

Descent 1381

Chapter 1381 worst Mistake

The father Leonel knew was always smiling, always joking, always pointing fun at something. He was a man who didn't take anything seriously, and yet he was the best father Leonel could have ever asked for. There was no one in this world that Leonel respected more, no one he loved more.

His father's happiness was his happiness. His father's sadness was his sadness. His father's fury was his fury.

"LEONEL!"

Many seemed to witness Leonel being crushed beneath a palm that dwarfed the size of his. But, in the very moment that such a thing appeared to happen, a towering pillar of crimson shot into the skies, shredding apart the hand that had come above it.

Tier 6.

Everything in the surroundings was shredded apart. A violent surge of Scarlet Star Force shot in from all sides, taking apart the Yin-Yang Domain as though it was never there to begin with. The most violent and destructive Force in all of existence made its presence known that day and in that moment, furiously tearing apart everything in its path.

The shadow panda was sent flying, a pit of magma and molten earth being left in its original location.

With slow and deliberate steps, Leonel walked out of the pit, billowing smoke and harsh heat wafting into the surroundings.

The spear in his hand was cracked to the point it seemed it might collapse at any moment. Any shred of clothing he had once had had vanished as well. However, at that moment, the halo above his head expanded, scanning down the length of his powerfully chiseled body and rising back up to reveal a glorious armor of bright sky blues and reflective silvers.

Space began to rapidly heat and then cool, the rapid changes causing the cracking glass effect of the Domain around Leonel to become more and more obvious with each passing second. However, it felt like to the man himself, none of it matter at all.

BANG!

Leonel shot forward, cascading colors of violet, crimson, bronze and gold circling around him without pause or end. When he reappeared, he was already swinging his spear down from the skies, its momentum making whatever power the shadow panda had had behind its strike seem like nothing more than child's play.

"You're the Desctruct—!"

The Shadow Sovereign spoke again for the first time in several exchanges, but it was already too late to finish its words.

Its body was in shambles. Having been in range of Leonel's Eighth Star formation, an entire side of its body had collapsed and the paw it had used to swipe down toward Leonel had been shredded to pieces, revealing the true shadow instead.

Leonel's cracked spent splintered through what remained of the outer shell like a hot knife through butter, his momentum so fierce that the ground beneath them earned a nice gash all to itself.

The shadow just barely managed to dodge out the way, losing just a bit more of his shadow panda construct in the process, but Leonel was absolutely relentless. His spear became like a raging flood dragon, every pierce causing spiraling winds to tear vicious holes through the body of the shadow panda.

After three there was nothing but a single leg, part of a torso and its head remaining. After three more, the head was shredded to pieces and there was nothing more than an oversized leg. In a final volley of three, the shadow coughed up a violent mouthful of blood, their body being sent reeling backward.

With a flicker, the shadow vanished into the Shadow World. But, the moment it appeared once more, Leonel had removed a hand from his spear, reaching it out in a clawing motion and causing the surroundings of the shadow to crack like glass, freezing it in space.

The expression of the shadow changed below its cloak, but the constriction only seemed to double down.

Leonel's Dream Force flourished, his hand still being held up. In that moment, the raging fires around him concentrated into thin lines, rapidly racing across the air as each formed the singular gear of an increasingly complex Force Art.

The Shadow Sovereign was about to learn what true destruction was. Lingering in the air, right this very moment, was a thick assortment of Scarlet Star Force no one but Leonel could even dream of controlling.

There were only two options. The first was to allow it to dissipate over time, making the region safer for everyone. The second, though, was to use it... To destroy everything.

The cry of a bird rose through the skies, the complex lines of Force Arts suddenly fusing into a rising Phoenix which rose to its tallest height in one flap and shot down in a beam of laser-like crimson light with another.

The expressions of all the shadows warped, but it was already too late to do anything. The attack was too powerful, Leonel's fury was too strong, and even if they somehow managed to cross a distance that was much too far, the result would only be their own inevitable destruction.

BOOM!

Leonel's gaze hid coldly behind the visor of his armor. The billowing wind around him and the harsh spike in temperature didn't seem to harm him in the slightest.

For the first time, the Rapax who had focused their attention elsewhere finally focused on the singular young man standing among smoking shards of ice, falling down around him like twinkling stars reflecting harsh ruby colors.

Leonel's figure flickered once more, his speed even more unconscious and untouchable than the past. When he reappeared, the ragged body of the shadow was being gripped by its throat, lifted into the air as the last of its life was slowly being squeezed out, 40% of its body having been charred to black.

The flames of the phoenix construct rose again, releasing a cry in the skies and reforming to Leonel's back.

"Three Finger Cult..."

The atmosphere shifted as soon as Leonel uttered these words, every one of the shadows sending a piercing gaze toward him.

"Put her down."

A baritone voice that made Leonel's heart and lungs tremble within his ribcage called out. However, Leonel continued speaking as though he hadn't heard a thing.

"... Your worst mistake was appearing before me today."

Leonel's hand squeezed down, an eruption of Scarlet Star Force following his actions and charring everything in its path to ash.

Chapter 1382 Crown and Halo

The corpse vanished as Leonel released his grip. His head slowly tilted upward, his irises having turned entirely crimson. It seemed as though they had gained unfathomable depths, impossible to gauge, impossible even to look straight into.

With a single flap of his wings, the ground beneath him cracked and trembled. When his figure became slightly more substantial than a blur, he had appeared amidst Aina's battle with the first shadow seamlessly, crossing through the parade of blades and sharp wings as though they weren't a danger in the slightest.

His spear descended down from the skies, the cracking of its body seeming to be slowly healing with each passing moment, erupting fiery licks of golden-red flames jetting out from its imperfections.

"No!"

The raspy voice for the first shadow called out, but there was no longer a chance. The Scarlet Star Force swirling about Leonel now was firmly within the Fifth Dimension. To these people here, he was a god and a deity, untouchable and unblemished.

BANG!

The blade severed the shadow in two, incinerating them to ash before even hitting the ground.

At that moment, a third shadow appeared before Leonel, just a step too late. Leonel was almost certain that this was the very same man with the low, baritone voice that had called out for him to stop initially. Unfortunately for him, he had been far too slow.

A surging palm aimed directly for Leonel's chest, fast and swift. The air collapsed around it, stacking and fusing. There was no room to move or dodge. The instant Leonel landed on the ground, it had arrived and a clap of the sound barrier shattering matched the timing absolutely perfectly.

BOOM!

The hand doubled in size the instant it collided with Leonel, becoming no different from the shadow panda of before. The difference was that this time, rather than being a Shadow Sovereign, this individual seemed to have a vibration type ability. The power behind this blow alone should have been enough to even tear a Tier 1 Sixth Dimensional existence to shreds in a single strike...

And it landed right on Leonel.

Vicious winds kicked up, a violent cyclone of wild gusts and gales wreaking havoc toward everything in its path.

Aina, who had now ended up to Leonel's back, braced herself for impact, her eyes widening in shock and worry. She didn't understand why Leonel was suddenly so infuriated, but that didn't mean that she wanted to see him hurt.

However, what was supposed to come... never did.

Leonel's gaze shifted down to the palm resting on his chest. This time, two flickering golden Runes danced within his crimson irises, sometimes apart, sometimes fusing. Their fluidity was something that one could get lost in for hours on end, only to realize that you were still in the middle of a battle.

Leonel's free hand reached out and clamped down on the wrist of the male shadow. The coldness of his eyes, hidden behind the visor of his Divine Armor, almost permeated through, making one feel that their souls had suddenly been thrown into the abyss of hell's coolest waters, freezing to death in what was nothing more than a single instant.

"AGH!"

A pained roar left the shadow as it pulled away. But, under the horrified gazes of everyone present, the arm that Leonel still held on to crumbled to ash. If the shadow hadn't forcefully ripped itself away, maybe its entire body would have suffered the same fate.

It was then that the flickering and dancing Golden Runes in Leonel's irises increased from two each to three, making the intensity of the flames around him increase once again.

"Die."

Leonel swung his spear from its downward sloped position, leaving a gorgeous arc of crimson and gold that sliced the shadow in two. There was no suspense, only a final roar of struggle before he suddenly found himself eviscerated.

At that moment, the glowing phoenix finally caught up to Leonel once again, spiraling into the air and releasing a sonorous call into the skies.

Its beak opened wide, its wings spreading and its chest expanding. With a single bellow, a piercing laser of crimson left its lips, cutting across the battlefield and piercing through two more shadows.

They stood not a single chance, finding themselves burnt to ash even before they could even call out for help. The fiery pits left in the beam's wake were quickly dodged by those that remained, the heat alone became enough to char their skins and dry their throats.

The phoenix shrunk in size by a small measure, but Leonel didn't seem to care in the slightest. With another command, the majestic bird's chest expanded once more, another beam of light cutting across the battlefield and this time taking out another three shadows.

Leonel was absolutely relentless. By the time the first beam had landed, he had already crossed through half the battlefield. By the time the second landed, he had reached his destination.

His King's Might pressured their minds. His Scarlet Star Force pressured their bodies. And his relentless want for violence and blood shook their hearts.

It was an absolute slaughter. Leonel didn't seem to see any Rapax or humans. Every time he laid eyes on a shadow it didn't matter who they were fighting, how many were fighting them, if they were winning their battles or if they were losing.

It was simply one savage execution after the next, and none of it seemed to be enough.

Even crossing Amery's face, he didn't spare the latter a single glance.

Piercing his spear into the ground, he caused a volcanic eruption to splinter even the moistening earth. The shadow who was arguably the most powerful of them all, fighting amidst Amery and the Rapax suddenly found that it had nothing steady to stand upon.

Leonel didn't even bother to retract his spear from the ground, his hands coming together like a twin pair of claws, clamping down toward either side of the shadow's head.

It roared in protest, but the space around its skull suddenly cracked like ice-blue glass, freezing it in place to the point it couldn't move in the slightest.

Leonel drove his knee upward, an enraged roar leaving his throat as he slammed his kneecap into the shadow's head.

And explosion of ice, space and fire spiraled out in all directions as a headless corpse fell to the ground.

Leonel stood in the middle of the battlefield, no one within a ten meter radius of him except for a litter of corpses.

The Crown of a King graced his forehead. The Halo of a God graced his presence.

Chapter 1383 Good Luck

In the skies above the Rapax Nest, far above where their protections lay, a raging battle was ongoing. On one side there were the elites amongst the Rapax, and on the other there were the shadows of the Three Finger Cult.

If anyone saw this level of battle, they would realize that it was this that would decide the fates of all those below and not whatever petty squabbles the youths had gotten into. If Leonel saw it, he would

come to understand that this was what was truly going on and why it seemed the Rapax had such lackluster preparation.

However, upon realizing this, he would also gain himself another question. Where did Amery fit in all of this? The only explanation, then, was that Amery had a method of leaving this place outside of conventional means.

On another hand, though, this also meant that the youths who had chosen to run away instead were suddenly in a precarious position. Leaving was impossible for them. There was danger on the inside, and there was most definitely danger on the outside.

A group of youths who had had every intention of rushing away and finding a path back to Human Domain territory within the Void Battlefield were stuck. They had made it to the outskirts of the Nest, only to find that there was nowhere to go.

A few brave souls had tried to cross the barrier, as there didn't seem to be anything stopping them, but the result was devastating. The Rapax and the shadows didn't even pay attention to these youths, and they were even thousands of kilometers up into the sky, and yet the reverberations of their battle alone was enough to blast everyone who tried to escape into minced meat.

The youth found themselves at a loss, not knowing what to do. Running was suicide. Staying was also suicide. What kind of Selection was this supposed to be?!

Among these youths were, surprisingly, Myghell and Noah. They observed the situation with placid expressions, feeling neither fear nor apprehension. However, even if they had no outward showing of emotion, they still weren't taking this matter lightly. The both of them wanted to find a path to survival, and they also both seemed to realize that just staying here wouldn't do them any good either.

Everyone was working under the assumption that the Void Palace wouldn't give them an impossible Selection to complete, so there had to be a way... Being completely ignorant to the true innerworkings of this matter. It would be difficult for any of them to survive this at all if things continued like this.

But, maybe the God of Fortune had truly smiled down upon this generation. Not only had this God given this generation more talent than maybe every other before it, but it just so happened to hand them a savior this time as well.

...

"Aiya..."

Velasco scratched his head, feeling annoyed. He really was this close to being in the embrace of his wife. He already knew that Alienor wouldn't allow him any intimacy with a clone, that was nothing more than a pipe dream. But, he could have at least gotten himself some cuddles and softness.

Unfortunately, these damned kids were so annoying. In truth, he didn't give a single care if all of these children died. The unfortunate part of it all was that his little nephew was part of them. He quite liked his little nephew and couldn't just leave him like this.

If Leonel could hear his father's thoughts, he would be speechless. Where was this care and affection for his own son? Why did it sound like he cared about Noah far more than he did Leonel? By all rights,

Leonel was technically in an even more dangerous situation because he wasn't even close to leaving. Leonel would definitely have to give his old man a piece of his mind.

"It really is you."

Velasco continued to scratch his head for a moment before switching over to picking at his ears. It was as though he hadn't heard the voice that had so suddenly appeared to his back at all. And yet, this individual didn't do a single thing either.

If one knew who this person was, they would have been shocked to an absolute extreme. This sort of apprehension wasn't the sort of trait one would ever expect them to exhibit.

There were many ranks amongst the Three Finger Cult. However, one of the highest was the title of Scholar. No one knew exactly how large or widespread the Three Finger Cult was, but what a select few did know was that there were only five confirmed Scholars.

Every time they appeared, it would without a doubt be during a very important mission. And, without a doubt, this mission would succeed.

"Ah, I understand. This is just an Avatar of yours, it's no wonder you haven't done anything, there shouldn't be much of anything you can do."

The Scholar seemed to visibly relax when he came to this conclusion before his gaze swept over the location Velasco had been observing.

"If you would like, I won't stop you from taking away those children. Consider it a favor. Their lives and deaths aren't worth much to me anyway."

Velasco finally seemed satisfied with how clean his ear was, pulling out his pinky and blowing on it.

"A Shadow Sovereign shouldn't be enough for the Three Finger Cult to make this move."

"Oh? You're interested in our goals? You're correct, we do indeed have quite the large assortment of Shadow Sovereigns. 1614 from my recollection. 1615 truly isn't enough for me to make a move.

"When it comes to Blood Sovereigns, though..."

The Scholar didn't say anything more, chuckling lightly.

"Interesting."

Velasco yawned. He took a step forward and vanished, appearing before the barrier of youths. When Noah saw him, his brows couldn't help but shoot up.

"Come on kiddos, I'm here to escort you away. Girls, please keep your panties to yourselves, I'm a married man. As for you lads, I don't swing that way, sorry to disappoint."

Velasco waved a hand and the barrier retracted. He turned, beginning to bring everyone along with him.

In the skies, the Scholar sneered. His face, obscured by shadows, twisted, jagged teeth dripping with blood and flesh barely being hidden beneath the dense black.

His palm suddenly waved, his cock almost standing at attention when he thought of the feeling of euphoria he would experience not only killing so many people, but especially Velasco himself, even if it was nothing more than an Avatar.

However, before he could swing down, he suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder, his entire body freezing over as though it had been dunked into a vat of ice water.

At some unknown time, Velasco had appeared in front of him, just barely off the side. He placed a palm on his shoulder, leaning forward until his mouth was barely a half foot away from the Scholar's ear.

"Just as stupid as always. You Three Finger Cult members are all the same. I didn't make a move before only because I can't be bothered to deal with small fry, but it seems that you didn't take the new lease on life I gave you seriously."

In that instant, the shoulder Velasco touched crumbled along with an entire half of the Scholar's body. In the blink of an eye, there was nothing just but half a hip, torso and head. The Scholar stood shivering in the skies, Velasco's breath still feeling searing hot on its ear.

"If you manage to survive this, you should learn to count again, by the way. You only have 1613 now.

"I would also warn you, my son's temper seems worse than mine and my father's. Even if you sent that Variant Invalid, things probably won't work out so well for you, especially if he finds out you're targeting his little girlfriend."

"Good luck, though."

Velasco turned and vanished once more, the kids below being nonethewiser.

"Aiya, maybe I raised that brat wrong. He was supposed to be the calm and cool headed one. Ah, forget it, if worse comes to worst, I'll just have to have my beautiful Alienor pop out another one for me."

As for Leonel's safety, Velasco truly didn't care. As far as he was concerned, any son of his wouldn't have any trouble with even ten times the odds stacked against them.

Chapter 1384 SKREEEE!

Leonel took deep breaths, but he didn't seem to be very tired. It was as though the billowing steam coming off of him painted the illusion that he was heaving much harder than he actually was.

Fear and apprehension colored the faces of those in the surroundings, they were suddenly almost too obviously aware that there was no one here capable of withstanding those flames. The prowess of Scarlet Star Force was obvious for all to see, blatantly within their faces. Even the likes of Conon, who had been certain that it would all be meaningless the moment he stepped onto the God Path, couldn't help but hold his breath slightly.

In one moment, there had been a raging battle going on, and yet in the next, it had all been ended by a singular young man who entered a fit of rage. It was difficult even to fuse the images of the smiling young man from before with the one before them now.

Despite the arrogant words he had spoken previously, the joking tone within them and the smile on his face made it difficult to hate Leonel. However, right now, with his face hidden behind a visor and his body wreathed in flames and shards of sparkling ice... it felt difficult to humanize him.

He was a monster, an insurmountable mountain. He was exactly as powerful as he needed to be in a given situation, and if you thought him to be weak well... Maybe you should look in the mirror and see if you were worthy of him putting in any effort.

At that moment, the ceiling cracked and splintered, a shimmering Amethyst Token falling from above. Leonel only reached out a palm and it seemed to fall into it as though he had commanded it to do so.

He turned back and grabbed his spear, ripping it out from the ground and ignoring the spurt of molten rock that threatened to cover him from head to toe. His body seemed to still be fuming, almost like it was enraged that there weren't any other enemies left to battle.

Just thinking this was absolutely ridiculous, especially since there were still a large contingent of Rapax still remaining.

As though to confirm exactly this, when Leonel turned back, he found an enormous Runed Rapax looming over him. Its silvery armor was etched in Gold Runes and even with its poor, curved posture, it towered over Leonel by at least two meters.

Leonel looked up, his body uncaring and unmoved as he stared into what he thought would have to be the Rapax's eyes.

The low, almost growl-like breathing of the Rapax echoed through the cavern, the surging tides of water only barely managing to remain relevant in low hums beneath its baritone.

The chest of the Gold Runed Rapax rumbled, its plated carapace expanding and contracting along with its breath.

Its mouth opened up to reveal two rows of long, transparent teeth, each with its own floating Golden Runes within. These Runes happened to match the exact kind that could be found on the claws of its feet, the precise sign of a Seventh Dimensional Rapax.

Its long tongue dripped with saliva, sliding out of its mouth. Leonel could see the individual imperfections and roughness along it, almost making the blackish-red tongue look a lot more like a piece of sand paper than flesh.

Hints of saliva dripped downward and toward Leonel. But, before they could even reach within a meter of him, it was all incinerated to ash.

If Leonel cared to ask Wise Star Order about this right this moment, he would understand that this was a Rapax's method of showing excitement and eagerness. There was a reason that this was the very first time Leonel was seeing any one of their mouths.

The Rapax were warriors, bred for this purpose since their youth. From the moment they were sentient of anything, they had already begun to fight for their lives, and even after reaching adulthood, they continued to do so. Whether male, female, young or old. A Rapax would die on the battlefield and they lived for that sort of thrill.

Leonel was too enraged to see it at first, thinking this to just be another challenge, another head he had to slice off. However, the longer it went on, the more Leonel's gaze seemed to waver.

He could feel it. The thoughts of this Rapax. No... It's last thoughts.

Leonel hadn't considered something very important. These Rapax were so weak now despite having been Seventh Dimensional in their primes because they had poured all of their Life Force into this egg... But what now? Would they just recover given enough time?

Leonel now understood he had been too naïve. When Wise Star Order said that the Rapax went even further when such a talent was born, even using living Rapax, he never said they would get to live. These Rapax Leonel was seeing now were already on their last legs, just a few hours away from breathing their last.

He could feel the wall of emotions coming from this Rapax now.

Excitement, eagerness... Regret. Regret that it didn't get to watch Leonel grow. Regret that it couldn't wait to fight Leonel when he had reached his full potential. Regret that this would be the last chance he would get to face such a warrior.

Leonel's expression flickered, his cold gaze softening and his heart skipping a beat. He looked past the Rapax, his eyes landing on the egg.

The emotions were different but... But they still felt so real... not quite human, but who said that only the human experience mattered?

He had been so caught up in the Rapax being the 'others'... He had even taken Wise Star Order's word at face value, believing this egg to be not much different from a Beast Crystal you could absorb. But...

'That's not an egg... That's a baby... A baby that's carrying the hopes and aspirations of its parents and seniors on its shoulders...'

Leonel's shoulders relaxed, his gaze locking onto the Rapax again.

"You want to fight?"

"SKREEEE!"

"Let's fight, then. I'll give you the send off you want—!"

BOOM!

The ceiling above suddenly came crashing down. Before Leonel could react, a figure fell from the skies, landing on the Gold Runed Rapax before him and squashing it to meat paste.

Leonel stood, frozen.

Chapter 1385 My Queen!

The figure was enormous, just as big as the previously standing Gold Runed Rapax had been, and yet somehow far heavier.

Standing at four meters tall and with a body covered in hair and beast skin, he looked like a goliath straight from biblical tales. His waist was as wide as a barrel, his arms as thick as legs and his legs as thick as pythons.

He was covered in hair from head to toe, down to his legs and arms, and most definitely his chest and torso. His hair was a wild mane of white and his beard followed suit. But, what was the most shocking was the fact his eyes were nothing but orbs of white...

Immediately, everyone understood.

Variant Invalid.

The Variant Invalid took a breath and it suddenly felt as though all the air in the surroundings had surged toward it. Some of the weaker youths were forced to grab a hold of something before they were inadvertently sent flying toward what was clearly an enemy.

The Variant Invalid exhaled and patted its torso. However, the sound was a lot more like metal crashing against metal than flesh meeting flesh.

"This air smells like shit. How do you Rapax live here, have a little sense of pride. Ah, fuck it."

The Variant Invalid took another large sniff and its head finally locked in a particular direction before a wide, white smile plastered itself across its face. At that moment, the Variant Invalids white hair and beard looked almost ethereal. If one wanted to depict a perfect representation of Zeus, maybe there would be no one better than it.

"Excellent. EXCELLENT. EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT!!"

The booming voice of the Variant Invalid caused the cavern to rumble.

"My Queen! My Blood Sovereign! I have finally found you!"

The uproarious laughter of the Variant Invalid rocked the cavern, its gaze of wild lust locked onto Aina and refusing to move to another place.

In that moment, Aina seemed to be plunged back into a well of memories she wanted nothing more than to forget. That familiar feeling of weakness and helplessness, when her life hung in the balance and yet she could do nothing to take control of it... It all came back.

However, this Aina was no longer the Aina of back then. That crippling feeling of fear and apprehension suddenly became nothing more than an unfettered rage.

Almost the instant the Variant Invalid had laid eyes on her, her hair began to billow in the winds, her canines growing another length as even the dark, black tattoos that covered her body gained themselves a tinge of crimson.

Her battle ax trembled, a crimson light wafting from it. She and it wanted nothing more than to hack this bastard before them to shreds.

At that moment, hearing the words the Variant Invalid spoke, Leonel's gaze slowly looked up from the Gold Runed Rapax. All that had been left of it was its head, its tongue still hanging out as though to freeze its feelings of excitement in its final moments, only for it to be robbed away.

"You may call me the Steel Beast Master! Come, tell me, my Queen. What is your name?! Our offspring will be legendary!"

BOOM!

The laughing of the Variant Invalid suddenly came to a grinding halt, its body shooting out like a speeding bullet. One would have thought that it weighed no more than a feather would instead of being heavy enough to crush a Rapax to death given its outgoing speed. And yet, reality was right before them all now.

Leonel hadn't moved a single inch, but his Scarlet Star Phoenix most definitely had, sending another barreling beam of Scarlet Star Force right into the chest of the so-called Steel Beast Master.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The Steel Beast Master crashed into the walls, surging out into the tide of green liquids once again.

Leonel stared into the distance, his gaze lowering down to the Rapax once more. The green waters around it lapped at its body, beginning to dissolve it already. Soon, the Rapax would become much like its Ancestors before it, completing the cycle and becoming the nurturing liquid of future generations.

Leonel watched this scene silently, not saying a word and not moving in the slightest.

The human experience wasn't all he wanted to capture. He had Oryx beneath his wings now and how easy would it have been for him to dehumanize them? There were countless lived experiences in a place as large as the universe, who was he to decide which ones mattered more than the other.

'I'll make sure no one touches your junior.'

BANG!

In that moment, another hole in the wall shattered and a familiar enormous figure landed heavily on the ground. Its chest was charred and the white hairs in the area were entirely singed. In some areas, wounds as deep as bone lay. But, just as quickly as they had appeared, layers of skin and cracked bone fell to be replaced by a healthier, stouter flesh.

Leonel's head raised again. In the blink of an eye, the Steel Beast Master had closed the distance, standing over the dissolved corpse of the Gold Runed Rapax and towering over Leonel.

"You have—!"

BANG!

The Variant Invalid was sent flying once more. However, this time, before it could crash through the walls, Leonel's figure had flickered and vanished, appearing above its head.

SHIING! SHIING! SHIING! SHIING! SHIING!

Leonel reinforced his Spear Force, controlling his phoenix to flood into his spear and fuse it until it glowed a fierce red gold color that radiated enough heat to burn a person to ash.

He swung down, his momentum not falling even the slightest bit.

The expression of the Steel Beast Master warped. One of its behemoth sized legs kicked at the air, causing a strong wind pressure to knock it to the side. However, it was still too slow.

PCHU!

All the defenses in the world couldn't save its arm.

The limb flew and spiral through the air, a spurt of blood following its trajectory as the Steel Beast Master crashed heavily to the ground.

Leonel landed as light as a feather, his soft steps ringing out as his Crown and Halo continued to glow.

Chapter 1386 Let It

Many couldn't believe what they were seeing.

A Variant Invalid was considered to be the pinnacle of their Dimension, especially when one was at the Quasi Sixth Dimension like this one. Scarlet Star Force should have only been enough to place them on even ground, not enough for Leonel to overwhelm one to this extent.

However, he made it look like it was easy, as though there wasn't anything special at all about what he was doing.

Leonel's mind was simply too focused, too cool, too calculated. Nothing escaped his vision, even the slightest twitch was accounted by him and countered in the most efficient way possible.

At the same time, Leonel's Spear Domain Lineage Factor seemed to fuse with his Dream Control Ability Index. Now that his mind had entered the Sixth Dimension, the fuel given to his spear was on a completely different level. Every instinct, every possibility, every potential counter was refined to the absolute extreme.

Leonel knew quite well that he was running out of Fifth Dimensional Scarlet Star Force. Once it was gone, it was gone. He didn't know how the creator of had done it, but it didn't matter right now. All he knew was that this Variant Invalid would fall beneath his blade.

The Steel Beast Master slammed a palm to the ground, shooting up. Its expression was like that of a roaring lion, furious and warped, the lines of his flexing features making him look more alien than anything human.

It looked at its stump, the wound having already been cauterized by the residual heat of Leonel's swing. The constant burning made it impossible for its healing factor to kick in, leaving it effectively armless until it could break free from this situation.

But, was that ever something that Leonel would allow?

Even if he wasn't absolutely furious about the last moments of the Gold Ruled Rapax, where did this bastard get off thinking that he could do as he pleased with his woman? Shouting and bloviating about

their future children and who and who wasn't now 'his Queen', not bothering to even look down to notice that there was a furious man right beneath him.

Leonel's spear swung out again, taking with it another arm.

The Variant Invalid's expression was filled with shock. It had most definitely dodged, how had it still ended up losing yet another arm? And if Leonel could so precisely see through its movements, why hadn't it just taken its head yet?

It was then that it suddenly sunk in for the Steel Beast Master.

A low chuckle left its mouth, shining through its sharp teeth. It had spent its whole life as the predator, from the time it was an Invalid, swallowing its own kin, to the point it evolved beyond that and became a Variant Invalid, before eventually being recruited by the Three Finger Cult.

In truth, it was only chosen for this mission because it was the only one that could pass through the Rapax's barrier. Once it brought Aina back, it wouldn't even be in line to use her, let alone claiming her as Queen. This was meant to be its chance.

Another swipe of a spear took out the Variant Invalid's legs and forced it to its knees.

Leonel stepped forward, but he suddenly found that a fuming beauty had appeared to his side.

"Let it heal." Aina said slowly.

Leonel cast a gaze to the side for a moment and retracted his spear and even his armor. He took a step to the side and found a stone to sit on, removing a beast cloth from the Segmented Cube to cover a small bit of his decency.

A dull bang sounded as Aina lowered her ax hilt to the ground, her hair fluttering wildly. Despite being forced to its knees, the Steel Beast Master was still more than a head taller than Aina. And yet, her aura seemed to stifle it entirely.

For a moment, the Steel Beast Master was stunned that this was happening, but a low rumbling chuckle eventually left it.

In that moment, its arms stumps imploded as a jet of blood flying outward. But, with it, it took much of Leonel's Scarlet Star Force.

Before the eyes of everyone, its arms regrew and its legs healed. When it rose up, its furious mane was back and the furious glint in its eyes was undeniable.

Aina swung her ax the moment it stood to its full height. However, the Steel Beast Master didn't even move, its torso flexing and its gaze looking down toward Aina without a hint of lost confidence.

CLANG! BOOM!

The ground beneath their feet shattered like cobwebs, but the Variant Invalid didn't move a single inch, its flexed torso meeting Aina's battle ax as though its blade was a blunt butter knife.

"The worst mistake you could have made was not killing me when you had the chance. I'll be sure to savor each and every one of your deaths, except for you, of course. You'll be the witness to it all."

Aina didn't say a single word, at least not immediately. Her hair fluttered, her feet pressed into the splintered ground, her arms flexed and her thighs bulged.

"Die."

The Steel Beast Master's expression changed. A sudden overwhelming pressure pressed forward, knocking it off its feet. In the next instant, it found itself speed away once again, its body leaving harsh licks of flame in its wake as the atmosphere whined and groaned.

BANG!

The ground beneath Aina's feet sunk by another measure as the Steel Beast Master skid along the ground. It quickly flipped to its feet, his expression filled with shock as it looked down.

There was a shallow wound across its torso, barely deeper than a paper cut and only about a foot in length. Compared to the rest of its body, it was impossibly small. However, it was just enough to drip with blood...

At that moment, a strong suction force pulled at it. Though it quickly cut off the feeling, by the time it looked up, a globule of blood as large as its head had already appeared above Aina's palm.

The blood thrummed with vitality, shimmering with blinding lights.

Aina's palm drew an arc across the air, causing the globule of blood to spread into the form of a blade... An ax blade.

Her battle ax stretched outward, allowing the blood to coat it.

The effects of this blood would be far more powerful if she ingested it, however she didn't want anything to do with this Variant Invalid. She didn't want its apology, she didn't want its remorse, and she most definitely didn't want its strength.

She only wanted its death.

Aina swung her battle ax as the Steel Beast Master's expression widened. It suddenly realized that it was frozen in place and there was absolutely nothing it could do to survive.

It had been humiliated not just once, but twice in this day alone. This was how it would die.

The Variant Invalids corpse fell into two pieces, bursting into motes of light that flew toward both Leonel and Aina's bodies. However, Aina rejected it entirely, giving it all to the former.

"I would advise that you not take another step toward that egg." Leonel said lightly, not even looking in Amery's direction.

Chapter 1387 At Once

Leonel's words seemed to light a fuse under an atmosphere that just barely seemed to be calming. Many more had survived than one would have thought, much due to Leonel's previous actions. However, in that moment, everyone seemed to remember the original reason why they had all suddenly ended up in this place.

Amery seemed to not have heard Leonel at all, his expression just the same as always. And, oddly enough, despite him continuing to walk and even close in on the egg, Leonel still hadn't looked in his direction.

The youths no longer had much of a choice. There were two Amethyst Tokens handed out this year and it felt that neither was undeserving. The tension alone seemed to prove this.

In any other situation, those who knew well of Amery's strength would have called Leonel foolish. In fact, even at this point, the bias toward him was still very much real. The difference was that it was far less vocal than it had been in the past.

Amery stepped through the maze of eggs, ignoring them all. By this point, the Rapax that remained had grown too weak to do much of anything. The sudden appearance of the shadows had taken out a lot of their remaining strength and the reinforcements they had been waiting on still hadn't appeared. It was unlikely at this point that they would ever appear now.

The strongest of them was the only one that had still had the strength to move around. However, he had found himself crushed by the Variant Invalid even before he could go out in his final blaze of glory.

Leonel watched silently as the Rapax gathered up the last of their strength, pushing themselves up from the ground and steadily walking toward Amery.

Leonel didn't do anything as Amery brandished his sword, cutting them down one after another. No matter how many Rapax fell, another would appear in their place. Even in their final moments, as they breathed their last and fell to the ground, they took special attention not to harm the eggs around them.

Leonel would almost see through their thoughts entirely. They felt that even if the worst case happened, and their future King was taken away and killed, at least what remained of the younger generation would be able to hold them up.

Amery didn't spare these eggs a glance. However, Leonel could tell that he didn't take any special care to hold himself back from harming them either. If it wasn't for the Rapax using their bodies, at least a dozen eggs would have already been sliced completely through, their lives becoming forfeit before they could even begin to live it.

Leonel suddenly sensed a shadow looming overhead, a pair of hands clasping his cheeks and jaw and lifting his head up. He hadn't even noticed, but sitting on this damned rock, his posture had been as terrible as a Rapax's, slouched and curved, his gaze transfixed to the ground. With his back to everything that was happening, it was his Internal Sight that aided him in spectating everything.

Aina felt her heart sink when she saw Leonel's expression.

His eyes were sunken and dark as though he hadn't slept in years, his face was covered in sweat that drenched her palms, and his skin felt as scolding as the surface of the sun.

He was tired.

And how couldn't he be? Rage could only take you so far. Using a Sixth Dimensional mind was taxing, wielding and restraining atmospheric Scarlet Star Force was taxing, claiming a Quasi Gold Spear was

taxing. He hadn't even managed to have a break all this time. Ever since he had stepped foot into Void Palace territory, it was a constant battle, a constant war.

The reason he hadn't moved to stop Amery yet was because he was using the distance the latter had yet to cover as a small buffer to catch his breath.

And yet, Leonel grinned.

"What? Am I that handsome? You look stunned."

Aina was stunned for a moment, not even knowing how to react. She suddenly felt that maybe Leonel and his father weren't so different after all.

"... It's fine, you know. You don't have to save everyone. If you have been a little less stubborn, they all could have taken a lot of burden away from you."

Aina wasn't wrong. Whether it was the shadows, the Rapax, and especially the Variant Invalid, if Leonel had been just a little less hot tempered, it would have been everyone's burden to deal with. Things had started off with Amery being the only 'tired' one, to suddenly him having had the time to recover while it was now Leonel who was coughing up a lung.

Leonel chuckled. It was never about them or saving people. He just wanted to chop off a few heads. He just hadn't accounted for the fact that he would actually want to save a baby Rapax now. Before, he had already decided to trade off giving up on the egg in exchange for teaching the Three Finger Cult a lesson.

Well, now that he thought about it, that decision was pretty reckless too. The Three Finger Cult wasn't going anywhere, but a Shadow Sovereign ability in his hands would be an extraordinary boon to his future. By then, it would only be a matter of time before he slaughtered them.

But sometimes... Leonel somewhat liked doing the thing that wasn't the most logical. It made him feel more human.

Feeling the warmth of Aina's small hands on his face, he smiled. A beauty being worried about his health was pretty nice, what more could a man ask for?

Leonel reached out, grabbing his spear and slowly rising until he towered over Aina.

At that moment, Amery had reached the egg, the last Rapax having fallen to his feet. He calmly took out an embroidered box as though there was no one else around him.

"I expect a reward for gallantly saving the world." Leonel said with a grin, still not looking toward the swordsman.

Aina rolled her eyes. "If we worked together, dealing with him would be easy."

"Sure. But I have a few debts to settle first."

Amery lightly closed the lid of the box, the egg having vanished.

And at that instant, both he and Leonel moved at once.

Chapter 1388 Clear Line

CLANG!

Spear and sword met, an overwhelming strength traveling up Leonel's arms and making his teeth chatter.

Leonel found an uncontrollable Force sending him back, his feet gliding along the moist ground as waters continued to flood inward. At this point, it felt that it would only be a matter of time before they were forced to use Force to glide atop the green water.

Leonel's gaze shifted to Amery's blade, his lip curling when he realized it was the very same wooden sword from the day, he hadn't even bothered to take out anything better, nor did he feel like he had to.

There was something very special about Amery's Sword Force. It was powerful and seemed to be even more useful than a blade itself. It almost felt like blasphemy to use anything other than a wooden sword because that was the only thing that could bring out its true strength.

Leonel knew that this was just an illusion. Or, rather, he deduced that it was, an instinctual sharpness of his eye and experience coming to the conclusion. He could see through and understand much more of Amery's Force now, and he knew well that it wasn't because of his Spear Force...

Leonel's aura surged, a crown appearing upon his forehead as a shimmering golden spear took up its center.

Amery seemed to respond in kind, a bright golden sword forming upon his.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

The flurry of exchanges was heated, but there was no doubt who had the upper hand.

In swiftness, Amery was faster. In power, Amery was stronger. In skill, Amery was more deft and dexterous, his sword responding to every situation with the relaxation of a leaf blowing in the wind.

The battle seemed to carry him from stance to stance, nothing seeming to be too difficult for him to respond to.

Cuts began to appear along Leonel's body, Amery's blade treating his metallic skin like thin sheets of paper. Only the most minor of shifts and dodges managed to keep Leonel away from fatal blows, but it felt as though a trap was closing the distance around him.

'I see...' Leonel's expression remained cold and indifferent, the smile he had had for Aina not seeming to be present in the slightest. '... So that's the difference between them. That's what my Spear Force is lacking... That's also what my Bow Force is lacking... It seems that there's a shortcut that fixes all of this.'

BANG!

Leonel's aura flourished. No matter how tired he was, there would always be one thing that remained unblemished and untainted, untouched by the weaknesses of the world.

His will.

A dense purple fog rose up, the shimmering halo above Leonel's head vibrating as he stretched out his spear, the glow suddenly infusing into it.

Why did Leonel feel such reverence for Amery's swords? Why did Amery dare to call himself the Sword Deity? It was because his sword embodied those very characteristics.

Wise Star Order had already told Leonel that at the highest levels, Force could curate a personality of its own. And, in that case, wouldn't that mean that the highest levels of comprehended Blade Forces would also have to reach such a level? To step into a Realm that would be worthy of the Life Grade?

Amery had to spend his whole life honing his blade, refining his Force, and tempering his skill in order to birth a Sword Force that had its own dignity and pride, one that not only embodied strength, but also a loftiness that few could match.

However, Leonel didn't have as many years as Amery did... Nor did he need to.

Leonel's King's Might flooded his Spear Force, causing its bright golden hue to suddenly gain a violet tint. The royal violet gold color it now wafted seemed to elevate it to an all new level.

BANG!

The crown upon Leonel's forehead grew a size. The singular golden spear tripled, forming two smaller units to its side, the now semi-circular crown glowing with a tinge of purple now as well.

"I would advise that you stop hold back." Leonel said coldly, his spear swinging again.

CLANG!

For the first time, Leonel's spear met Amery's blade and neither took a single step back. The viciousness of their clash was somehow completely understated, not even the slightest wind splintering outward for just a moment. And then... The cascade of booming cacophonies rampaged about, their figures becoming blurs as they weaved in and out of their clashes, the cavern slowly filling up with water as it trembled.

BOOM!

Leonel landed heavily on the ground, his breath heavy.

Amery landed lightly a distance away. He rose up his sword in a fencing stance, gazing upon his wooden blade with a curious eye.

"Alright," he said lightly.

His sword swished downward. In a single motion, it seemed to have flickered and vanished. When Amery's hand rose up once more, a completely different sword had taken its place, reflecting delicate blue lights as rays shone right through it.

SHIIING!

A sword howl rose into the skies.

"I'll show you a small bit of my power... So that you stop wasting my time. I've already said that your spear is weak and you don't deserve the ring on your finger. I have someone much better for it in mind.

"I don't fight you because I respect you. I fight you because the things you have would be better served elsewhere.

"I am called the Sword Deity, Amery. Be thankful that you'll fall beneath my blade."

A rising tempest pierced through the skies.

Sword gashes suddenly appeared all around Amery without even his effort. It was as though he was pulling Sword Force from the surroundings, something that should have been completely impossible.

And then, it happened.

The sound of a shattering barrier resounded and the howl of Level 3 Sword Force roared through the battlefield.

Amery flicked his wrist just a single time, causing a wall of white-gold Sword Force to shoot forward like a raging tsunami.

Leonel hurriedly crossed his spear across his chest, but even after bracing himself, he found his feet leaving the ground, his ribcage rattling until it shattered.

However, even with the pain wracking his body, he couldn't take his eyes off of the nick that had appeared in his spear.

It started as a small scratch, but the Sword Force made it deeper and deeper. And soon...

Leonel's eyes widened, his Quasi Gold Spear splitting in two, a line of Sword Force gaining a clear path to his chest.

Chapter 1389 White Lions

PCHU!

Leonel flew out, a large mouthful of blood flying from his mouth. But soon, the fountain became so large that no one could be sure whether it came from his lip or his torso.

BANG!

Leonel crashed heavily against the ground, his mind going somewhat blank for a moment.

A Blade Force capable of slicing apart a weapon a step away from the Seventh Dimension. Even Leonel Scarlet Star Force hadn't been able to destroy his current spear, it had weathered his breakthrough into Tier 6 with only some superficial cracks, and that was in the presence of the strongest Fire Force in all of existence.

It was difficult even to wrap his head around what level of refinement a Blade Force needed to reach to be able to display such power.

But even then, Leonel's mind seemed all too blank to even begin to parse apart something so complex. Compared to Amery, Leonel had only just entered the world of Dimensions.

He hated losing. In fact, that wasn't a strong phrase. He abhorred it to the very depths of his being. Losing wasn't something he ever really experienced before, but it seemed to be happening a lot in this place.

He never really needed to put in any effort to win. And, quite frankly, the state of the Milky Way Galaxy hadn't done much of anything to change that mindset in him. Those people were weak too. There was nothing that could push him, nothing that could really excite him.

It was no wonder he had so arrogantly proclaimed that he would become King of it all. It took his father appearing once again to remind him that there was a taller mountain out there. It was just that easy to get Leonel to change his mind state.

A single word from his father and everything seemed to relax. He allowed himself to open up again, but he had also become that same relaxed kid with hardly a weight on his shoulders. No... it wasn't that the weight wasn't there, it was just that he had seemingly transferred it to his father, letting him carry it for a while so that he could relax.

But, even with that being the case... He really hated to lose.

He really, really, really hated it.

It was funny for a person like him to have such a disposition. He had coasted through much of life. He coasted through school. He coasted through football. When he entered the Dimensional Verse, he didn't do much else other than follow Aina, so he coasted again. Then he got it in his head that he would become a King, but had he really put all the effort into that he could?

He had definitely tricked himself into thinking he did. He had even abandoned the only woman he had ever really cared for because he was so convinced that he was trying his hardest and his best.

But was he?

No... Not really...

Everything was just too boring. Maybe the only excitement he got from the goal of becoming a King was all the naysayers he got because of it. Maybe that was why he had pushed Aina away to begin with, it was much more interesting when it was someone he cared about that doubted him...

But then she stopped doubting him entirely. And then she became a thorn at his side, constantly reminding him of that very same boredom, again and again...

Until his father appeared.

Like an angel swooping in from the skies, the old man centered him. His father was always the only one that could put him in his place, the only one that could make him feel inferior... The only one that could remind him that he couldn't always have things the way he wanted to have them.

Leonel knew exactly what his problem was. It wasn't a goal, it wasn't a lack of aspiration, it was a lack of discipline... a lack of maturity, a childish lashing out by a brat annoyed his dad wasn't always by his side anymore.

And suddenly, it made all the sense in the world that his dad had chosen the methods he had, to leave him in this world without backing, without support.

But... even that wasn't true. How many people could have something like the Spear Domain? How many could have the Segmented Cube?

'... <Instant Recovery>.'

A bathing of golden light felt from the skies, white-gold illusory feathers falling onto Leonel's body as he rose.

"Alright, fine. I guess I can't have everything exactly like I want them."

Leonel's palm flipped over, revealing the raging aura of a bow. The roar of twin white lions shook the cavern, an aura the likes of which none here had ever personally experienced before swallowing them whole.

Amery, who had already turned away suddenly looked back, only to find Leonel having already pulled the string of his bow tight.

Level 3 Bow Force flourished, its howls swallowing everything in its path.

"For today, I'll just defeat you with my bow. As for my spear, if you manage to survive this, that is, you can taste it another time."

Amery's expression changed wildly as Leonel's fingers released.

CLANG!

The first arrow had already appeared before him in the blink of an eye. Amery quickly flipped a palm, retrieving his crystalline blue sword and parrying it away. But, his hand ended up shooting off and into the air, his grip on his sword almost faltering entirely.

Leonel took another step forward and released another arrow.

CLANG!

Amery's expression turned a fiery shade of furious red, his other palm having flipped over to reveal a second sword, this one a crystalline red.

CLANG!

Leonel fired again and Amery was nearly lifted from his feet, his heels digging into the ground. The latter released a low roar, his Force flourishing and the whites of his eyes vanishing into an abyss of blackness.

But, as though he hadn't seen anything at all, Leonel just fired again.

CLANG!

Amery's blue sword was knocked away again.

CLANG!

Amery's red sword was knocked away once more.

CLANG!

Amery's robes were torn to pieces, revealing a hidden armor within.

CLANG!

Leonel's arrow landed in the same exact spot once more, knocking Amery off his feet and sending him crashing into an opposing wall.

A barrage of arrows seemed to fall from the skies. There was no technique, no deviations, it wasn't even a question where Leonel was aiming. The distance was simply too close, and having entered the range of a sniper, there was no getting out of it.

Arrogant.

It was even more arrogant than using a wooden sword. He could have aimed for Amery's head. He could have aimed for the joints in his armor. He could have aimed for his wrists and severed his ability to ever hold a sword at all. And yet, he did none of that.

It was as though each arrow was another punch, another furious hit, another close combat barrage.

CLANG!

Leonel's arrow landed in the same spot for the third time, causing Amery's inner armor to crack into countless pieces and fall into useless shards.

PCHU!

Another arrow soared, but instead of taking Amery's heart, it took his finger, mangling his hand into the same unrecognizable mess the latter had left Leonel's in all those months ago.

Amery fell to a knee. Even with his hand in such a state, he never released the grip on his sword, he only watched in silence as his spatial ring landed in Leonel's hand, the box that had stored the egg now no longer being in his possession.

Amery didn't say a word as he rolled his finger over his Sword Domain Heirloom. His figure flickered, vanishing into thin air.

Leonel stood tall, his bow still roaring as twin white lions raced around him.

Chapter 1390 Boredom

Leonel's gaze remained impassive, shifting down to the bow in his hand before he shook his head. He didn't really feel any sense of accomplishment. He had wanted to defeat Amery with his spear, but that had ended up with his own being cut in half. Not to mention his spear, even his body had almost suffered such a fate. If not for his spear taking much of the edge off, he would have been in two halves right now.

Of course, Leonel had progressed a lot. The first time he had fought Amery, the latter had his ability locked and he had dealt with several rounds of Vital Star Force weighing him down. At the same time, Leonel was not only not weighed down by the Star Force, it even made him several times stronger.

Even under those conditions, he had lost handily.

In this situation, though Leonel didn't quite know it, Bowman had a decided advantage in Anarchic Force laced environments. It was for that reason that Cornelius was so shocked by Leonel's Bow Force earlier. Being able to use long ranged attacks in a place where gathering atmospheric Force was almost impossible gave one a huge leg up.

In fact, it was only because the Rapax Nest was relatively lighter on Anarchic Force in the first place that Amery's Sword Force was able to travel so far. But, even then, it weakened too much before it could slice Leonel in half.

None of this even mentioned the fact that Leonel had no ability to use his Enlightened Bow Force so many times in a row without the support of this Quasi Life Grade Bow. Even if he hadn't been teaching Amery a lesson and he went directly for the kill, Leonel believed that he would have still needed at least five arrows to claim Amery's life.

Under normal conditions, Leonel could shoot two, and if he realized pushed himself into a comatose state, three. After his mind broke into the Sixth Dimension, he could barely shoot four now. Unfortunately, since his body had yet to catch up, his breakthrough into the Sixth Dimension didn't give as large a boost as it might otherwise.

Regardless, it would leave him one short of victory.

Plus, none of this even mentioned what advantages just shooting with this bow alone gave. It was subtle, but Leonel felt that it had had a suppressive effect on Amery's Sword Force, likely something related to abilities of the bow he had no right to use just yet.

All of this made Leonel incredibly unsatisfied with this victory. If he had wanted to win like this, he could have done it ages ago. This True Selection would have been a joke if he used his bow from the beginning.

Leonel suddenly felt a dull thud thump against his chest. Looking down, he found Aina standing before him, a slightly annoyed look on her face.

"Less than four years," she suddenly said.

"Huh?"

"The Metamorphosis happened less than four years ago and he's been training since he was a toddler. If he saw your face right now, he'd probably die of rage."

Leonel raised an eyebrow before he eventually shook his head and chuckled.

He never cared to compare himself to others. When he told Conon to stop placing his limitations onto himself, he had meant it. He didn't care how many more years of experience, backing and knowledge Amery had than him, he still felt like he should be able to win his own way.

"You're also lazy."

Leonel blinked, snapping out of his own thoughts to look at Aina again.

"Don't look at me like that, I'm right. You can easily lose yourself in your work, giving the illusion that you're hard working, but you only like to focus on things that are interesting to you, or things that give you the thrill of deduction, like finding out something new.

"But, how often have you stripped things down to their bare bones and just swung a wooden spear ten thousand times in the same stance for days on end?"

Leonel opened his mouth to respond, but suddenly found that he had no answer. Was he really lazy?

Now that he thought about it, the only reason he was so fascinated with Force Crafting, at least in the beginning, was because his dad had challenged him. And now, just like Aina said, he loved it because every Craft was like a new challenge, a new puzzle to solve, a new world to jump into.

She was right... he had never really gotten to the nuts and bolts of things...

Aina sighed seeing Leonel's expression.

She remembered that at first, she didn't want Leonel to follow her because she cared about him and thought that his talent might not be great enough to stay by her side, not until she got her revenge, anyway. But, almost instantly, he had flipped that thought of hers on its head. He seemed to improve all the time with hardly any effort at all.

It was hard to tell someone like that they should be better and do better, especially when it worked so well.

Leonel had an embarrassment of riches, but eventually the well spring would come to an end. Eventually, a Quasi Life Grade bow wouldn't be enough. Eventually, he wouldn't be able to travel any further in Spear Domain. Eventually, he would have to travel to places he couldn't survive in with the Segmented Cube.

And then what? Would he hope another rage fueled tantrum would push him over the edge and give him the strength he needed?

"If you want to be a King, you should learn how to deal with boredom. Or else, when that peace you want finally comes, what are you going to do with yourself?"

Aina looked at Leonel seriously when she spoke these words. It was just a few short and simple sentences, and yet it hit Leonel like a truck.

She was right, when all the excitement was gone, what would he do?