.

The solemnness of Leonel's aura deepened as he reached a state of calm.

'I can't allow this to happen again!

He looked up into the air to find that Elorin was slowly beginning to turn the tides of battle. His thoughts were hidden behind the placidness in his eyes, a radiant sort of calmness coming from him.

He had to make a change. If he couldn't flip the chessboard he was on completely, there was no telling what might happen.

The trouble was that there was no way that the Demoness didn't know this would happen. The sudden and final attempt to rise of the Pluto should most definitely be within her plans.

In that case, using it to leapfrog and change the situation was almost impossible.

He needed something deeper, something more shocking, something that could overturn the understanding of the world.

Leonel looked off into the distance, seemingly locking eyes with something that most couldn't even begin to see.

The Idol Battlefield.

He didn't want to do this so soon. He was too weak right now. Being at just the Seventh Dimension wasn't enough.

He could easily be trounced and die if he wasn't careful. And the other problem was that his wife was soon about to give birth. It wouldn't be more than another few months at most, and the Idol Battlefield trials would certainly last even longer than that.

However... the Idol Battlefield was his only option.

Not only was it the only way for him to even hope to reach the Ninth Dimension as quickly as possible...

It was the only way for him to change this situation.

Doing it so quickly and so suddenly was exactly what he needed... he needed to move so fast that even he, himself, was taken off guard, let alone the Demoness.

This was the only way forward, and he would have to take it.

When he made this decision, he calmed to the point his mind reached an unprecedented state of peace.

A risk? Certainly.

One that he was willing to take?

This was even more true.

Leonel finished the Craft in his hand and tossed it over. Then, ignoring Elorin and even whether he would live or die, he vanished into the Segmented Cube to find his wife.

Aina rested on Leonel's lap, her head against his chest. He had already explained everything to her, and she understood his decision. Looking down at her still growing belly, she couldn't help but wonder if she had been too willful with this choice.

Maybe Leonel was right to want to avoid having children all this time.

However, just as she was having these thoughts, Leonel's large palm rested on her belly, feeling the strong kicks that were coming. The soothing feeling made them both smile.

"Don't do anything foolish like entering a time warp. Even after you give birth, you can't leave our baby's side, okay?"

Aina smiled bitterly. Leonel really knew how to read her thoughts.

But she had already decided that she could do that. Unless she also wanted their baby to grow in a time warp as well, it didn't make sense to suddenly give birth and then hand their baby off to someone else.

"I will try to be back before the birth. There's no place I would rather be, Leonel said softly.

Aina placed a hand on Leonel's and they both felt the kicking together.

The Demoness had ruled so much of their lives, dictating too much. There was so much pain and suffering related to her directly or by proxy.

Even Leonel's death didn't seem to be enough to jump from the board, and when he met her again, she might very well be using the one Force that was his absolute strongest.

She was a true monster. And if Leonel wanted to surpass her, he would have to be even greater, even more indomitable, even more of a monster...

He would have to become the King he always wanted to be.

Chapter 3148: Not an Option

Leonel gave himself three days. Being caught off guard didn't mean that he had to completely fly in blind.

He arranged everything he could first, giving Anastasia an action plan for moving forward. He hoped that by the time he returned from the Idol Battlefield, he would already be at a point where he would have a real army to lead.

With Anastasia's abilities, he believed that it would happen.

He also couldn't leave his brothers behind, nor his Generals. Despite how dangerous the Idol Battlefield would be, especially while they were still working on returning to the Ninth Dimension after being suppressed back down to the Third, it was a necessary danger.

Leonel wouldn't be able to do what came in the future alone. If not for the fact Aina was pregnant, he would take her along as well. The best way for his wife to protect herself would be to be strong as well.

However... while he was taking everyone along, Leonel was already prepared for the worst-case

scenario.

At the end of the day, none of this would matter in the slightest unless he, himself, was strong enough.

Only then would he be able to hold up the skies with a palm and suppress his enemies with another...

Only then would his wife and child be able to live out the life of leisure and happiness he wanted for them.

After everything was done, Leonel looked up into the skies and then suddenly vanished.

When he appeared again, he was standing on the bottom of a set of wide steps. It was none other than the path to the Ascension Palace.

He walked up the steps, but for some reason, this time, the guards didn't stop him.

The truth was that they couldn't even see him.

His Dream Force had wrapped all the way around him, and his body was in a state where he existed, and where their senses saw, were displaced through time.

Essentially, they could only see the location Leonel was standing in as it was a few seconds ago. So, they missed Leonel entirely.

Leonel called this new ability Dream Displacement. It was a combination of his Control Ability Index and its opposite... Though, it was only possible thanks to the small incorporation of Time Force into his Dream Force.

He strolled up and through the completely oblivious guards and entered the palace as though nothing at all had happened.

Soon, he was standing before a familiar barrier. He remembered this barrier well. It was one that, even with all his efforts, he couldn't even begin to deal with.

Even now, he had no ability to forcefully destroy it. His grandfather was truly a powerhouse amongst powerhouses.

However... last time, the reason he succeeded in saving his grandmother was because he just barely managed to get a small strand of energy through.

And this time... he could do that with even greater ease.

He suddenly struck out with a palm. Afterimages layered through the air and then...

DONG!

The sound of a chime practically echoed through the entire palace.

Gervaise looked up from his meditation and his wife seemed to notice something as well. However, while he frowned, she just chuckled.

Gervaise waved a hand and soon Leonel was standing right before him. He seemed curious about how Leonel had managed to make it through his guards, only for his eyes to narrow.

This grandson of his truly improved by leaps and bounds. Every time he saw him, he had already taken another huge step forward in his strength and power.

That said, Gervaise wasn't surprised.

He had already said it back when Velasco died. Neither father nor son could be measured by common sense. And if he took a step back...

He, as his grandfather, couldn't be measured by common sense either.

"Why have you come today?" Gervaise asked, in a rare showing of actually speaking first. Leonel's grandmother noticed this as well and couldn't help but give her husband a second look before looking at her grandson. She smiled, a light of pride in her eyes as though she was happy to see this scene... which was odd considering such a scene also meant that the clash between the two was only coming sooner.

"I plan to trigger the Idol Battlefield now. I wanted to tell you in advance!

Gervaise's eyes narrowed.

Leonel was probably the only person in the world who dared to say such a thing.

Everyone else was just patiently waiting for the Idol Battlefield to descend, but he said that he could make it come down now.

Gervaise was intelligent, more intelligent than most could even fathom. He already understood why Leonel would want to do such a dangerous thing.

He stared at his grandson for a long while before waving a hand.

"Here!"

The green light was fast. So fast that the last time Leonel came here, he would have had no choice but to allow it to shatter his head even if his senses could keep up.

But this time, he simply just clasped his fingers down, catching it smoothly.

Leonel rotated the object in his hand before he realized that it was something that could only be analyzed with Dream Force.

When he did, he found an astonishing amount of information within.

"Your Life Tablet won't have much information about the Idol Battlefield within. This will," Gervaise

said casually.

Leonel pulled his mind out of the item. "This is more than just a little bit. It looks like you're targeting the Idol Battlefield as well?"

"Maybe in the past. But I simply don't need it now!"

This time, it was Leonel's turn to narrow his eyes.

Just how strong was his grandfather that he snubbed his nose at the Idol Battlefield? It seemed that

he had still underestimated the old man.

However, in the end, he chuckled.

He turned and walked over to give his grandmother a hug, feeling her own belly for a bit before leaving with confident strides.

He never considered failure for a moment.

Chapter 3149: Provoked

Leonel stood in silence, his hands clasped behind his back as he stared up into the skies of the Segmented Cube.

He had always found these skies more beautiful than any other, but much more grim at the same time.

On the one hand, they were a truly gorgeous sight to behold. But on the other, he was more keenly aware here that there was nothing beyond it than he was anywhere else.

This Segmented Cube was a world artificially put into a box. Although it felt just as large, if not larger than any other, the idea that there was nothing beyond it was enough to make any man wonder if any of it was worth it.

Then Leonel remembered that Existence was just a slightly larger box and the Northern Star formed its barriers.

Did life have to be infinite for it to have meaning? Probably not. But the idea that the world wasn't infinite left an odd, sour taste in his mouth.

Leonel could recall all of the iteration memories now. Not all at once as the capacity he would need would be much greater, but he knew enough now to remember that his future self had once checked beyond the bounds of the Northern Star... only to find nothing at all.

Then, he had sat down on a small piece of rock, looking out to the star and having a final drink before he allowed his life to slip away.

Maybe infinite life would only have a purpose if there were infinite things to experience. Otherwise, what would be the point?

If the world was finite, then why have an infinite life?

And by the same token... if you could explore all there was in this finite world, how could you allow yourself to die?

Leonel looked down at his hands, the steady beating of his heart like a delicate pitter-patter of rain in his ears.

The cadence of his heart should have been enough to drown seas and collapse mountains... but to him, it was soft and controlled.

Suddenly, one by one, Leonel's brothers began to appear around him. Blackstar appeared on his shoulder, his little claws flashing with a silvery-black light. Then came Emna and Kira.

Kira's spirits were much brighter these days. Second Nova, Auran, had returned, so how could she not be?

Unfortunately, the Auran of now was much different than the Auran she remembered. He had always been a man who worked in the shadows, but he had a delicate and caring side to him, not to mention a selfless side.

However, not all reincarnations could go about perfectly.

The way Auran died had left a shadow on his heart that he couldn't overcome.

Kira recognized this, and she seemed to understand the implications of it as well. Life and death couldn't be played around with so casually.

But she was still happy nonetheless.

Even if it meant spending her life to help Auran climb out from under that shadow, she would do so.

All of them stood in silence for a long while as though waiting for Leonel to adjust himself. The silence wasn't awkward, but was instead quite peaceful. The only thing they could feel was the flowing wind...

At that moment, Fifth Nova appeared, holding his Lucerne Hammer.

Leonel didn't respond to his appearance.

Originally, he had wanted Ramon to stay behind. He was the only one that could help the Morales quickly learn Valor Force. Without it, their progress would plummet, and that would inevitably make Leonel's army weaker than they could be.

In this case, Anastasia couldn't help out nearly as much as Ramon could.

However, Leonel understood his decision. Ramon had sworn to himself to personally become stronger, and stepping onto the Idol Battlefield as the creator of a Weapon Force was practically a cheat code to becoming a shocking powerhouse.

He didn't want to miss this opportunity.

Elthor appeared soon after, resting a saber on his shoulder. He had already abandoned his human form, a mass of white hair fluttering over his body as black-silver chains were linked all around him, formed by his Chaotic Particle Force.

It wasn't long after that Elorin and Hutch appeared as well.

Leonel had warned them all about the dangers, but they had insisted on being here.

These people... they would be his Generals.

With a step, Leonel vanished from the Segmented Cube and appeared high in the air. He took a breath before his heart began to pulse with a mighty light.

When he had first formed his new Bow and Spear Force, the Idol Battlefield had reacted, coming much closer all of a sudden.

An external observer might think that this was because it was acknowledging him, but the sharper Leonel's senses became, the more he knew what the truth was...

The Idol Battlefield had been provoked.

His Weapon Forces were too arrogant, claiming to stand above not just their own kind, but all kind. When the Idol Battlefield sensed their creation, it had infuriated the entire battlefield and all the spirits of the predecessors that came before him.

When Leonel came to realize this, he was no longer in a rush to enter the battlefield. He would likely just be sending himself off to his death if he went too early. But now...

He had no choice whatsoever.

Maybe it was even the case that the Demoness felt he wouldn't dare to do this precisely because it would mean poking at a bear he couldn't afford to be even near.

But...

Leonel grabbed at the air. A surging color poured through his veins as his Innate Node pulsed, flooding his body with its energy.

A spear formed in one hand, howling to the skies above.

But then, he grabbed out again. His fingers seemed to be traveling through a river of time as the air rippled, forming a bow.

Halos shone to life on Leonel's wrists and a crown appeared above his head, his King Force roaring

to the skies.

The entirety of Existence turned dark.

Chapter 3150: Might

Everyone looked to the skies. It wasn't something they had a choice about. When the entire world turned dark and there was just a single point of light left, it was impossible not to look up.

But then, they were soon distracted from the sight by the stirring in their bodies.

Almost every warrior in the God Realm had some Weapon Force, whether it was a true weapon like Sword Force or the like, or the Ancient Weapon Forces, that being the Fist or Palm; most had it in some form.

The word Weapon had gone through many changes throughout the years. In ancient times, it didn't refer to a tool at all, at least not in the normal sense.

Instead, it referred to utility itself, and in this case, anything that could be utilized to attack. It wasn't until weapons became more mainstream and the first Weapon Forces were created that the meaning of the word came to change.

These days, far more people used conventional Weapon Forces as opposed to the so-called Ancient Weapon Forces... Fist Force, Palm Force, Kicking Force, Finger Force...

That said, there were still corners of the world where this still existed, and there would never be a time where their presence was more obvious than when the Idol Battlefield descended.

At that moment, in a corner of the world, a monk with a shaved head looked up to the skies. Hints of surprise flickered in his eyes.

If others who knew this man saw his reaction, they would be astonished. This man had not shown a single hint of emotion in millennia. For him to show even the slightest hint showed just how shocked he was about the changes.

What the monk didn't know was that this was exactly what Leonel wanted. If he couldn't even trick this monk, how would he catch the Demoness off guard?

The monk slowly stood to his feet, his loose brown robes hanging from him like tied-up curtains. Yet they didn't seem to obstruct his steps in the slightest.

He slid open the doors of what looked like a traditional Japanese home, and he walked out to the fluttering snow in the darkness.

Sensing this man's movement, the sound of sliding doors echoed until several men and women faced one another in the enclosure.

"Bodhi. Tenzin. Mirae. You three!"

The monk spoke lightly.

Bodhi was a man with smooth dark skin. His skin didn't seem to have even the slightest imperfection, and that was despite the fact it was sunken to his skin.

He stood at almost three meters tall, but his stomach continuously growled for food, sucked into his body so far that his ribs looked to be gasping for breath.

How he could look so malnourished, and yet have such healthy skin at the same time was a mystery in and of itself.

But it was his feet that seemed to catch the most attention... they were large, larger than normal, and they seemed to be the only part of him that didn't look as though it had lost all the fat beneath him.

He took a light step forward when he heard his name, but the wooden floorboards beneath him cracked and shattered.

He looked down and shook his head. He had been in such deep meditation for so long that it seemed that he had forgotten how to walk.

Tenzin might as well have been the polar opposite of Bodhi. His skin was so white that it practically shone with its own light even in the darkness, and he had a belly round enough that it poked out of his robes. On top of that, he was the shortest of the three, standing at what was maybe 5'7" at the most.

When he took a step forward, there was no sudden cracking of the wooden floorboards beneath him. But when he reached up his hand to scratch his belly, wondering if he was

going to get any good food this time around, the ripple his palm caused the air to clap like thunder.

He looked down and blinked with surprise before sheepishly smiling.

Mirae was the last of them. She was a woman, soft and demure, silent and graceful. No matter how you looked at her, she just looked like a normal woman, albeit somewhat beautiful, though not world-shakingly so. Though this might be because she was bald just like the rest of her brothers and sisters. Maybe if she grew her hair out, she would be a world-toppling beauty herself.

However, it was clear that she didn't care about this in the slightest.

The flow of the curtain-like robes allowed her small breasts to flow naturally as she took a step forward, and unlike her two brother monks, there didn't seem to be a change to the world when she moved.

However...

If one looked closely, it would be possible to see that every one of her fingers was adorned with a ring, something that looked completely out of place for such a minimalistic monk.

When her fingers moved slightly, veins that could shake the world pulsed through them before vanishing after she settled down, realizing that she was using too much strength.

These three were an odd trio, but what was especially odd was the fact that they didn't seem to radiate a Dimensional level at all... it was like all three of them were still mortals.

And as though that wasn't weird enough... all three of them didn't have the hallmarks of other Races at all... they looked....

Human.

"The rest of you..." the monk said lightly before pausing and shaking his head. This was too sudden. If not, then maybe he would be able to set at least another three. But maybe this was just fate.

The other monks didn't show the slightest change in expression at all as though they weren't disappointed that they had just wasted millennia of their life.

"Go! The monk said. "Show the world the might of the Human Race!"

Chapter 3151: Choice

Deep in the Beastman Race, the scene was much less calm. Roars, growls, and other bestial noises echoed continuously and without pause.

The Beastman Race was an odd one. It was said that they were an attempt at experimentation by the God Beasts of Creation that ultimately ended in "failure" But this failure led to one of the strongest Races in all of Existence.

They had the nimbleness of mind of humanoid Races and the strength of body of beasts. Of course, it wasn't so exaggerated.

The Beastmen were still known for their slow-wittedness and lack of intelligence. However, where this "nimbleness" of mind truly played out was in the comprehension of Forces.

Beasts could only rely on their instincts and slowly increase their Dimension grade by grade to reach greater heights. The only exceptions to this were in situations like Blackstar's case, where he had a direct example to rely on, and he also followed a path that allowed Mimicry, putting him in a unique situation to observe and learn in the first place.

However, because of this odd combination, despite how ubiquitous Weapon Forces were, Beastmen rarely used them. In this case, they were a lot like their Beast counterparts, and they didn't seem to have much affinity for the path at all.

That said... rarity didn't imply that there were none of them at all who did so, and this was precisely the reason why there was such a battle ongoing now.

The Beastmen seemed to be split into two factions, one of which wanted to send their best to the Idol Battlefield, and the other of which didn't want to at all.

And honestly... both sides had their points.

Those that were opposed felt that this was an opportunity for the Beastmen to gain an advantage on the ground. Why send their most talented when they would be at a disadvantage anyway? It was best. to keep them here, press their advantage, and deal with the fallout that came afterward. Those that were for sending them to the battlefield pointed out that this "fallout" certainly wouldn't be easy to handle. After all, the Idol Battlefield was the greatest opportunity available in Existence. Those that returned alive would have a huge boost to their power and would usually have enough strength to affect the outcomes of entire Races by then.

To miss the opportunity didn't make any sense.

However, those opposing argued that they would just be sending their geniuses to die anyway. Plus, returning from the battlefield didn't mean that they would be invincible. There were plenty in their Race that were simply uninterested in the Battlefield because it was no longer capable of increasing their power.

The truth was that the Idol Battlefield was capable of descending with enough of a challenge to kill anyone in Existence. The reason many weren't interested wasn't because they wouldn't find a challenge waiting for them, but rather because the risk-to-reward ratio wasn't worth it.

After many cycles and many years of experimentation, many were able to figure out that the battlefield was probably best entered by those on the verge of forming a Dharma and freshly promoted True Gods.

This was a sweet spot of sorts, though it also described a wide range of people.

Those who were still far from forming their Dharmas wouldn't be able to understand the profundities of the Idol Battlefield and would just end up throwing their lives away.

Those that had been promoted to True God and were well established were too powerful and had already reached the limits of their potential, so the odds that they could use the Idol Battlefield challenges to promote some more and strengthen themselves were next to zero.

All of these things came to a head together, the natural flow of reality making it a battlefield mostly for those who had formed Dharmas...

However, there was no doubt that every single individual who left the battlefield would have done so with the formation of an Idol.

As the Beastmen Ancestors were locked in a heated argument, they suddenly froze and looked in a certain direction.

"Dammit! Azhgar, come back here!"

"HAHAHA! SEE YA LATER, OLD MAN!"

A young man with the head of a furious red dragon leapt into the air. His wings, though filled with holes torn from battle, seemed capable of carrying the weight of the world as he streaked across the skies.

His dragon head was adorned with horns and a mighty presence. Every time he spoke, heating air sparked and flashed.

"If he's going, I'm going:

A young man with the head of a white tiger vanished after him.

"What Fist and Palin Force? I'm going to show the world the might of Claw Force!" Azhgar's roars filled the skies.

"If you want to brag, at least finish forming it first, the white tiger young man said indifferently. "I WILL!" Azhgar didn't seem mad at all. In fact, he only laughed more loudly.

The young man who followed after, Vaclgor, was much calmer, a massive great sword hanging from his back that was even taller than himself, who stood at over five meters.

He had always intended to go, but since Azhgar couldn't be bothered to wait for the elders... why should he?

With a flash, these two geniuses of the Beastmen disappeared before their Ancestors could react. The Beastmen looked toward one another and shook their heads. They could only hope that these two would come back alive.

The Beastmen weren't the only ones having arguments about whether or not to send people. Among this number were two familiar parties... the Sylvans and...

The Barbarian Race.

In the end, it wasn't so clear what the Sylvans chose to do. It seemed they had obstructed views of their decision using a special, unknown method.

However, the choice of the Barbarian Race was quite an interesting one, especially given their current situation. But maybe it was only natural they live up to their name.

Chapter 3152: Amusing Choice

The Barbarian Race had been keeping a very low profile in recent years, so much so that no one knew what they were up to.

Unlike the Beastmen who lived up to their names, the Barbarian Race was far more calm and calculating than most gave them credit for.

If they weren't, how could they allow Leonel to hold their reincarnated king in his possession for so long? After they became Gods, they should have been arrogant to the point of at least making a demand.

But there was none of that at all. In fact, even the Sylvans had no idea just how the Barbarian Race had evolved after successfully becoming a God Race.

Everyone was so distracted by Leonel, the Fawkes, and the addition of the Four Great Families, not to mention the comeback of the Humans, that none of them had the time to mind the Barbarian Race.

By the time anyone was even considering looking into them a bit, the Pluto made their move, and now the Idol Battlefield was descending centuries ahead of time for seemingly no reason at all.

Who had the time to mind this newly formed God Race? Especially since they weren't the only Race that had elevated in this time. After all, not only had the Minerva returned, so too had the Fallen God Beasts... though, no longer Fallen.

However, if Leonel were here to see who had been sent, he would have been truly shocked.

That was because the man leading the small group of Barbarians was none other than Talon, the very man who should be scaled away in the Segmented Cube.

However, this Talon seemed very much different from the one Leonel knew. He wasn't as boisterous, and though he was still arrogant, and his belly was as solid and round as ever, there was a maturity that seemed to temper all of it.

His red tattoos seemed deeper now, almost looking like burn marks rather than just ink dotted across his skin. He was taller, standing at almost three meters, and there were odd fluctuations of the world around him.

Everyone was worried about the comeback of the Pluto, or the attempt of the Void Race to replace them as the overlord race, but no one was paying attention to the powerhouses lurking in the shadows.

Those of the Barbarian Race, after basking in the changes that came to their bodies, felt like there was no one other than themselves who were worthy of taking the next step to become the overlord Race of Existence.

Their mutation from Demi-God to God...

Was no less shocking than the mutation of the Pluto had been.

And soon, the world would know.

Talon looked off toward his wife, the memories of his past life having finally returned to him. He gave her a slight nod before vanishing, a group of Barbarian Race youths following after him.

The Pluto youths scattered across the world looked up toward the Idol Battlefield with silent expressions.

They all seemed to realize that this was an opportunity for them. They had all stepped out of their

comfortable lives, ready to risk death for the sake of seeing their Races rise once again. They knew that there might never be a day when they returned to how things had once been.

But now they suddenly felt like the world was helping them.

For the Idol Battlefield to descend now...

The Northern Star must want them to rise again.

They didn't care about whether they were strong enough to meet the threshold or not.

Every single one of them leapt into the air, streaking forward.

There were no Ancestors to stop them or decide who should and shouldn't go. In that case, they would take matters into their own hands.

Either they died and left a mark on this world, or they lived and became true powerhouses.

At that moment, the Constellation of the Pluto Race trembled, a scythe of time pulsing high in the skies as the hope of one race flared up like a pillar piercing through the skies.

In another corner of the world, the Four Great Families and what remained of the Three Finger Cult sat in silence.

They had lost all four of their Heirlooms. Their greatest trump card, the Envoys of Destruction, had been taken by Leonel and killed unceremoniously, and now it seemed like all they could do was sit here and wait for their death.

It seemed that after everything, they could only sit here and wait for their deaths.

At that moment, there was a ripple and a young woman with beauty beyond words appeared.

Anya.

The last time Leonel had seen Anya, he took her from the remains of the Three Finger Cult and made her a part of his Dream Pavilion. But it had been a very long time since Leonel had gone back to the Human world in the Mortal Realms, and quite frankly, he didn't care enough about it to give it another thought.

The fact that Anya was still alive after he killed her the first time also didn't really faze him. He had already come to terms with how life and death worked in this dark, twisted world.

If he was here to see Anya, though, he would likely find it amusing.

He had given her a chance to live, a chance to thrive in a Dream Pavilion and work for the Human Race once more, but here she was.

Maybe even she realized that she could only do this because Leonel simply didn't care about her existence any longer. Or maybe she was ignorant enough to believe that she had pulled the wool

over his eyes.

Whatever the case was, in her delicate hand was a scythe that looked like it was carved out of smooth, white marble. Well, at least the polearm was. The blade alternated into a gorgeous black marble with streaks of white through it.

The weapon rested on her shoulder as she looked forward.

Chapter 3153: Piss Off

The Void Race was facing a unique problem of their own. They had too many geniuses that were worthy of being sent, but in this trying time, they couldn't afford to put all their eggs in one basket. If they were targeted for some reason and lost all of their geniuses, then it would be a loss that they couldn't swallow.

The fact that they had the highest chance to replace the Pluto wasn't lost on those in the world.

So, they made a hard decision.

Their geniuses were separated into three Tiers for them. There were their Supreme Geniuses, existences that only appeared once a generation and dominated all the others. Of these, they had three, each one of which had dominated a generation of their own and fell into the proper window for entry into the Idol Battlefield.

Beneath these were their Classic Geniuses. There weren't more than ten to a generation. And then their Elites, of which there would be no more than a thousand or so a generation.

They chose to send the youngest of the Supreme Geniuses, three of the Classic Geniuses, and several hundred elites from across various generations.

As for why they sent the youngest of the Supreme Geniuses... there were two reasons.

The first was selfish. Because he was the youngest, he was also the one they had invested the least into and could afford to lose the most. Although... it would certainly hurt to lose him nonetheless. And the second was because he insisted.

Lui'Shae was Shan'Rae's elder brother. As for why he would insist on entering the battlefield, it was because he was sure that someone else would be there. And while he was there... there would be no Gervaise Fawkes to protect him.

Lui'Shae stood in a shroud of darkness, his body thrumming with power as a scythe blinked into and out of existence in his palm.

The world seemed to revolve around him as he stood larger than even a moon. With a swipe of a hand, he could wipe out an entire solar system if he so pleased.

There was nothing in this world that could stop him, and a mere Leonel Morales certainly wouldn't be able to do so.

To not only kill his sister but to turn her into a puppet for the remainder of her life...

He would never forgive this man.

And when he stepped out of the Idol Battlefield, he would bury the Ascension Empire with him.

This was his chance to overturn the situation of Existence.

The more powerful you grew, the slower your progression. He had already formed a Dharma, and it would take time before he affirmed his understanding and completed his Idol. But now...

A shortcut was waiting for him.

His revenge would just be the cherry on top.

With a step, he vanished as well.

The world seemed to all be making their decisions in droves, and the Minerva were certainly no different.

Though they tried to stop her, Minerva herself seemed to vanish in the night, a sword resting in her palm.

For some reason or another, the Spear and Bow Force wielders of Existence were particularly agitated.

They seemed to be split into two groups, the first of which was the very reason why there were so few of them entering.

The first group felt such an overwhelming fear that they couldn't even look at their weapons. Their Weapon Forces collapsed, and those that claimed to have Sovereignties even found their comprehensions shattering.

The second group, however... felt a burning desire erupt from the depths of their bones, a hunger that awakened from their bloodlines.

One after another, surging breakthroughs took place across Existence.

Until now, only the God Races seemed worthy of taking part. But as the Spear and Bow Force users of the world grew more agitated, those that met an unknown threshold found themselves uncontrollably shooting toward the skies.

The Cloud Race, the Dwarven Race, the Spiritual Race...

There were suddenly no exceptions at all, as though the entire world was waiting for the appearance of these people all along.

Their Forces surged by leaps and bounds and all of these Chosen formed Dharmas in an instant. As though all their accumulated foundations had burst forth, their auras skyrocketed and crowns appeared above their heads.

Among these was a member of a particularly infamous Race...

After the appearance of the Demoness and her actions, the Dream Asura had been forced into hiding, scattered across the world without a place to call home.

Because of their abilities, many were able to slink away into society without being detected by others. But there was an inevitable majority of them that were unceremoniously hunted down and crushed.

The population was at risk of becoming extinct, but their strongest pillar, the Demoness, was nowhere to be found.

Among these Dream Asura was a young man who sat in the depths of a pool of Anarchic Force, hiding away in an Inbetween world with a spear on his lap.

The spear pulsed with a Dark Gold light, a sort of Sovereignty the world had maybe never seen before.

He didn't seem to notice the changes around him at all. Instead, he parted his lips slightly.

"... I do not need your help.... piss off..."

The pulse of power coming from the Idol Battlefield was shattered apart by him, and his aura suddenly soared.

A darkness pervaded all around him as he slowly rose.

Anarchic Force liquid drizzled down his body and his violet scales, a spear as black as night hanging almost loosely from his fingers as his head appeared.

His wrist only flickered once and enemies all around him were shredded to pieces until there was

not a single one left.

This young man was known simply as Rylan. He had no last name; he was an orphan as far as he knew, and this name of his was given to him by a random old lady he had already forgotten the face

of.

"If I want my spear to improve, I need to find whoever is agitating it... and kill him!"

However, if Leonel was here, this Rylan would seem to be a much different person to him. In fact, he would call him Uncle.

Uncle Montez.

With a step, Rylan vanished.

Chapter 3154: Targeted

Leonel felt like he was spinning around in a blender of chaos. The world around him was threatening to collapse in ten different ways. His body was battered and drummed.

All the while, he had his eyes closed, knowing that this wasn't natural. He was being targeted, not by people, but rather the aura of the Idol Battlefield itself.

The Idol Battlefield represented the hope of the humanoids. It was created when they rose up against the beasts, acting as the foundation for the first created Forces in Existence, the Weapon Forces.

They started as the simplest forms, the fists, etc. But quickly, it began to evolve to the spear and sword.

However, there was one thing they all had in common.

Defiance.

Even if arrogance and confidence weren't the foundation of their Paths, because of the origin of the battlefield, unless you had at least aspects of this to your Path, it was impossible for you to even stand in this place.

Even if they felt that Leonel's Path was stronger than their own, something they would never concede, they would still fight back violently and savagely. They would give it everything they had to ensure that he never came out on top.

Leonel had known that this was already a risk even before he provoked it again. But now, it was even more exaggerated than it was meant to be originally.

BANG!

He collided with something hard, and he coughed up several mouthfuls of blood.

It felt like every bone in his body had been shattered apart. But what made him sigh inwardly was the fact that this was perfectly controlled.

The Idol Battlefield would never kill him on the way in because that would be too unfair. But leaving him on the brink of what it thought was death was just fine by it.

The Idol Battlefield, according to the information his grandfather had given him, was run by a World Spirit as well, but a unique World Spirit/Regulator hybrid created by the efforts of all the warriors across time and generations.

The reason this hybrid was important was because Regulators were like the muscle of worlds while World Spirits were more about just maintaining.

The fact that they were fused into one now meant that when Leonel pissed them off, they had the ability to act and put him in his place.

What he experienced just now wasn't much different from the first time he stepped into an Incomplete World after leaving the Dimensional Verse. The only difference was that instead of chains wrapping around his body, he was beaten and battered to the point he couldn't even stand up properly.

And yet, the moment he landed, he had no choice but to throw himself to the side.

A spear and arrow landed on the ground at the same time. Their tips seemed to fuse into one, just barely missing Leonel's head. He was hardly able to save himself from the fate of being impaled in a single exchange.

Leonel sighed again. He hadn't even been able to analyze his surroundings just yet because the Idol Battlefield was particularly "slow" with unveiling his senses for him.

How bad was this targeting going to be, exactly? If not for the fact he was incredibly sensitive to Spear and Bow Force, he would have already died.

Leonel rolled again as the world became clearer to him.

He quickly found that he was in a forest. All around him, shadows of what looked like monkeys wielding spears and bows hopped around endlessly.

Leonel leaned against the trunk of a tree, but that didn't last long before he had to roll to the side again.

A thick arrow ripped through the tree trunk he was relying on.

'Alright, note to self... cover is not... well... cover...'

Leonel was trying to gather Spear and Bow Force from the surroundings to quickly heal himself. This was much more efficient for him than using Light Force these days. In fact, his Light Force could be said to be one of his most lagging comprehensions now.

But it was like the Forces had chains on them. It was usually as easy as breathing for him to do this, but right now it was like he was pulling teeth.

Leonel frowned.

He abandoned the thought, his Innate Node churning instead. The Bow and Spear Force poured into his body and his wounds were being quickly healed as he moved about, but soon, he felt a suppression on that as well.

The monkeys in the surrounding trees multiplied and suddenly the spearmen stopped hiding as they rushed for Leonel.

They appeared all around, moving agilely and making howling monkey noises that were irritating to an extreme.

Leonel's body was only at 20% by now, if that. But the power of these monkeys was easily all at the Dharma level.

Leonel took a spear to the shoulder, and another one to the thigh.

He caught both while still on the ground, but there were only more coming.

He twisted his wrists and flung the monkeys at their oncoming allies, but then he suffered two more strikes from a pair of monkeys he hadn't been able to stop.

The pain shot through his body once again.

Leonel's frustration was beginning to bubble forth. It was like everything he did was suppressed one way or another. Even if the Idol Battlefield was pissed off, there had to be a limit to it, right?

One of the monkeys appeared behind Leonel as he tried to stand. A sinister light flashed in its eyes as its spear aimed right for his ass.

The moment Leonel saw this, the frustration he had been keeping at bay erupted.

"ENOUGH!"

A raging aura of violet and gold spiraled out from Leonel. A crown appeared above his head and two halos appeared around his wrists, one adorned with a spear and the other with a bow.

Arrows from the distance rebounded against the roaring shockwave, sending them spiraling into the distance.

Chapter 3155: Infuriated

Leonel was truly infuriated this time.

He hadn't come here for fun. He had come here because he had no other choice. He was here for no other reason than to give his family a chance to continue to live a life of peace and leisure; he was here to give himself a chance to truly leave the shadow of the Demoness' schemes.

Anyone who stood in that way, even if it was an ancient existence that had lived since time immemorial, would feel his wrath.

He grabbed at the air, and a spear formed of Spear Force and his Scarlet Star Force took shape.

He already realized that he wouldn't be able to pull out a real weapon. At the very least, this time, it wasn't because he was being targeted, but rather a true part of the first leg of this trial.

However, he had long since not needed such a thing.

His spear grew to three meters long and carried a wild sort of flexibility to it. In practically anyone else's hands, the blade wouldn't even stay steady. And yet, in Leonel's...

Leonel swiped out once, and another rain of arrows was shattered apart.

He kicked out, and the monkey that had been forced to stumble back beneath his aura had its head explode into a rain of gore.

His spear swept out, knocking back another charging mass of monkeys before his strikes suddenly became deadly and shockingly precise.

He took a step and began to pierce out. Every time he acted, the tip of the vibrating spear would seem to flash uncontrollably, wobbling so vigorously that it should have been completely out of his control.

And yet, it struck true every single time.

Throats were ripped apart, heads were split in two, hearts were punctured...

Every strike was lethal beyond belief and precise beyond measure.

The wobbling of the spear only became an asset rather than a detriment. The monkeys didn't know how to dodge because it moved so unpredictably.

Leonel countered their erratic movement with erratic movement of his own, moving with such sharpness and fluidity that he seemed to have forgotten to heal himself.

The pain was like a tonic to him, tempering his fury and forcing him to calm down. If he didn't, he would raze this entire forest to the ground.

He felt agitated, his heart thrumming with a pressure that suppressed all things in his surroundings.

In one part, he knew that it was because of the actions of the World Spirit-Regulator. And on the other, he knew that it was because he could feel his lives converging all at once, all of those failures coming to a head.

He could feel the frustration of several lives stacking onto one another, pulling against their puppet strings in unison until they realized that maybe their lives had never been their own to control in the first place.

Leonel's aura flared to another level, and his power erupted.

'Die. Die. Die.'

SHUU! SHUU! SHUU!

The forest was filled with a rain of Spear Force. It curved around trees and branches, curling down from the skies and up from the earth.

There didn't even seem to be a rhyme or reason to it. It was like Leonel was just targeting the monkeys that were the most displeasing to the eye at the time.

But those paying attention would see that he was attacking in the same order that they had attacked him. And when he caught up with that order, he attacked in order of the next one to have the intention of attacking him.

He was shredding them apart with the ease of a lion among newborns, and somehow, his fury only seemed to be climbing.

Smoke came from the bottoms of his feet, and the smolder only increased out of the corner of his eyes.

He ripped everything in his path apart, and from a bird's eye view, his Absolute Domain seemed to cover an entire ten kilometers.

It was said that the spear was the king of the battlefield, a weapon of control within a medium range, the kind of weapon a General would wield to charge ahead of his army and protect them from behind.

This Absolute Domain was something that Leonel had long since cultivated and concentrated into the very edge of his blade.

However, as with all things in this world, there seemed to be a cycle to it all.

First he formed his Domain, then he concentrated it to the edge of his blade, and then just the tip, and then suddenly...

It exploded forth in a blooming range much larger than anything it had ever displayed before. One would have thought that Leonel was wielding a bow instead of a spear, and maybe that was the case.

Some of his Bow Force seemed to leak, and his sharp Spear Force became even more incisive and more controlled.

SHUU! SHUU! SHUU!

CRUNCH.

Leonel stamped down and shattered the head of a monkey; he hadn't bothered to attack with his spear, his attacks coming in a faster and faster rain as though he still wasn't satisfied with the carnage that he was unleashing.

He roared, and his crown flared. At that moment, the slow Weapon Force in the air was ripped back from the Idol Battlefield's control and into Leonel's.

The Forces flooded into his body, and his injuries began to heal at the speed of the naked eye.

His strength skyrocketed, and his spear only became faster.

Dozens died with every step forward he took, his spear moving almost like a whip as it wobbled in his hands.

PUCHI! PUCHI! PUCHI!

Suddenly, Leonel's spear came to a stop. There was nothing else around him, and the only sound was that of his wobbling spear and his almost dragon-like breathing.

The leaves rustled wildly beneath the force of his breath, and the clouds high above shook in agitation.

He slowly lowered his spear, not the slightest hint of blood drizzling from it.

Chapter 3156: Respect and Persistence.

The fury in Leonel's eyes was still smoldering, but he loosened his grip on his spear a bit, allowing his agitated heart to calm.

He rolled a thumb over his engraved wedding ring, allowing the habit to calm him further.

He had to control what he could control. His own emotions were certainly one of them. He couldn't. allow himself to fly off the handle at the slightest hint of a provocation.

This time, it was a combination of two factors: the weight of the events and the timing, along with the agitation to his Weapon Forces.

He could feel keenly that just triggering this battlefield alone wasn't enough to slip the hands of the Demoness. She had planned for so long, and she had already seen his Weapon Forces before. It was more than likely that she had some sort of contingency plan for this.

The same grace was the fact that the odds that this plan was as perfect as all her others were minimal. In which case, whether he could succeed in breaking free would be dependent on how he performed.

Due to this, he could feel the accumulated efforts of several lifetimes coming together, and the weight of it all made the frustrating targeting of this Battlefield's Regulator all the more infuriating. The second issue was his Weapon Forces.

He had already noticed while outside of this world that he had been slipping back into his old habits. The same arrogance, the same casual disregard for everything, the very same attitude that had caused him to be the only one standing in the end. It wasn't the attitude he should have if he actually expected to have loved ones by his side.

But in this world, it was amped up to the highest degree. That was because his Weapon Forces could feel the Idol Battlefield's targeting, and it was trying to assert its dominance in response.

In the end, this was only the natural progression of things. There was simply no way that anything else could have happened but his furious lashout.

Leonel took a breath and closed his eyes.

He had felt this sort of pressure on his shoulders before.

That day, in the Valiant Heart Zone, as his Generals died one by one around him, it was the first time he had felt this sort of weight.

Back then, he thought that he was ready for it. He had accepted the crown and thought that he would be a King, leading his people to the lives that they deserved.

It was the first time he had felt true loss, true helplessness...

It was the first time he had lost.

He could still remember King Alexandre's lofty strength. He had no ability to stand against that man and could only watch as the people he called friends collapsed one by one.

It was something that he had sworn never to experience again. And yet, had he lived up to his word? By now, he knew what happened.

When he saw that he could revive them, the conviction that he had borne then wavered and cracked. It was still there, so he hadn't noticed just how compromised it was. But as time went on, he began to slowly chip away at it.

He gave up on those people he had once called brothers, he abandoned his road to Kingship, he wasn't there when the family he had fought to become the Patriarch of needed him the most...

He had failed time and time again, following his own selfish whims and carelessly making promises that he couldn't even keep himself.

It was pathetic.

Worse than pathetic.

He had tried to take on a burden he wasn't nearly mature enough to take on. His arrogance and bravado, although he hadn't admitted it to himself back then, made him feel like he was the only one worthy to do such a thing.

Maybe he was right that he was the only one. But that you knew something wasn't as important as how you came to know it.

Why was he the only one? Could he describe that in so many words? Or did he just think that his talent made him superior to everyone else and thus it could only be him?

Ironically, for much of his life, that answer had been the latter.

He had wanted to become a King because he felt that all life was equal. And yet it was because he thought he was superior that he believed that he should be King.

It was almost embarrassing that the contradiction didn't come to mind until now.

He was a pathetic excuse for a King... a King who took on a burden just to set it down when he pleased because it wasn't making him happy anymore.

Now, he had lost his father... his mother... he almost lost his grandmother... how many more did he plan to lose before he got his act together? Or was it that he was content with watching the world burn around him so long as he could keep his ego intact?

Leonel stood in silence for a long while, experiencing that burden on his shoulders again for the first time in a long time.

He could feel his feet sinking into the ground, his knees bucking against the weight. His shoulders sank, and his breathing felt constricted.

One could practically see the mountain on his shoulders, tall and proud, unfettered and oppressive. It wanted him to collapse beneath it. Or pretend it didn't exist and shrug it off.

That was what he had done before. However, not acknowledging it was as good as failing once again.

Could you be brave if you never felt fear? Could you know happiness if you never knew sadness? Could you be a king if you didn't truly understand the burden?

They were simple questions, and ones that Leonel had ignored for maybe too long.

But more real than ever, he understood...

You couldn't Persist if you couldn't Respect the challenge you faced.

Chapter 3157: Challenge of Innate Nodes

Leonel exhaled a slow breath, his back straightening and his knees locking out. His muscles flexed, and his gaze flashed.

He didn't ignore the weight, nor did he shrug it off.

This time, he understood the importance of it. It might slow his steps, but it would also make his fists heavier. When he swung, his enemies would feel the weight of everything he carried.

His palms squeezed down, and the spear in his hand shattered.

'You fight for yourself. I fight for everyone.

The crown above Leonel's head flickered before it slowly faded along with the halos around his wrists.

With a step, he continued forward.

The first leg of the Idol Battlefield was a checkpoint of sorts. Only those that could pass it would enter the true challenge of the Idol Battlefield.

This forest of monkeys was precisely that. They might have the Spear Force and Bow Force of the Dharma level, but it was hollow, and their overall physical attributes were limited.

For those that couldn't form their own weapons, it would be a bit of a challenge, as one would have limited avenues to attack. But Leonel's other Forces weren't limited at all. As such, using his Scarlet Star Force to forge his spear, like he had done in the past, was very easy.

But... right now, he was just walking in silence, quietly observing the forest as though he wasn't in a rush at all.

Because of his fury, he had already killed all the monkeys. The entire forest had already been cleared, and not a single tree, other than the one a monkey had sent an arrow through, had been harmed. Walking to the end of the forest would lead him to an exit, and that was what he was currently doing. It was just odd that he was moving so slowly.

Well, there wasn't a need to move quickly. Time wasn't much of a factor on the Idol Battlefield usually. Everyone's destination, if they made it far enough, would be the same.

Still, the real reason Leonel was taking his time wasn't just for the sake of resting.

He suddenly paused, stopping by a tree and reaching up for a leaf. He almost caressed the leaf, his gaze flickering for a long while before he continued.

He did this several times as though he was looking for something or analyzing something.

'Interesting...'

The Idol Battlefield reminded him a lot of his Innate Node, which was why Leonel was so interested in it. He had seen something interesting in his grandfather's information about it.

According to the information, everything on this Idol Battlefield functioned through the fundamental laws of the world, the very same fundamental laws that came together to form Weapon Forces.

That meant that the Idol Battlefield might be exceptionally dangerous, but it was also the easiest location there was to feel, sense, and even improve one's Weapon Forces.

By now, his Spear and Bow Forces had already reached the extremities of the Creation State, but

reaching beyond was a bit more complicated for him because of one reason...

His Innate Node.

Much like El'Rion had said, if the Pluto wanted, they could have given him ten Innate Nodes. The reason they didn't wasn't clear to Leonel back then, but he had had many guesses since.

Now that he was on the verge of reaching the Dharma Realms, he could feel it much more clearly. Innate Nodes worked by communing with Existence to make the manifestation and creation of some Forces far easier.

But the formation of a Dharma, to a lesser degree, and a Dharma especially, meant carving out your own path forward.

How could you both rely on Existence and forge off on your own at the same time?

Because of this disparity, even if one was naturally born with an Innate Node, it was usually a bit more difficult to reach this level.

If you added one after the fact, it was even harder.

However, Leonel was a particularly special case.

His Innate Node was one that had never appeared before, and it gave him a unique jurisdiction over a particular set of laws.

But that was also just a fancy way of saying that Existence gave him practically free reign over Spear and Bow Force in a lot of ways. And because of that... he was uniquely screwed as a result.

It would be even harder for him than others with Innate Nodes to do this, even if it was self-created. Leonel wasn't particularly worried about this before. He felt he had time. In fact, he had forced his King Force to become a Dharma instead of an Idol so that he could slowly raise all of his Forces to the proper Dharma level and then fuse them all together to form the ultimate Idol.

But now... he was suddenly on a time crunch, and he felt that he wasn't improving nearly fast enough.

And this was the second reason he had entered the Idol Battlefield.

He was here not just to try and throw the plans of the Demoness off, but to also find an opportunity to improve quickly...

And everything here was exactly that sort of opportunity.

Energy was something that he could always accumulate. If he really went all out, he could just make more enemies to gather the Forces he needed to make it to the Ninth Dimension. He already had all the necessary comprehension.

But if he couldn't form his Idol, he would never be a match for the Demoness regardless of what his Dimension was.

'It really is a treasure well... This Idol Battlefield is perfect for me. The key to my Idol will be Creation and Destruction, but that means if I want my Weapon Forces to reach the Dharma Realm, they'll need to gain that character on their own first...

'A world like this, created with the same building blocks as what's used to form Weapon Forces, is exactly what I need to study...

'And if I add my knowledge of Sub-Dimensional Zones on top of that...

Leonel's aura began to subtly change as he walked slowly through the forest.

Chapter 3158: Why?

Leonel walked around in silence, observing everything he could as though he was building a rolodex in his mind. When he felt that he had reached the end of what he could observe, he shook his head.

This really was going to be quite difficult. The fog ahead of him, in a figurative sense, was truly tough to see through.

Figuring out how to take this next step of his was going to be difficult, especially since he didn't want to give up certain things.

Shedding the complexity of his Spear Force and Bow Force, or even dulling its edge a bit, would be hugely beneficial to a breakthrough.

For example, if he stopped them from being so overbearing and forced them to be more accepting, they would weaken, but it would also make a breakthrough simpler.

Or in a more tangible aspect, if he reduced their control over Time Force, that was an easy, surefire way to lessen the troubles he would have to face in a breakthrough. Though, of course, the easiest way to shed all these difficulties was just to abandon his unique Innate Node, and he had not the slightest intention of doing such a thing.

If it was just about making a breakthrough, maybe he would consider it. But the problem was that he needed strength. If he wasn't strong enough, then all of this wouldn't matter.

The only way forward was for him to grow strong enough to stand at the peak of the world and carry this burden on his shoulders.

But... he wasn't going to do that in a single step.

Leonel looked up, finding that he was standing at the end of the forest. A portal sat here in silence, and without much hesitation, he walked right through it.

When Leonel's vision cleared, he found himself in a hall that made his heart skip a beat.

He felt like he had been here before. Although he had read a description in his grandfather's information, seeing it for himself made him realize what he was truly looking at.

It was a long corridor, with shockingly tall ceilings and statues that depicted powerful men and women.

The statues were so tall that Leonel couldn't even make it halfway up the soles of their feet, let alone their ankles. They must have been at least several hundred meters tall, and it was enough to make a man feel small and insignificant.

Each one of them wielded a spear, standing tall and straight while they had a familiar halo around their heads.

This halo was the very same depiction of Leonel's Spear Domain Ring, or rather, his former Spear Domain Ring. And also the same halos that appeared around his wrists when he truly activated his Spear Force in full force.

However, these details weren't what distracted Leonel so much. Instead... he was thinking about just how much this space reminded him of the Valiant Heart Zone.

It had to be remembered that although he most often thought of the Valiant Heart Zone as the world on the inside, one depicting a war between the Humans led by King Alexandre and the Oryx led by Elthor's father, this wasn't the only aspect.

Leonel and Aina had entered the Valiant Heart Zone together, and at that point, they had ended up in a corridor exactly like this one.

It was only after the fact, thanks in part to an inconspicuous ring that Leonel had found on Planet Valiant Heart, that he was able to enter this secret region.

However, during the two years he was stuck inside the Zone, Aina had spent that time stuck in a corridor exactly like this one along with the other geniuses of the Valiant Heart Zone.

"Why?"

Leonel was confused.

He knew by now that Nilrem had created the Merlin Zone, but this Zone in specific was still quite a mystery to him... especially after he found it randomly reset.

While he had a guess that Nilrem had reset it in order to teach him a valuable lesson about the value of life, he wasn't sure if Nilrem had actually created it or not.

All he was certain of was two things: the fact that Nilrem was definitely involved in the resetting, and that Nilrem was likely responsible for the ring that had led him to the core of the world.

Leonel took a breath and exhaled.

He and his master never exchanged words about stuff like this. It was like they both subconsciously understood that Leonel would deduce it when the time came, and that

speaking about such things before their time could lead to more trouble than not. After all, they were in the midst of playing around with timelines, and they were also facing off against a woman who was likely the strongest Dream Force expert to ever exist.

In such a situation, if Leonel learned things that were too important too quickly, it could give the Demoness time to prepare.

By now, Leonel was no longer arrogant enough to feel that he could perfectly protect his mind from the Demoness. It was best to take things one step at a time, and it seemed that soon... it would be time for him to learn about this.

Leonel finally snapped out of his thoughts and looked through the world around him.

Far ahead, he could see people of all sorts of races. They were trying to get further ahead, much like the corridor of the Valiant Heart Zone had been.

However, they were coming across a great deal of danger as well.

Further ahead, Leonel could already see that there were corpses accumulating along the ground. The number of dead increased every time they passed by one of the statues. This was where the real challenge of the battlefield began.

Leonel reached out at the air, and a spear formed, surging ahead with a beautiful arc as he took a step forward.

He swiped out casually, parrying a Spear Force that appeared from thin air before his vision swam.

Chapter 3159: Above the Rest

Leonel's vision cleared, and he found a woman standing before him. She was taller than him by almost two heads, and she had a set of muscular abs that seemed chiseled out of stone. She didn't wear much, but her aura made her difficult to ogle at all.

It was like her gaze had magnets that sucked one into them. It was impossible to look anywhere but those fierce eyes of hers.

Leonel, though, felt like he was in a daze as violent sparks of lightning flashed through his Dreamscape.

Suddenly, he understood what he had to do.

His wrist shook, and the shape of his spear changed. In the blink of an eye, it had perfectly mimicked the muscular woman's spear.

It now had an angled, serrated edge to its blade. It would thrust smoothly, but as it ripped out of flesh, it would definitely take large chunks with it.

This sort of blade was incredibly dangerous to use in battle because should it get caught, one might lose their weapon. Although it would deal a great deal of damage when used successfully, there were simply better ways to go about it.

After all, why risk getting your weapon stuck in an enemy's body when you could just explode your Force inside their body instead?

If Leonel wanted to follow the path of this woman, he would definitely change it. But then again, not everyone could freely incorporate other Forces into their Spear Force like he could...

Originally, he thought that this was a quirk of his Spear Sovereignty. But afterward, he realized that it was more his Lineage Factor than not. Most couldn't casually incorporate other Forces into their Weapon Force, or else there wouldn't be a need to create a separate Weapon Force like Gun Force.

But now, he realized that it was one step deeper than even that....

The gaze of the woman flashed when she saw the change to Leonel's spear. However, both of them still shot out at the same time.

Leonel felt a strong magnetic pull from the woman's spear. It was like her stances, attacks, and Forces were all drawing him in.

Every time she shifted and moved, he was forced to meet her head to head.

This woman would be the bane of all speed and agility spearmen. She looked like a brute, but she wasn't relying on her Spear Force alone; her footwork was also immaculate. She knew how to bait and switch, to make him think one thing before she executed another.

They unleashed a flurry of exchanges between them, but Leonel was on his back foot. She was overwhelming him with her power. Every time he was forced to meet her

power head-on, his wrists would shake and quake, his inner organs feeling as though they were going to rattle out of place.

However, by the dozenth exchange, there seemed to be a slight change.

There was a shift. From Leonel's spear being attracted to her blows, she was instead being sucked into his rhythm.

However, the power disparity between them was still too large for there to be a change in the outcome. Every time Leonel forcefully met her blow, he was shaken back and had to work to get back on top once more.

Then there was yet another shift.

As though Leonel's power had grown explosively, it was the woman who started being forced to take steps back, allowing him to press his advantage.

But as a spear expert, the woman realized what was happening to her. Leonel was still using her methods, but instead of meeting her at the apex of her power, when her strikes had already gathered up all of the necessary momentum, he was instead forcing their clashes before her power had accumulated.

The arc of her spear couldn't find a path to gather up the maximum strength. It felt like she was constantly sending out one-inch punches, without the ability to use her true strength.

Then, Leonel's spear suddenly accelerated and pierced right through her throat.

The woman froze and then slowly lowered her spear. She gazed upon Leonel deeply, and her mouth opened to speak silent words.

"Your spear is too greedy" she mouthed.

Leonel, who had been indifferent all the while, suddenly turned his lip up in a curve.

"It's no wonder why you're first up. You're a petty loser."

His wrist flickered, and her head shot up into the air.

In a flash, Leonel had appeared outside.

An oppressive aura landed on his shoulders all at once, but he stood unmoved beneath the woman's statue. He didn't even give her a second glance.

The reason she said those words was that she had watched him swallow up her spear technique and make it better right before her eyes.

She didn't like the fact that this young man had taken her life's work and made it his own in just a few hundred exchanges.

But... Leonel didn't give a damn how she felt. This battlefield already hated him; he might as well give it a real reason to hate him. He didn't want to have to spend so much time on small fry like her.

He realized the moment he entered that world that he had been going about things the wrong way. The Creation aspect that his Spear Force needed for it to reach another level had nothing to do with general Creation... it had to be Creation tailored to his Weapon Force itself.

To carry a myriad of techniques in a single spear strike... wasn't that exactly what he needed?

Although he had called her a small fry, the reality was that this woman had been an idol on the Path of the Spear. And there were thousands more here, just waiting for him to do the same with.

He would swallow every one of their techniques, make them better, then defeat them in their own field.

When he made it out, his spear would shine above the rest.

Chapter 3160: Realization

Leonel continued to walk forward, his steps steady, his breathing deep and even. He seemed to forget that there were other people around him completely; he didn't have eyes for them.

His own goal was to make it from one statue to the next, conserving as much energy as he could while accomplishing his objectives.

His path forward wasn't something anyone else could understand, nor did he need them to.

The heaviness of his steps and the weight his shoulders bore; he would use it to make his spear heavier.

Leonel faced off against a man who used lightness to counter heaviness. Every time his spear seemed to strike once, it would actually do so three times over, layering the power on top of one another, countering his force, and then capitalizing.

It wasn't long before Leonel realized that he was making use of not speed, per se, but instead exceptionally good technique.

He wasn't attacking and then pulling his arm back for another attack. No matter how fast he was, he wasn't fast enough to do such a thing.

Instead, he was using a drumming technique Leonel had seen once on Earth before.

When a drummer wanted to speed roll, rather than tightening their grips on their sticks, they would actually loosen them, allowing the drumstick to almost vibrate in their palms. This would give the illusion that they were drumming much faster than they were.

It was a loose sort of control, but it was control nonetheless. Doing so in battle like this was incredibly difficult and also required incredible wrist and finger strength as well.

After all, holding a spear so loosely in the middle of battle was a recipe to lose it. But the man managed to use the technique in such a way that every strike made Leonel feel as though he was the one keeping it in his head with the angle of his strikes.

But to Leonel... it was yet another faulty path.

Why use such a technique when he could layer his spear strikes through time, combining causal paths to strengthen his blow?

There was no need to hold his spear so lightly, giving up a great deal of power in exchange for speed.

However, he didn't abandon or change the man's path completely. If he did that, it would defeat the purpose.

So instead, he began to slowly tweak it.

The man used his backhand as the guide, while it was his forehand that executed much of the technique. However, Leonel began to experiment with using both.

The man's spear was incredibly flexible, so Leonel messed around with the strengths of his holds, tweaking them until...

DING! DING! DING! DING!

Four rings echoed out, and the man's spear almost flew from his hand.

Before, every one of the strikes only had three layered strikes.

DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!

It only took another exchange before Leonel's became layered with five, and then another before it was six.

By the time there were seven layered strikes, the man's spear flew out of his hands, and Leonel cut his neck in eight fluid strikes so fast they seemed to layer into one.

The man's eyes only had time to open wide once before he collapsed.

The next opponent. Leonel faced used an illusory blade that left trails of afterimages in its wake. It was an application of Light Force that Leonel hadn't used in a very long time, and Leonel was tempted to see if he could apply the temporal abilities of a certain Great Family Bow to his spear. But he didn't, sticking with the path of the man in front of him until he crushed it like all the rest.

The opponent following this was a woman whose speed was just as good as her ability to attack blind spots. She seemed particularly good at setting up her attacks like a chess match, distracting Leonel from one side before overwhelming him from another.

Although this path seemed even simpler than the others, it was far more effective. Leonel felt his life flash before his eyes three times, and he accumulated his first wounds.

It took several exchanges before he grasped the pattern of the woman's steps, and it was that there was no pattern at all.

She was mirroring his steps, using his movements to dictate her own. It made sense. If not for this, how could she possibly target his weaknesses?

When Leonel noticed this, he began to mirror her steps as well, and the two entered a stalemate of clashing blades, their bodies flashing around.

However, Leonel was still at a great disadvantage. She was too much faster than him. Unless he used Time Force or his own Path of the Spear to accelerate his blade, something he refused to do, he would lose.

As the wounds continued to accumulate along his body, he began to slowly make her footwork more efficient. Taking shortcuts as though he was leapfrogging pieces on a checkerboard, he began to corner her more and more often until his spear almost pierced her chest.

Although he could have killed her, Leonel chose not to. He didn't believe he had mastered her path enough. He was relying too much on his computational abilities and not enough on a comprehension of Spear Force.

When he was certain that he could protect his life, he entered the battle with the now irritated woman again. She could clearly tell she was being used as a whetstone, and her attacks became more furious as a result.

However, Leonel calmly met her pointed blade. Sparks flew between their edges, and the two became akin to phantoms as their blood began to dye the ground.

BANG! BANG! CHIIII!

Leonel's gaze met the woman's as there was a brief pause before they separated.

The woman stomped a foot and accelerated forward instantly, but Leonel, who looked like he was going to do the same, suddenly changed his footwork, twisting his hips to the side at the perfect.

moment.

The woman's speed was used against her as she blasted by Leonel. By the time she realized he had entered her blind spot, it was too late.

Her head flew through the air.