

# Dimensional Descent

## Chapter 3221: Long Time

Leah's lips trembled. She tried to be strong, holding back her tears, but she wasn't even two years old yet.

Seeing his daughter like this, Leonel felt his heart breaking. As for Aina, she was already on the verge of tears herself, but both of them remained in their positions, looking toward the situation from a distance.

Leo seemed to realize something was wrong after his sister stopped laughing. He looked up in shock and didn't notice the odd reactions of his parents at all.

"Leah!"

Leo rushed over without thinking much and was by his sister's side in a flash, standing defensively in front of her.

Leonel's heart warmed when he saw this. They might clash heads, but much like any other siblings, when it came to facing the world, they did it together. He didn't think that he would be so enamored by such a sight.

Leah trembled a bit behind her big brother's back, but when she saw that Leo was trembling as well, she grit her little teeth and tried to stand with him.

The two of them had never heard this man speak, but every time they accidentally crossed eyes with him, they would feel a pressure that came from him that they didn't feel from their parents.

What the twins didn't know was that was only because their parents went out of their way to coddle them. Montez, however, did not.

He stared down at the two, his pressure enveloping them.

The toddlers couldn't even breathe. Their minds went blank, and they forgot all semblance of logic. They didn't even seem to remember that their powerful parents were right behind them and could step in at any time.

They felt all the things one would in their first battle without even raising their weapons.

Leah's hand trembled on her bow, and Leo could hardly hold his spear. Both suddenly felt far too heavy for the both of them as they fought back to stop the tears from dripping from their eyes.

"Why did you do this?" Montez said slowly, his eyes never leaving the children.

The two thought he was speaking to them, but Leonel knew that he was speaking to him instead.

A stubborn light lit in Leo's eyes. "My sister just stumbled, wh-why are you questioning her like that?"

An amused light lit in Montez's eyes before it disappeared.

"Is that is that?" Montez switched to speaking to Leo as though he had never asked Leonel the question. "Then what will you say if I kill her?"

Leo's brows jumped with shock before he was immediately enraged.

"You won't!" he more shouted than spoke.

"Why wouldn't I?"

Leo didn't say anything more as he swung his spear at Montez's head.

Montez seemed taken aback, but Leonel was trying his best to hold back his wild grin.

No speaking, just acting. Like a true Morales.

Leah seemed to realize what her brother was doing and instantly followed up as well. When they acted, it was as though they had forgotten that they were supposed to be trembling.

She nocked an arrow and released it. Normally, her parents had already taught her the type of movement she needed to distance herself from an enemy before she did this, but she naively didn't want to allow her brother to fight on the frontlines all by himself, so she didn't take a step back, firing an arrow at Montez's face from point-blank range.

Although Montez was surprised by the sudden attack, who was he, exactly? They could have attacked him in his sleep and it still wouldn't matter.

He caught Leo's spear blade between two fingers and flicked Leah's arrow back at her.

Leah panicked and wanted to roll away, but when she saw that her brother was still caught by the man, she stubbornly stood in place as though she would rather die first.

Montez was rendered speechless again.

"Are all Morales so stupid-"

He had only said the words once when he paused.

Morales? Who was that? Why did he say that?

Everything was happening so fast, and the little girl was about to have her head split in two. Montez had originally controlled the speed of the arrow so that she would have time to dodge, but who knew that she wouldn't?

And now, Montez was lost in a daze and didn't have the time to save her. By the time he realized he had lost his train of thought, the arrow was already piercing Leah's skin and about to enter her brain.

He panicked slightly, but the time was too short. Even he couldn't react in time to do anything.

However, at that moment, Leah and Leo both unleashed a screech.

Their vocal cords weren't nearly developed enough to roar, but their raw emotions were obvious enough. Leah thought her brother was going to die, and Leo was panicking seeing his sister's state.

The arrow was suddenly gripped from two sides by a mysterious force that rampaged through it, turning it to ash in a race to the middle.

Montez blinked. 'Destruction...?'

He suddenly felt Leo's blade twist in his fingers. He was still too distracted by all the weird thoughts and memories floating around in his mind, so much so that he didn't even react to the blade appearing at his throat.

However...

CLANG!

The blade rebounded against his seemingly soft flesh, and Leo was sent stumbling several steps back, running into his little sister. They both felt their butts, their faces pale with fatigue from the small instant of time.

And yet, they still seemed ready to stand back up to their feet and battle again. But that was when they felt a shadow over them.

They looked up, and tears began brimming in their eyes again as they saw their

father.

Leonel smiled, picking the two up. They instantly dropped their weapons and threw their arms around his neck, sobbing.

"I know, I know..." Leonel softly comforted them before looking up toward Montez. "Long time, no see... Uncle Montez."

## Chapter 3222: Quicksand

"My name isn't Montez, it's..."

Montez's voice trailed off. He felt like he had suddenly been hit by a truck and sent flying into the distance. His body shook, and his mind was suddenly filled with a splitting pain.

Leonel didn't say anything else. He knew that he had already succeeded.

In the past year, he had spent a lot of time probing into his uncle's mind and trying to unravel what was holding him back. He used a combination of his Dream Force and even sometimes his words.

All this time, he didn't mention the Morales name even a single time. Even Leah and Leo didn't know their last names just yet. They didn't even know people had last

names.

Leonel didn't believe that this would stunt their growth very much. If there was anything that would, it was the fact that they had been living off of Force for their entire lives and had yet to have a real taste of food other than their mother's breast milk. But they had stopped relying on that months ago.

For the first time, Leonel was actually quite thankful to the Regulator.

Without the Regulator, he wouldn't have had the chance to sit so near his uncle for so long. Without all this time, there was simply no way that he could have succeeded in doing all of this.

Whatever the Demoness had done to his uncle, it ran deep. It couldn't be broken with raw strength. Even if he was at the same level as the Demoness, he would have never been able to do so. That was how intricate it was.

Even though Leonel felt that he had now caught up with the Demoness' Dream Force, she had taken her time to pull his uncle into this abyss, so it had taken him time to pull his uncle out.

In the end, he had ultimately won out, and his children had been the final straw to break the camel's back.

Montez was shuddering from head to toe, looking at Leonel with familiarity, longing... and confusion.

"My wife..."

These were the first words out of Montez's mouth. Where was his wife? He was sure that she had been by his side in the last memories he had. What happened to her? Leonel frowned. He didn't know the answer to this question at all. As far as he was aware, his aunt wasn't in the Morales family when disaster struck. She had already left

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to go somewhere far away with his uncle.

He just didn't know where that was.

He thought that after Montez regained his memories, he would have that answer, and then they could reunite the whole family. But the fact he didn't know wasn't good.

Was this a backup plan by the Demoness?

But. Leonel still didn't even understand why she had done all of this to begin with. What was the point?

It couldn't be that Montez's wife was so useful. She was a decent talent, but that was only by Dimensional Verse standards. She only awakened the Spear Domain Lineage Factor of the Morales Clan, so she had never been a Heir candidate, and her Ability Index wasn't anything special either. If Leonel recalled correctly, it was an odd oil Ability Index. She could coat her skin and anything she touched in oil, allowing a frictionless surface to appear.

It was a simple Ability Index, and though Leonel could think of a great many ways it would be useful in battle in the Dimensional Verse, it was hard to say if things would continue to be so simple in the wider world.

After all, these days, only half of Leonel's battles were fought on the ground somewhere. That would eliminate at least half the potential use cases for this Ability Index.

"I do not know where she is." Leonel shook his head. "I only recently found you. Do you remember what you were doing up until the point you lost your memories?"

"I..." Montez paused, his frown deepening.

He was originally exploring the Dimensional Verse. After Velasco died, something weird happened to his body, and it was like a new power was welling up.

Now, he knew that that power was his Dream Asura Bloodline. He had heard some inkling of this stuff from his elder brother, but Velasco never liked to explain things clearly, mostly so that he could carry the burden all on his own.

All his life, he had thought that he didn't have the Bloodline at all, only to find out it had just been dormant.

He didn't think it was a coincidence that it appeared only after Velasco died as well. But who knew that those machinations would only just start?

His wife had insisted on following him, so they did that for a long while until he found a path out of the Dimensional Verse.

After hesitating, he chose to take it. The only way he was going to get revenge for his brother was by doing things the hard way.

But he didn't expect to become a puppet practically the moment he took a step out. It was like the world was out to get him.

What Montez hadn't known was how generally hated the Dream Asura were. Normally, Dream Asuras wouldn't go out easily, and when they did, they would carry all sorts of trump cards with them.

The result was he and his wife getting into all sorts of trouble, and because their strengths weren't the best, they were often on the losing side. Their enemies would often come with ample preparation, thinking they were dealing with a real Dream Asura, only to find that Montez was pitifully weak.

So Montez learned and adapted. He became more like a real Dream Asura, not only growing in power but in scheming ability.

He deviated from the path that most Morales took as a result of that.

But in the end, it led to him slipping into a deeper pit of quicksand... one that he hadn't even noticed.

## **Chapter 3223: Scary**

As Montez was trying to piece things together, Leonel could feel his deliberation.

Trying to ask someone to pinpoint exactly when they fell into the Demoness' schemes was like trying to ask them what caused the start of the universe. They could probably name the inciting incident, but they had no method of describing to you what could cause something to happen before cause and effect even existed as we know it today.

The reality was that the Demoness' schemes were so deep that Montez was practically trapped in the web from the moment of his conception, let alone his birth up to now.

When Montez started acting more like a Dream Asura, he was just doing exactly what the Demoness wanted. And now his wife was gone, and he had no idea where she was. The unfortunate truth was that Leonel had a guess as to what was happening here; he just didn't want to say it out loud for fear that it might be true.

While Montez's wife would be useless to the Demoness... could a child they shared be the same?

But then why would she bother to manipulate Montez's memories like this instead of just killing him? What else was she planning?

And what could she possibly want with a child?

Luckily, for now, this was still nothing more than speculation. He hoped that the real reason his aunt wasn't around was because she had had no choice but to leave Montez's side.

After all, if Montez lost his memories, he would be a danger to her, especially if he was acting much more like a Dream Asura should.

In that case, hopefully, she was living somewhere in seclusion...

When Leonel left this Idol Battlefield, he would be able to use his Dream Force to find her no matter where she was located... so long as the Demoness hadn't interfered.

All this time, he had been looking for Montez, but the distortions were so strong that he could only barely manage to tell that he was alive.

Now, his Dream Force was strong enough that he felt that even if his aunt was still very weak, he would be able to find her as well.

"We will find her," Leonel said surely.

"I..." Montez looked down. At a moment like this one, he didn't even want to be seen. He didn't know how he had still ended up useless. He could even remember having thoughts of killing his own nephew.

He remembered how many times he had clashed with Velasco about relying more on

those around him. But it was Velasco who had abandoned pretty much all of his bloodlines, all of his talent, that was the far more successful of them.

While he was busy making it seem like Velasco didn't take their father's Path of the spear seriously, he was off doing great things. And then there was him who couldn't even escape the grasp of that damned mother of his.

Oh how he so longed to kill her with his own two hands...

But would he ever have such a chance?

Looking at his nephew, it seemed that he had been surpassed by him as well. What was his role here? Did he even have a place in this world anymore? What was even the point in living?

"Daddy, who is that?" Leah asked softly between her sniffles.

She heard Leonel call him uncle, and she didn't quite understand. But she could see that her father's relationship with him wasn't bad. That only confused her more, though.

If they knew each other, why did they never speak?

"Him? He's your great uncle, my father's brother. You two just helped him get his memories back."

Leah blinked her large golden eyes, half hiding in her father's embrace and half looking to Montez.

"Really?"

"Really. You were a big help," Leonel smiled.

"It was because of Dream Force?" Leah asked.

"Yes"

"Dream Force is scary..." she said with a pout.

Leonel laughed. "That's why you've got to train much harder in Dream Force so that no one can ever do that to you again."

Leah nodded heavily, but she still seemed somewhat scared of Montez and preferred to remain in her father's arms.



Montez looked up when he heard the innocent conversation, For some reason, he found the scene heartwarming in a way that went beyond just the interaction between father and daughter.

He had watched this young man grow up, and now he was already old enough to not only be a father but to also have enough wisdom to know how to guide his children as well.

He could remember a Leonel furious with the world after his father's death, a Leonel that most wouldn't even really want to be around at all. But even before that, he could remember a Leonel without nearly enough drive and ambition, or a Leonel that allowed his ego to dictate far too many of his actions...

Any one of these iterations of his nephew wasn't the type of person a good father could be.

And maybe that was the real reason Leonel needed to wait so long to accept this new phase in his life.

Although he wanted to scold Leonel for having children in such a dangerous environment, a conversation he had had with his wife every time she tried to force him to put a baby in her... he couldn't bring himself to do it.

He wondered... had he made a mistake not having children...?

Or was he just as immature as Leonel had been all those years ago? Unwilling to give up a rivalry with his elder brother... unwilling to abandon his feeling of inferiority... unwilling to give up revenge...

He didn't know what he was striving for anymore other than those things.

When had he ended up less mature than his own nephew?

Tears brimmed in Montez's eyes.

"Dad, he's crying..." Leo whispered.

Leonel smiled warmly. "Sometimes that's alright. What really matters is what you do afterward."

"After..." Montez said softly.

A burden seemed to be lifted from his heart as a world-shuddering aura erupted.

## Chapter 3224: Free From Comparison

3224 Free From Comparison

After... he never thought of after...

All he thought about was what he could do right now to make himself stronger, how he could strive to reach those heights his brother had that he never could, how he could rip the head from the body of the woman he hated the most in this world.

But he never thought about what he wanted after, what he desired...

He had made every aspect of his life a part of his training. He didn't even give his wife the happiness of a child; he wore his Divine Armor everywhere he went, and there wasn't a single moment where he wasn't thinking about how he might refine his spear further.

But what he didn't think about was how hollow he would be if he ever accomplished those things.

Did he really care about them enough for them to become the foundation of this being?

Leonel had been faced with this question not too long ago as well. He knew that he wanted to kill the Demoness, but was that enough for him to base his entire Valiant Heart on?

Of course not. If he hinged his entire being on a person he would soon enough kill, then what would he do after? Would he just end his life right then and there?

He chose Freedom to base his Valiant Heart on precisely because it was so generic. Leonel had never had any grand aspirations or desires. He had never been able to take things seriously because it all came easy to him. What he wanted wasn't some grand goal; it was just the freedom to do whatever he might desire on a whim...

The freedom to laze around... the freedom to play around with his kids and flirt with his wife... the freedom to joke around with his brothers.

As for Montez...

He could remember the image of his father quite well. That man should have had all the reason in the world to hate the Demoness, but he never said a bad word about her. He was so laid back and casual about things.

Ishmael was a man who took life in stride. He had only spoken to his sons seriously about the Demoness a single time. Even to this day, Montez could remember that conversation clearly.

~"If you want to hate anyone, don't hate your mother... hate your father, because it's my fault that I wasn't strong enough to give her what she needed. How can I be the man of the household when my back wasn't straight enough and my spear wasn't strong enough?"-

Not long afterward, he had died... but that smile was seared into Montez's mind. Because it had been from the bottom of his father's heart.

He had meant every word he said, and yet he had also not let it affect his mood.

Maybe in terms of raw power, Ishmael wasn't a match for the top echelon of Gods; none of them ever had been...

But in terms of heart?

He was in a league of his own.

His father liked to claim all the time that there had been a point in their relationship when the Demoness had truly loved him.

They sounded like the mad ravings of a man who still hadn't given up on his one true love. But right now, Montez suddenly felt that a father with a heart like his couldn't have possibly been lying about such a thing.

Unfortunately... whatever love that was didn't last long.

The one thing his father had never said was that the Demoness loved him even now. But he probably never said such words because one, he knew they would be a lie, and two... because he really didn't want his sons to hate their mother.

It was just that that was a ship that had set sail long ago.

There was too much anger to hold onto. These were things that could simply never be forgiven.

But his father's carefreeness... where he didn't think about what others thought and didn't feel the need to cater to their needs or even to compare himself to them...

That was what Montez realized he desired most...

To be free of comparisons... to be allowed to live his own life without the restrictions placed on him by others...

There was a blossoming in Montez's heart as his power ripped through several stages. At some time unknown to Leonel, he had long reached the Ninth Dimension. But now, his Forces had finally caught up.

The silhouette of an aged man with bronzed skin and bright white hair appeared before Montez. He was handsome in a way that made one wonder just how much better he looked when he was younger, and he had a gentle, amiable sort of smile that filled one with warmth.

This was the first time he had ever seen him... but Leonel was certain in that instant... that this was his grandfather.

Montez was forming his Idol in the image of his father.

The bronze eyes of Ishmael's silhouette sharpened as spear lights radiated from them.

It was ironic... to build his Valiant Heart on avoiding comparisons, and then forming his Idol in the image of his grandfather... those two things seemed to be directly contradictory.

But Montez didn't see it that way. In fact, he would say that the fact he dared to do this now meant that he was clear in his heart about what he wanted.

In the past, he wouldn't have been able to draw such a clear distinction...

But now he could feel it tangibly... that difference between respect and idolization.

He respected his father to the bottom of his heart. And from this moment on, he would hold his spear up for the sake of both of them.

"That's grandpa?" Leah asked.

Leonel nodded.

"Leonel."

"Yes?"

"I have to go now. I can sense her."

Leonel looked down toward the soul tie on his uncle's finger and nodded slowly.

"If you need anything... just say my name," Leonel said softly, even though he was certain his uncle would do no such thing.

Montez grinned. "Look at you. You probably don't even realize how ridiculous that sounds, huh? You and your father, two peas in a pod."

Just speak his name? From anywhere and he would know?

It seemed that his nephew had reached a truly shocking stage.

However, this was something he had to do on his own. With a step, Montez vanished.

## **Chapter 3225: Coddle but not Baby**

3225 Coddle but not Baby

Leonel didn't say anything more for a long while. It wasn't until his two children started squirming around in his arms and play-fighting that he snapped back to reality.

The two of them seemed all too comfortable to duke it out in his arms. Seeing them using his head like it was some sort of fortress to hide behind while they launched their attacks left him with a smile on his face.

On the one hand, his uncle's actions today had reminded him that this thing was far from over. But on the other hand...

He felt that even in the gloominess, he could still find his happiness at the same time. He could only hope that his uncle would find his.

"Look at you two. I'm glad you can be happy now, but what was that? Is that what I taught you about fighting an enemy that is too powerful for you?" Leonel started to scold.

The twins snapped out of their play session and ducked their heads, trying to use their father to hide away from their father.

Leonel didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but he had too much control over his body to let a chuckle slip out now.

"Having the courage to face someone stronger than you is good. I'm proud of you for that. But throwing your life away isn't courage, it's stupidity. You have to find what your strengths are, and most importantly which of those strengths your enemy doesn't immediately nullify, and capitalize on those."

Aina listened from the side and didn't say much.

Half of her wanted to make fun of Leonel because he too jumped into danger without much thought. But the reality was that the Leonel of back then had never thought that he would die no matter what danger he got himself into.

Even if logic said he would likely die, he was so absurdly confident in his own intelligence that he thought he would always find a way out no matter what.

The Leonel of back then heavily relied on his Ability Index to close the gap between his enemies and himself, and he wanted his children to learn how to use their brains just as much as their brawn.

Leo and Leah were so talented that maybe in 99% of situations, they could get away with only the latter. And with their father around, maybe there would never be danger that truly threatened their lives.

But Leonel didn't want to get them used to such a thing, which was why he had had them face their first life and death situation so early on.

He was proud of the way they reacted, but it needed to be tempered.

However, he was also cognizant of the fact that his children didn't have the same methods he had.

His son didn't have his Control Ability Index, he had what seemed like a Gravity Ability Index, but was actually an extremely weak form of a Space affinity Ability Index.

His daughter also didn't have his Control Ability Index. In fact, Leah's Ability Index was closer to her mother's, though not quite the same.

Leah had a Soul-type Ability Index, one that, for now, seemed to only allow her Internal Sight to be exceptional. In fact, right now, Leah's Internal Sight was even stronger than Leonel had been back when he was in the Third Dimension.

However, much like her brother's, this Ability Index would grow into something substantially more powerful in the future.

From what Leonel could tell from studying the Force Art formed of it by the Life Tablet, Leah's Ability Index tended toward the Immortal Soul aspect, but a tier above that..

Rather than just being immortal, it was more accurate to say that her soul was truly like a second body to her.

In the future, doing things like splitting it in two to form two perfectly identical and perfectly whole copies of herself would be possible because her soul was simply that flexible. Even if it was heavily injured and harmed, she could replenish it. Even if a tiny sliver was left, she would survive.

In truth, though, this was only to illustrate the kind of flexibility her soul had. In terms of what sort of potential powerful abilities she could use, the list felt endless to Leonel.

For example, with a soul like this one, Leonel had even thought of modifying the Human Race Dimensional Method granted to Aina by the Stele.

Leah could split her soul, leaving one to every Dimension, instead of stretching it through or pulling it along.

Doing that would have a host of benefits, but just one of them was that one Dimension would no longer be reliant on the last.

When people usually crossed from the Sixth Dimension to the Seventh, a lot of things were locked in and could no longer be changed, but Leah could casually go back and change her Path at will.

In fact, she could become the first person ever to form multiple Idols precisely because of this Ability Index. That was the kind of scale and scope this talent of his daughter's had.

daughter's had.

By comparison, his son's Spatial Ability Index was much more straightforward. But the fact it manifested as gravity at its very first level meant one very important thing...

It wasn't just a spatial ability.

It was a Spacetime Ability Index.

Leonel hadn't told his son that, though. And he also didn't tell his daughter about the Dimensional Method he was creating for her.

He wanted to keep them at the Third Dimension for as long as possible so that he could see what ideas they could come up with on their own before he started.

His own father had taught him the value of Respect and Persistence, but he would have never truly understood it if he hadn't been forced to travel so far on his own when his father could have handed him everything.

Would he coddle and love his children? Yes.

But he wouldn't baby them.

## **Chapter 3226: Outside World**

The next year passed by in relative harmony. Leo and Leah seemed to be growing more and more every day, and now their third birthday was approaching.

However, such times of peace could only last for so long.

Leonel looked up to the skies, seemingly sensing something before his eyes sharpened. By the time he looked down, his gaze had already softened considerably.

He gave a look to his wife, and she seemed to understand as well.

The both of them nodded.

"Come here, Leo, Leah. It's about time we get out of this place."

"Really? Really?" Leah skipped over, abandoning her bow practice immediately and nearly tripping over her own feet.

Leo rushed over as well, his little chubby face practically brimming with excitement. This large hall was all they had ever known. Their parents would show them the outside world from time to time, but that only made them anticipate it more.

They also wanted to taste this so-called "food" their parents kept talking about. Sometimes their dad would tease them about how they had never tasted their mother's cooking before when he had.

Leo had thrown more than one tantrum about that, but Leonel only laughed harder at his expense.

Now they finally got to go outside.

The two obediently stood as their parents helped them get dressed in little violet and gold robes.

Leonel couldn't help but admit that he and his wife could truly make some adorable little creatures. The way their cheeks puffed out and their large golden eyes sparkled with anticipation was a better sight than Leonel felt he had ever seen in his life.

"Dad, why do we have to wear this?" Leo still couldn't help but ask.

"What? What do you want to wear instead?"

"Sweatpants. They're so much more comfortable. What is this? Who would wear this?" Leonel burst out into laughter. It seemed that his genes were quite strong.

"Sometimes, perception matters."



"But you said to never care what anyone else thinks."

"True. You shouldn't care about what anyone else thinks... unless you've decided that you should."

"Hm?" Leo blinked in confusion, and even Leah puffed out her little cheeks, not quite getting it.

"Do you not care about the opinions of me and your mom?" Leonel asked.

Leo's eyes widened. "Oh!"

Leonel smiled, ruffling his son's hair before his wife slapped his hand away to fix it. Chuckling, Leonel straightened his son's robes.

"Your father is a King. When I step out into the world in my official acting capacity as one, I'm no longer just representing myself, I'm representing everyone who's put their trust in me. When it's a time like that, I've decided that I care about the perception I give. Do you understand?"

Leo's eyes glowed brightly in understanding as his father stood up before him. Suddenly, his dad felt much taller now than he ever remembered him being.

"Come, come," Aina said, beckoning her son over and taking his little hand along with Leah's.

A ripple came from Aina and Leonel, and suddenly they were dressed as well.

Looking toward one another, they smiled.

The last time they had worn these gowns, it had been for the Heir Wars. It had been so long since then that it felt like a lifetime ago.

His father had still been alive... his mother had come to watch him... the Morales family was still standing...

Since then, it felt like everything had changed.

But they had built their own happiness this time. They had enjoyed three years of peace and prosperity when most others didn't have the chance to experience even

one.

Looking at his beautiful wife, Leonel's heart couldn't help but feel full.

Her violet and gold embroidered gown wrapped around her curves perfectly, but the radiance and elegance of a mother came from her face. She looked just as young, and yet so much more graceful and mature at the same time.

The rosiness of her cheeks, the delicate slope of her chin, those warm, inviting, golden eyes...

Leonel couldn't help but lean over and kiss her.

"Ew!"

Leah giggled as Leo pretended to be disgusted.

Leonel pulled back from his wife's softness, giving her a gentle look filled with his heart. Aina's eyes seemed a bit misty, but she regained her composure quite well,

unhanding Leo for a moment to smooth his chest.

Leonel took a breath and felt that the power of a world was welling up inside of him. "Watch closely," Leonel said with a grin, waving a hand out at the air. "Your dad is actually quite badass."

Aina rolled her eyes, but this time, she chose not to scold Leonel for his word choice.

A radiant spear appeared in Leonel's hand. It had a body that looked to be carved out of amethysts, its inner lining and body swimming with roaring golden dragons and soaring red phoenixes.

Its blade was large, split in two down the middle. It almost looked like a calligraphy pen's tip from a certain angle, until the light caught it just the right way, and the SHILING! of a powerful sharpness echoed out.

Leo and Leah's eyes opened wide, but Leonel had already taken a step out.

Soon after, Aina followed, pulling their children along.

When they appeared once again, they stood at the helm of a monument... a spear piercing toward the skies.

The world around them was a murky grey-black. The skies were dark, the statues were black, and the ground below was grey.

In this encirclement, one after another, individuals began to appear on their own monuments.

But what was clear was that Leonel was entirely out of place. He was the one and only true holder of the Spear Monument.

The world rumbled to life and the skies began to thunder.

Leo and Leah hid behind their mother's skirt, feeling that the outside world was much scarier than they were originally led to believe.

But at that moment, they caught sight of their father's back... standing tall and straight in the face of the world.

## **Chapter 3227: Deserves**

Leonel took a breath and closed his eyes. There was a shimmering aura around him, and his body seemed to almost be revving up like the engine of a well-oiled machine. He hadn't even held a spear in three years, let alone swung it. He spent all his time with his wife and children, not even thinking about battle outside of what he could teach his kids about it.

But now, stepping foot onto the true Idol Battlefield for the first time, he felt like a piece he was missing had finally come back.

He never shied away from battle. In fact, he loved it with every fiber of his being. It was just that all the battles he fought felt so high stakes that it would inevitably become suffocating after a certain point...

But maybe the harsh reality of it all was that it was precisely those high stakes that made it all so worth it. Maybe that was what made his blood boil and his heart bloom.

Leonel grinned wildly as his eyes snapped open.

In the far-off distance, he watched as a monument shuddered. It was odd compared to all the ancient airs fluttering around it. This one felt almost too modern by comparison... But that was because it was none other than Drake's Gun Force. The world shook as Drake established himself.

The rookie blinked in confusion for a moment before opening his eyes. The first person he saw was also Leonel, and he couldn't help but smile, before he was shocked by the two little tykes behind him.

Drake couldn't help but be speechless, seemingly piecing together the real story here quite quickly. While everyone else was banging their heads against the wall, looking for a way to survive, Leonel had actually been enjoying his new family.

He knew that Aina was pregnant, they all did. But they all also thought that Leonel was going to miss the birth and first few years of his children's lives.

In the end, Drake just relaxed and smiled. This was a good thing.

"Son of a bitch! I was working my ass off and this guy was just out frolicking about!" James appeared on the saber monument, with Elthor and Noah not too far behind.

"Language," Aina said with a frown.

James' next words were caught in his throat. "-Yes, ma'am!"

Leonel's brothers appeared one after another. Joel to the Glaive monument, Milan and Arnold to the Palm monument, Allan actually appeared on Drake's Gun monument several hours later...

Every appearance was like another weight off of Leonel's shoulders.

There was another rumble and the earth shook as yet another monument rose into the skies in the form of a machete. On its back, Hutch and Florin appeared.

While they were appearing, individuals that Leonel didn't know were appearing as well... including humans.

When Leonel saw these people appearing on the martial arts monuments, he couldn't help but give them an extra look. Were these the Ancient Humans that Old Bow was talking about?

Speaking of Old Bow, though, there were quite a number of people on the Bow monument, many of whom were Sylvans. There seemed to be a much higher concentration of them there, and Leonel could only say they were lucky that he had rejected the Regulator's teleportation to spend time with his kids.

Otherwise, they would likely all be dead right now.

But...

There were also existences that Leonel didn't expect... like Anya appearing on the Scythe monument.

There was also Minerva who appeared on the sword monument, but not before Amery had. There was also Vaelgor of the Beastmen, wielding a silent but deadly sword on his back.

Anya and Minerva both looked toward Leonel, a swirl of complicated emotions in the depths of their eyes. Leonel didn't seem to pay much attention to them at all.

When they crossed eyes with Aina, she only wore the same carefree smile, only giving them a glance before speaking with her children and introducing them to everyone one by one.

There didn't need to be large manifesto. Anyone could see with a glance which among the three of them had won... not that it had ever been much of a competition to begin with.

"Hey, ladies. I'm single, you know!" James called out.

"Me, too!" Milan roared out, drowning James' voice. "Look at this belly? How nice would it be to cuddle with every night?"

"Fuck-I mean, fudge, Milan. There are two of them. How about you take the white-haired one, I'll go with the pink angel."

"I like it, I like it." Milan nodded seriously.

The two women weren't in the mood for such jokes. Even if their mood had been fine, they wouldn't have taken kindly to their words.

A murderous intent flared in their gaze, but before they could do much of anything, the world rumbled once again and Leonel's monument began to shine. At the same time, the Bow monument shone.

Leonel sneered.

Even now he was being targeted. But so what?

What difference did it make?

He took a step out and Leo and Leah screamed because they thought their father was about to fall to his death...

Only for him to walk on the air as though it was solid ground.

"Whoa..." Leo was shocked.

"Mommy, can we do that too?" Leah asked, her large golden eyes blinking.

Aina smiled. "In the future, of course."

Leonel took another step, and then another, a rhythmic cadence blooming with his every motion.

The Bow monument still hadn't even decided who to send out. They were all powerful experts, there were no weak links to force the hand of.

"He's only in the Seventh Dimension. There are no more restrictions here. Let me kill him."

"He deserves to die by my hand."

"I should go."

The Sylvans seemed to be the loudest voices.

This was the final leg of the Idol Battlefield... a battle for supremacy amongst the Weapon Forces.

BOOM!

Leonel's aura flared and he suddenly attacked the Bow monument.

## **Chapter 3228: Strong**

Leo and Leah were shocked again.

Their father had always taught them not to be reckless, but this seemed to be even beyond that.

Aina smiled, seemingly seeing through her children's thoughts.

"When you are strong, the things others see as reckless are just time-saving measures," she said softly.

"Dad is really that strong?"

Leo asked.

Despite what Leonel had said, his children were too rational.

They didn't idolize him, and they were even prepared for the possibility of being disappointed.

Without even realizing it, they trusted their mother's strength far more than their father's, funny enough.

If it was their mom who had acted like this, they would be far less surprised.

But in practice... The Sylvan who had spoken last had his head cut off, and Leonel took another step forward.

He felt the Regulator quake.

"No, no,"

Leonel said with a booming cadence to his voice.

"Since you wanted blood, I'll give you blood."

The wild grin on Leonel's face widened, slicing through the Regulator's pressure and appearing in the midst of the Bow monument.

He could feel an oppressive force trying to cut off his Spear Force in this region.

This wasn't the act of the Regulator, but rather a natural action of the monument itself.

How could Spear Force be allowed to thrive in the domain of the Bow? "Because I say so."

Leonel took a step onto the monument, and it seemed to explode with power, an assaulting presence coming at him from all sides.

The Bowmen and women were slow at first, but they reacted quickly to the change.

Even as Leonel's robes fluttered down to catch up with his speed and forward momentum, they had already fired their first arrows.

Leonel's spear, however, seemed to be on an entirely different level.

Despite the distance being barely a hundred meters, his wrist flickered and he parried the dozens of arrows with a deft smoothness.

It didn't matter how heavy they were or how fast.

His spear became akin to a shield before him.

He treated the arrows of True Gods like playthings.

The people who still had to rely on the Idol Battlefield to improve themselves... simply weren't his match any longer.

At least not on average.

Leonel took another step forward and the Bow monument shook.

BANG! BANG! BANG! He suddenly shifted from a parrying flurry.

He slashed down on one arrow, causing its forward momentum to stop as it spun in place in the air.

He swung to the side, repeating the action again, and then again before he swung out the butt of his spear.

The arrows spinning in place were suddenly sent flying back even faster than they came, piercing through the brows of their owners.

Leonel took another step forward and a Spear Domain bloomed around him.

He pierced out one, and three bows snapped in two just as their owners pulled them back into a full draw.

The rebound of the bows smashed against their skulls, shattering their own heads to pieces.

Leonel's laughter echoed through the battlefield and blood spilled.

"This Bow monument was never yours."

The Bow monument had by far the most survivors, and there was only one reason for that.

Leonel hadn't been there.

In addition, while Leonel was clearing the Bow Valiant Heart Hall, the Regulator had truly gone all out in an attempt to stop him.

All of those that could have possibly stopped him here... Had already fallen beneath his arrows.



As for those that were left... They weren't even worthy of him pulling out his bow to face them in this field.

The only reason he was using his spear at all was because of the Bow monument.

If he turned to using his bow, it would be worse than slaughtering chickens.

Leonel's spear tore through the chest of a Sylvan and pulled out its golden, pulsing heart.

The Sylvan hacked up a mouthful of blood, its eyes locked onto its heart with a widened gaze as though it wanted to quickly stuff it back into its chest in hopes of surviving.

But with an opening of his mouth, Leonel actually swallowed it directly.

Fury erupted from the Sylvans on other monuments, but Leonel ruthlessly cut the Sylvan's head off.

With a kick, he sent him soaring off of the platform and toward the ground below.

A litter of corpses was cleared from the Bow monument.

But before the Bow could sink back into the earth as the last of its representatives had fallen, Leonel put up a hand.

"Where do you think you're going?"

A world-ending Bow Force towered into the air.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! A spiraling Bow force appeared around Leonel and then grew to the point it wrapped around the Bow monument itself.

They ripped through the ground like chains and forcefully tore the monument back up.

Leonel's hand pulsed and a bow appeared in it.

His aura flared and the bow monument trembled.

At that moment, a Blessing fell in torrents from above.

Leonel soared into the Higher Tiers of the Seventh Dimension, then from the 7th to the 8th Tier, and then from the 8th to the 9th.

His Dimension crashed against the barriers of the Eighth Dimension and the momentum seemed to be dying down... Until the properties of the Sylvan heart he had just swallowed shuddered.

A blooming golden energy rocketed out from Leonel and he finally shattered the barrier and entered the Eighth Dimension for the first time in his life.

He raised his head to the skies and unleashed a billowing roar that shook Existence and the Idol Battlefield.

A Spear Domain, Bow Domain, and Quill Domain rotated around him, the madness of power pouring into him from all sides.

Leonel's violet hair danced in the wind, his eyes shimmering with sharpness as a crown he was suppressing flickered into and out of existence on his head.

When his aura finally solidified, the world fell into silence.

But at that moment, there wasn't a single individual who looked at him with anything other than a somberness in their eyes... Well, other than his wife, who wore a proud smile, and his children, who looked like they were trying to fit whole eggs in their mouths.

## **Chapter 3229: Grudges.**

Leonel took a breath, looking up into the skies as an overwhelming amount of power flooded into him.

This was the real reason he had come to the Idol Battlefield. Though the changes to his Weapon Forces were a pleasant surprise, his first and foremost goal had always been to improve his Dimensional level as quickly as possible.

The trouble with doing that was that he required far too much energy, more than most could even begin to fathom.

Just now, he took the entire Blessing of a monument, meant to be split between over a dozen people, all for himself. And yet, he technically only moved up three Tiers. If not for Aina's calculations and a timely use of a Sylvan Heart, he wouldn't have been able to break through into the Eighth Dimension.

Now, he felt that his forward progress had slowed even more substantially. He doubted that he could even reach Tier 2 even if he claimed an entire other monument for himself, and there were a limited number of monuments to begin with.

Even between the new ones like Drake's Gun Force, or Ramon's spear-hammer fusion Force, Valore Force, there were still only just over a dozen monuments here.

If just one couldn't even get him to Tier 2, it felt like his hopes of bounding toward the Ninth Dimension through the use of the Idol Battlefield was a hopeless case.

Plus, he couldn't also steal blessings from his own brothers. He needed them to be powerful as well. There was only so much that he could do all on his own.

Leonel exhaled his deep breath, his gaze calm.

If he was bound to be stuck in the Eighth Dimension anyway... that was fine.

The fact that he had made it here to begin with meant that whatever sliver of a chance these people had had before no longer remained.

If he was so powerful at the Seventh Dimension...

How powerful was he now?

Leo and Leah were still at a loss for words. By now, they had a great understanding of power and its scaling. They had been training practically ever since they were born. And that was enough to tell them one very important thing...

They were no match for their father at all.

Maybe that should have been obvious to them, but maybe due to them gaining some of their father's bad habits, they were just a little bit too confident in themselves.

But now they could really feel it. That gap.

For Leah especially, she felt like the moment Leonel grabbed onto a bow, it was as though hers didn't even want to listen to her anymore. It was like she was suddenly trying to hold a pencil with her off-hand.

It looked so much more natural in her father's hand, as though the bow was always meant to be there. And no matter how hard she looked, she couldn't quite pick up on what the difference was.

It was so complex in its simplicity that it left her little head spinning.

"Wow..." the twins said wide-eyed.

But then their father ruined it all with a look and a wink.

The twins were stunned before Leonel started laughing. Maybe his two little kids thought that this was a serious situation that should be treated as such. But for Leonel...

He didn't see the Idol Battlefield like that at all.

This was a place for children, a place his grandfather didn't even care about enough to show up in, a place he was certain that many others had the very same emotions above.

He was a father now. How could he play around with children? Wouldn't that bring him down to their level?

At that point, he'd have to start asking Leo and Leah to feed him.

If he struggled in this place, he might as well hand his head over to the Demoness right here and now.

Leonel took a step and appeared off of the Bow monument.

The Regulator tried to send down another command, but a fierce Domain had already appeared around Leonel, swirling in colors of violet, red, and gold. Half of him seemed steeped in darkness while the other was so radiant and beautiful that he seemed to become a star of his own in the middle of the skies.

"A lot of you have grudges against me, but that's fine." Leonel said with a grin. "I have a lot of grudges against you too. So how about we lay it all out on the table?"

Leonel's spear swept to the side as he strapped his bow to his back. The spear tip leveled out at the most powerful of the Sylvans he could find, a woman with a head of flowing branches that almost looked like writhing snakes.

"I've eaten more Sylvan Hearts than I care to count."

He swept out his spear again, landing in a group of Void Race members. In specific... Lui'Shae, Shan'Rae's elder brother and supreme genius of the Void Race.

"I can practically smell the rage on you. Let me guess, are you related to Shan'Rae? Interesting. She was very obedient when she died for my sake."

Leonel's wrist flickered and his spear pointed toward a member of the Barbarian Race that he shouldn't have recognized at all.

"You've lost weight, Talon. Did you think I wouldn't recognize you if your belly wasn't spilling over your pants? How was imprisonment? Wasn't I a good warden?"

Every word Leonel spoke came with an even more towering aura, as though he was responding to the pressure of being hated by so many.

The fiendish light in his eyes only grew as his momentum did, his spear landing in a group of Beastmen, and then flickering to land on the group of Ancient Humans.

"I don't care much for Beastmen, just stay in your lanes. The spear isn't the weapon for you. But you Ancient Humans... even if you don't attack me, I will attack you. I can't stand any one of you."

Leonel's voice grew to the pitch of a roar as his spear finally landed on the final group.

The Pluto.

El Rion.

Comment

## **Chapter 3230: Come.**

Leonel's grin was wide as his violet hair fluttered in the skies, radiating off plumes of light and fog that made it seem larger than life.

"Whether you choose to join or not does not matter to me, but I will tell you one thing very clearly. With me here, the Pluto can forget about returning to their status as the number one Race.

"There will only be one Race when I am finished. The Human race."

Leonel held out his spear across his body, running a palm down its length. The spear seemed to tremble as it glowed brighter and brighter.

"Now. Come."

**BOOM!**

Restrictions that had been on the monument seemed to all be shattered at once and a furious torrent of Sylvans were the first to take advantage of the situation.

To their backs, the young woman, wielding a whip, flicked her wrist.

Like a dragon tearing through the air, the whip appeared first despite the fact the woman lagged the furthest behind.

All around Leonel, several Sylvans suddenly entrenched themselves into the ground, forming a Domain that blocked him in all while vicious whipping attacks came from all sides.

It was clear that the Sylvans had a particular affinity for Whip Force that most others couldn't compare to, and recalling the level of control the Sylvan Spearman he had fought had, Leonel could see why this was the case...

Unfortunately, he just didn't care very much.

The Sylvans should grow weak when they rooted themselves into the ground like this. But it was a different matter when there were many of them linking up in this way.

Taking advantage of their leader's attack, they formed a quick ring around Leonel, digging themselves deeper and deeper until they formed a hollow connection between one another that was steadily growing.

Leonel took one step back in the face of the whip, his spear flickering to meet it.

Lena, the Sylvan, sneered, her whip expertly changing directions in the air.

Leo and Leah gasped in shock, wanting to warn their father, and seemingly too naive to understand that Third Dimensional existences like them shouldn't even be able to even watch a fight happening at this speed, let alone react to what was happening. The only reason they could was because their father was helping them do so.

While in the middle of what looked like a heated battle, Leonel was actually filtering everything through his Dream Force and passing it on to his children in tidbits that they could actually grasp and understand, allowing them to understand concepts that would have otherwise gone over their heads.

And arguably... doing that was far harder than the battle itself.

**BANG!**

The whip Lena thought would slip right by Leonel's defenses was almost carelessly parried away.

The Sylvan's eyes widened, but she sighed a breath of relief at the same moment. That was because her companions had already surrounded Leonel successfully.

A suffocating Life Force formed and then took control of the realm. Green grass began to grow on the Idol Battlefield and for a moment, the skies even seemed to be somewhat bright.

But this beautiful sigh was anything but for Leonel who found that he was practically not in a world under the control of the Sylvans. His Weapon Forces weren't listening to him, and neither were his other Forces.

When their control and that of the Regulator's came together, it was like they had more than doubled their strength, displaying a heart-rending might...

That Leonel only needed to take a step forward to shatter.

That very step caused another whipping branch to miss Leonel. He took another step and slipped out of the way of another, and then another.

He walked through the minefield of savage whipping branches that could split planets in two as though he was on a normal stroll.

And then he suddenly swung his spear.

A tree froze, only to be cut in two.

Lena's eyes opened wide as her aura flared. The Idol she had just formed appeared behind her in a forest of writhing, thorned vines.

A strong energy burst from her Whip Force as she lashed out with all the strength she could muster.

Leonel lowered his spear and caught the whip out of the air.

Before Lena could react, there was a tug of his wrist and she came flying forward, right into the waiting arms of his spear tip.

The blade ran through her body and right through her bleeding, Sylvan Heart.

Leonel's wrist twisted and he cut her heart out of her chest, sending her flying to the ground as though she was worthless garbage.

He tapped at the air with his now free hand and Tolliver bloomed into action, swallowing up the Sylvan Heart.

Leonel took a step and then slashed, then took another and slashed once more.

Every time he did, another Sylvan would fall and their Sylvan Heart would be swallowed up by Tolliver.

Little Tolly's body grew and grew until it formed the head of a menacing beast roaring to the skies. It seemed that Leonel had completely lost control of the Metal Spirit, having fed it too much in too little time.

Tendrils of silvery whiteness slashed down and swallowed up the large bodies of the Sylvans. It was like the masses of ancient golden trees they had formed weren't worth

anything at all.

Tolliver just wanted to eat more, to have more, and wouldn't be satisfied until

everything had been devoured by it.

Leonel walked through the battlefield almost carelessly, as though he couldn't see the danger at all, like he hadn't just unleashed a demon onto the world.

And it was then that a scythe suddenly appeared behind him, flickering out of the darkness and looking to take his head off.

The speed was considerable, and the stroke was one of genius... one that only the likes

of Lui'Shae would possibly be able to execute among the many Scythe Force wielders

here other than maybe Anya herself...

But what good was it?

A spiraling Absolute Domain formed behind Leonel, rebounding against Lui'Shae's Scythe with a drilling force.

## **- Chapter 3231: My King!**

### **Chapter 3231: My King!**

Lui'Shae was sent stumbling several steps back, his wrists shuddering. It didn't feel like he had collided against a wall of Force. It felt more like he had just run into an impenetrable universe.

When he felt Leonel look back at him, he felt a cold chill that spiraled down to the very depths of his soul. It didn't feel like he was looking at a normal human boy at all.

Lui'Shae was already the size of a planet. He towered so far above the Idol Battlefield that he seemed to have a battlefield on his person itself.

By comparison, Leonel was only a fraction of his size, not even enough to count as a pebble to him. However, for some reason...

He felt so very small right now.

Like he was the insignificant being.

**BANG!**



Leonel's spear only flickered once and a hole the size of a moon was torn through Lui'Shae's body.

"A shame. If you were more patient, maybe you would have lived a little longer. At the very least, you should have attacked me with everything, but just like the rest of the God Races... you're far too arrogant.

"Haven't you realized which among us is the ant yet?"

Leonel's spear shot upward and Lui'Shae was torn in two, the halves of his body coming tumbling down in two pieces.

Standing above the carnage, Leonel rested his spear on his shoulder and reached out a hand.

Lui'Shae's enormous scythe landed in his hand. Despite all the pressure Leonel was putting into an infinitely small section of it in order to hold it up, that scythe didn't show any signs of wavering at all.

Then, Leonel carelessly tossed the scythe to Tolliver who swallowed it up with just as much vigor.

The world fell silent for a moment before the infuriated Void Race members charged. Their bodies weren't nearly as large as Lui'Shae's, but it hardly seemed to make a difference at all. If anything, they only suffered more for it.

By the time they realized that their Void Race should have had shocking healing capabilities, but they weren't even able to save themselves from a single one of Leonel's spear strikes, it was too late.

The first time Leonel met the Void Race, they had been able to sacrifice the galaxies in their bodies to heal even from lethal injuries. Having their heads split shouldn't have been the end of the road for them...

But when they were facing off against Leonel, it might as well have been.

Before Leonel's spear... they didn't have the right to heal themselves. Before a

Sovereign of Creation, why would they believe that they could be in control of their own lives?

SSKKKRRROOOOOARRRRR!

Tolliver's rampage only became more wild until it suddenly couldn't hold back anymore, leaping onto the Bow monument.

The Idol Battlefield began to shake from its very foundations. However, Leonel didn't even look back as though he didn't notice what was happening.

"What? You've all turned coward now?"

The last of the Void Race fell and it was like no one on the Idol Battlefield had the capacity to speak or think properly anymore.

These weren't weak existences. The Void Race had held back on a lot of the geniuses they sent, only sending one supreme genius and a bunch of lower-tier geniuses after the fact, but this was still a race of people who were vying with the Pluto for supremacy.

On average, they might not be as strong as the Pluto... but they weren't too far off either.

And yet they were treated like ants, torn and shredded apart as though they might as well have not existed at all.

And now the man who had done so stood there, taunting and goading them, sneering down at them from above.

A Human... a normal Human...

"Since that's the case... [Arise]"

Leonel's gaze flashed and an overwhelming Dream Force poured out from him, overflowing into the world in a tidal wave.

The Sylvans and Void Race members that had collapsed began to have their spirits forcefully ripped out of them.

At first, there were strong protections that descended from above, but with a single sneer from Leonel, they shattered to pieces, falling in a rain.

At this point... there were only two existences that Leonel would give even a sliver of a chance of having Dream Force on the same level as himself...

His grandfather and the Demoness.

There was no third.

No matter what protections these people had.

It was worthless to him.

**BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!**

The restrictions shattered one after another and they were forcefully resurrected just as fast.

They quickly fell to a knee, crossing their arms across their chests and lowering their heads toward Leonel.

"MY KING!"

Their combined voices shook the Idol Battlefield. The skies overturned and a royal crest that looked eerily similar to Leonel's Dharma appeared before each and every one of their foreheads.

The sight of dozens of violet figures kneeling to one man didn't seem like it should have shaken them to their cores. But when one realized that each one of these individuals was a genius amongst geniuses, an existence that would hold up a piece of the skies all on their own in the future...

It was something that hit a completely different place in their hearts.

And to make it worse...

Leonel didn't even care to use them. It was as though he was bored and wanted to stretch out his own legs for once, as though he was here to take a stroll and had no desire to have someone else drive the carriage for him.

At that very moment, two Beastmen appeared before Leonel... one of them was Vaelgor, a white tiger Beastman wielding an enormous white sword...

And the second was Azhgar, the sole owner of the Claw Force monument. It seemed that the dragon Beastman had succeeded in doing what he set out to do, carving out a new path for him.

## **Chapter 3232: Very Cool!**

Leonel looked at them and their twitching noses. He could tell that they could smell the death of their people on him. He didn't know how their sense of smell worked, nor did he particularly care. It was an ability that he had no intention of using, nor did he feel the need to circumvent it.

Maybe in the past, he might have cared enough to find a way to supersede it because he would have to spend more time running away from these God Races than actually fighting them.

But right now...

What did he have to fear?

"Coming to throw your lives away like everyone else... not very smart. You aren't helping the stereotypes," Leonel said indifferently.

Azhgar grinned a toothy, draconic grin.

"If I don't step out, you Humans might actually think you run the place."

Vaclgor didn't say anything, but his battle intent was much the same.

It was clear to Leonel that the more powerful he was, the more likely the Beastmen would be to step out. This battle-hungry Race wanted for nothing more than blood and carnage.

Leonel didn't have to point his spear at them for them to take action; they would have done so anyway.

"You know..." Leonel said, taking a step forward until he was so close to them that their shadows swallowed him up.

The two Beastmen were easily over four meters tall, and comparatively speaking, after losing his Dream Asura Blood, Leonel wasn't even half of that height.

Right now, it looked as though they could reach down and pinch him to death while Leonel himself had to crane his neck vertically just to look them in the eye.

"... My Divine Armor is missing a few beast pelts. How about you help me out with that?"

Vaclgor, who had been silent all the while, suddenly grinned as well. In fact, when he lost control of his bloodlust, he seemed even more wild than Azhgar, a wild fluctuation of spatial energies surging around him.

It all then happened too fast. The white blade was already right above Leonel's head, ready to pierce down and split his body in two.

However, at that moment, Leonel's spear, which had been resting on his shoulder, magically appeared between himself and the blade.

**BANG!**

The air exploded outward and reality almost collapsed in on itself.

A surge of pressurized air caused Leonel's robes to flutter wildly.

"Mm, decent." Leonel said indifferently.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Vaelgor unleashed a barrage before Azhgar appeared to Leonel's back, swiping down with a vicious claw that tore the world into six segments.

Leonel's wrist flexed and Vaelgor's heavy sword felt as though it had just fallen onto a bed of clouds. The white tiger Beastman had been ready for yet another fierce rebound and was caught off guard.

The Beastmen weren't a Race that spent a lot of time with weapons to begin with. In this regard, they were a lot like the Pluto, except for the fact the Pluto at least dabbled in close combat methods and controlled Weapon Forces like Fist Force and the like.

But Beastmen didn't even usually have that much.

This showed the moment the two began to attack. They had a wildness to them that was completely different from the usual systematic methods of Weapon Force users.

And that actually benefited them.

Leonel couldn't see through them in an instant, so they ended up weaving through the skies until he found an opening.

Vaelgor found himself off balance as Leonel took a step to the side, flicking his spear upward.

The white great sword met Azhgar's claw and the two Beastmen were repelled apart by their own strength.

Leonel's figure flickered and he appeared before Vaelgor in an instant of time.

The Beastman hurriedly spun around and slashed out with his sword and tail at the same time, both wreathed in a blackened energy.

CHI!

Vaelgor was stunned to feel one of his own legs go limp. He looked down to find that Leonel, who he thought was behind him, was actually to his side, piercing into his leg and tearing its tendons apart. Suddenly, he felt even more off balance in the air.

CHI! CHI! CHI!

Leonel's spear strikes accelerated. As though he was toying with a child, his spear marks were left all across Vaelgor's body, and by the time Azhgar was back in the picture, the white tiger was already littered with wounds.

Leonel's arm struck backward, sending Azhgar flying once again, before he focused on Vaelgor once more.

"I'm still waiting for you to show me the supremacy of your Beastman Race. Patiently waiting. You should be quite honored. Usually, I'm not willing to be so giving."

Vaelgor didn't respond. Or, rather, he couldn't respond. At some unknown time, Leonel's spear had even cut his tongue out.

"Daddy's kind of mean." Leah said softly, tugging on her mom's hand.

Aina couldn't help but chuckle.

"Leah! Mean isn't the word you're looking for!" Leonel shouted from a distance. "Cool. That's the word. Your daddy's very cool!"

Leah giggled, but seemed to have no intention of correcting herself.

As expected of a pair of toddlers born into a river of blood, Leo and Leah didn't seem to care about the bloodshed at all. Somehow, they felt that it was perfectly normal for their father to be a mass murderer.

"Yes! Dad's very cool!" Leo said.

"Atta boy."

"Can I have that big sword?" Leo asked with a burning desire in his eyes.

Leonel almost coughed out his first mouthful of blood. Was this the real reason his kid was complimenting him? Where was the shame?

"You can use a sword when you can beat me with a spear."

"That's not fair!"

"You know what else isn't fair? Being born with a Spear Force Innate Node. If you can't do that, what good are you?"

Leo grit his teeth and seemed to want to run out onto the battlefield with his tiny little legs already just to prove his father wrong.

## Chapter 3233: Have It

Aina had to catch Leo before he actually rushed out onto the battlefield. But even as Leonel was speaking, his wrist had already twisted like a writhing dragon through the air.

PUCHI!

Vaelgor's head was sent flying into the air.

Azhgar froze in place, his slit pupils trembling. Maybe he just couldn't believe what he was seeing.

He had Vaelgor weren't even of the same bloodline, one being a draconic Beastman and the other being of the white tigers. But they had grown up like brothers, both taking unorthodox paths of their Race, both rising up to become geniuses among geniuses, both stoking one another's flames for as long as he could remember. "You... killed him..."

Azhgar's rumbling, deep voice trembled out in disbelief. I was as though he was trying to make sure that everything was still real, that he wasn't imagining what was before him.

Had his brother of a lifetime really fallen right before him like this? And he couldn't even do anything about it?

Leonel didn't even respond, kicking Azhgar's body toward the rampaging Tolliver. His large body was swallowed up, and it was like nothing more than another resource. A manic roar filled the skies as Azhgar howled toward the darkness above them. With a stomp, Azhgar had already appeared before Leonel, slashing out with a wild claw. It seemed to embody the savagery of the Beastman Race and Leonel actually found that it was more than ten times as powerful as it had been the last time Azhgar used it.

This wasn't a strength boost brought on by mere fury. The truth was that this unbridled fury was precisely the last piece Azhgar needed to make his Claw Force work.

Claw Force simply wasn't something that normal humans could use well. They didn't have claws, and it was much more efficient for them to use something like Fist Force or Palm Force.

Azhgar had been trying to make his Claw Force too much like Fist or Palm Force, when in reality it needed less systematic guardrails, and more wildness.

And now, thanks to Leonel, he had reached that threshold.

There was a sudden rush above his head as an already formed Idol became sharper and stronger. If one looked above Azhgar's head, it would look as though a Dragon's  
10:45-

claw was descending from the skies themselves, ripping apart the clouds and severing the world beneath it into two.

It was an overbearing Idol that only became even more so.

Leonel's eyes narrowed as he took a step back.

His spear danced as he met Azhgar's wild attacks.

DENG! DENG! DENG!

Sparks flew and Azhgar suddenly clamped down onto Leonel's blade, his five claws sending hot droplets of molten metal flying out in all directions.

Azhgar wrenched Leonel's spear upward, taking a strong step forward and clawing a free hand at his chest.

Leonel removed a hand from his spear and punched out in retaliation, his spear-wielding hand twisting at the same time.

The maddened howl of Azhgar filled the skies as he slammed down on Leonel's fist, looking to shred it to pieces along with the arm and torso behind it.

The size difference between their hands must have been two times at the very least. This seemed to be all but a sure outcome.

And yet...

BANG!

Leonel's fist seemed to phase right through Azhgar's claw and the attack slammed right against the Beastman's chest.

The sudden savage attack felt like a meteor falling from the skies. Azhgar felt all the bones in his body shattering at once as the force of Leonel's power dispersed on purpose rather than tearing a hole through his body.

CHII!



Azhgar held onto Leonel's spear rather than allowing himself to fly away despite knowing that this would only harm him more.

Leonel might have bypassed his defenses through mysterious means, but now he was in his grasp, so close that his fist was still against the Beastman's chest.

There was no escaping now.

Azhgar's claw grew a size larger and changed directions mid-air, the sudden and abrupt shift in momentum was so great that the echo of a tendon snapping echoed through the air. It was akin to the twisted steel cords of an anchored chain popping

out at once.

He had forcefully injured himself once again just to deal a death blow to Leonel. He cared about nothing other than taking his life.

Unfortunately...

His hopes and dreams didn't matter.

"Decent."

The spear that Azhgar had been holding onto all this time was finally twisted out of his control.

It cut across, severing Azhgar's neck and down his opposite shoulder, cutting away the very claw he was using to attack Leonel.

Azhgar froze.

Deep in his eyes, he seemed to have already foreseen this outcome. He knew that he would die... he just thought he would be able to hold on for just long enough to take

Leonel with him.

Unfortunately... he wasn't so lucky.

"So... close..."

"Not even remotely." Leonel said calmly.

These were the last words Azhgar heard before he was sent flying by another one of Leonel's kicks.

Tolliver slapped out with a tendril through the skies and seemed to shatter the sound barrier several times over.

It slapped down and looked like it would knock Azhgar flying again, but instead, he was swallowed up in a single sweep.

Leonel stood in the skies, resting his spear on his shoulder again as he looked down on the world.

The Idol Battlefield had fallen into silence once again, and no one seemed willing to fight any longer. The amount of power and strength that Leonel had displayed was too great.

SKKKKRRREEEEEEEEE!

Tolliver howled.

"Still not enough? Have that one, then." Leonel said indifferently, pointing at the new Claw monument.

It had only existed for a short few minutes, but now it would collapse much like the Bow monument had.

Today, Leonel wouldn't be satisfied until the Idol Battlefield collapsed.

But how could the Ancient Humans allow that?

## **Chapter 3234: Overwhelming**

Bodhi...

His skin was dark and his feet were particularly large. He still stood at three meters tall, a height that was shockingly huge for someone who was a pure-blooded Human. And yet, it only seemed natural on him and his long legs.

Tenzin...

His skin was practically the opposite of Bodhi's, reflecting white light. He was short and his belly seemed built like an iron wok. Every breath he took moved his diaphragm up like a weighted anchor, shaking the space in the surroundings.

He might have been just 5'7" or so, but his presence was suddenly much larger than anything he had displayed until now... There was nothing fat and jovial about him at this moment.

Mirae...

A delicate beauty who looked like she would much rather be sowing something rather than standing on a battlefield. Her fingers were covered in rings, and her temperament was the most reserved of all three. Yet... she felt no less dangerous. All three of these young men and women were bald, their hair shaved down to the point even their follicles were no longer visible. And every one of them radiated the same dangerous aura.

Leonel slowly lowered his spear. And then, in a sight that no one could quite understand, he put it away.

"Don't bother to speak." Leonel stopped them as Bodhi opened his mouth to say something. "I've been trying to work on my temper, and I have a feeling if cowards like you and your people start speaking now, I'll lose control of it. That won't be a good showing for my kids, now would it? Don't you think?"

Leonel shook out his wrists and the large sleeves of his robes flared outward. There was a crackle in the air and it suddenly sounded as though countless firecrackers were going off in Leonel's body.

What no one here understood was that Leonel's body had been a warm engine before. It was revving up... but it was only that. He had still yet to reach his peak.

After years without battle, the rust was falling off slowly, and the flow of his Force was only growing smoother.

Plus, one also had to factor in the fact that he had only just now had a great and sudden breakthrough. He still had to get used to the new power that was at his fingertips as well.

But if there was anyone in the world that could quickly get a hold of their body... it was Leonel Morales.

Right now, however... he would have much preferred to feel the faces of these people deforming beneath his own knuckles and flesh.

If he was going to rank a hierarchy of those that had pissed him off the most on this Idol Battlefield, number one would be the Regulator, but a close number two would be the Ancient Humans who had triggered its existence to begin with.

The fact that these Ancient Humans had also gone off into hiding while the rest of their Race was treated as the shit to scrape off the bottom of every other Race's shoe all this time only filled Leonel with more fury,

He was going to subdue this race of Ancient Humans. The Human Race only needed one head.

And by Human Race...

He meant every Race in existence.

Leonel took a step forward, his robes flapping and his hair dancing in the air as he punched out.

Tenzin frowned and for the first time, an emotion other than carefreeness and stoicism appeared on his face.

It was rage.

He had practiced the art of a fist ever since he left his mother's womb. Seeing Leonel's punch, he had never felt more insulted in his life.

This man actually dared to fight him in his own Realm?!

Tenzin stepped forward before the others could even react.

**BANG!**

Tenzin's body shook and he was forced to take two heavy steps back before he could stabilize himself.

Leonel shook out his fist as though he was disgusted by something, and it was Tenzin's reaction that was the most shocked of the two. It wasn't just him either, but Mirae and Bodhi couldn't believe what they were seeing.

They knew that Tenzin hadn't gone all out, but which of the two of them didn't understand just how shocking Tenzin's grasp of Fist Force was? This didn't make any sense.

Leonel punched out again before they could even regain their bearings.

His fist phased through the air and Tenzin missed his counter, suffering a blow right at the chest.

**BANG!**

Tenzin coughed up a mouthful of blood, falling to a knee.

Leonel raised an eyebrow. "Am I too strong? Or are you just too weak? The Idol Battlefield chose you?"

Leah blinked in the distance. "Daddy's being mean again, mommy."

Aina chuckled.

This time, Leonel had no choice but to ignore his daughter's words. The last time was too embarrassing.

In the end, he shook his head. He knew what the problem was here.

All anyone saw was his usual attack, but what he saw was...

Another world was wrapped around Leonel. A violet dragon wound its way around his fist, hidden from sight, and yet bolstering his fist's strength nonetheless.

This was the path of his father, the strength of [Final Destruction]... matched with [Final Creation].

The latter of these two was self-created by Leonel as a mirror to his father's technique and he had yet to pick apart all the details just yet.

But the short of it was that he wasn't overwhelming Tenzin in terms of fist skill. Instead, he was overwhelming him in a way that Leonel had rarely experienced since he left the Dimensional Verse. In fact, even while he was in the Dimensional Verse, he rarely if ever had this feeling.

Rather than overwhelming his enemy with his intelligence or his skill...

He was overwhelming them in raw power.

He hadn't had to show off his real skills yet... because he was crushing them without relying on it at all.

## **Chapter 3235: Truly Arrogant**

The Ancient Humans reacted quickly. The moment they saw that Tenzin was on his back foot, Mirae attacked with a piercing finger, her forefinger ring vibrating wildly.

At the same time, Bodhi's leg had suddenly appeared in a high arc through the air, slamming down toward Leonel's head.

Leonel struck out with a forearm toward Bodhi's shin and slammed out a palm toward Mirae's finger.

There was a sudden clash in the air as both were sent tumbling back.

"Show me what you really have." Leonel said with a sharp glow in his eyes, taking a step forward and then striking out again.

**BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Leonel was suddenly surrounded by three sharp martial artists, but his movements were fluid and unhurried. He misdirected, parried, and attacked in the opening he received with a sharpness of his own that made it look like he had always been a martial arts master.

He slapped down on a fist Tenzin sent at him and calmly ducked under another Bodhi kick to his head.

Bodhi's roundhouse kick soared by him, accidentally getting in Mirae's path and forcing her to pull her own attack back.

Leonel's hips shifted and he unleashed a liver shot at Bodhi's side in the opening he provided. But Bodhi was decent enough to block it with an elbow.

Unfortunately, the block made his kick spin even more out of control and Mirae was forced to block it with both forearms.

The demure woman was sent flying by her own partner in crime while Bodhi suddenly found his back facing Leonel. Cold sweat broke out onto the tall, dark, and not so handsome man. The scent of death filled his nostrils and his eyes turned bloodshot as he hurriedly slammed his raised foot to the ground, pivoting his hips to send a heel kick backward.

However...

He hit nothing but air.

By the time Bodhi realized what was happening, Leonel was already standing in front of Tenzin, a fist having been driven into the man's iron gut.

Bodhi knew precisely just how powerful Tenzin's abdominal defenses were. He had unleashed full force kicks at the man's stomach before, only to feel like he was hitting a steel plate.

And yet, this very same steel gut deformed beneath Leonel's attack so severely there was even a bulge out of Tenzin's back. It looked as though his spine had been snapped out of place, almost like Leonel could have ripped a hole through him completely but decided that he didn't want to do that.

Bodhi unleashed a roar, reacting in the only way he could and sending down an ax kick for the top of Leonel's head.

Leonel side stepped without even looking back. He drove an elbow backward and right into the flesh of the underside of Bodhi's knee.

Bodhi's straight leg suddenly bent awkwardly halfway through his kick and all his power deflated in a single instant...

Unfortunately, it was too late for him to do anything else.

Leonel had already grabbed his leg, now draped over his shoulder, and pulled.

Bodhi was flipped over Leonel's head and sent slamming into his Kicking monument.

**BOOM!**

The monument was far too strong to be shattered, but that only made the rebounding force that Bodhi experienced all the worse. Every bone in his body was shattered, and when he hacked, bits and pieces of fleshly organs spewed from his mouth.

Leonel casually smoothed out his robes as he looked over toward Mirac who had finally recovered. To her credit, she charged for him, not minding her own safety at all.

With a step, Leonel dodged out of the way of her finger.

She unleashed a roar, her simple robes fluttering as an Idol of rings appeared high above her.

Eight bands spread out before her and she struck out with a finger toward Leonel. The finger sent out a strike that passed through one of the floating rings, and all of a sudden, an attack concentrated to a small area became unavoidable, expanding to the point it was even larger than the monuments.

Leonel's eyes narrowed as he punched out.

**BANG!**

The Finger Force was shattered to pieces, a rain of volatile energies fluttering around wildly and nearly nicking his robes.

Mirae sent out another, and then another. Sometimes they would enlarge, sometimes they would become wreathed in flames or descend like a waterfall crashing from above.

Every time, Leonel would just as calmly shatter it.

"CONSTRAIN!" Mirae roared.

All of a sudden, the dancing energies in the surroundings reformed into rings that trapped Leonel on the inside, squeezing down to shatter him to pieces. And yet...

Leonel's body only shook once.

The rings shattered once again.

Taking a step through the mess, Mirae could react before Leonel had already grabbed her throat. She had obscured the battlefield so much through her own attacks that she completely lost track of her opponent.

Leonel raised her up and slammed her down toward the ground.

BANG!

Mirae hacked up a mouthful and she unleashed a shudder, her consciousness fading in and out. She couldn't even see straight anymore and the entire back of her skull was covered in fractures, flattened out to the point she wouldn't blame anyone for thinking her entire brain was nothing more than mush right now.

Leonel continued to stand high in the air, his imposing air lofty and indifferent...

And then he looked down toward El'Rion.

Sparks seemed to fly through the air, an overwhelming sense of might filling the skies.

"You're just as arrogant as any one of them." Leonel shook his head, looking down at El'Rion. He may have grown, but in Leonel's eyes, El'Rion was still that 14-year-old kid.

"You think I'm arrogant. But I think you're the arrogant one."

The words were just as simple as what El'Rion would usually use. Nothing fancy, just the true reflection of his heart on his sleeve.



Leonel reached for his back and pulled out his spear.

"Hurry up then, kid. We'll see which of us is truly arrogant."

Comment

## Chapter 3236

BANG!

Spear and fist met in the skies, a crackling, thunderous might spreading out in all directions.

However...

BANG!

El'Rion was forced to take a step back.

The Pluto seemed genuinely surprised by the result. He didn't come here to teach Leonel a lesson. Even after Leonel technically humiliated him in the past, using him for the sake of giving the Human Race a path to survival, El'Rion had never been particularly angry.

He only wanted Leonel to understand who was superior between the two of them.

Ever since the first moment he met Leonel, he had always had this loftiness to him that belied his inferiority as a Human. It was like he didn't understand that Humans were supposed to be a weak Race, and El'Rion could never understand it.

The cognitive dissonance was something that El'Rion couldn't quite grapple with. What made it more difficult was his personality and his experiences.

He had always been respected, even within the Pluto Race itself. People deferred to him just because of his existence; he never needed to prove himself before. Normally, he wouldn't even care to prove himself.

He never took much of anyone seriously. Ironically enough, he was just as arrogant as he claimed Leonel to be.

But something about Leonel made him feel like he had the need to prove him, that he should be the one to set Leonel straight about the differences between the two of them.

What El'Rion didn't realize was that the moment he had such thoughts, it was probably already over for him.

He had arrogantly given Leonel time, saying that he would give Leonel a chance to catch up to him. But at some unknown time... Leonel had already long since done so. And now, looking down at his own fist, El'Rion was surprised by the result.

A trickle of blood came out, and his body, which refused to bleed even when heavier injured by a Void Race Ancestor, was suddenly leaking like a faucet.

His blood fell from the skies like meteors, crashing across the Idol Battlefield and leaving craters everywhere one looked.

The carnage was absolutely devastating, and yet El'Rion could only continue to look at his fist as though he couldn't believe what was happening.

Leonel retracted his spear calmly. To him, this wasn't even the slightest bit troublesome.

El'Rion had grown, but he was still a baby in Leonel's eyes. He was already in his twenties now, but he might as well have still been a child.

Looking up, El'Rion finally seemed to look at Leonel rather than looking through him. And that was when he saw it.

The Leonel before him now was even larger than himself. He had a towering presence and a mountain so heavy on his back that it seemed to make the burdens of the Pluto seem like nothing more than a joke.

El'Rion could seem to see Leonel's Creation World, and he only now realized that every single one of them... had always been in Leonel's world.

This matter had been a joke from the very beginning. There wasn't a single aspect of this battlefield that wasn't completely under Leonel's control.

The gap between him and everyone else was so enormous that El Rion couldn't even understand how he had done it.

To say that Leonel was just playing around with them... was a heavy underestimation of what was actually going on.

He was just putting on a show for his children.

"... It seems I gave you too much time."

Leonel raised an eyebrow. "Still so arrogant even while admitting a loss? I told you before... it didn't matter how strong you were. You never stood a chance against me."

Ei'Rion's gaze flickered as he remembered a Leonel with a mere Incomplete World's foundation returning with the corpse of a Shadow Tail hanging from his hand.

However, even with that image... he couldn't quite accept it.

"Maybe."

These were the only words he said before he turned around and left. He didn't even stay to gain the Blessings of the Fist monument.

A single strike and the strongest genius of the Pluto decided to give in.

The gap was so enormous that it couldn't be put into words.

It was then that the Idol Battlefield began to rumble.

"Finally can't hold back anymore, huh?"

A malevolent light lit in the depths of Leonel's eyes. A rage he had been suppressing

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began to seep out into the surroundings, a suffocating presence blanketing the battlefield.

Those that had already felt a great amount of fear due to Leonel's earlier display of strength almost pissed themselves now. It was like they had finally realized what

Ei'Rion had...

He was just toying around with them.

All the while, Leonel had only seen one thing on this Battlefield as an opponent.

The Regulator.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

High in the skies, a dark figure stretched out a blackened palm that blotted out the skies.

It descended with a momentum that looked as though it would shred apart the entire world if it had to... so long as Leonel died, it would be satisfied.

The power was all-encompassing and suffocating. There was simply nowhere to hide...

This wasn't the power of a person, it was a force of nature.

Leo and Leah shook, hiding behind their mother's legs as they looked up in fear. Even

Aina's brow furrowed.

Was her husband really ready to go up against such a thing?

Leonel unleashed a roar and the world shook around him.

He took a step forward and he thrust out his spear with all of his might, his power tearing a hole through space and drilling upward with a valiant momentum.

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

The spear and palm paused against one another. A shudder ran through the world and Leonel was sent flying backward and toward the ground.

**BANG! BANG!**

He hacked up a mouthful of blood, the furious light in his violet eyes dimming as the palm continued to descend from above.

It wanted blood.

## **Chapter 3237: A Son's Fury (1)**

Leonel watched as the palm fell down from above, the intent in his eyes blazing. There was a dance that seemed to be occurring in his mind, one that flitted between wanting to unleash the fury in his heart and not doing so.

He had to set a good example, one that taught his children that sometimes controlling your emotions was the best outcome for you. Often, venting your frustration wasn't really going to make you feel any better. That was something that Leonel had learned firsthand after his own father's death.

But right now...

Leonel didn't seem to care to be the bigger person.

This Regulator was the one who disrespected his father's memory, plucking his soul out from whatever stream of consciousness it had been lost in and forcing it to appear here.

How could his father's statue have appeared here when he had never been to the Idol Battlefield before? What the Regulator had done was worse than digging up his corpse.

The only way it could even succeed in doing something like that was by reversing the flow of time and plucking his father out from the stream the moment he died.

The more Leonel thought about it, the more infuriated he became.

While he was in a daze over his father's death, this bastard had actually swooped in and desecrated his body in a way that he had been too weak to realize back then.

Back then, his father's corpse had vanished into a rain of ash. There wasn't even a body for him to go back and see.

An expert of his father's caliber, under the laws of the Incomplete Worlds, should have been able to remain in pristine condition for thousands of years with ease, and that was without accounting for other preservation methods.

Back then, Leonel didn't think much about it because he thought that his father had just expended every ounce of energy he had, eventually leading to the result.

But even if that was the case, didn't his father practice his own form of Metal Body? How could his frame possibly be so fragile?

It was only after coming to this world and learning of what the Regulator had done that it truly settled in for Leonel what must have happened.

It wasn't his father that had used up everything he had... it was this Regulator that had taken anything he had left away.

BADUM.

Leonel kept staring at the palm approaching him, his rage like a smoldering flame. It had taken his father's body from him. It stole away Anastasia. It placed his pregnant wife in direct way of harm, and then even tried to kill his unborn children.

Any one of these things could have truly sent Leonel over the edge. The smoldering sort of fury deep within him was bubbling forth and right then...

Tolliver seemed to have reached its limits as well.

A spiraling silver-gold form launched itself into the air, forming a pillar that upheld the skies.

Tolliver's head began to morph into all sorts of creatures, each one different from the last, and each one feeling just as real.

Under the pressure of the palm descending from above, Leonel stood slowly... almost too slowly.

It didn't seem to make any sense.

The palm was moving so fast that others couldn't even react to it, and yet Leonel was moving as though he was on a leisurely stroll, as though his life wasn't hanging in the balance just above his head.

And then... he pointed toward his Metal Spirit with his spear and all of a sudden, the rampaging tide of silver formed a line that rushed toward Leonel.

In a blink, Tolliver had wrapped around the spear and clutched Leonel's wrist. It wined its way upward, spiraling around Leonel's body and his robes until he was covered from head to toe in a silvery light that radiated a white-gold.

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

Time seemed to freeze to a complete stop.

The Regulator, the spectators, the world itself...

It looked as though Leonel was the only one moving at all, the calm cadence of his breath being the only sound that hung in the air.

And then he took a deep one as the last of the silvery flashes coated his skin.

**BOOM!**

Tolliver broke through to the Seventh Dimension and its power continued to skyrocket.

**BOOM!**

Tolliver broke into the Eighth Dimension, a soaring prowess pulsing as it became more furious. Leonel's body looked as though bubbling masses had begun to explode along its surface, almost as though someone was blowing onto the surface of a lake of

mercury

mercury.

BOOM!

Tolliver shattered the barrier to the Ninth Dimension and a howl filled the skies. Everything overturned and an aura of creation that made one feel fear to the very depths of their souls spilled out and into the world.

Tolliver's momentum continued to grow, becoming so swift and powerful that it had already reached Tier 9 of the Ninth Dimension before anyone could truly understand what was happening...

And how could they understand anything when the world around them had frozen over?

Fear took over their hearts. Since when did Leonel have the ability to freeze time like this?

What they couldn't even notice was that even their thoughts were lagging behind. These thoughts that they thought they were having in real time...

Only fast forwarded after everything was already over.

Leonel slowly exhaled as Tolliver's aura reached the peak of all there was.

And then his Metal Spirit pierced through his skin as though it wouldn't be satisfied until it devoured even its owner.

Leonel felt Tolliver sinking into his bloodstream, ripping through his body, and commandeering the paths of his Innate Node before swallowing up even his heart. Leonel fell into a complete and calm silence as the last of Tolliver's tendrils pierced into his brain, swallowing him up whole.

The world remained unmoving, and it felt like every second had become an eternity.

## **Chapter 3238: A Son's Fury (2)**

Leonel looked like he had died for all intents and purposes. He was unmoving, there were no longer any signs of breathing, and even his powerful heartbeat had come to a complete stop.

But so too had the rampaging Tolliver.

And then there was a ripple.

BADUM.

Tolliver solidified over Leonel's body. With a flash, Leonel's robes, that seemed to have been swallowed up, returned.

CHI! CHI! CHI! CHI!

Veins of violet-gold suddenly erupted, racing across the surface of Tolliver's body. It looked like these jagged lines, running straight up and down, were corrupting the Metal Spirit. But in reality, its aura only seemed to be growing.

Leonel's true body shape began to appear once more. With a flap, the folds of his robe took shape and his face was revealed as the silvery hue peeled back.

Strands of strong silver and floating motes of violet light formed his now long hair, dancing in the wind along with his silver, violet, and gold robes.

There was a bold pauldron on Leonel's left shoulder, and a royal band across his forehead. With a flash, his hands were revealed as well as the silver retreated into his sleeves and then finally...

His eyes opened.

The whites of Leonel's eyes had become a power silver. His irises were an even bolder shade of violet, surrounded by a ring of gold instead of black.

The only hints of black in his eyes now were his pupils, but even deep within them, there was a Royal Crest that seemed to carry the secrets of the world.

With a pulse, this Royal Crest grew, increasing in size out of his pupils and taking shape within his irises.

Then it simplified, becoming a simple stroke of a Forceart until it solidified as a golden piece of his irises.

There was a shudder that ran through the world. At that moment, it felt like the God Beasts of Creation had truly returned.

The Infinity Beast.

The one above all.

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The palm that seemed to be descending fast, and yet was somehow still taking its sweet time to arrive, suddenly accelerated, smashing down toward Leonel. The royal robes Leonel wore rippled in the air just a single time before he extended his hand.

Leonel's palm met that of the Regulator's, one moving with a speed that could cross universes in a blink, and the other reaching out in a light pat.

BANG!

The moment they touched, a hole was ripped through the palm. SHIIIIING!

The howl of a spear echoed through the skies as Leonel's palm seemed to tear through the arm of the Regulator itself in the blink of an eye.

The foggy, black palm was torn to shreds, and all one could see left was a Leonel who was calmly looking up toward the skies, an undeniable power coursing through his veins.

Leonel took a step and he appeared high above everything. His expression looked calm, but the world twisted and bent around him. From time to time, ghosts that looked like they were trying to claw their way back from the other side pressed against the thin film of reality around him.

It almost looked like they were roaring through sheer fabric, trying to rip the world to shreds.

The manifestation of Leonel's fury made the world twisted and unrecognizable. Fear bloomed to the depths of the hearts of the spectators who still couldn't even lift a finger.

All they could do was watch as the rippling black aura slowly formed into what looked like a shadowy little boy.

This little boy, however, was holding onto the one thing that Leonel was looking for. The Segmented Cube.

He held the thing in his palm, looking at Leonel with black, abyss-like eyes. There wasn't a single part of his body that wasn't a foggy mass of darkness... even the chains that hung from him.

The little boy clenched the Segmented Cube as though he was going to destroy it, but Leonel didn't react in the slightest.

That said... seeing the Segmented Cube, Leonel knew how Anastasia had lost now. It wasn't that Anastasia was weaker than this little boy, it was instead that Anastasia had a prison attached to her that the little boy did not. In addition, being in this Idol Battlefield

was to this little boy what being in the Segmented Cube was to Anastasia. As such, the little boy had two degrees of advantage over Anastasia. First the fact that

he was in control of this world, and second that. Anastasia was trapped in the Segmented Cube.

Or, most accurately, the boy had trapped Anastasia within the Segmented Cube.

The only measure Anastasia had lost in was letting Aina be teleported out of the Segmented Cube. But it was likely that she had been caught off guard, not expecting to be targeted in this way.

She knew that Leonel would be teleporting, so by the time she realized that something had gone wrong, it was already too late.

All of that said...

Anastasia was no longer dependent on the Segmented Cube. Destroying the Cube now would definitely harm Leonel. After all, it would kill everyone who was inside, ruining all of his plans and ending the lives of countless numbers of innocent people.

However...

It would also release Anastasia. And between the two of Leonel and Anastasia versus this Regulator...

The winner would be obvious.

Seeing that Leonel didn't even flinch, the little boy realized that he had been seen through.

The Regulator didn't feel rage. It only felt a distaste for Ryu who was standing in its way.

With a wave of its hand, the Segmented Cube vanished to places unknown.

The world began to rumble, and all of a sudden, the protections on the monuments truly vanished... including the one Aina and his children stood on.

And yet, even now, Leonel was frighteningly calm.

"You are nothing but a bundle of laws. You don't know what it meant to feel or

experience much of anything. But today...

"I will teach you your first emotion.

"Regret."

Leonel raised a hand and the flickering image of a bow began to take shape.

[Author's Note Below]

## **Chapter 3239: Short**

The bow forming in Leonel's hand looked more illusion than reality, almost like he was still dreaming up what structure to give it.

But then, the veins of violet that covered him pulsed and surged into it.

**BANG!**

The bow exploded into existence as though a star crashing into the world. A blinding light filled the air and soon, the bow made its presence known.

A resonating light pulsed out in all directions from it.

The bow had an exaggeratedly narrow handle compared to the rest of its body. The arcs of its body were far thicker, looking like metal plates of silver etched with amethysts and gold.

Its bowstring was so thin that it couldn't even be seen with the naked eye. A single touch might cause a weaker person's fingers to be sliced off entirely, let alone if you were pulling back with your full strength.

However, Leonel knew that this bow wasn't complete. That was because I was still missing one thing...

But he would get it very soon.

Leonel hadn't used his bow a single time since he exited. In fact, he hadn't used his bow in years now. It should have felt foreign to the touch, especially since it was a new weapon that he had never used before. And yet, instead...

He felt right at home.

He didn't say any words after he finished speaking the first time. The word "Regret" just continued to echo in the air until he pulled back his bowstring and trained it on the Regulator.

The heart of the Regulator skipped a beat as he experienced something he never thought he would.

What was that feeling?

Why did it feel so uncomfortable?

Not liking what it was experiencing, the Regulator attacked first. Chains lashed out at the air with a momentum even more furious than his earlier palm, slashing out at the air again, and then again, and then again.

Soon, the skies were filled with snaking lines of black chains that clattered and whipped with the air of Whip Force, and yet something far more constraining at the same time.

It was deeper than Anarchic Force, but it was very clearly related at the same time. It was an evolved Force, one likely unique to this Regulator... or maybe it was just that Leonel's senses were good enough now that he could feel the minor differences that he had never been able to before.

Leonel's fingers began to pluck at his bowstring as though he was playing a zither, his arm blurred and arcs of arrows that manifested from thin air bent and twisted.

The skies were split in two by a silvery light and endless blackness, the cascading destruction akin to the end of the world.

...

At that moment, down below, Aina held Leah's little hand in one of her own and Leo's in the other. She watched the scene above calmly, comforting her children.

But it seemed that she didn't need to comfort them very much at all. Despite how they teased their father, they were looking up into the skies with their large, blinking eyes filled with awe.

It was like the two couldn't believe that it was their dad in the skies like that. Aina couldn't help but smile a warm smile. She had wanted nothing more than this for a long time, and yet it was still beyond her expectations just how much contentment and joy she would feel from it. It was almost to the point that she wanted to blame Leonel for taking so long to put a baby in her.

Of course she had to have two, who knew when the next time she would be able to trick Leonel would be?

Aina looked down from the skies, feeling several gazes land on her. But her smile didn't fade. Instead, her eyes shifted, landing on the Battle Ax monument.

She couldn't really see anyone of note there.

Well, maybe that was because she never paid much attention to such things in the first place. Though, it also didn't help that Leonel had killed too many of the geniuses around here already, not leaving much room for anything else.

"Get out of my way"

"This is my battle, not yours."

At that moment, the voices of two women echoed and Aina only now seemed to realize that Anya and Minerva had appeared before the Spear monument. Without the restrictions in the way, movement was far more fluid now than ever before. It was

only natural that they come to settle scores.

However, the two of them couldn't seem to decide which of them should be allowed to attack Aina first, and this led to the current situation.

Sparks flew.

"I don't think they're interested, Milan." James called out.

"They're missing out. Don't I look like a great cuddle buddy?"

"That's one way to look at your fat gut."

"What's that chiseled jaw ever gotten you outside of STDs?"

"Fuck you."

BOOM!

The banter of the two men was drowned out by a sudden cacophonous boom.

Aina's two children hid behind her skirt as a battle ax with a polearm of over two meters long crashed into the ground.

She held the ax lightly with one hand as her hair danced in the air.

"Do you think mom is scary too?" Leo whispered to his little sister, thinking their mom couldn't hear him.

Leah blinked her large eyes and grabbed onto her brother's arm.

"No. Mommy is very cool." She said, her eyes brightening up. Suddenly, she wanted to leave the bow behind for a battle ax.

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Leo shuddered as he looked up to find his mom smiling down at him. He coughed, hurriedly hiding behind his little sister.

Aina ruffled her son's hair with a light laugh, looking forward to the two women before her.

"I'm not sure why the two of you want to fight me so eagerly, but I don't mind obliging.

My children are waiting for me, so we'll keep this short.

"Come together."

## **Chapter 3240: Unforgivable**

Aina didn't give them the chance to refute. She took a step forward and the arc of her blade flashed.

Anya and Minerva were both forced to raise their defenses as quickly as possible, Anya with a scythe and Minerva with her sword.

DING! DING! DANG!

The two were forced to take a step back and they were, rightfully, stunned.

Aina had no business being so powerful, not after spending so much of her time rearing children and being bedridden with a body too heavy and fragile to get any sort of real training done with.

But what they didn't know was that this was precisely the reason why she was so powerful now. In fact, it could be said that Aina had gained more giving birth to Leo and Leah than she ever would have gained from the Idol Battlefield.

Right now, she was already prepared to complete the last three of her Rebirths, officially entering the final tiers of the Ninth Dimension. All she was lacking was the resources... something she was sure her husband would get for her very soon. As for why she was so powerful now, it was because she had birthed two little Spirituals from her womb. Well, that wasn't the exact reason... it was because she had birthed two little Spirituals who also happened to have bodies jam-packed with Weapon Force Innate Nodes and their father's King Force.

It had to be remembered that Aina had personally constructed their children's bodies herself.

Usually, this would be done by the Spiritual after their birth. It was both a training opportunity, and it gave the mother higher odds of survival.

Spirituals were so supremely talented that if they were birthed the normal way, the mortality rates of mothers would be through the roof, So evolutionarily speaking, it was far more beneficial for the bodies to be formed after the fact.

But not only had Aina taken the risk to do it, it benefited her greatly.

Essentially, while her babies were in her body, their souls and their bodies were just extensions of Aina's own. This meant that Aina's Soul and Body Clairvoyance abilities applied to her children as well.

On the one hand, this allowed her to construct their bodies with absolute perfection.

And on the other, it also allowed her to grasp weapon Forces that she never had before, incorporating them into her own understanding.

In the past, Aina had used weapons to strengthen her own Weapon Force. She had tried the sword, the spear, even unconventional weapons like ribbons and the like. Every time she did so, she would return to her ax just the slightest bit stronger. But this... was on another level entirely.

She didn't just dabble in the weapons a small bit. She had helped her children to construct entire Innate Nodes.

That meant that as many Weapon Force Innate Nodes as her children had, Aina had the Sovereignties to match them all.

A perfect understanding of them.

Her daughter had the Battle Ax Force Innate Node in her body. Even if it was just that alone, having the comprehension to craft it from scratch would give Aina a shocking amount of power.

But in the end...

Aina had taken the same route her husband had.

With so many Innate Nodes at her fingertips, why would she only incorporate a single one into her understanding?

Aina's aura bloomed and her Manifestation appeared to her back.

It was a woman, with blood red hair that cascaded like rivers of life and equally as bloody red eyes. She wore an armor that looked worn and torn by the tides of time and in her hand, she held out a weapon that was constantly changing shapes and forms until the weapons vanished entirely, leaving nothing more than a finger pointing down on the world.

BOOM!

Aina's ax flickered and a slash cut across the skies.

The two women desperately blocked once again, only to find themselves getting blown back even faster.

"Damn." James mumbled, looking over toward Milan who was staring back at him already. "You think we can comfort them after this loss?"

"I don't think sis is gonna let them live."

"Ai..." James sighed. "... Why'd they try to be home wreckers? They brought this on themselves. You think Leo would bring them back to life?"

"You want Cap to die an early death?"

"Sometimes." James nodded after thinking about it for a while.

With every step Aina took forward, they were blown back again and again. But then,

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she suddenly stopped.

Rotating her wrist, Aina seemed to have felt that she had knocked off enough of her rust.

Her smile bloomed like a rising sun as she raised her ax once more.



With a flash, she vanished.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Her every stroke seemed to be predictable that even Minerva, who seemed to be on her backfoot, could react quite well every time.

And yet...

PUCHI!

Blood suddenly spurting out of Minerva's shoulder, an injury she didn't understand suddenly hindering her.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

PUCHI!

Another unknown gash appeared in her thigh, then across her chest.

Aina's wrist twisted and her ax swung up from below in a wide arc.

To Minerva's horror...

She realized she couldn't block.

There wasn't a single sound. The ax flowed through Minerva's body so fluidly one would have thought that she was made of nothing but air.

Unfortunately for her... she wasn't.

Minerva froze, not quite understanding even now how she had died so easily.

She tried to pick up the pieces of her body, but it was all useless as she fell from the skies in two pieces.

Aina looked at her blade, seemingly satisfied that there wasn't even a hint of blood on it. Then, she looked toward Anya who was holding onto her ax so tightly that her knuckles had turned a pure shade of white.

"I've sensed you eyeing my husband for a long while." Aina said with a blink. "He met you when we were going through a slightly rough patch, right?"

There was something particularly dark about Aina's smile right this moment.

"I don't like you very much at all. If it was just this, maybe I would give you an easy death... but you've allied yourself with the Brazingers. That...

"Is unforgivable."