

# Dimensional Descent

## Chapter 2241: Not Enough

Leonel moved like lightning, his agility hitting a completely different level. Every time he came across a Shield Cross Star member, he slaughtered them without mercy.

Although he didn't think about it much, it was almost amusing how difficult it used to be for him to kill. But he felt like he was a boulder one had rolled up from the bottom of a steep mountain. He reached the other side now and was tumbling with such speed that it was hard to tell what would happen when he got down to the bottom.

Would he smoothly roll out and crush everything in his path? Or...

Would he smash himself into countless little pieces?

Leonel turned another corner, but this time his fist flashed, coated with a beautiful gold, black armor. Death Force erupted from in a raging steam. It didn't seem to want to form into something solid, preferring to be an amorphous fog akin to Dark Force, but Leonel's Mage Core compressed it down, forcing it into a gauntlet that smashed through.

A rush of pressure came gushing out. Screams filled the room as a dense heat and a leak of the Fusion Core spilled boiling energy into the region.

Leonel seemed entirely unaffected. Could this Fusion Core's energy be hotter than the Innate Nodes that burned in his kidneys? Hot Star Force? Was there a hotter Star Force than Scarlet Star Force?

Without even turning back, the energy was pulled under his control, forming a curtain that Cristal braced herself to storm through. Her speed picked up, her hair singed and her fury bellowing as loudly as the hissing steam.

She couldn't understand how a mere Tier 1 could blast a hole through the walls of this ship at such a critical point. How could channels carrying such hot Fusion Core energy not be heavily reinforced? But Leonel had burst through them so easily that she hadn't even been able to catch up after he slowed.

Watching her subordinates die one after another, her blood threatened to boil over. The frustration of not being able to unleash her full strength for fear that she might cause more damage felt like she had been wrapped in plastic, her nose and mouth in all. She

couldn't even run with her full force because her legs would blast through the floors, destroying whatever was below.

The other Cross Elders had told her many times that she had to learn to be more delicate, but she had never expected that it would come back to bite her like this.

She roared out in frustration as she turned a corner. As though a dragon, a line of Force shot out from her lips, aiming for Leonel's back.

'Earth Force?' Leonel sneered inwardly. 'Trying to use Earth Force as though it was Fire Force is amusing enough. Trying to use it against me, though, when you haven't stepped into the Impetus Stage despite being an Ancestor is even more amusing.'

The breath of Force split around Leonel's body, being ripped from the Cross Elder's control. Leonel turned back as he continued to glide forward, his steps just as light.

He raised his fists, the Cross Elder's Eighth Dimension backed Force pulling into gauntlets on his fist. He could feel their rage, shaking and quaking as he struggled to control them. In the end, an Ancestor's full strength was still beyond him... But this wasn't her full strength.

He inhaled a breath and his Spear Force surged before he punched out twice.

He turned around and continued to rush forward, not even looking back.

Cristal's expression changed once again, feeling a slight sense of danger. In the back of her mind, another question rose. Just how had Leonel used Spear Force with a punch? She had seen other masters use two fingers before, but that was still with the intention to treat their arm as a spear. But Leonel clearly hadn't had that intention, he had been thinking about punching all the while. Doing that should have caused his Spear Force to scatter.

'This boy is... dangerous.'

**BANG!**

Cross Elder Cristal stumbled back a strong step. The ground beneath her crumpled slightly as though it was aluminum foil. Her palms stretched out as she caught her own attack. She thought that she could deal with it easily as it was her own Force added with a mere Seventh Dimensional expert's Force. But the spike of pain was immediate.

She retrieved her palms after the Force had vanished, looking down to see a spiral of blood trickling down her hands. She was astonished.

A Seventh Dimensional brat had... injured her?

Cristal realized at that moment that this matter was far more serious than she knew. If she kept holding back, then she would have to stand here and watch as every Shield Cross Stars member onboard died. Even if some died beneath her rampage, they would just have to be sacrificed.

Leonel sensed the towering aura behind erupt moments later, but a smile spread across his face.

'It seems that she's quite smart... and cruel, at that. Unfortunately...'

Leonel's figure flickered to the side.

Dream Step.

He slid by Cristal's blow by a hair, her fist gliding just over his shoulder and by his cheek. In fact, if all he did was shift to the side, her equally as monstrously sides chest would slam into his back. But that... was exactly what he wanted.

'[Star Fusion: Combustion].'

BOOM!

An eruption of red Force flooded out of Leonel's body, his strength increasing so explosively that his bones cracked and his skin splintered.

His hands reached up, and he grabbed Cristal's elbow with two, strong hands.

The Cross Elder's eyes opened wide, but Leonel had already dropped his hips, twisting his core and powering through his legs with his greatest might. Flares of foggy crimson Force billow out from his armor as he roared.

Cristal flipped over his shoulder, arms flailing as she tried to fly to change her momentum. Unfortunately... It wasn't enough.

She flew right into the Fusion Core, blazing with energy.

BOOM!

## **Chapter 2242: Danger**

Leonel raised up his hand, his Mage Core flaring as he roared.

If he left things like this, then he and everyone else on this ship would die. Throwing someone into the Fusion Core wasn't enough to set it off, it was designed to be far more

stable than that and the entire ship was built around this design. However, a rampaging Ancestor trying to save her own life was a completely different matter entirely.

But he was prepared.

The moment he had scanned through the ship, he had already been ready to deal with this particular outcome as he had already deduced that this would be the easiest method he could use to deal with an Ancestor.

While it was true that he had improved greatly, it wasn't enough to close this sort of gap. He could now read and react to Ancestors, but if he wanted to deal a death blow to them, he could only rely on this sort of method.

His Dream Force flourished, rushing into the channels of Force Arts that maintained the Fusion Core and solidifying them. He roared as he poured 90% of his Force into the closest lines and then began modifying those on the outside, morphing their structures and forcing them into more and more powerful states.

The explosion was suddenly contained.

Heat blasted into Leonel's body, threatening to rip him to pieces. But once again, this was what he feared the least. A wide grin spread across his face, he had gained a Tier 1 Starship so cheaply. He had already improved enough to modify the Tier 2 Starship, but now this would be yet another boon. He really wanted to see who would be able to stand up to his fleet of improved Starships.

He could see Cristal's face as she continued to struggle. Her armor had already melted, pouring over her skin and melding into her bone. Her limbs had vanished as she focused all of her Force into the most important organs of her body and her head, and this woman actually continued to roar. If nothing else, she was a fighter.

'Your soul will do me nicely.'

**BOOM!**

Cristal vanished, burned to ash and the Fusion Core collapsing under her might, only to be reined in by Leonel's own.

The starship rumbled and dimmed, its power constructs fading as the channels were interrupted. It tipped over, but it continued to stay in the skies. The real problem was that without its protective force fields, its effect on gravity was immense, and instead of it falling toward the planets... it was instead the planets that began to be pulled toward it.

Leonel's gaze flickered. He had been forced to disrupt the channels so that he could stabilize the core. He knew this would happen but... one problem at a time, right?

He had to re-establish the channels and that would take time. By then, the planets below would be ripped out of their usual alignment. Although he was confident in succeeding before they came crashing into the ship, it would still be too late to save the original balance. Unless...

At that moment, a familiar grey-blue skinned little boy God appeared in his senses, raiding The Hourglass and freezing the planets in place.

Leonel's lip curled and he got to work. It took him a few hours, much more than he had thought it would. But that was the thing with destroying things, it was far faster to do so than it was to build them back up.

After he was done, he rushed out, still slaughtering all of the Shield Cross Star members that he came across. They weren't innocents, they were shoulders, and he didn't have the room nor the care to take prisoners.

He appeared before a particular door and saw Aina, or rather the Emperor within. She didn't seem to notice that he was there until he opened the gates. When she saw Leonel, her reaction wasn't as Leonel had expected at all.

Aina opened her mouth to say something, but then she hesitated, forcing herself to calm down. She didn't know what kind of state Leonel was in, but the last time she had seen him, well... it was safe to say that their usual banter wouldn't fly.

"Aina Brazinger holding her tongue? I think I need to document this momentous occasion." Leonel said, nodding to himself as though seeing something spectacular.

Aina was caught off guard and then suddenly furious. "What are you trying to say?! Am I a woman who doesn't understand propriety?!"

Leonel coughed. "Well, let's just say I only dared to say as much because you're in chains. There's really no better time, no?"

Aina glared at him, one part relieved, another part feeling that this change was far too easy, and yet another part feeling like ripping his face apart.

"You absolute idiot, do I look like the type of person who gets caught so easily?! In this body, I could have ripped that foul woman apart ten times over, I'm doing something important and you just went and ruined it!"

Leonel smiled. He had guessed this the moment he saw Aina's expression after noticing him, but he didn't feel too bad about it because what was done was done, at least in this case, anyway. Also, he could tell that her frustration didn't really come from him either.

It was likely that upon her capture, she had suffered quite a lot, but she had forced herself to hold back her usually... violent temper. That straight laced Ancestor he had

just killed would have definitely made her life a living hell. She was probably looking forward to turning things on their head, but then he had appeared.

"Then what's your original plan?" Leonel asked. "I have a helpful little boy outside, it might make things easier on us."

"... Little boy?" Aina asked.

Listening to her speak in such a rough and deep voice, when he had grown used to that sonorous, siren-like melody of a voice, was far easier than Leonel had accepted. It was as though the moment he realized this was Aina, he fell in love again. Of course... he would never tell his boys that he was looking upon a middle aged man with such fondness in his eyes... He'd have to take that one to the grave.

"Forget it, this matter is bigger than you know. I don't know why you're in your original body, but if you only have Seventh Dimensional strength, you're in danger!"

## **Chapter 2243: Shredded to Pieces**

Leonel's gaze flashed. "I just killed an Ancestor, you know, this lack of belief is hurtful."

Aina rolled her eyes. Even in that body, it seemed that she oozed feminine charm. It was funny watching a middle-aged man act like this. He would probably be mortified if he were anywhere in there. He had spent all of his life being a dignified Emperor, only for this to happen. Poor guy.

"I don't have many details, but I know that someone was waiting and expecting all of this to happen. More than half of the Silver Empire's galaxies were wiped out in an instant, and our fighting force was crushed. Even those that survived were suddenly ripped apart by the wild shift in gravity, I barely managed to hold onto the capital as it was.

"You know this, I entered the Silver Empire's Zone before and I got a technique out of it. It's the technique that allowed me to assimilate with real demon blood and create my own demonic form. For whatever reason, these people are very interested in this technique and are doing whatever they can to get their hands on it.

"I was originally in a battle with them before Shield Cross Stars came on "official business" and they vanished."

"You don't know who they are?" Leonel asked.

"I can't be certain but... but they felt a lot like the people we met in the Cataclysm Zone, but more mature and stronger. Their foundations were incredibly solid, and their Force

Manipulation, as you called it, was off the charts. Luckily, the Silver Emperor's body was incredibly powerful too."

Leonel frowned. He felt confused, like countless stories were piling together in a manner that didn't quite make sense to him, and he still didn't understand how this matter might be related to the Timeless Event. According to his understanding, the Dream Project couldn't be created by the Cataclysm Zone's families and Pavilions on their own. Instead, they relied on a favor the Plutos owed to the Fawkes, gaining the Incomplete Worlds, and then using it for their experimentation. There was likely some point in that timeline where they stabbed the Fawkes family in the back, and Earth became his grandfather's contingency plan, or maybe it was his plan all along, he wasn't certain.

The likely purpose of the Dream Project was to strengthen the Cataclysm Zone so they could deal with an upcoming threat, likely demons that were adjacent to their world. As such, it made sense that they might send people in to steal a technique capable of allowing them to assimilate with demons.

This wasn't what confused Leonel. He wanted to know how these matters were woven into one another and how they might come back to tie into the Timeless Event. He felt like he was missing just one kernel that might weave all of these things together.

"Were they wrapped in black chains and golden runes?" Leonel asked.

Aina, who was about to continue, stopped. "How'd you know?"

She hadn't been there to witness the death of Leonel's father, so she didn't know how Leonel could possibly know these things. But yes, it was true that they had looked like that.

"I've seen them before... on that day," Leonel said lightly.

Aina fell into silence. She knew what Leonel was talking about before he even explained. She wanted to comfort him, but he spoke before that.

"Continue."

"I realized immediately that there was something wrong with the appearance of Shield Cross Stars. Their appearance was too timely."

"Wouldn't they want to deal with the Silver Empire too?" Leonel asked.

According to the history of the Human Domain, the Silver Empire was always a scourge, they were just too powerful to deal with immediately so they were tolerated. Of course, this all wrapped back to the fact that they were "demons".

"I would have thought so too, but I've learned a lot, speaking and questioning attendants and such. I assumed that all of this was related to the Zone, which was why I was following it all to the end. According to my understanding, everything in the Human Domain has been peaceful for a long while, everyone accepted the Silver Empire's "demon" status as something that was just part of their power."

Leonel nodded slowly. Indeed, it had always sounded like an excuse to him. The Morales and the Suiard both had clearly demonic characters in their Lineage Factors, so why weren't they treated the same? Something didn't add up.

"It seems that no one turned on the Silver Empire until they were suddenly greatly weakened, and then they swooped in.

"If what you're saying is correct, it's even odder. Those people who were capable of battling... your father should be supremely powerful, there's no reason for them to fear the appearance of Shield Cross Stars unless there was another reason."

The pieces were slowly coming together, becoming clearer in Leonel's mind. Of course, he had been naïve. If the Four Great Families could target the Fawkes family, destroying them, even though the latter was the reason they had a chance at all to grow powerful, then who was to say that there wasn't more internal strife in the Cataclysm Zone Complete World?

Even further than just that, they had the tablets that could grant them the Northern Star Lineage Factor, and on top of that, somehow, in the past, the Fawkes family had been strong enough to have the Pluto Race owe them a favor... How else could they have been that strong if not by the most obvious answer?

It all lined up slowly. Those henchmen of the God Beast of Destruction had yet to vanish from the world, they were still making their presence known, and they were trying to sink their claws into one of the few remaining human Bubbles.

It was almost obvious. After such a war, how could there be many humans left if even the God Beasts had practically gone extinct? Any that remained would be first on the chopping block, they were probably being ripped apart by the sheer number of forces trying to take control of them.

At that moment, it happened. The veil that El'Rion had put upon the planets in order to keep them in alignment was shredded to pieces.

Leonel's gaze sharpened.

## **Chapter 2244: Horizon**



Leonel stomped, disrupting the Force Arts beneath him and releasing the shackles that had bound Aina. Her expression couldn't help but change; it definitely shouldn't have been so simple. She might not be a Crafter, but she had some understanding of the profession, and though she knew Leonel was excellent, he hadn't reached the point of being able to ignore everything, or else it wouldn't have been so difficult for him to deal with the Starship of the Omann family.

But now... it felt like he looked at this level of Craftsmanship as though it was child's play. It had only been less than a day since the last time she saw him. Her expression flickered with a hint of a complex emotion.

Leonel's greatest fear in the past was that his compassion would vanish and his truest self would be unveiled, causing him to disregard the lives of the people he had once wanted to become a King in order to protect. However, the fears of everyone else should have been very different.

If the Leonel of the past was gone, and he spent every day, seriously plotting to improve himself toward a goal, then just what would he accomplish?

She had always been a hard worker, but Leonel always seemed to keep up with her steps effortlessly. This wasn't something that she had ever told him about, but it left her feeling a bit uncomfortable, not because she was jealous, but because she felt that he might very well leave her behind one day.

It was an odd emotion for her, especially since the reason she trained so hard wasn't for the sake of keeping up with Leonel, but rather to gain revenge for her mother. The fact she had such thoughts left her feeling guilty on two fronts, one being that of Leonel and her hope that he would slow down somewhat, and the second being that of her mother who she felt should be her sole focus...

These were things that she could never bring herself to speak about with Leonel because she felt that they were just as ridiculous as the thoughts that had caused her to leave him in the first place, a decision she still regretted to this day. Also, what kind of girlfriend would she be pouring her problems onto Leonel when it was he who needed support now and not him?

In all of her swirl of emotions, triggered by a simple action of Leonel's, she shook when Leonel suddenly vanished. She saw that smirk on his face and snorted.

Leonel appeared on the outside of the Starship with great speed, however when he got there, he found the back of a broken silver armor. His lip couldn't help but twitch.

"You're slow." Aina said lightly, hiding away her grin with her broad shoulders and back.

Leonel opened his mouth to respond, but he closed it.

Aina snickered, loving every minute, but soon neither of them could focus on their banter at all because what was happening below seemed to be... nothing?

They frowned. Aina obviously didn't know who El'Rion was just yet, but she had sensed it as well. There had just been a large and sturdy barrier, but it had vanished. No, it had been unceremoniously shattered by an overwhelming strength. So who had done it, where had it gone?

Aina's first instinct was the large grey-blue man who made her heart skip a beat, radiating a danger that put her on guard. But when she saw that Leonel didn't mind him, she knew that there was something deeper going on here, and it had nothing to do with this man.

"You know him?" Aina asked.

"Ah, the little boy, yeah, he's alright, I guess."

"... Little?"

"Don't say that with so much shock, you'll make me think I'm lacking something," Leonel pouted.

Aina rolled her eyes. Was it just her or had this man become more insufferable? How he could still flirt with her when she was in this body was beyond her, but it also somewhat warmed her heart.

"I didn't think you'd be so flirty. Is there something you want to tell me?"

"Ah," Leonel placed a hand to his chest, "if this is your way of asking me if I want to introduce a third to our bedroom, I'll have to reject, thank you. I'm not a fan of sharin-"

A kick landed on Leonel's chest, sending him flying back into the flagship.

El'Rion caught this matter in his periphery, and he really wanted to be happy about it. But... it was coming.

"Can't you choose your words more carefully!" Aina put her hands on her hip, another amusing sight. "If someone else had said something like that, you would have probably put their head on a pike."

Leonel coughed between his laughter. She wasn't wrong, but that only made it funnier.

**BOOM!**

Leonel's eyes widened. His Internal Sight hadn't caught onto what was happening at all. It just suddenly appeared, a hand the size of a planet, extending out from one of the

many factories beneath. He realized that it wasn't that he had been neglectful, but rather the very same protections that the Rapax had against his senses.

He deployed his Dream Domain instantly, but to his shock, even this was useless. Even the Rapax couldn't hide from the deployment of his Dream World, but then he remembered.

His Lineage Factor had changed. How could he still deploy his Dream World at all? He no longer had the three Domains of the Starry Tailed Fox.

His perception changed and the way he used his Dream World changed once again. But he realized that even then, it was still useless.

All of this happened in an instant, even as he was rushing to his feet.

When he laid his eyes on it, his heart grew stone cold. It wasn't a hand at all, it was a shadow that seemed to cover the skies to infinity, reaching up like it had no limits and appearing before El'Rion in an instant.

The Pluto was set flying back, his still injured chest caving in even further as he flashed so far into the distance he looked like one of the many stars on the horizon...

Leonel was certain. One of the God Beast of Destruction's henchmen, the Shadow Tail had appeared.

## **Chapter 2245: Damned Woman**

Leonel's pupils constricted into pinholes.

"AINA!" He roared.

Up until this point, aside from his father, El'Rion was simply the strongest person he had ever come across. Although he had been injured by the entity and only had a fraction of his peak strength remaining, he had attacked that very same man with the full brunt of his modified starship and hadn't even managed to cut his wrist off completely, what should have supposedly been one of the weakest parts of his body.

But now, that very same El'Rion, while holding his family's strongest treasure at that, was blown away as though a leaf in the wind. The strength of this monstrous creature wasn't something that he could fathom. And the most horrible part was that even after he had attacked, the Regulator showed no intention of taking action.

Aina had already acted. In fact, she was happy that she had sent Leonel flying into the Starship as well because even though she was shaking in fear currently, she couldn't imagine what would happen to Leonel if he was struck like that.

Leonel stood in a fury, but Aina was already attacking.

"DAMNED WOMAN, HOW DA-"

Leonel caught him, surprised by what he had been about to say, but that didn't calm his rage at all. He was far too furious to think about it with much depth; his thoughts were entirely occupied with how to get out of this situation.

But that only lasted a second before the rage spilled over once again. Why didn't she listen to him?! There was clearly a huge gap between them, a gap that couldn't be closed with her style of battle, the smart thing would be to rely on his style of battle instead. No matter how much she hated it, it was clear and obvious that his more devious, long-game, calculation-intensive approach to battle was the far better approach here.

And yet, she had just stormed in as though he needed to be protected to her back.

It was cute, funny even when they were in normal settings and he allowed her to take the lead. It was lighthearted, and he didn't mind because he was confident in himself not to care. He loved her, and that was enough for him to allow her to do as she pleased in 99% of situations. But in this 1%, in these dangerous situations, in times where their lives were on the line, she had to listen to him! She had to let him stand in front of her, no matter what she perceived her strength to be!

Leonel dashed forward at his greatest possible speed. The appearance of the Shadow Tail and the destruction of the barrier of time and space had been far too volatile and violent, causing his Spatial Force to be useless. He ran forward even though he knew it was foolish, even though he knew it would change nothing. His best weapon was the ship he had just been in. Even his modified ships were at least 20% weaker than a true Tier 1 Starship, and yet he ignored it all.

But he was far too slow. Without the use of external Force, he was just a Tier 1 of the Seventh Dimension. He wasn't a member of the God Races, he wasn't even one of the many Races just a step below, he was a human, he was weak.

Aina punched out with the full strength that she could muster. All of her previous "injuries" seemed to have vanished, but they had only been that, facades she used to let the members of Shield Cross Stars think that they had been able to catch her. In reality, she had already long since surpassed the former Silver Emperor, and not just by a small margin at that.

It gave her confidence. Confidence that vanished in the face of this beast. But she had to stand before it.

She gave her everything, throwing out a strike that was the greatest of her life.

It was far too similar. A strike that gave everything to protect the person they cared so much for to their back.

Leonel's gaze turned a furious shade of red, trying to tap into a power hidden deep within him.

But then he saw a smile. It was just a pair of cherry lips, graceful and beautiful, enticing and soft, so gorgeous it could make a man forget everything in his life to worship at the feet of its owner.

He only saw it for a brief moment, and then the power that he couldn't even control, power he wasn't confident in pulling out of himself in the first place, vanished like a puff of wind. It was as though that smile was teasing him, holding a piece of meat right in front of his face. It was insulting, patronizing, the lowest form of instigation.

And it worked.

Aina's fist landed, and an overwhelming force swallowed her up. Leonel couldn't spot anything but a mist of blood. Bits and pieces of something shattered, sent flying so far into the distance, and at such a fast speed, he didn't even have the time to catch her.

Dead? Dead again? Another one? So quickly? He had just... just...

Leonel roared, his fury rising like an overwhelming tide.

"I'LL KILL YOU! I SWEAR I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL SHRED APART EVERYTHING YOU CARE FOR! I'LL GRIND YOUR PRIDE INTO THE DIRT AND MAKE YOU FACE THAT SICK SMILE!"

It didn't matter how loud he roared, how violently his blood boiled, that same overwhelming power didn't come. That smile didn't even appear again. It was as though it couldn't be bothered to stick around to listen to the tantrum of a child; she had already seen the amusing expression she had wanted to see. She was bored now and wanted to entertain herself with something else.

However, none of this stopped Leonel's furious bellow. What did was the Shadow Tail suddenly turning on him, curving through the air as though it didn't have a form and smashing toward him.

## Chapter 2246: Fear

Leonel watched the Shadow Tail come toward him, his body and his very soul seething. The veins in his eyes popped and seemed to roar all on their own, breaking and pulsing. They shattered, blood leaking from his eyes and splitting over. However, just as quickly as they appeared, they erupted into a burning flame.

Streaks of fire ran down his cheeks as he watched the Shadow Tail get closer and closer, but he didn't move, he didn't even seem to react at all.

The flames dripped down his body, blazing with greater and greater fervor.

"She called me a Destruction Sovereign," Leonel suddenly said, as though he was speaking to the Shadow Tail that approached him. In the vastness of space, their distance between one another couldn't even be described in simple kilometers and miles any longer, and yet it crossed this seemingly impossible distance with such speed that it only seemed normal that Leonel couldn't react.

"She said I shouldn't exist, that she felt the need to kill me for that. Is that what your people told her? Did you use a similar reason to target my father? Was he too great a threat to you? A variable you couldn't deal with? So much so that you had to use a coward's path to deal with him? Couldn't even face him yourself? Too scared to fall to a single spear strike?"

The Shadow Tail was moving even faster, the distance closing with such speed that it was already upon Leonel. It didn't even seem to respond as though it never understood his words. But Leonel continued speaking as though it didn't matter to him one way or another.

"Is that all you mighty races are worth? All the backbone you have? Are you that easily scared?" Leonel looked up, his gaze no longer even seemed to be a gaze, it was rather two blazing balls of red-gold flames, flickering with the brightness of a twin pair of stars. "In that case, I'll give you something to truly fear. Remember this promise, you and the rest of your kind. I, Leonel Morales, will not rest until every single last one of you is wiped from Existence."

"Do you think I need this power? Do you think it matters if I don't have a fraction of your strength?"

The blazing fires in Leonel's eyes seemed to catch the surface of the Shadow Tail, but they did absolutely nothing. They might as well have been a pair of gently blowing winds, gliding across its tough, black skin. The raging heat was worthless before its might. However, as insignificant as they were, the fires continued to flicker weakly as though in sheer defiance as Leonel spoke one last time.

"I swear that I will do these things, and I will do so as a human."

That power, he would never use it again. Not until he crushed that smile beneath his feet, not until she understood with or without it, she wasn't worthy of mocking him. No one was. Not even this Shadow Tail. Not even while he was merely in the Seventh Dimension. Not even when a Pluto could do nothing before its might.

Still within the range of the starship, having not moved nearly fast enough to get out of its way, Leonel suddenly stretched his Dream Force out, solidifying his Dream World once more, but not to observe this Shadow Tail. Instead, he activated the defensive formation once again.

**BANG!**

The Shadow Tail shot through it as though it was nothing but a thin pane of glass. It was so swift that if not for the shattered motes of Force, it would have been impossible to tell that there had been a barrier up at all. However, Leonel didn't even seem to care. In fact, Leonel wasn't standing in the same spot at all, he had already moved.

He had deployed the barrier not to stop this monster before him, but rather as a stabilizing force. He used the power of the Starship to still the raging Force in the surroundings and allow him to use his Spatial Force once again.

He appeared a long distance away, deep within the range of the starship and hovering over its body. His gaze only seemed to grow colder and colder despite the raging flames only becoming hotter and hotter. Veins of red tore across his skin and the space around him cracked and fractured, collapsing and fissuring.

**BOOM!**

The Shadow Tail tore through the Tier 1 Starship as though it was paper mache. The strongest weapon of the Human Domain was worthless before it, a piece of tin foil trash. It didn't matter what materials it was made out of, what could it do against an Envoy of Destruction?!

The ship was ripped to shreds, even the Fusion Core was absolutely useless, it flew through it as though it was nothing more than a slightly warm breeze, causing a deafening explosion that could be heard across the galaxy. It flung out so much matter that sound even traveled normally.

"LITTLE LION!"

Leonel finally heard his mother's screech. He had already sensed her appearance, but her Force couldn't reach so far, and the vacuum of space hadn't allowed her voice to travel. It was only then that he registered her voice for only a moment before it was overwhelmed by the BOOM!

However, his only thoughts were simple. He was here... So why was she worried?

Leonel stretched out his hands, the bits and pieces of the Starship, or rather the Force Arts that had once formed them together into a single existence, responded to his call even as the Shadow Tail closed the distance once more.

"You... Will be the first."

At that moment, the scattered pieces of debris, flying out in all directions, wildly and uncontrolled, froze into place under a mysterious power. They were linked, one after another in a pattern that would be oh so familiar to anyone who had completed the trial puzzle of the Dimensional Cleanse Zone.

The power of the destroyed Fusion Core flooded into the surroundings, pooling away, and much of it being pulled into Leonel's control under his Scarlet Star Force, strengthening the connection between the nodes.

The world froze and then Leonel and the Shadow Tail vanished.

Silence fell and a vast emptiness was left behind.

...

Leonel didn't know how long he watched the scene. Watching the Shadow Tail writhe in pain and horror, being slowly torn apart by the collapsing world around them didn't move him.

A God-like creature was being tortured beneath his schemes, beneath his own power, and yet he only felt that it was natural, a dense emptiness within his heart.

He reached forward, grabbing its shredded body as it slowly breathed its last. It was enormous compared to his body. It was like an ant holding up a silverback gorilla, looking down at it like a hunting trophy.

He could finally feel some emotion coming from it. It was palpable, hanging in the air like a thick curtain of heavy rain.

Rage, fury, humiliation... Fear.

"Yes." Leonel spoke lightly. "That's exactly what you should feel. It's what I'll make every single last one of you feel."

## **Chapter 2247: Stunned Speechless**



Leonel walked out from seemingly nowhere, a corpse as large as a moon, and only getting bigger, hanging from his silver, white-gold arm. The Shadow Tail's body seemed to be losing its form slowly, or what small bit of form it had once had, the longer it spent dead. Its billowing Dark Force spread out, and as it did so, its large, mangled body expanded as though there was a balloon within it.

He was so small compared to the corpse of the Shadow Tail that it was almost impossible to tell that the former was being carried at all, it seemed more like the beast was languid, beaten and battered with injuries, and it was only now slowly making its way back.

As for Leonel, his gaze was vacant and empty. They held an unfathomable depth, one worn and torn by the ages.

There was one person, though, who noticed him immediately.

Alienor, or rather Alienor in the body of a woman he didn't recognize, rushed forward with her greatest speed. However, in the devastation, and especially after being blown so far back by the destruction of the Fusion Core, just how far was that distance?

Who could stop a grieving mother, though?

It had been hours since Leonel had disappeared, and Alienor had already pried herself forward, looking through the debris of the destroyed Tier 1 Starship. When she saw the Shadow Tail suddenly appear, she rushed forward in a fury. But when she noticed its startling lack of a reaction, and then saw that it was actually being carried, her tears spilled forward in a torrent.

She rushed forward and buried Leonel's head into her chest, holding onto him maybe more tightly than she should have. She seemed to have completely forgotten that to Leonel, she should have just been a random woman he had never met before, but she couldn't be bothered to deal with this.

She didn't care how Leonel had defeated the Shadow Tail, she didn't care where he had gone, she didn't care about the Zone or what challenges they had passed or failed, she just pulled in her son as tightly as she could, and Leonel let her do as he pleased.

He stood there, silently listening to the sobs of his mother.

After a long while, he spoke, "there's never a need to worry when I'm here. I promise."

Alienor only cried harder when she heard this. These words, they were all too familiar. She had tried her best to not show Leonel her tears, to not show weakness, to be the same strong pillar that her husband had been, but the loss was weighing heavy on her, and just now she thought that she had lost even her son.

She wasn't strong enough, not nearly strong enough. Her son shouldn't have to say such words to her, her husband shouldn't have had to say such words to her, she should have been able to stand in front of the former and stand beside the latter, and yet all she could do was hold them and cry.

"I'm sorry, Little Lion, mom is sorry..."

Leonel didn't say anything. He had already said all he needed to say. He might understand how his mother felt, or how Aina had felt, but soon, there would come a day where their hearts could lay to rest and their calm could return, a day when their confidence in him was just as high as his confidence in himself... and if not? Then the day where there was no one left to threaten them would come first.

Alienor pulled back, teary faced, looking into the abyss of her son's eyes. She didn't seem surprised to see this. She had observed Leonel for far longer than he knew, at least until recently. She understood him better than most, which was exactly why she had never tried to coddle his feelings.

But it was ironic. She said that she would be a true mother, and yet she had indulged her son instead of doing the opposite. It was embarrassing, she wasn't all that far from 100 years old, relatively speaking, but she still didn't quite understand how to be a parent.

It was hard to accept. She had been talented all her life, and it could be said that she rarely came across any roadblocks, but this... She didn't quite know what to do.

"I'll be back," Leonel said lightly before Alienor could make up her mind.

He took a step and vanished into the distance. Alienor's shoulders trembled, but she bit her lip hard, so hard that blood dribbled down her chin. She didn't have a decision, but the one thing she knew was that her tears wouldn't fix anything.

...

Leonel moved into the distance, crossing large distances.

"Anastasia," Leonel said.

"Mm."

"Is the snowglobe large enough to take this thing?"

"You want to keep it?"

"I can't leave it lying around just anywhere, and I feel like I might be able to use it to strengthen my Lineage Factors with..."

His voice trailed off. He wanted to say Aina's help, but his intention switched. If Aina's skill increased enough, she could definitely succeed. If he wanted to use it to form an armor, he didn't know if even his current self, with all the improvement he had made, was enough to process this Envoy of Destruction into a Divine Armor. It was a task so complex he couldn't wrap his mind around it, and he had yet to ever use living existences in his armor, he didn't even quite know if it was possible.

"... None of the current snowglobes can contain it, but I can do something about that."

"Thanks," Leonel said lightly.

The corpse suddenly vanished from his hand, but not before a certain Pluto caught sight of it from the distance.

Ei'Rion's tongue felt both tied and frozen. That creature that had shaken him to his core was... dead? It was dead? And by the hands of this human?

No, the Timeless Event, it surely revolved around this creature, no? What did that mean for it, then? Just how...

He was stunned speechless.

## **Chapter 2248: What Good Was It?**

The Pluto Race youth was in a sorry state. It was already odd seeing someone so heavily injured not bleed even a drop of blood, but that was maybe the constant state of the Pluto race.. on the rare occasion that they were actually hurt, that is.

"You... you... what happened?"

Leonel walked by the Ei'Rion, ignoring him. He could spare a few words for his mother, but Ei'Rion wasn't such a person to him. In fact, if he could kill Ei'Rion and take The Hourglass, he would do so. Unfortunately, he would have to waste his best opportunity to get his hands on that item until he could figure out a method to take it away without it ripping his arm from his shoulder.

Ei'Rion's gaze flickered, but he didn't say anything. Leonel had already been in a bad state when he met him, but this...

Leonel continued to walk, the further he got out of the range of the original battlefield, the further he could blink ahead.

Eventually, he made it.

In the depths of space, there was no wind, no resistance, and the forces in action were so weak that once something started flying in a certain direction, getting it to stop was just hoping that it crashed into a planet. But in the vastness of this emptiness, that was like hoping a sewing line would thread itself into a needle cast into the ocean off the back of a wave. There was too much darkness, too much emptiness...

But that also meant that if something flew in a single direction, you would almost always find it continuing in that said direction... at the same speed, at the same pace...

The first thing Leonel saw was red. A blob of rouge that surged through the skies, scattered like a smear of paint. There wasn't even the semblance of a body remaining, there was nothing body blood, even the flesh was minced so fine that it looked not much different. The fact there was anything at all remaining, though, was quite surprising. Leonel had begun his journey, thinking that he wouldn't find anything at all. Maybe he would walk in this direction to the ends of the universe and never find the remains of Aina.

He felt his heart lurch as he stood there. He didn't even know why he had come, it was just as foolish as his actions had been previously. He knew that if he found anything, it would be exactly this, a spattering of blood, drawn across the endless darkness of space, a ghastly gore that even the twinkling stars in the distance couldn't seem to brighten.

There was no breath, no life, nothing. And why would there be? There wasn't even a body to hold it.

That rage that Leonel thought he had vented, watching the Shadow Tail writhe and squirm in its last moments, came back even more furious.

They should have grown old together. They should have had a school of children. He should have crowned each one of them little princes and princesses, allowing them to live a life of freedom and leisure.

He gripped his fists so hard that the small bones in his hands cracked one after another, his nails splintering, but he couldn't seem to feel it at all.

He knew it was all useless. He had allowed Aina to separate her soul, the destruction of her body shouldn't have been the end of her, but how could such a blow not shatter any semblance of an Ethereal Glabella that she had? And even if it hadn't, this Zone would have forced her soul to fuse with the body of the Silver Emperor, there was no telling if the benefits would still be the same.

Without an Ethereal Glabella, her soul would have dissipated from her body even quicker. After he had spent hours battling the Shadow Tail, it was impossible that there would still be a soul here for him to awaken.

He gripped his fists harder. The Shadow Tail was targeting everyone, it targeted him immediately after dealing with Aina. He didn't have the strength to ignore it and go after Aina immediately. He could only sit and wait for it to die, dancing on the edge of life and death until he could finally return. But he knew it was useless.

Even if he had been able to go after Aina immediately, the speed of the blow was so great, and she was moving so fast, that by the time he finally caught up, her soul would have already dissipated. The only reason she had even slowed down enough for him to catch up at all was because her body had dispersed into countless pieces and the force was distributed across them. Ironically, the reason he could see her again, even in this case, was because she was nothing more than a mist of blood.

Leonel closed his eyes, his heart threatening to beat out of his chest.

Suddenly, his eyes opened wide. His actions seemed to be a step ahead of his thoughts as he opened a palm, a golden tablet appearing within. He had taken it out of Aina's room, or rather their room. Aina had stopped staying in her own room a long time ago.

Something clicked for Leonel.

He reached forward, his Vital Star Force blazing to life and it sparked like blue lightning, jumping from his finger and toward the first blob of blood. At the same time, his hand that held the tablet pulsed.

As though a magnet, the globules of blood, connected by Vital Star Force, roared to life and surged into the tablet.

Leonel frowned. He had acted practically on instinct, as though his body wasn't his own. He knew that Vital Star Force was the Life Force of the body, but what good was it if there was no soul or Ethereal Glabella? The root of one's life was one's Soul Force and Dream Force. He had seen many examples already of people living with their bodies destroyed but their souls intact, it didn't even make sense to him that the vice versa could happen.

What did it mean to have a body without a soul? Wouldn't it just be an empty carcass?

What good would it be to regain Aina's corpse? In fact, it might not even look like Aina, it would just be... a middle-aged man's naked body...

## **Chapter 2249: A Pair of Sovereigns**

Leonel's pupils constricted. The blood came together, forming a connection with the tablet, but what shocked him the most was the form it took. It was Aina, most definitely Aina. Although it was like a liquid mass of crimson, and it was a body formed entirely of

blood without the slightest hint of flesh and bone, he would recognize that body anywhere. In fact, he recognized it even before the details of her face fully formed and strands of long, blood hairs took shape as well.

However, after being shocked for a moment, Leonel closed his eyes and sighed. It still had no soul. He had gotten a foolish rush of hope just now when even someone from Third Dimensional Earth would be able to understand what was going on.

A single cell of the body carried all the DNA information one needed about a person. That sequence would be able to decide everything. It was probably possible from those of Higher Dimensional worlds to reform a body out of a single drop of blood, and even take some guesses as to what kind of personality the person in question might have had.

Of course, this was possible in Higher Dimensional Worlds, because it was possible even on modern Earth. It quite literally meant nothing that this blood was able to take the shape of Aina's real body. In fact, if a Blood Sovereign Tablet wasn't capable of at least this much, then what worth would it have? How would it still dare to call itself such a thing?

The only real oddity is that it managed to pull out Aina's body from within the Silver Emperor's Body, a feat that Leonel had only seen the entity accomplish so easily, but even that made perfect sense.

The Human Race was one connected to the God Beasts of both Creation and Destruction. Leonel didn't believe that it was a coincidence that this golden tablet shared the same color as the Fawkes golden tablet, and most importantly, what he assumed would be the Northern Star Lineage Factors' two golden tablets.

For them to share the same form as the Northern Star Lineage Factor, it wasn't too large of a leap to assume that all of the tablets originated from the God Beasts. The humans were able to retain some of them even after the war, and for whatever reason, the other races hadn't targeted them for possession. Though... even that might not necessarily be true.

From Leonel's understanding, the Cataclysm Zone was in great danger and that was the reason for the existence of these simulation worlds in the first place. It could very well be that these tablets were precisely what their enemies were targeting.

That would also explain why they had held such a competition when Leonel had been there and why they allowed the youths to trade for them. Though Leonel hadn't exactly traded for this golden tablet, he didn't gather nearly enough points.

This was all to say that if there was a treasure that could accomplish what that entity had, then it was these very golden tablets. Even this wasn't too surprising.

Leonel's gaze softened somewhat as he looked at the bloody mist that had formed into Aina. He felt a pressure on his chest increase before he pressed it down. It was exactly while he was focused on this that Aina's figure was sucked into the tablet.

His heart skipped a beat and he pulled the tablet back hurriedly, but it was already too late. He felt a panic in his heart, he had no idea what this tablet wanted to do and his understanding of the Blood Sovereign path was far too limited. Even so, from his understanding, devouring blood was practically the baseline of how all of these abilities worked. What if that was exactly what this tablet wanted to do?

But it was too late. He couldn't do anything as it rushed in, even ripping away a large portion of his Vital Star Force and practically sucking his three Vital Stars out of his body.

His body went limp and he stumbled in the air, almost falling over entirely. Beaten and haggard, he looked toward the tablet with a listless expression, unable to even see straight and proper any longer.

And then everything fell into silence.

There was no magical revival, no sudden change, no earth shuddering, jaw dropping transformations... there was just nothing.

Leonel drifted in the emptiness, not saying anything. The despair on his face had already faded and he simply did nothing, thought nothing, not moving at all. He probably should have felt rage, and that he did, but he had already reached such a peak that it simply simmered and smoldered over the hot, ashy coals of his heart. He had reached such a depth of wrath and fury that it simply became nothing but a bright sheet of white, reflecting on his face as indifference and coldness.

He didn't know how long passed, but he simply stood, placing the golden tablet back into his and Aina's room.

He walked back slowly, not noticing the smokey blackness under the soles of his feet.

When he turned, he realized that EIRion was still there. He seemed to be trying to keep a "respectful" distance. Not that that meant much when he could quite literally see for thousands of miles away as though it was all right before his face.

Looking at the soles of Leonel's feet, and the smokey ash coming out from the sides of his eyes, EIRion paused.

"You are a Destruction Sovereign?"

Leonel didn't answer, he simply kept walking.

Destruction Sovereign? God Beast of Destruction? He wouldn't be surprised if they were related somehow and even less if El'Rion tried to kill him for it. However, he was truly not in the mood. If the Pluto Race wanted to lose a junior today, he would gladly oblige.

"She's a Blood Sovereign?"

Leonel, who had ignored El'Rion to this point, looked toward him, his eyes carrying a smoldering sharpness. El'Rion could even feel the heat on his own eyes. Had he not been a Pluto, his eyes would have already combusted.

"Then you can probably save her."

## **Chapter 2250: A While**

Leonel didn't say anything, and his expression didn't change. He simply stood there and waited.

"Blood Sovereigns are different from the rest of us. Sovereigns in general. Being a Sovereign is like catching a glimpse of the Life State before stepping foot into it truly."

The Life State was the second last State of Force Manipulation there was. It represented, apparently, the so-called Second Dimension, a Dimension in which only the Regulator could exist in. It was apparently where the spark of life and the way Little Nana's elder brother had described it, it made Leonel think of the big bang theory of Earth. An instant of time that was both instant and yet infinite, it was a beautiful picture that he wasn't in the head space to admire.

"It's that faint hint of the Life State that allows your Force to have seemingly inexplicable properties. It's why your Spear Force can recognize what is and isn't a spear, and it's also why it can swallow up lesser Spear Forces. Though, if your enemy was of the Life State, this ability would be rendered useless unless you were likewise in the Life State."

El'Rion shook his head, feeling that he was explaining too much. For some reason, beneath Leonel's gaze, he felt that he was in the presence of his father, and he wanted to over explain himself rather than under explain. But even this thought felt ridiculous. His father was an existence the like of which could force Existence itself to tremble, he couldn't fathom comparing him to Leonel. And yet here he was...

"Each Sovereign is special in their own way, and you can either be born with the ability, or you can comprehend it yourself, though the latter is far more difficult. The Blood Sovereign is special in that its Sovereign State is a physical manifestation of its body, same for similarly titled Sovereigns that don't fall into the usual Weapon Force categories."



"The reason Ninth Dimensional existences are so hard to kill is because the Life State is birthed into their bodies once they enter that Realm. The separation between "powerful" Ninth Dimensional existence and "weak" ones is whether or not they've comprehended this kernel of Life State or not. For many Ninth Dimensional existences, especially the ones you'll come across, this kernel is the only sense of the Life State that they'll gain in their entire lives. Even for those that do comprehend this kernel, many of their Forces will still be stuck at the Impetus State, however this won't stop their strength from being elevated to an extreme level.

"You might have guessed it by now with this explanation, but Blood Sovereigns gather their power from their own blood, they're adept at manipulating it and using it to swallow the blood of others. In order to do that and not lose themselves, a part of their soul is always dispersed within their blood, but that's not important. Even if it wasn't, she could still be saved."

"That's because her very blood is laced with the Life State already. She is essentially like a Ninth Dimensional expert in that she can't be killed so easily without the help of someone of a Regulator or someone that can somewhat ignore a Regulator. She's only really missing one thing."

El'Rion looked off toward where Aina's body had been as though remembering the sight of something. "... But it seems like you already have that one thing.

"She's like a Ninth Dimensional expert, but she isn't truly one. Her Force hasn't reached a high enough state to exist for long periods of time. If too much time passed, she would truly die. However, you have Vital Star Force, the Life Force of the body. So long as enough of her blood remains, and you're able to get to her in time, you can use your Vital Star Force to stimulate her revival. You also seem to have the perfect vessel for her too. The only problem is...

"Your Vital Star Force has to at least be in the Impetus State, and you're only half a step in. That's not enough. At best your Vital Star Force can sustain her, but it can't revive her, and you'll need to give her quite a large amount every day. You're lucky that you happen to have the perfect Force, and it's at just the right level too. If it was only at the Fourth Layered State, it wouldn't be enough even to sustain her."

"Unfortunately, I do not have expertise in Vital Star Force, nor do any of the companions I've brought. Or else I would try to help you."

Leonel looked at El'Rion for a long while and then nodded slowly. The smoldering smoke coming from the edges of his eyes and the soles of his bare feet edged away slightly and became almost imperceptible to the eye. Though, they didn't fade entirely.

"Anastasia," Leonel said lightly.

"You know, I don't like your tone, young man. I can even count how many times older than you I am." She probably wouldn't have said this had Aina been definitely dead, but knowing there was a good chance to reverse all of this, she was in a good mood.

"How far away can you sense Force?" Leonel asked.

"In this broken world? Anywhere," she replied.

"Can you find out for me if there's a Spiritual with a Vital Star Force Innate Node? Or any race, for that matter."

She blinked, but she immediately understood.

Although Leonel was just a half step from the Impetus State, it wasn't so easy to cross. Having taken a half-step, he could feel that impossibly vast chasm and he knew it might very well take even him years to cross that line. He refused to leave Aina in that state for years if he didn't have to.

Innate Nodes were cheat codes in increasing your Force Manipulation. So long as he fueled one for long enough, it would definitely be able to help him to cross that half step. But he needed the node first.

Ei'Rion gaze flickered, but he didn't say anything.

"I can check, but... you should know that even among Spirituals, not all of them have Innate Nodes, and those that do usually just awaken normal, middle of the road, elemental Innate Nodes. The odds that one would have a Vital Star Force Innate Node, especially given the fact that this isn't an aspect Spirituals excel in is... very low.

"I will look, but just manage your expectations. It will also take me quite a while, probably a few days."

Leonel nodded lightly.

## **- Chapter 2251: Smoldering**

### **Chapter 2251: Smoldering**

Leonel truly waited for those days. He didn't move, he didn't check on his mother, he simply meditated in the depths of space, without thought for water or food, or even entertainment. His entire mind was focused on comprehending the path of the Vital Star Force, the very path that he had maybe neglected the most until this point.

He didn't rely entirely on Anastasia. In fact, he smartly made the assumption that she would fail. If this was the case, then he would have to do whatever he could to speed up

the process as much as he could. He could not, would not, leave Aina to be in that state for even a second longer than he had to.

El'Rion didn't move either. He might have been 14 years old, but time seemed irrelevant to him. He had the patience of a monk that had lived for an impossible number of years. He didn't say anything, and he even only seemed to breathe a few times a day. Slowly, though, his injuries were becoming far better. By the end of the fourth day, he had actually recovered a great deal.

If others saw how long it was taking to be fully recovered, especially those that understood the true majesty of the Pluto Race, they would be stunned speechless. This was a man who had healed his arm and leg being severed in an instant of time as though nothing at all had happened. It could only be said that those that had harmed him were truly monsters.

"... I'm sorry Leonel, there's no such Innate Node here."

Leonel's eyes opened and he nodded lightly. He had already expected this.

He rose to his feet, or rather let his feet fall from their meditating position, and stepped forward, crossing the distance to El'Rion in an instant. He raised his foot again, to take another step, but El'Rion's large hand had landed on his shoulder. Or, rather, half of his palm had. He was so much larger than Leonel that the other half of his hand hung off.

"I know you won't listen to me, but I feel like I should say this anyway. Absorbing the Innate Nodes of others will never be perfect, there will always be some hidden flaw, even if you use the best methods available to you, or even me for that matter. When it comes time for you to become a... to enter the Ninth Dimension, it will only hold you back.

"If you want new nodes, the best course of action is to form them on your own."

Leonel's turned a smoldering gaze toward El'Rion. Streams of black smoke, hot to the touch, were still coming out of the corners of his eyes and the soles of his feet. Though, they were much weaker than they had been before, El'Rion still felt that seering pain when he met Leonel's gaze, and it was even more exaggerated now than it had been in the past.

"And..." El'Rion hesitated again. "... killing is already a heavy enough burden on one's path forward. If you snatch things of importance from those that you kill on top of that, it will make things even more difficult. If even on top of that, what you snatch is of enough importance that you rely on it heavily to progress, the burden will be even heavier.

"And that's not just for you. If you use this method to help your loved one, she will suffer as well."

Leonel didn't say anything. El'Rion was talking about a concept so abstract that it was for anyone to wrap their heads around it, but he... had already known it existed the moment that Anastasia had told him it was impossible to revive Aina's mother because Aina was too powerful.

Those lines of time, of fate, of karma, whatever you wanted to call them, could bind anyone. And the more powerful you became, the heavier the burden became.

"There's no burden I can't carry," Leonel said before vanishing.

El'Rion's lip twitched. He didn't even ask about how to forge his own Innate Nodes. But in the end, El'Rion sighed. What would be the point if he had?

One could only do such a thing when given an extremely special opportunity, and even that wasn't necessarily without risks. Leonel was learning first hand just how dangerous it was to have powerful Innate Nodes, if he took one from others, as he already had, or if he forged new ones, it would be even more dangerous.

This was such an important rule that even El'Rion himself only had a single Innate Node. His father refused to allow him to forge more, although he definitely could. He could even replace all ten of his Nodes with Innate Nodes if he so wanted to.[Author's Note: Not a typo]

Leonel returned to the location of his mother. She sat in a meeting with the remainder of the Luxnix, or maybe what the Luxnix would become. They seemed to be in the middle of a war against an existence they couldn't even quite name. But Leonel appeared out of nowhere, causing the Luxnix to suddenly stand violently, ready to fight.

"Stop! This is the man who defeated the creature, you should be thanking him!" Alienor said with a powerful voice.

The Luxnix were astonished and then froze in place.

Leonel looked around, still not quite understanding what was going on.

"It's time to return home, mom."

Alienor's gaze flickered, and the expressions of the Luxnix changed. When had their Matriarch had a child? And when had he grown so large? And so powerful at that?

In the end, Alienor nodded slowly. She had only continued this farce because she thought it would still be important to the Zone. But since it wasn't, that would be fine.

"Come with me," Alienor said to Leonel.

Though they would be leaving, there were still certain things she wanted to show Leonel first.

"HALT!"

A man stood with a furious gaze, he was practically spewing hot fire. This was his wife they were talking about, how dare-

BANG!

Leonel's fist was like a tide of smoldering heat.

## Chapter 2252: Violet Winds

Leonel could guess what the problem was, he just didn't have the time to care about it, or coddle this man's feelings. Just because there was no Vital Star Force Innate Node in this time, didn't mean there wasn't one in his time. And he wanted to find out before he decided what his next step would be.

Every second someone delayed him, was another second that Aina would spend dead. This person was lucky that they were a member of the Luxnix family, or else he would have just directly killed him. Though he knew that time didn't work linearly, he still didn't want to risk what might happen if the wrong person died. But his message was clear and obvious.

Alienor looked at this scene with a complicated expression, but didn't say anything. She knew that her son wasn't in the best of moods, and though she didn't know what he had gone to do in the last few days, she knew that it was definitely related to Aina.

"Be kinder to them, they don't understand," Alienor said after some hesitation.

"I think they understand more than they've told you outright," Leonel responded. "Or more accurately, they haven't repeated it before you in these last few days. But the Luxnix family here isn't the same as the ones we know from our timeline."

The man coughed up a mouthful of blood, his situation quite haggard. If not for the fact he suddenly felt a rising heat charging through his Nodal Pathways, he would have already tried to get up and charge forward. However, he realized that if he was any more reckless, he would burn to ash from the inside out.

Alienor's gaze flickered, but she didn't say anything. After a moment, she turned and began to lead Leonel away. She knew that his words were correct too, but it was difficult to just outright ask questions that she already knew the answer to. It would cause

suspicion and make her task more difficult. But that didn't mean that she hadn't done her own research. And that was precisely what she was leading Leonel into.

"I'm not sure what was going on here, but there was a powerful beast located in this region that was overseeing a great deal of things. For whatever reason, though, it never took action personally to wipe the rest of us out as though it was wary of something. But this..."

Alienor stepped out from the underground passageway and into a room of lightly glowing violet.

Leonel's gaze sharpened. As far as the eye could see, there were countless tubes filled with a thick, pale violet liquid. It was far more like a gel than anything else, and it was sturdy enough that it held the humans inside them in place.

This violet liquid... he recognized it. He had definitely felt it from Rychard.

"In the last several years, these three planets have been like a farm... That's the best word that I can use to describe it. 90% of it were factories just like this one, while the remaining 10% were lands more like the ones were just in, and the latter was "ruled" by our Luxnix family. In reality, we were more like farmers, having children, raising them, only to have the majority of them chosen for this sick science experiment.

"I've felt the weight of this Force before, from that Rychard boy. I know I told you that you might be interested in it, but now I'm quite happy that you didn't pay attention to my silly words. I don't know what this Force is, but it... is incredibly dangerous.

"It's quite clear to me that they don't even trust themselves with this power, which is why they've instead chosen to experiment on us, though I don't know why."

Leonel knew exactly why. The Human Race was the very same Race that succeeded in accepting the powers of the God Beasts. Who knew what other kind of potential they might have lying dormant?

This Violet Force, it felt powerful, extremely so. But it was also something that he felt no one person could possibly control because...

The words came to him like a tide.

... Because they broke the fundamental laws of reality.

In these few days, he had only split his attention away from improving his Vital Star Force for a single reason, and that was to talk to one of his prisoners.... Rychard. In that time, he found out exactly what the ability of Violet Force was.

It broke the laws of causality, the most fundamental rules of equivalent exchange. Whatever you gave, you always received more in return. If you punched with 100lbs of force, you would explode with one with 200lbs of power. If you ran at 10 kilometers an hour, you would find yourself at the end of that hour having run 15 kilometers instead.

You could exchange years for more years, time for more time, it was fundamentally impossible in nature, no matter how strong you were, and definitely regardless of how weak you were.

The violet winds rise north.

Leonel felt his body quake and he suddenly violently bent over, his body shaking. He coughed, feeling something within him stir.

"Fuck off," he said coldly.

The stirring figure in the pool of crimson came to a stop, its connection to Leonel being violently ripped apart.

Leonel stood to his full height as though nothing had happened.

"Mom, I'll take these factories with us."

Alienor, who had just gone from worrying about Leonel to confused, couldn't say very much as Anastasia appeared and began to swallow up the factories as though nothing at all had happened.

These were all failures, Leonel knew that. In fact, the fact Rychard continued to live in the Dimensional Verse at all meant that the entire project was a meaningless failure, so much so that they had abandoned them all together.

However, Leonel still took them. As for what he wanted to do with them, maybe only he knew.

## **Chapter 2253: Deserved**

"There's something else I want to show you," Alienor said after Leonel had finished.

Alienor led Leonel through the somewhat familiar catacombs again, but this time, there was a barrier up ahead, one formed by the Luxnix family. It seemed that they had almost guessed that this was where Alienor would go. Or rather, they had assumed that this would be the first location she brought Leonel, and had even begun doubting their own judgment until they finally appeared.

Leonel moved, but Alienor held his shoulder, stopping him. She didn't use a lot of Force, but Leonel wouldn't just casually brush off his own mother's arm, at least she thought so. And luckily, he didn't seem to be rage-fueled enough to do so.

She lied lightly. Leonel was too smart to casually let something so detrimental to them slip. He probably only called her mom so that he would have someone to fight, it was uncharacteristic, but what it told Alienor was that her son was still very much a child.

Leonel might be 26, but it was hard to grow and mature when everything came so easy to you, and even more difficult when you had to fake much of your outward appearance.

Alienor knew exactly what that felt like. This wasn't just because she was a princess with a father like Emperor Fawkes, but it was also because she was extremely talented from a young age. It took her a long while, and meeting Velasco, to finally mature into the woman she was today. But even then, she had had her mother.

Velasco's method of raising Leonel had grown into a self-confident, and perfect warrior. He could face the battlefield without a change to his expression, and even smile at that. He was a true Morales.

Alienor didn't hate what her husband had chosen to do. Velasco had likely known the kind of situation they were in and that very soon, they would have to face a world far larger than their own. However, it had still neglected Leonel as a person.

Not entirely, of course. Because Velasco knew the type of person Leonel was, he was able to mold Leonel's character with just two words, Respect and Persistence. Another child wouldn't understand such an abstract thing, but Leonel had grown around those two words, slowly molding their definitions into his own understanding until he became a level-headed man who could see right from wrong...

He still knew right from wrong. His mind was more than sharp enough to grasp it, he just didn't care right now. And that was what was missing. When logic couldn't lead Leonel to why he should care, then something else had to.

Alienor ignored everyone else and looked Leonel in the eyes, cupping both of his cheeks. The billowing black fog that came from the corner of his eyes singed her hands and burnt them slowly, but she didn't seem to notice, looking toward Leonel deeper and deeper as though she was trying to understand something.

"Little Lion, my father said something about you that I can't quite understand, but I still believe to be true. He said you and your father are the two greatest men he's ever met. Do you want to prove the both of us wrong?"

Leonel didn't say anything, looking at his mother. He would feel much better if he could just steamroll them all, he knew he would. He hadn't vented nearly enough against the



Shadow Tail, it just wasn't as satisfying when it wasn't his own raw power, it wasn't as pleasing.

"Your father was a man who held this sort of rage within himself, but do you know what happened when he lost control over his own mind? He harmed Anastasia, a companion that had been by his side for countless years.

"The Void Palace, the deeper, hidden branches of the Morales family, the Three Finger Cult, these were all existences that your father could have destroyed whenever he wanted. It would have been easy, just a snap of his fingers. Do you know why he didn't? Why he let them insult him behind his back? To show fear in his face, and yet scheme against his interests in the dark? Do you believe that your father was stupid, Little Lion?"

Leonel's fists clenched, the billowing trail of smoke becoming thicker and thicker.

Alienor's hands were practically black now, but she still didn't release Leonel's cheeks, her eyes looking at him with a slightly watery look.

"It's because they weren't worth his time, it's because he had a bigger, larger goal, it's because he was able to place down his temporary satisfaction for the sake of something larger than himself. He couldn't gain satisfaction from others, he could only find it within himself.

"There'll no doubt be many who speculate about your father's death, many ignorant people who don't understand what he truly faced and believe that he had simply overestimated himself. Did he ever spare a thought for those people? Did he even care to look at them?"

Leonel's fists were clenched so hard that they twitched despite his usual steady control, the space around them splintering beneath a roaring wave of destruction.

Leonel took deep breaths, the winds in the surroundings growing agitated before he slowly calmed down.

He had lost count of the number of people he had killed to vent his rage. He had once always kept track of the exact number, but it was lost to him now, dancing within a dense blob of memories beyond him and only accessible to his enlightened self. And it was possible that even he hadn't bothered to count.

The number was easily in the trillions, an impossible number, vast and endless as the rivers of blood...

And yet the rage was still there, it was still smoldering, it was still overflowing, boiling and rattling as though his body was a lid it was trying to pop off.

He hadn't made those that had actually attacked his father pay, they were already dead at his hands. It had all been meaningless, a vast chasm of emptiness that only deepened with every death, many of whom had done nothing at all and were as innocent as could be.

Did he feel bad? No, he really couldn't bring himself to, he didn't have the capacity anymore.

Did he know it was wrong...? That, at least he could admit.

He closed his eyes and the smokiness ebbed into a slow stream once more.

Did he want this wrath to disappear?

No.

But he would direct it to where it was deserved.

## **Chapter 2254: Key**

Alienor smiled lightly, pinching Leonel's cheeks as though he was still a little boy. She hadn't gotten to do this and took pleasure in every second. Unfortunately, she didn't get to see Leonel's embarrassed expression, she was certain that a 26-year-old having his cheeks pinched by his mom like this might react with a blush, but Leonel only stared at her with certainty and stability.

Inwardly, she couldn't help but laugh to herself. Confidence and self-assurance wasn't something that Leonel lacked, half of her speech was probably useless. Her son didn't gain validation from others, but the problem was that he was walking down a path of cruelty that was almost impossible to turn back from, and she wasn't sure that she had helped him turn back.

She could only hope that he would have more control over his emotions. At the very least, exposing their relationship so that he would have a reason to get into another fight was far beneath him, and he likely knew this as well.

Alienor released Leonel and the latter raised his hand. With a flash, his body changed, growing about half a foot. His eyes turned golden and his pupils became sharp, slit lines. His hair turned a furious and aggressive white gold color that shone like the sun, and his usually facial hair-free face gained just as aggressive sideburns.

His canines lengthened and claws grew from his hands. His heart thumped like the growl of a wild beast and the bloodlines of the Luxnix before him seemed to cool into an

icy flow, their bodies freezing in place. No matter how hard they tried, they couldn't seem to muster up the courage to fight back.

Alienor nodded slightly. Leonel had indeed had a non-violent method of dealing with these people. What was the Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor to the Golden Tiger Lineage Factor? Especially when one of his arms was coated with the God Beast of Creation.

The two walked by, and the members of the Luxnix seemed to resign themselves to the situation. What else could they do? It was clear that this son of their Matriarch was far beyond their understanding.

When they had entered the temple, one that was once again extremely familiar to Leonel, his expression couldn't help but become serious, if it was even possible for his current self to become any more serious.

In the position of where Leonel had first found the Bronze Tablet... it was still there. The difference was that there was a Silver Tablet present as well, and on top of that... a Golden Tablet.

Confusion painted Leonel's thoughts. Why would this be here? And if it was here now, then why wasn't it here in the future?

"Logic" would tell him that it was because he had taken it here and now, so how could it be here in the future. But then why didn't everything else work like that?

He had just destroyed the world of Dimensional Cleanse, so how was it there for him to benefit from in the future? It was clear and obvious that time didn't work linearly, so something else must have taken it. But then what did that mean for...

'The Timeless Event.'

Leonel's pupils constricted. El'Rion had said that there should be a Timeless Event that occurred here, so where was it. Unless...

'The Shadow Tail.'

Leonel's thoughts spun. The time around a Timeless Event should be stricter in flow than other points in time. It was easier to snip, loop and rearrange normal points in time, but a Timeless Event was fixed. What happened here would definitely reverberate into the future.

It seemed that Leonel was very much correct to not kill that man with a single fist. Had he, depending on what relation he had to himself, he could have very well ended up ending his own life.

Leonel didn't have the cold shiver of a reaction one might expect from such a revelation. If anything, it had only emboldened him because it only meant that he was correct once again. Something had told him to be cautious, and listening to his inner voice and his calculation abilities had never failed him.

'Then what does it mean if I took those that should have become the members of the Viola family. What would change?'

The moment Leonel had this thought, he immediately sat down where he was. Without a word, he entered an intense state of meditation.

Alienor wasn't to say something, but she held back. She had tried meditating on the Golden Tablet as well, she thought that with her talent it would be a simple thing to see what was on the other side. She had already formed the Starry Tailed Fox Lineage Factor long before anyone else in the Luxnix had.

As she had expected, things flowed smoothly from one step to the next, and she formed the Twinkling Light Bear Lineage Factor, and then soon succeeded in forming the Golden Tiger Lineage Factor although it had taken her much more effort.

But when she got to the golden tablet, she couldn't even sense what the creature hidden deep within was, let alone comprehending it. She even felt, for the first time in her life, even if she dedicated years to it she would never succeed.

What she didn't know, though, was that Leonel wasn't attempting to meditate on the Golden Tablet at all. With a single glance, he knew his current body didn't have what it took. It would be nothing more than a waste of time.

If he had to guess what it would take, he would have to do one of three things. Either become a Light and Star Sovereign, raise his Scarlet Star Force Innate Node to at least the Eighth Dimension, probably nearer the pinnacle and close to the Ninth, or comprehend both Light and Star Force to the Life State.

He would reach that level one day, but that wasn't today. His goal was different.

## **Chapter 2255: Good Luck, Master**

These were just guesses on his part, and it could very well take more than that. But what mattered most to him now were what changes would occur in the future.

Half a day later, he opened his eyes with a confident light.

Indeed, the changes that would occur in the future should have already occurred, otherwise the Silver and Golden Tablets wouldn't have been missing already.

But that wasn't why he had meditated for half a day, he had already concluded that in the first couple of minutes. Instead, he was confirming something else.

He was certain. He could use Timeless Events to change the future. This might be the key to reviving his father. If he played his cards correctly, he could most definitely change those events, of that he was certain. Whatever the rest of the details were, he didn't care.

But he would need to be able to do one thing: he would have to be able to predict a Timeless Event before it happened. And if he couldn't, then he would have to trigger one himself. He was sure that he could do it because El'Rion had made it quite clear what it took for one to appear... and that was any event that caused the Northern Star to come closer.

These were the thoughts of a madman. Everyone wanted to avoid such events to the best of their abilities because it would mean that Existence itself was one step closer to being destroyed, but Leonel didn't seem to spare a thought to this at all. Hadn't he just stopped a Timeless Event? Then the world owed him already.

And even if it didn't, so what? In his mind, he would already sacrifice the world for the sake of Aina, he had already done it before. If it was for the sake of his father, he would sacrifice Existence itself.

Leonel looked up to find that his mother was still standing there, patient and unhurried. When she saw that Leonel opened his eyes without any change, she smiled understandingly.

"It's very difficult to comprehend, don't be too hard on yourself. From what I can tell, you need something beyond just Light and Star affinity to succeed, you need an in-depth comprehension of the two that exist beyond this realm. I don't believe that even those outside worlds would find it easy."

There were definitely many Life and Star experts out there, Leonel was sure. But they lacked the flexibility of the human body. It was this in conjunction with proper affinity and Force Manipulation that could allow them to touch upon that power.

It was still beyond the current Alienor, but Leonel was confident that she would reach that level soon enough. As for him, he felt that it was guaranteed.

Leonel didn't correct his mother about what he was meditating about, it was true anyway. He did, indeed, have no ability to claim the highest level of his Lineage Factor just yet.

With a wave of his hand, the Silver and Golden Tablets were taken with him.

"Is that everything?" He asked.

"Yes, we can go now," Alienor confirmed.

Leonel let his mom into the Segmented Cube. He looked around, trying to see if he could spot anything.

In an unknown number of years, Wise Star Order would come here and then bind himself to the Bronze Tablet. He had already checked the tablet, but there was definitely no sign of Wise Star Order, and he had long since vanished from the Segmented Cube, even taking Vice and Candle with him. It was almost amusing how he hadn't used the two in order to save them as a trump card, but now he would never be able to.

He didn't find himself caring much, Wise Star Order had at least never hurt anyone around him. Though, whether that was because Leonel was ignorant to when he had tried or not... that was a matter that only time would tell, along with what goals Wise Star Order truly had.

When he truly couldn't find anything, Leonel turned and left, stepping into the Segmented Cube and streaking toward Earth.

Not long after he had done so, the Matriarch's husband stepped into the temple. Looking around and seeing that they had left, he surprisingly sighed a breath of relief, stretching out his back while leaning backward and pressing against his hips.

"Damn, I'm getting too old for this."

'You're young right now, though.'

"Fuck you, damned brat. You have the time to contact me from the future now, but what about the last three years? Were you too busy on vacation? Too busy fucking everything with two legs and a pair of breasts?"

'I resent that, I don't have long to live, you know. I thought you'd be nicer to me.'

"Ah, bah, you're not getting any sympathy from me and my old bones. How many times have I experienced death because of you? Now you fear it? Where's your humanity?"

'Fear it?' The voice laughed boisterously. 'I fear nothing.'

"Easy to say that when you know some part of you will live on, but I'm glad you finally made this choice. I told you when I met you that it was a fruitless endeavor, and you just refused to listen. Instead, you've put me, not to mention that poor girl, through hardship again and again."

'She won't remember it.'

"BUT I WILL. And there you go again, using logic over everything. What happened to HUMANITY?! Have I taught you nothing?!"

The voice chuckled. 'You've taught me plenty, old man. Humanity isn't on the list, though.'

"Have some respect-!"

'Need I list off some of your greatest hits? My, the list is quite long. Let's see, ah yes, here there's stealing that Emperor's wife, and then there was the time you pissed over that city wall, oh right, there's also the time that woman pissed you off so much that you rap-'

"ENOUGH! You describing those things so simply makes it seem like I wasn't in the right, you should have more respect for your master. In fact, you should actually call me that for once!"

'Oh, would you look at that. Your 1327th death is on the way. Good luck~!'

The Matriarch's husband practically pulled at his hair. Talking to this brat was truly infuriating.

From the skies above, a shadow suddenly appeared from a gaping, spinning black hole.

A second Shadow Tail had appeared.

It seemed that changing Timeless Events wasn't so simple after all...

'Good luck... Master.'

## **Chapter 2256: God Childe**

The Matriarch's husband stepped out into the air, facing the monster in the skies. His hands were clasped behind his back without even the slightest intent on defending himself. Was there a point? His death was inevitable.

No one could ever tell what the trigger of a Timeless Event was. It was also impossible to tell just how many people would be allowed to die, or how many you could save before the backlash of the Timeless Event made the event far worse.

Many had tried to fight against Timeless Events before. The strongest of them sent armies of entire worlds at these Timeless Events, losing an uncountable number of experts all in a vain attempt. What was clear through all of these attempts was one thing...

It was hopeless.

The more you fought against a Timeless Event, the worse it became, the more bloody, the more violent. The best way to deal with a Timeless Event was to slow it down and minimize risk, hopefully finding out what the center point of it all was and allowing just that event alone to happen.

While doing this wouldn't change the fact the Northern Star would most definitely come closer, it would still help those related to the event feel somewhat better.

Rarely, though, did a Timeless Event necessitate the death of just a small number of people. Usually it required at least several hundred, each one changing the course of history in their own way and causing a tsunami tide of changes in the far-off future.

Even rarer was it that a Timeless Event necessitated the death of just a single individual... but this was exactly such an event. And this single individual who had to die was none other than the Matriarch's husband or more accurately...

Wise Star Order.

He didn't go by any other name, or maybe he had just lived for so long that he had forgotten what his original name was. He might have asked these people what his name had been the first few times he was revived at the whims of that terrible disciple of his, but he couldn't be bothered to any longer. He no longer had the patience for it.

Plus, he preferred Wise Star Order. He was indeed very wise, and very handsome at that, though that had nothing to do with his name. Wise Star Order suited him, it also suited his duty.

He had long since become indifferent to these deaths. You could become numb to anything if you experienced it enough. But this time, he had a wide smile on his face. That disciple of his had finally gotten his act together, it was a beautiful day indeed.

A beautiful day to die.

To others, death was the end. But in reality, to Wise Star Order, his death on this day all those years ago... or actually, today-yes, indeed, it was today, how had he forgotten that? That brute was descending from the skies, he couldn't forget that.

Regardless, death for him was just the beginning.

To the people of this world, Savants were extraordinary, they were talents that needed to be hoarded away and saved. But they were deeply flawed, and they obviously weren't so extraordinary if they could be so easily captured in the first place.



To the wider world, the whole of Existence out there, Savants were defects, poor imitations of the real thing, poor imitations of existences born to be Gods.

Wise Star Order raised his hands and laughed toward the skies as the Shadow Tail descended.

"Come here, you big brute. In the future, I'll slaughter you kind like children, I'll bathe the seas in your blood and I'll dye t-"

BANG!

Wise Star Order was hit out of the skies, crashing through the entire planet. His body only seemed to hold its shape for a small moment on the other side before it burst into a rain of blood, leaving behind nothing but a small, transparent ball...

His Ethereal Glabella.

"Son of a bitch, that bastard never lets me finish my speech!"

Wise Star Order drifted like a speeding bullet through the endless depths of space. It wouldn't be until a long while later he finally came to a stop on a planet with Force so that he could finally be reborn and become the God that he was always meant to...

The so-called Spark of the Dimensional Verse was another bastardization of a concept that existed in wider Existence. It could even be said that it was only half of the puzzle, the existence of Savants being the other half.

There was only one problem. In order to touch onto all of this strength...

You had to die first.

No one knew why this was. Some speculated that it was because you had to come into contact with the First Dimension in order to display your full strength, others said that the body could only stimulate its greatest potential when it had been pushed over its limits, others said that this was simply a reflection of the ultimate Force Manipulation, a state where you were able to reach enlightenment of the complete opposite of your path... What could be the opposite of an untimely death if not a life far more bright and blazing than others?

It was unknown if anyone would ever find out. But there was one thing that was known for absolute certainty.

For every death and revival of a God Childe, Existence would grow one step closer to a forever death. Without fail, every new God Childe meant the existence of a new Timeless Event...

By now, things might very well be becoming clear to many.

Cynthia Omann died and was revived, forming a Timeless Event.

The good news was that Velasco Morales' death had occurred several days afterward and there was hope that it would be considered a different event.

The bad news was that Velasco Morales had a great number of ties to Cynthia Omann, and the hatred Cynthia Omann held for Velasco was maybe one of the few things that actually drove her.

Aina's mother couldn't be revived even by Anastasia due to their connection. Compared to the Seventh Dimension, the birth of a God Childe was so impossibly beyond that it was impossible to put into words.

Anastasia, the World Spirit of a Complete World, could not revive Aina's mother because this fallen woman's daughter had entered the Seventh Dimension.

Cynthia Omann was a God Childe. Even those with faint connections to her would be out of Anastasia's reach. And as for Velasco...?

Even Existence itself wouldn't be able to bring him back as it inched toward destruction.

## **Chapter 2257: Farewell**

In a location separate from time and space, a man sat. His face was hard to see, but it didn't seem to be because he made any attempt to hide it, it was rather that the Dream Force radiating from him was too strong, it made him look more like a dense mass of potential rather than what he truly was... a man that had reached the limit of all things.

Sometimes, he too forgot who he was, not that it mattered much to him. He had reached the pinnacle of the world, but he had lost everything along the way. His father, his mother, the love of his life, his brothers. One by one, they left him, all so that he could sit here, at the end of Existence itself.

This was the only location in the world that remained whole. While he was thinking about his family, everything else had already crumbled. There was no more concept of family, no more concept of personhood, or life, even.

He should probably be dead too, but he was strong enough to resist things that others could not. It was quite amusing, actually. It was only because he was here that the world couldn't be erased and start anew. Not until all things faded away, until there was nothing left to destroy, until Destruction itself reached its very limits, could Creation bloom once again.

His home of Earth had called it the Big Bang. He had heard it called several things throughout his life, he had too many different names for things floating around his mind, he hoped to actually forget some of them, not that his mind would allow it. An infallible memory was probably the wish of many, none of them thought about what kind of curse it was, though.

He envied that master of his. He had experienced so many years of life that he had even forgotten his own name. Ah, to forget, what a wonderful thing.

The faceless man waved a hand, a bottle appearing. The world around him trembled with rage and squeezed down, but he ignored it as though Existence itself was just a child throwing a tantrum. It didn't like the fact things were still being created. Just this bottle of liquor had cost him half his remaining strength to conjure.

He took a swig of the strongest alcohol left, staring into the Northern Star ahead.

He had never liked alcohol very much, he avoided it. He liked having perfect control of himself at all times, the idea of a substance that could alter his "perfect" thought filled him with disgust, he hated it. And yet here he was, allowing it as part of his final meal.

"Disgusting," he muttered. "Can never tell why men like this so much. I much prefer those fruity drinks."

He waved his hand again and pina colada appeared in place of the bottle of hard liquor. This time, Existence didn't protest, probably because he had changed what he had already created instead of creating more. It was a nice little loophole. Compared to the first that had taken half of what he had, this time it wasn't even a drop in the ocean, his deep well of Force was so vast that he could probably consume this Northern Star before him...

Not that he cared to.

What would be the point? Was there something beyond this Star? They say that it represented Existence, but what did that even mean? The human consciousness was so frail, it couldn't fathom something like this, and even now, having shed all that weakness, it overloaded his mind to think about it... maybe because he knew the answer.

He was the only one with the strength to go beyond this Northern Star, to see what was behind it. He had given everything he had to see his loved ones again, twisted fate and time in all kinds of ways. He had thought that maybe, just maybe, if there was something beyond this world, something stronger, something beyond even himself, he could finally do it.

He just wanted that chance. He was certain that even if he popped into a world where even he was somehow the weakest ant of the hill, he could climb to the top once again, then he might be able to finally see those faces again, those smiles.

He took a sip of his pina colada. "Delicious," he said with a smile, taking another sip.

A hand reached up to his face, pushing up what seemed to be a pair of glasses. Who knew why a man of his stature needed such a thing, it didn't seem to make much sense, but he didn't care to remove them. These glasses and himself were the only things that had made it to the end of all things.

"You're a funny joke, you know that?" He laughed, raising his glass to the Northern Star. "Did I reach the top of the world? Or was that always you?"

There was no response. Of course there was no response. The Northern Star wasn't a person, it had no will, no intelligence. And beyond it...

There was absolutely nothing.

He remembered how he had felt the first time he learned that, that vast emptiness in his chest, as though Existence was telling him that there was nothing more to chase, and he had already left behind everything that would have made this painful life of his worthwhile. But worse than that, it was frustration, frustration of not understanding, frustration of an unanswered question, frustration of a logical inconsistency.

How had Existence come to be? How could there be nothing beyond? How could something come from nothing? What caused this repetitive cycle of life and death, of creation and destruction?

Why did they exist?

It was so frustrating that he laughed, drinking the last of his drink.

He could keep existing into perpetuity, looking into this Star and staring down the existence that even the Gods could do nothing against.

Well, he couldn't do anything about it. But...

It couldn't do anything to him, either.

But, he was tired. Sitting in this very spot, he had tried everything, poured out every potential solution the strongest mind in Existence could think of, and it had all never mattered. He was still alone.

He tipped the glass one final time and threw it into the air. It didn't last even a second before it was destroyed.

"You win. I, Leonel Morales, accept my loss. Farewell."

There was no fanfare. In one moment, there was a single kernel of life remaining. In the next, there was nothing.

## Chapter 2258: Youth

Leonel froze, a discomfort coming from his chest. For some reason, he felt both a lot lighter, a slight hint annoyed, and a huge amount confused. When he checked his surroundings, his pupils constricted and his breath caught in his throat.

What just happened?

At the speed the Segmented Cube was moving, they would reach Earth in less than an hour. Anastasia could push it even faster, but that would require personal energy use that extended beyond the Force she was pulling from the surroundings, so it wasn't a worthwhile expense. But that wasn't really the point.

Because they were moving at such speed, even the slightest deviation could throw them way off course in just a few split moments. He could have allowed Anastasia to pilot things herself, but because he wanted to take his mind off of something, he chose to control the Segmented Cube himself.

'3.29 seconds.'

There was a gap in his memory of exactly that long, as though he had been reset and rebooted, and no matter how hard he thought, he couldn't understand what had happened. He had only experienced this two other times, three if he counted his first interaction with Dream Force, while the other two times were the only times he had entered that enlightened state.

But he was certain that it wasn't that this time, unless that demoness could...

If she could remotely stop him from transforming, could she force him to transform? But for what purpose, he was still in perfect control of himself in both states, there was no purpose other than to spite him.

His jaw set. That wasn't beyond that woman in the slightest. Slighting him out of pure spite? It seemed that she might gain a great amount of satisfaction out of doing that.

Leonel took a breath and calmed himself. Surprisingly, it happened much faster this time than it had before, he felt more in control of his state of mind, he felt a lot more like himself all of a sudden. He felt that he could shut off the valve of that emotion again, just like he had when Aina left him. It was so easy suddenly.

Instead of doing so, though, he stopped, falling into a deep silence.

He never acknowledged it because he didn't want to. That future version of himself, he chose to see it as just one possibility of many, a possibility that he would surpass. But now feeling the difference in his control over himself, he felt that he had disappeared.

It seemed that he had falsely accused the demoness. Was that why he had lost those few seconds? He had heard of the future affecting the past, but was it supposed to be so exaggerated? He had even thought once that this was simply a quirk, or rather a flaw, of Incomplete Worlds like this one. He didn't think it would be such a prominent thing in the real world.

Leonel sat in silence, closing his eyes after a while and allowing the Segmented Cube to drift.

There was too much he didn't understand. Why did his future self's influence suddenly disappear? And did it actually disappear? Or was it just that deep well of despair that had? He had a feeling that it was just the latter.

But that only made it more odd. Why had the despair vanished?

Leonel wanted to believe that it was because his future self had finally succeeded, but he felt like that wasn't the answer either.

What was there to despair about if you had already given up everything? There was no despair because there was only apathy left. No... something deeper than apathy...

Nothingness.

Leonel opened his eyes, a blazing light within.

His future self had failed? He didn't care. As far as he was concerned, that wasn't him at all.

Leonel's fists gripped the controls before him tightly, suddenly flooring the Segmented Cube and zipping through the skies. The smoldering smoke coming from his eyes and the bottoms of his feet ebbed again and again until they vanished entirely, a wild grin spreading across his face.

He was eager to get home. He would have Anastasia check one more time, and if there were no Innate Nodes, then he would break free of this simulation. There was no doubt that he would find someone with the Innate Node he needed in wider Existence.

Once he saved Aina, he could turn his attention to his father again. A Timeless Event was all he needed, just one Timeless Event.

Leonel's eyes carried the brightness of youth, a brightness that wasn't worn and torn by the vicissitudes of life. He had the fire and drive of a young man, he felt that everything could be in the palm of his hands so long as he worked hard enough.

He would see his Queen again. He would see his father again. He would see his family whole again.

He raised his head to the skies and roared, having the joy ride of his life.

...

An unknown number of years later, a certain Ethereal Glabella finally crashed and landed into a barren planet. It was so small that one might assume that it was a moon instead, but it had enough... just enough Force for the dim Ethereal Glabella to finally flash.

Very quickly, all the Force of this small planet surged toward this small crystal.

It was said that all God Childe had their own trials to face in order to successfully awaken. Regardless of what it was, death would always be observed in some form. For Wise Star Order, his fate was to drift through the endless depths of space, weathering countless years of torment.

The first time he experienced this, it had nearly broken him. But now, he found it to be an interesting journey. It was as though he had lived hundreds of lives, each one just slightly different from the last.

At first, he blamed that disciple of his. Due to the nature of his power, he had grown too enlightened to not experience others toying with his timeline. So, every time Leonel tried a new method to save his father, he had to experience this death again....

## **Chapter 2259: Lab Setting**

Naked, but happy, Wise Star Order stretched himself out, feeling exuberant. He got to experience life again, that much was a small bit of happiness. But then he sighed, remembering how much work he had to do.

"That brat surpassed me again, I really have to figure out how he does it. Something's not right with that little monster."

He had experienced over 1300 lifetimes due to this quirk of time and his status as a God Childe. It was an oddity in the timeline that was caused for reasons that he still wasn't completely certain of. He was sure that disciple of his had an explanation, but what kind of master asked their disciple for pointers? He would rather die...

Again.

Every time he was revived, he would find new insights, and he would tweak his progression path just a little bit to increase the efficiency. But there was only so much he could do, honestly. He was already in the Eighth Dimension in this body, so to say that his foundation had already been laid was a huge understatement.

But there were obviously ways to overcome this, if not Leonel wouldn't have been able to become so strong either. And he, who had taught and raised that brat a bit, obviously knew his fair share as well. He just had to do it all again.

Plus, between now and when he would meet Leonel next, thousands of years would pass, and that was just in this Incomplete World. The true first time he met Leonel, the time that occurred before Leonel's first attempt to save his father, happened even longer after that, and it didn't occur in this Incomplete World at all.

He laughed to himself. He was looking forward to it. Beating down that arrogant little boy was one of the many guilty pleasures he would get to enjoy in this lifetime again.

"But this time, I won't let you surpass me so easily," Wise Star Order thought to himself, a flash blazing in his eyes.

He had been carefully preparing himself for this lifetime. There were certain things that those at the very top couldn't see but those pitiful people at the bottom could see clearly. Of course, if his enemies heard him describing himself in such a way, they'd have him stripped naked, hung upside down, and whipped, and his beautiful, pert bottom would be swollen red.

Wise Star Order subconsciously grabbed his own butt, shuddering. "I should get to work. I'll need to be strong enough to stop that brat from destroying the world."

Years from now, Leonel would most definitely try to trigger that Timeless Event, and he wouldn't care about the casualties at all. In fact, that was also the first time he met Leonel on the original timeless.

There were some burdens that an elder would have to alleviate from his juniors, and he was determined to take this one on.

He shook his head. "Where did that brat find an Infinity Beast, though? My work is cut out for me."

With that thought, Wise Star Order put his hands on his hips. It was time he got out of there.

As for why he had chosen to change so much about the Luxnix family's true history... maybe only he and that annoying disciple of his knew.



...

The Segmented Cube shuttle appeared above Earth, and Leonel stepped out. Down below, the Pluto Race was still building the pyramids, and up above, the corpse vessel of the Void Beast was still floating aimlessly, the Void Race members that had stayed behind waiting for judgment to be cast on them.

Leonel looked toward the Void Beast's corpse and took a leap forward, landing on it.

The Void Race reacted to this quite violently, but remembering how Leonel had been with El'Rion, they hesitated. One part wanted to shred this human apart, and another part wanted to appease the Pluto. The two sides of themselves crippled their own movement entirely.

"Anastasia."

The little floating spirit appeared, a hint of surprise. Leonel's voice sounded... brighter.

"You know, you never really explained to me how you work. The fact you're a World Spirit makes sense to me... somewhat. But the Lab Setting and Abode Setting? Not to mention that odd vessel? What does that have to do with... what you are?"

Anastasia fell into silence for a long time, and then just chose to explain things simply.

"I'm the World Spirit of a Complete World that was destroyed by the God Beasts of Destruction. I should have fallen with my world, but I was saved by the Minerva Race."

"Minerva Race?"

"They're similar to the Pluto Race but... they were destroyed a long time ago..." Anastasia fell into another silence before she continued. "They Crafted me into this vessel, and the hope was to help their Race live, but I wasn't enough and ended up being crippled. I've passed through many hands, dormant, until I was lost and forgotten, eventually falling to this world."

"Falling, huh?" Leonel said.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I don't know, just sounds suspicious. A treasure like you-"

"I'm not a treasure!"

"Yes, okay, okay, a beauty like you-"

"Much better."

"-Wouldn't just casually fall to a world like this one.

Feels like a scheme."

"What a stupid scheme, do you not see how valuable I am?"

Leonel chuckled.

That explained his question. The Lab Setting and Abode Settings were just add-ons. The main function was probably to turn the power of a Complete World toward Crafting. In that case...

There was a workbench within Anastasia, one the most valuable tools at a Crafter's disposal outside of their World Spirit, but he had never realized that...

Anastasia herself was probably one of the greatest workbenches in all of existence.

"I haven't paid nearly enough attention to all the special quirks of the Lab Setting, especially after your evolutions.

What do you have in there that can dissect a corpse?"

Leonel grinned ear to ear.

## **Chapter 2260: Easy**

Anastasia's brows shot up, then she looked toward the Void Beast below.

Processing materials and alleviating the more troublesome aspects of Force Crafting like gathering materials, refining them, preparing them, were all matters that the Lab Setting was created for. But on top of that, it was also a force multiplier. It allowed for experiments on large levels and without even Leonel's input, she had already integrated all of the test subjects of the Violet Force experiments, it was something that came second nature to her.

Processing a beast, even if it was a Void Beast, was well within her power. After all, this Void Beast had long since died and its vitality had been crushed to a point even these lessers of the Void Race could stand within it just fine. As a Complete World's Spirit, it was well within Anastasia's prowess.

The reason she was a bit shocked was because this wasn't what she had expected Leonel to do. Didn't he plan on passing this down to Little Blackstar? Why did he change his mind?

Anastasia shook her head, hard. What was she thinking? This was a huge problem, just thinking about this matter. Leonel was already marked by the God Races, stealing their ship was tempting fate. They obviously feared the Pluto, not Leonel. Also, it was impossible that they wouldn't fight back against this attempt, they already seemed as though they were ready to fight it out with Leonel to the death, just overhearing this conversation.

These might be servants of the Void Race, but many of them were actually stronger than Shan'Rae and El'Rion. After all, those two were exceptionally young, while they had already matured. They were on an unfathomable level in comparison to a human.

Of course, that also meant that if they used their strength the Regulator would react, and unlike their entity, they wouldn't be able to escape it so easily. In fact, it could be said the only thing protecting them from such a fate was the Void Beast Ship itself which did wonders for masking presences.

Everything about Leonel's intentions sounded wild and ridiculous. But by this point, Anastasia was used to it. She mostly wanted to know why Leonel didn't want to help Little Blackstar out.

"I would expect a mighty World Spirit like yourself to already understand," Leonel said, reading Anastasia's thoughts.

"Don't you like doing reckless things? Why would I care to consider that stuff?" Anastasia huffed.

Leonel chuckled, finding it all amusing.

Assimilate allowed him to take the strength of an external item and pass it into a living being, whether that be himself, another, or his soul constructs. Breathe allowed him to give life and permanence to an object, that could be done through giving it a soul he commanded, or it could be done by allowing it to integrate with a living being after the use of Assimilate.

The problem, then, wasn't the powers themselves, but rather the limitations. When he used Assimilate on himself, the cost of Dream Force was higher than when he used it on his soul constructs, and it was even higher when he used it on a living being other than himself.

This had been fixed with Little Tolly because of Anastasia's help, help he obviously had access to. But then came the second limitation: what one could handle, or more accurately, what their foundation could in this case.

Little Tolly had been in a state of hyper evolution, preparing to set its foundation by fully integrating itself into the Sixth Dimension. It couldn't have been a more perfect time to integrate with such a beast and it gave the little guy a world of benefit.

As for Little Blackstar... he had already entered the Seventh Dimension and he was already well into his own path. Although he had integrated with a large portion of Void Beast Blood, from what Leonel could tell here, that blood had not only been greatly diluted, but it was a drop in the ocean compared to the true amount of blood this creature had flowing through its veins.

If he were to use Assimilate and Breathe on Little Blackstar now, while it might still work, he would lose much more to Breathe than he would have had he been just entering the Sixth Dimension or just deciding on his path.

No, Leonel had something different planned. He knew that his King's Might Lineage Factor wasn't infallible and it had its weaknesses. If he wanted to maximize this Void Beast corpse, he had to take it slow and give Little Blackstar the chance to slowly change his fate on his own.

The little guy had already fallen well behind Leonel, and for a beast that had once almost killed him on their first meeting, he knew that Little Blackstar was very much not satisfied with just this.

At the same time, the approach may also aid him in helping much more than just Little Blackstar as well. Who knew what kind of treasures were hidden within a Void Beasts body?

Of course, the Void Race probably took out all of the most valuable things before turning it into a ship, but he was already prepared for that reality. A little guy like him was just perfect for the scraps.

Leonel grinned again and Anastasia rolled her eyes. What was this guy thinking about now?

"Then how are you going to take it, then? Cheeky brat."

Leonel laughed. "How? EL'RION!"

Leonel's voice came out in a roar that sounded like something matched between a dragon's roar and claps of thunder. It boomed so loudly that his throat shredded to pieces, but on the surface he acted as though nothing at all had happened.

The infuriated Void Race members froze and began to shake in fear.

The Pluto Race members below froze as well, but they looked up in astonishment rather than fear. A human could speak their language?

Leonel strolled in and kicked the Void Race members out one by one, they didn't even dare to resist. They suddenly feared slighting Leonel.

"See? Easy."