

# Dimensional Descent

## Chapter 2361: It Seems...

Leonel didn't do anything immediately. There was simply no point. If he rushed to save these people, then what?

That would only be a temporary solution. By the time he got back to these people, they might be caught again, or even killed for the insolence of daring to escape in the first place.

He simply scanned through the iron collars just a single time before continuing forward. With that glance, he understood their properties and what they were designed to do, not to mention the fact he understood how to take them off without harming those that wore them.

He didn't try to hide himself at all. The presence of a human walking, and so very clearly at that without a collar, was shocking to many.

Some humans-scouts that had been sent forward to get a lay of the land and report back with the treasures they found, mostly likely-tried to communicate to him with their eyes that it wasn't safe, clearly not daring to say anything outwardly, but it was all useless.

What was interesting was that some of these humans didn't recognize Leonel at all. This made Leonel wonder and think of something.

Could these humans not be from the Human Domain? Was that why they were chained?

This possibility made some of Leonel's coldness dissipate somewhat. It wasn't that he cared less about humans, not of the Human Domain, but it was rather that if these people had always been slaves, then it likely meant that the other races hadn't acted on the humans in his absence.

There was a possibility that such a thing would have happened regardless of Leonel's actions, but he would be a fool if he believed that it had absolutely nothing to do with his actions.

He had embarrassed the invading armies, and then his father had slaughtered their Emperors. As though that wasn't enough, he added insult to injury and massacred their people.

The first two were already enough for them to have a tidal wave of hatred for him, let alone the final of the three.

Leonel ignored the glances he received from the humans, crossing those hundreds of kilometers that remained step by step until he laid eyes on the Seeded Participant.

'It's him.'

These were all the thoughts Leonel had. He didn't raise his brows in shock, nor did he speak any words.

He would recognize that young man anywhere, and even more so the Bow Domain Ring on his finger. He was the Heir of the Spiritual Clan that had stolen the Bow Domain ring from Nazag's family.

He was led by a procession of warriors, covered by all sorts of races. There were Nomads, there were Rapax, there were the Dwarvens, and of course, the Spirituals.

Leonel was just one man in front of this army of hundreds of thousands. But what he was thinking about had nothing to do with the number disparity at all. He only had a single thought...

Where were the rest?

There should have been billions of participants from the Dimensional Verse. So, why were there only a few thousands scouts and an army of mere hundreds of thousands?

He could sense it quite clearly. Each member of this army was an elite of the elite. It was possible that they had simply abandoned the rest to their own devices. After all, they only needed so many scouts.

Many were surprised to see Leonel. As for why, it was twofold, only one of those reasons being that he had embarrassed a large number of them during the initial invasion of the Human Domain.

As for the second reason, Leonel didn't have the proper context to understand what it was.

Amidst the army, a youth of the Nomads looked toward Leonel with a searing hatred in his eyes. Prince Gregwyn wanted nothing more than to jump out and shred Leonel to pieces, but his greater judgment won out.

This was a man that had massacred the Ancestors of his people like they were puppets on a string, what could he do to them if he so chose to?

'Wait... Fifth Dimension?'

Gregwyn felt his heart beating out of his chest. Was this an opportunity?

However, he still didn't act. Back then, Leonel was only in the Sixth Dimension, and he still slaughtered his Ancestors. Did this make a difference?

That said... even after the Spirituals did all of that stuff to the Human Domain, Leonel never appeared, not once. Could there be a limit to the strength that he could display? If he could have always displayed that power, then why did he pretend to be so weak during the Invasion?

In fact, it was possible that Leonel had taken on a huge backlash for that power, which was why he was not in the Fifth Dimension.

The more he thought, the fiercer Gregwyn's gaze became.

...

Leonel swept a gaze over everyone until his eyes landed on the beasts pulling the cart forward.

They were a long line of dozens of power bear beasts, each shimmering with a slightly golden sheen.

The first time he looked past them, he didn't care to take a second look. However, he felt something nudge him, something from the Dream Plane.

Why were those bears looking at him, telling him to run as well?

Leonel closed his eyes even as Gregwyn's sneer deepened.

His brothers. Raj, Joel, Milan...

His cousins. Auran, Valor, even the innocent Fifth Nova.

Morales children. Tommie and Nora, he could see them both.

When Leonel opened his eyes, there was nothing but indifference within. The unending, furious tempest of rage that Gregwyn wanted to see wasn't there at all. It was just a deep, abyssal blackness.

Instead, it was Little Blackstar who stood over Leonel's shoulder that growled. This simple action made their chests rumble and their bones rattle.

Leonel did nothing to calm down the little mink as he stared forward.

Looking from Gregwyn to the others and finally to the Spirituals Prince, his lips finally parted.

"It seems that I didn't kill enough of you."

## **Chapter 2362: I Swear**

A spear appeared in Leonel's hand. It was simple, with a wooden pole arm and an obsidian blade. Despite this, the craftsmanship was exquisite.

The primitive man that had formed had taken a great deal of care and attention. Four years, in fact. Everything from the grain of the wood to the edges of the obsidian were perfectly in line.

It was light. Not by Leonel's standards, but rather by the standards of mortals. It wasn't even two pounds of weight or a single kilogram. It felt that the entire spear had been hollowed out.

And yet, the sharpness that it exuded alone seemed to press upon the throats of the entire army.

They subconsciously reached up to their necks, feeling as though they might find themselves spurting out a great amount of blood, but they turned pale when they realized there was no wound to speak of.

Rhangyl slowly opened his eyes. A wave of gold flourished in the surroundings, but it seemed to be met by a wall of obstruction before it could even cross into Leonel's sphere of influence.

He observed the situation silently, rubbing his thumb along his Bow Domain ring, but not saying much. He didn't seem intent on handing out orders either, he simply watched.

The others, who had gotten more used to Rhangyl's personality in recent days, understood what this meant. It meant that they could do as they pleased.

However, even so, no one moved.

Leonel's Dream Force was too powerful, and even without his King's Might Lineage Factor as a conduit to give shape and solidity to his will, just its form as a vast, shapeless nebula bore down on their souls.

Most of the army of hundreds of thousands found it difficult to move. Their movements were sluggish and they seemed to need to push ten times as hard just to complete a single thought.

Beads of cold sweat rushed down their brows with every step that Leonel took forward.

But at that moment, his words suddenly registered and Gregwyn's eyes went completely red.

He had always been a calm and cheerful young man. He didn't take much seriously and his talent was such that everything came easily to him. The adoration of his people, the love of women, the ease of power, it had all made his life a Heaven on this mundane earth.

And yet it was all stripped from him in a single day.

He rushed forward with a furious intent in his eyes, his four floating hands glowing crimson as the Ethereal Glabella on his forehead shimmered.

It was then that Leonel suddenly came to a stop, closing his eyes. His rage continued to simmer in the air, but it didn't seem to continue to rise like it had before. It slowed almost as though a moat had appeared before it, controlling it and pulling it into a steady current.

There was something here.

His eyes flashed open and he looked into the distance. After a moment, he sighed. It was an internal sigh, and yet the entire army could seem to feel his lament.

Rhangyl was powerful. Too powerful.

Leonel could see through it all, because no matter how strong this Spirituals Prince was, he not only didn't try to hide his strength, but his Dream Force control was wholly inferior to Leonel's own.

Rhangyl hadn't held back in absorbing the energies of this world at all. In just a handful of days, his power had skyrocketed and he had even crossed into the Eighth Dimension after shoring up his foundation.

Leonel could also tell that he had Innate Nodes. Several of them. Ten, to be exact. And one of them, he recognized from the battle against his father.

He remembered Wise Star Order telling him of a legend, a Spiritual that had been born with nine Innate Nodes. Then that conversation got derailed because Wise Star Order was shocked to hear that he had ten Nodes in total.

But he had always remembered that.

Leonel didn't fear Rhangyl, but that didn't mean that he shouldn't. He simply didn't have much fear or reverence for anything. He had killed an Envoy of Destruction on his own, why would a child faze him?

The problem was that there were too many variables in this world, and he didn't have the luxury of ending up in a bloody battle that would leave him broken and beaten, one that he might not even be able to win with the current cards he had.

The only reason he felt he had a chance at all was because he was confident that Blackstar would be able to stall Rhangyl while he killed the rest. Then they would be able to team up to slaughter the Prince.

But now...

Thousands of kilometers away, another large group was making their way over, and judging by the look in their eyes, they had already seen them.

'The Dimensional Eyes Verse.' Leonel concluded. They were the only ones he knew of that could see from such a distance other than himself. Plus, he could sense the chaotic energy that the little pink eyed woman had warned him about.

With them observing the situation, they would be sure to be idle and wait until a victor was decided, and only then would they act. They had already seemingly pulled up their chairs and their popcorn, so to speak, ready to enjoy the show.

**BANG!**

Little Blackstar swiped a paw and Gregwyn was driven into the ground like a cheap scrap of metal. The latter's body became twisted and broken, sheared apart on several levels. It looked as though not a single inch of him was left unscathed.

"Save them," Leonel said lightly.

With a thought, Little Blackstar vanished as Leonel bent down to pick up Gregwyn by the neck. Even now, the latter had a furious gaze as though he was trying to rip Leonel apart with it alone.

"I swear-I swear-I swear I'll kill you!"

He tried to roar but his throat was too constricted.

## Chapter 2363: Open Book

"Will you?" Leonel asked lightly.

The indifference made Gregwyn squirm. He pushed and pulled, disregarding the injuries just for the chance to even scratch Leonel, but it was all useless.

Leonel's body was growing stronger by the day and he was already at a strength that dwarfed his previous Fifth Dimensional body. In such an injured state, with his bones practically turned into paste, Gregwyn could do nothing against him.

"You slaughtered my people, I will make you pay even if it's from beyond the grave."

"Oh? And what did you think would happen when you invaded the Human Domain? Did you just want to advance and retreat as you pleased?"

Gregwyn snarled. "We don't kill women and children you coward! Your Morales family got what they deserved, and we'll make sure everyone you care about remains a dog for the rest of their life."

"Interesting." Leonel nodded. "It doesn't seem to me that you care very much about women and children, though. What enrages you the most is that you've lost your lifestyle."

"You no longer have huge backers to make your life simple. You're no longer the most talented in the room. You now have to, ironically, be the dog of others yourself as you bow your head and do whatever the Spirituals tell you to do."

"And look at you now, stranded, without someone to help you, being held up like a cheap toy in my hands... and it wasn't even me who took action, but rather my beast companion."

"What makes you think you have a chance? What makes you think you have the right to judge me?"

Leonel didn't raise his voice even a single time. He didn't even seem to mind if no one other than Gregwyn could hear him.

Gregwyn didn't have a response other than a rage-fueled stare and snarl, but Leonel wasn't very impressed by this. He already expected that someone like Gregwyn would

be all too easy to render speechless. There likely didn't exist a person that he couldn't do this to, at least not at his level.

It didn't really matter how wrong he was, he could always find a way to legitimize himself. But it made him wonder just how much of that was truthful. If there was a seemingly obvious and objective morality, why was it that others couldn't argue for it effectively.

He didn't have to attack Gregwyn's own convictions and drives to "win" the argument. Just the fact Gregwyn said they wouldn't target women and children was laughable.

Weren't Tommie and Nora a pair of children? Did they really have such a bottom line?

Even if one wanted to say that it was Leonel's fault that they ended up in this state, what did your morality count for if you could decide who to use it on when it was convenient for you?

A step further than that, how could any invasion not involve women and children? Did the humans they enslaved in their Domains not include women and children? When they killed the warriors and left the women defenseless, to be sold off as they pleased, or the children to be raised up to be ideological spearheads, would that not be involving women and children?

Even if they did none of this and truly returned to their homes afterward. Would it not be their own women and children benefiting from the pain they had caused in another Domain?

Truthfully, Leonel knew what he had done was abhorrent. But even more truthfully than that...

He simply didn't care.

He couldn't muster up sympathy. Maybe it was partly due to the fact he still wasn't over his father's death, maybe it was another part due to the fact there was so much circular and pointless "logic" tied with what was moral and what wasn't, and maybe it was because right now...

He was too pissed to think about it.

**BANG!**

With a single burst of energy, the chains that bound the bear beasts were crushed.

Rhangyl, who had a hand extended outward, clearly intending to stop this, tilted his head in confusion somewhat. His attack had missed?



Dozens of swirls of blackness enveloped the bear beasts and when they reappeared once more, they were by Leonel's side. Not even a split moment after that, they, too, had vanished into the Segmented Cube.

Little Blackstar bared his little teeth and growled. The skies above seemed to rumble with thunder and the earth shook.

Rhangyl slowly lowered his hand. His expression didn't give anything away, but through the Dream Plane, Leonel could feel his rage bubbling up.

Leonel swept another gaze through the armies that were here.

"I've said this once before. I kept my promise then, and I'll keep it this time as well.

"For every Morales that died, I will be certain to kill twice of your number.

"Wait patiently."

"Do you think I'll allow you to leave?" Rhangyl said calmly.

Leonel gave him a glance. Then, he spoke a single word and vanished into thin air.

Swirls of elemental energies, carrying shades of fire, wind, earth, and water all appeared at Leonel's location, bursting with a violent chaos shattering the earth for the surrounding kilometer.

But Leonel was simply nowhere to be seen.

Rhangyl's gaze flashed with sparks of rage, but it was right then he looked off into the distance and seemed to finally sense the same thing that Leonel had earlier.

When he saw this, he remembered the direction Leonel had turned in, and it just made his rage simmer all the more.

Not only had Leonel noticed before him, it seemed to be the case that the only reason Leonel didn't attack was because of this group.

He was slapping his face. He didn't take him seriously at all.

All the while, Rhangyl's expression was calm as a lake. This had always been his expression. He had learned long ago the value of hiding his true intentions from the world.

He just didn't know how much of an open book he was to Leonel already.

## Chapter 2364: Believe?

Leonel appeared in the far-off distance with a pale expression. It looked as though his face had been completely drained of all color.

Using this ability really took a lot out of him, though, he could already see some of its parameters.

When he used it on actual people, the requirements were far more stringent. He also noticed that the closer something was to being "complete", the more difficult it was as well.

Take, for example, the arrow that the demon monkey sent his way. Because it was close to taking his head, and he waited so long to say the words "disperse", it took more energy to deal with it.

If he had commanded as the demon monkey was taking action, or before it had taken action, he would have been in a much better situation. This was his measure of "completeness".

So why was he so tired now? Was it because he had used it on himself, or Little Blackstar, maybe?

Leonel didn't think so. Little Blackstar didn't resist, and it was easiest to use it on himself even in comparison to the outside world. Toward that effect, Leonel actually believed that he was skipping steps.

This Ability Index, at least at its current level, probably worked best on himself. But he was pushing it to work on the outside world.

As for why he was so tired, that was part of it, but another reason was that he had pushed himself hard.

His normal range of teleportation right now with his current strength was probably a kilometer, two if he really pushed it. That took into account the fact he was mostly restricted to ambient Spatial Force and the strength of the world he was in as well.

However, just now, he had teleported over 2000 kilometers, using his Ability Index to force the Spatial Force in the surroundings into submission.

If he could have gotten away with a few hundred kilometers instead, he would have done so. But unfortunately, that would have still been in range of sight of the Dimensional Eyes Verse.

'What a headache.'

Leonel took a breath. For it to drain his own enormous well of Dream Force, one could imagine just the level of strain he had undergone. Someone else, with a more normal pool of Dream Force, assuming all other parameters were the same, might have only been able to extend a kilometer of initial range to a few dozen at best.

This went to illustrate just how superior Leonel was in terms of pure Dream Force stamina. But, unfortunately, without his Dream Stars, his recovery of that enormous pool was likewise frighteningly slow.

Finally, Leonel caught his breath. His head felt a bit light, and his unhappiness hadn't vanished either.

After finding a calm place, he entered the Segmented Cube to look upon the dozens of bear beasts. Most of them were just sitting silently, some were pacing about, but no matter what they were doing, once Leonel appeared, they all looked toward him with various emotions.

Some had hope in their eyes, some had resolve, and some even had anger that was pointed toward him.

Now that Leonel knew that he hadn't been gone for half a day at all, but rather over a year, he could understand some of that sentiment.

Putting everything on your back and crushing all opposition sounded great, until you were suddenly gone and those you had helped all the while had to do something you had never allowed them to do-this time without even your support.

This was the dark side of what Leonel had done.

The World Spirit of the Morales was in his hands, and that was a handicap to one of their greatest trump cards. While the Morales were still strong alone, before he had left and suddenly vanished, they had only just begun to deal with their problems of internal strife.

Without their World Spirit, and suddenly finding the leader that had brought them all together suddenly gone, the Morales had likely had a huge push and pull internally, making it far easier for them to crumble.

If Leonel had known that he would disappear for so long, he would have never revealed the hidden faction of the Morales so casually. That was a secret that most were likely not even aware of, and without him, his bastard of a grandmother could easily take advantage to reach a conclusion that suited her needs.

Leonel shook his head. His grandfather really should have told him before he did all of this. He would have had several things to fulfill first, but now things had already come to this, there was simply no going back.

Taking a breath, Leonel ignored the emotions in their eyes and began to focus on something he was much better at dealing with. He needed to find a solution to this issue; he obviously couldn't leave them all as beasts.

Whoever had turned them into these creatures likely had an Ability Index similar to Simeon's. Unfortunately, that Brazinger heir had long since died at his hands and his soul had dissipated long ago. After all, Leonel hadn't had [Breathe] or [Assimilate] back then, so he didn't have an option to fully reanimate Simeon.

Leonel's first interaction with Simeon was his weremen. He created them by splicing their genome with that of powerful creatures, making them stronger, faster, more imposing. This seemed like a similar ability, but on a whole other level.

There was no aspect of their humanity left other than their souls themselves.

If Leonel had to guess, this was probably the Ability Index of the Spiritual Prince. But the question was how would he reverse it?

'Any ideas, Anastasia?'

'Well, the simplest solution would be to just kill them all and resurrect them.'

'I can't do that without my King's Might Lineage Factor and I don't know if... things would be the same after that.'

Leonel could get away with doing that with his brothers, but the others, especially the children might not handle it well.

It went beyond just the trauma. Even if Leonel swore to them that he hadn't altered their minds...

Would they believe him?

## **Chapter 2365: Astonished**

'It's possible,' Anastasia said.

Leonel frowned, waiting for an explanation.

'What I mean to say is that the Silver Tablet underwent a change ever since you realized you were a Wise Star Order. You might not need to use your King's Might as a proxy to take their souls in any longer; you can do it directly now. It might also have some new abilities that you might not know about.'

Leonel shook his head. This little World Spirit really knew how to let things drag on. These sorts of important things were the types of matters she should definitely let him know immediately.

The idea that the Silver Tablet had undergone a change, though, wasn't all that shocking to Leonel. That was because he felt a stronger sense of unity with it as well. In fact, when he had met the Spiritual Prince just now, he had felt an odd feeling coming from him as well.

In ancient times, tablets were what were used to carry knowledge. Now that he knew the pyramids were formed by the Pluto Race, he wondered just how much of ancient Earth was actually the tradition of an entire other world entirely.

But in the end, Leonel shook his head.

Whether he killed them and resurrected them with King's Might or the tablet, what difference would it make? They certainly wouldn't know the difference. After all, they'd be dead.

The good news was that Leonel had done this for them in the past when he limited the casualties of the Morales family. But the question was whether they would trust him now the same as they had before?

Seeing the rage in some of their eyes... he doubted it.

Leonel suddenly found himself feeling... annoyed. Maybe he really was never cut out to be a King after all. The moment he felt some pushback from his people, he just wanted to go forward with his plans, ignoring their feelings.

'Just check the Silver Tablet first. I'm curious, anyway.'

Leonel exhaled a breath. 'Alright.'

He took a seat, right then and there. Maybe if he did things like this, they would realize that he didn't have anything to hide.

He took out the Silver Tablet, an action that made many of them flinch. He could only shake his head inwardly and focus on meditating on the tablet.

Leonel found his mind being sucked into the Silver Tablet almost the immediate second after he had the intention.

This much wasn't a surprise, he had always been able to enter the tablets with his mind. Though, it had never flowed as smoothly.

But what he saw on the inside was a completely different matter entirely.

It was a vast library, one so large that he had to blink a couple of times to see it right.

The ceiling must have been at least 200 meters up. It was covered by a glass dome sparkling with all sorts of complex runes. Ladders with minds of their own flew about, attaching and detaching from tall bookshelves. The place seemed to have a spirit that was beyond what was natural... especially for a place completely devoid of life outside of Leonel himself.

However, despite the vastness of this library, only a small corner of shelves actually had "books", or tablets, rather.

There was really nothing to stand around aimlessly for, so Leonel approached one of the shelves, but what he saw made him shudder.

A name and a Force Art.

He put the tablet back and then checked the next one, and then the next one, and then the next one.

The more he looked, the more shocked he became.

[Alexandre Apex]

[Ability Index: Dream Subjugation]

[Lineage Factor: Strengthen]

...

[Leonel Morales - Wise Star Order]

[Ability Index: Dream Control]

[Lineage Factor: Emperor's Might; [Unnamed]; [Bow Domain: Fragmented]; Dark Northern Star Legacy; Light Northern Star Legacy; Dream Asura's Reign]

...

Leonel didn't know what to say. It wasn't just the names that caught him off guard, it was the fact that each and every one had a Force Art attached to it. He didn't need to be

a genius to understand what these Force Arts were, and yet, the longer he thought about it, the more shocked he became.

His mind spun in shock. Could it be that King never had an Ability Index that could turn Ability Indexes into Force Arts at all, but was rather a Wise Star Order from the very beginning?

The implications made Leonel's eyes widen, his heartbeat beating erratically for quite a while before he managed to settle it down.

He shouldn't have been so shocked. The more he thought about it, the more it seemed to make sense.

The Silver Tablet had always been able to extract Lineage Factors and bestow them upon others. The fact that it could form a Force Art from them wasn't all that shocking at all.

If he had to rank the two, being able to bestow Ability Indexes was obviously the more shocking of the two.

But even so, this was a game-changer.

Since Leonel was marked in here, it was potentially true that he didn't even have to kill others to get information on them. There was definitely a requirement of some sort, but it might require much less of him than he initially thought.

But this wasn't what he was focused on at all; he was rather focused on what it would mean to be able to study the Force Arts of an Ability Index. Namely, if he could study and fully comprehend King Alexandre's Ability Index, then wouldn't he be able to progress his comprehension along much quicker?

On top of that, if he had the Force Arts here, didn't that also mean that he could test the synergy of various Ability Indexes and how they would work or clash with one another before he took the risk and gave his brothers Ability Indexes that could bolster their strength as well?

The instant Leonel had this thought, the world seemed to respond to him and with a WHOOSH, King Alexandre's and his own Force Arts appeared in the skies.

Leonel was astonished.

## **Chapter 2366: A Chance**

Leonel could suddenly feel an unprecedented level of control over the world. He felt that he could push and pull the Force Arts that appeared, layering them on top of each other, fusing them in parts, or even in whole.

He didn't hesitate to go all in. Although he didn't know exactly what would happen, since it wasn't happening within his body, he was willing to take the risk.

Leonel's gaze flickered as the two fused into one, but to his astonishment, when the process was complete...

The Force Art collapsed.

No, it didn't collapse, it seemed to cease to be. There even seemed to be an air of Anarchic Force that came into being, one that left Leonel without words.

Had he done something wrong? Or was this what would have happened to him had he absorbed Alexandre's Ability Index?

He thought they were the perfect opposites of one another, what happened?

Or maybe... was it precisely because they were perfect opposites that they had canceled out like that? But then why did the Anarchic Force appear?

Leonel thought back to the last time Anarchic Force had almost screwed him over. Wasn't it Wise Star Order that had helped him deal with that? He hadn't even noticed the lingering danger.

After he formed his Tenth Node, the Regulator had sent some backlash toward him, but for whatever reason, he hadn't noticed the ticking time bomb within his body until Wise Star Order pointed it out. Then, he had to soak in Cleansing Waters until the matter was dealt with.

Was this a similar situation? Was it because the Regulator felt that the resulting Ability Index was too powerful, and so it stepped in to stop it from forming?

It was just a guess, but Leonel had a feeling that it was an accurate one. But, it was simply enough to test it.

[Goggles]

[Ability Index:Karmic Puppet]

[LineageFactor:-]



Leonel pulled out Goggles' Force Art, his eyes narrowing. Feeling the Lineage Factor like this, it was almost, well... He could feel how grandiose it was. It was far more complex than his own or Alexandre's.

After some thought, he fused the Lineage Factor with his own Force Art and watched what happened.

The fusion completed and the complexity fell drastically. Leonel could feel that it had weakened both his own Ability Index and Goggles', but the result was an interesting one nonetheless.

The Force Art concentrated and hovered above his palm. He studied it for a long while, losing himself within it for a while.

He didn't know how much time passed, but when he looked up, his eyes were bloodshot and his Dream Force, which had yet to properly recover, was actually in an even worse state.

From what he could tell, the combination of his own Ability Index and Goggles' would result in an Ability Index that was focused on divining the future.

Rather than the certainty of Goggles' Ability Index or the versatility of his own, it would be distilled into an ability that could simulate the future.

It would actually be far more effective than Leonel's own Dream Simulation or Dream Class ability. But it would also be stripped of all of his other abilities. For example, the control he had over his body, his thoughts, his split minds, everything.

This was a good example of what would happen if you absorbed an ability that wasn't compatible with your own. That said, the result was better than what Leonel had expected. It seemed that while he wasn't fully compatible with Goggle's Ability Index, they at least shared similar enough branches that they didn't become a cripple.

Just to make sure the whole "becoming a cripple" warning wasn't entirely overblown, Leonel fused his Ability Index with one that was as far away from his own as he could think of.

[Normand]

[Ability Index:Pure Speedster]

[LineageFactor:-]

Leonel fused the two, and the result was... about as expected.

The speedster aspect was focused into his mind, but his Dream Force control and well of stamina were practically sapped dry. If he fused with Normand's Lineage Factor, he would be able to think at a speed thousands of times, maybe even millions of times faster than he could now...

For about a picosecond.

The moment he had any sort of intention to think anything, his Dream Force would be sucked dry so fast that he would be an invalid in a split second of a split second.

Essentially, taking on this Ability Index would make him a vegetable. He wouldn't be able to control any aspect of his being. He would be immobile and all but brain dead. He would be a prisoner in his own mind, except he wouldn't even have his own thoughts to keep him company.

A cold chill ran up Leonel's spine. This was worse than just being a cripple; it would make every waking moment feel like hell. He would prefer if someone just killed him if he ended up in such a state.

Leonel shook his head, realizing that he had gotten distracted. He still needed to know if the Silver Tablet had any other abilities; maybe he had to broaden his horizons so that he could understand some things.

That said, there were many thoughts that were slated into the back of his head. For example, this Silver Tablet could be extremely important for not only Ability Indexes but Lineage Factors as well. He wondered what changes it could help him to make to the tentacle womb and golden-scaled koi fish.

'Wait...'

'Wait...'

Leonel stood in place for a long time, his eyes somewhat vacant.

Ability Indexes...

He never really put much thought into what they were.

Of all the things in existence, Ability Indexes felt so completely... out of place.

They weren't a function of evolution. Ability Indexes were entirely random, and there was nothing hereditary about them.

They were probably the only thing in the whole of existence that seemed completely separate from the laws of cause and effect. It just clicked for him how absolutely ridiculous this was to say.

But why? Why did they exist?

Leonel stared at the Force Art hovering before him, his mind in a slight state of absolute chaos.

A chance. That's what they were. Ability Indexes were a chance.

A chance for a low-born to change their fate in a single instant.

A chance to grow powerful by focusing inwardly instead on what the outside world could provide you.

A chance to escape the cycle of life and death... the looming threat of the Northern Star.

## **Chapter 2369: Flowery Nonsense**

Leonel felt himself slowly calm down, his expression becoming serious. He didn't know how to feel about the conclusion he had just come to. It felt like there was something missing.

Sure, Ability Indexes were an anomaly that he couldn't quite understand. They appeared for seemingly no reason and they were an existence that manifested outside the bounds of reason.

It was no wonder.

Leonel had a deep understanding of his soul now, deeper than any comprehension he had ever had in the past, and beyond what even some with Life State Dream Force might come to comprehend. And yet, he had still yet to find the source of his Ability Index.

Could it be further down? Could it be located in the First Dimension instead of the Second? The Dimension of the impetus of Existence itself?

'There's a kernel of truth to that, something...'

Leonel's gaze flashed.

What about the universes necessitated that there be life? Why was it that under the pressure of evolution, life would appear again, and again, and again, given the right conditions?

The answer was obvious.

There was a rule as fundamental as any other rule of physics that everyone was ignoring, a rule so fundamental to Existence that it forced life into being.

What that rule was, what its parameters were, what limitations it had... those were the questions that would decide just how useful this information was to Leonel.

'The necessity of life...'

Leonel's heart thrummed and he felt his Vital Star Force comprehension shift. Those vague, partial runes that he had memorized as they fell from the Vital Star seemed to fuse, albeit only partially.

His hair danced in non-existence wind for a moment before it settled down.

He didn't feel much different, and maybe somewhat disappointingly, his Vital Star Force comprehension was still at Half-Step Impetus State. But it felt far more like his own comprehension now, as though rather than relying on the runes, he had taken every step on his own.

Something else changed as well. The world around him felt brighter, as though he could almost see the various colored swirled of Force.

It was gorgeous.

When you choose to see the beauty in everything, rather than allowing yourself to become tied down by its complexities, there would always be more to experience, more to love, more to care for.

'It's no wonder I'm so incapable with this Force...'

Leonel looked up toward the sky light above. The beautiful dome of glass that projected an image of the perfect blue sky.

If comprehending Life Force meant grasping the beauty of life, it really wasn't a Force meant for him.

He had only comprehended Vital Star Force to begin with because he just so happened to enter the Dimensional Cleanse Trial. And if that really was his future self, then the only reason he had placed Vital Star Force inside was to save Aina.

Well, Aina had been saved. Soon she would awaken and everything would go back to normal once again. So did he even need Vital Star Force anymore?

'Why am I running away from the beauty of life?' Leonel asked himself.

He knew the answer. He didn't really see the beauty of it at all.

Wildlife wasn't beautiful. It was quite disgusting and even more cruel. Beasts used the world as their own personal toilet, they fought and killed one another for scraps, scavengers might even have some dung for dinner if it meant surviving another day.

Child birth was something everyone tried to gaslight him into believing was a beautiful journey. But was it?

A woman would spend the end of her pregnancy in almost constant discomfort. Her back would hurt, her feet would be swollen, she would be a slave to her own cravings and hormones.

And on the day she finally did give birth, it would be the worst pain she would likely experience in her lifetime.

So why would they do it again? Well, it was because their brains would trick them into forgetting the entire experience, making them feel as though it wasn't so bad, all so that evolution could spur them on to have another.

What was beautiful about that? To be chained into being a slave of your own mind, or a law of existence as fundamental as life itself...

Even colors felt like a scam. You didn't even truly experience colors as they were, not only was a large segment of the spectrum hidden from you, the color of an object was only as it reflected and didn't want to absorb.

In a way, the "beauty" of colors was just an exhibition of rejection.

Of course, Leonel wasn't so cynical, especially not about the last of the three examples. But it was amusing to think about. It even sounded like something an intelligent designer would cast into being like a practical joke, almost like an animator hiding a penis in their work only they would ever know was there.

Even so, Leonel felt that it was all a farce. He simply couldn't see life as beautiful.

Or could he?

Wildlife in general wasn't beautiful, but who could deny the beauty of a blooming flower? Of Cherry blossoms gliding in the wind? Of a baby deer learning to walk for the first time or a majestic blue whale leaping out of the ocean for a breath of air?

Who could deny the beauty of holding your child in your arms? Of watching them grow up? Of experiencing their first crawl, their first word, their first walk?

And maybe the colors he saw weren't the rejects at all, but rather an amplification, a suppression of some kinds to accentuate the beauty of one above all else?

Leonel laughed. "What flowery nonsense."

Even so, a smile spread across his face, his heart thumping once, and then twice.

A radiant blue light danced within his eyes.

His heartbeat was so loud that it echoed like a boom.

His Vital Star Force crossed into the Impetus State in a single bound, and his blood roared in response.

## Chapter 2370: Caged Body

Leonel looked down at his hands. He felt that his skin was more radiant, its bronze sheen emitting just the faintest cluster of royal blue. This wasn't a blue that colored his skin, but rather his aura itself.

His Vitality felt as though it was on a completely different level, and unlike the other Forces that threatened to shred his body to pieces, despite the fact his Vital Star Force had grown so powerful, he didn't feel the same burden on his body.

In fact, his body was strengthened considerably. Even though the full benefits of his soul had yet to be fully unearthed, he was already about as strong in body as he had been when he first entered Tier 1 of the Sixth Dimension.

This was without using [Star Fusion] either. Leonel actually felt that he could use [Star Fusion] now without harming himself, and it was an odd feeling.

Logically, with his Vital Star Force growing so powerful, it should be a greater burden. But it wasn't like this at all.

There were only two explanations, either this was a quirk of Vital Star Force itself, or that of his [Unnamed] Lineage Factor.

Of course, Leonel's [Unnamed] Lineage Factor should be the one he had casually referred to as the Morales Lineage Factor. This was the Lineage Factor that not only fused his Metal Synergy Lineage and Spear Domain Lineage Factor, but it also incorporated the aspects he had gained from the Radix, Midas, and Florer families.

This Lineage Factor had a huge emphasis on vitality, so it was possible that it allowed him to withstand Life Forces with greater ease.

On the other hand, Life Forces were also far more docile than other Forces as well, and one like Vital Star Force, was designed to bolster the body.

'Likely a combination of both,' Leonel concluded after a while.

This wasn't something he had come up with on a whim, but rather a conclusion that he reached after studying the [Unnamed] Lineage Factor for a moment.

Another benefit of his Silver Tablet was clearly that he could break down his Lineage Factors into Force Arts, allowing him to read their abilities like an open book and thus craft techniques around them with much greater ease.

With this library, he would never have to worry about holding his Lineage Factors back again so that he could maintain techniques to match with them.

In fact...

Leonel touched the Northern Star Lineage Factors. And as expected, one after another, more techniques that he could even comb through in a short time appeared.

As a Wise Star Order, he, of course, had a library of techniques to match the Northern Star Lineage Factor his title originated from.

'It seems to have some restrictions, though...!' Leonel saw after a while.

For one, this was an exchange, not a depository. To take these techniques out, or to see anything other than their brief descriptions, he had to contribute.

Leonel already had some contribution points, and he concluded with not much effort that these contribution points came from the Force Arts he helped the Silver Tablet to form.

[Leonel Morales - Wise Star Order][Clearance Level: Apprentice][Contribution][Life: -][Gold: -][Silver: 1][Bronze: 1][Black: -][Common: 1 307 820]...The Contribution points were divided into currencies, and they couldn't seem to be converted from one to another. It wasn't even allowed to trade down, there was no exchange at all.

Looking at the few techniques available to him, they could all only be bought with Common Contributions as well.

Taking a deep look, his Bronze Contribution came from King Alexandre, while his Silver Contribution came from Goggles.

It seemed that he couldn't get contribution points from himself.

The remaining over million Common Contributions came from the dead citizens of the Zone, not to mention his brothers that he had used the tablet to revive.

'What a harsh grading scheme.'

Though Leonel thought this, he didn't actually think that there was anything wrong with it. It made perfect sense.

This contribution ranking was created by individuals who fought on the scale of Gods, not fake Gods like those of the Vast Bubble claimed to be, but real monsters like the Plutos and the Void Race.

The fact that he even had a Silver Contribution at all was probably shocking.

Leonel looked at the techniques. He didn't actually want to go through them now as he hadn't forgotten the initial reason he came in here, but then he wondered something.

Given the high standards of this place, what if he could find a technique that could help within the Common Graded ones?

The moment Leonel started looking more seriously, though, he realized that he was a pauper even among the common ranks.

It was quite common for techniques to cost in the several hundred thousand ranges. Even the cheapest were inching on six figures. The most expensive cost billions, easily.

The worst part was that he couldn't even access all the common techniques. He couldn't even trade for one of the six-figure ones. It seemed that his clearance wasn't nearly high enough.

Leonel didn't really care, honestly. He almost never relied on techniques he didn't create himself these days. Though, part of that was because his enlightened self had gone and upgraded his Lineage Factors without his input, and another reason was that his Morales Lineage Factor had suddenly mutated.

But regardless, he didn't have a huge reliance on techniques to begin with. He wouldn't have even been moved to care had he not wanted a method of turning his people back into humans.

What he could have never expected, though, was that the more he looked, the more serious his expression became.

These techniques, if their descriptions were correct...

Weren't they far too powerful?

Eventually, Leonel landed on one.

It was a body method that could strengthen one, but it did so through the soul. According to it, the more separate the soul from the body, the better the results. Also, the further from optimal the body was from its true state, the more effective it was.



[Caged Body: Chained Soul]

## Chapter 2371: Much More Fun

Leonel stepped out from the Silver Tablet. Or, rather, he simply snapped out of his meditative state, alerting himself to the outside world once again. It wasn't lost on him that there were some hostile people before him, but he wasn't worried about it in the slightest. How could they harm him with Anastasia around? He hadn't hesitated to enter a deep state of focus at all.

"I have a technique here that might help you all return to your human forms. It might take some time, but so long as you're diligent with it, things should work out in the end."

Leonel crushed the technique orb that appeared in his palm, and a Force Art appeared before him. It wasn't too complicated, and it was actually far simpler than what he had seen from his own Ability Index and Alexandre's, and certainly less so than Goggles'.

He didn't know how these people would react to a technique being in this form rather than the more digestible format they were used to, but this was the best he could do for them.

What Leonel didn't expect, though, was that Joel would block his path before he could leave to handle other matters.

These bear beasts that his brothers had been turned into were enormous. Even on all fours, they could look Leonel right in the eyes.

Leonel and Joel's eyes met for a long while before Joel's eyes suddenly lost all spirituality. His body keeled over and collapsed.

Leonel rushed forward and caught Joel by instinct, feeling his heart beating out of his chest.

'What's wrong with me?'

Leonel furiously shook his head. Normally, he would understand Joel's intentions instantly, and react with far calmer. It was obvious that Joel understood enough about Leonel's abilities to know that he could turn them back so long as they killed themselves.

Of course, Joel was a bit too eager. If not for the change to the Silver Tablet, Leonel would have had to put him in a snow globe until he got his King's Might Lineage Factor back.

But, Leonel had felt panic first before anything else.

Life wasn't so fleeting. He could feel the weight of it now more than he ever had before.

He hurriedly took out the Silver Tablet again, and Joel's beast body trembled before it crumbled to ash.

Leonel hardly got done with this before the rest of his brothers followed through, one by one. They killed themselves without hesitation.

Every time it happened, it felt like a knife was being twisted into his heart.

He rushed to help each and every one of them, bringing them into the Silver Tablet before pouring what Force resources he had left into resurrecting them.

He felt a heaviness that he hadn't felt before, a heaviness that didn't vanish even when he brought them back one after another. It felt as though he couldn't catch his breath, and bringing them back did nothing to change that feeling of discomfort.

"How could you be so reckless? What if something went wrong?"

Leonel had wanted this to come out far more light-hearted, and even in a joking manner, but it had lost any sense of that it once had when it was filtered through his emotions.

It sounded harsh, grating on the ears even, like he was reprimanding them.

Their gazes of trust felt like a burden, a burden he almost wanted to instinctually give up.

'What the hell is wrong with me?'

Leonel took a step back along with a deep breath.

Was it because of his Vital Star Force? It was like an anchor in his heart. Without the presence of other Forces within him because his body simply couldn't withstand any other Force right now, it had taken the reins completely.

"We have our own convictions too, Leonel," Joel looked into Leonel's eyes, their deep brown trembling. "I'm tired of dying. I've already experienced it three times now. But I'll experience it however many times I have to so that I don't have to again."

The contradictory words rang in Leonel's ears.

A chance, an opportunity. An Ability Index wasn't the only thing that could represent those concepts, but life itself could.

...

Leonel didn't know how he got out of there, but he felt suffocated. He understood what Wise Star Order had meant about an Innate Node being able to consume you now more than ever. And this was just a Force he had comprehended, what if one day his Scarlet Star Force Innate Node began to rampage as well?

He sat on his bed, holding Aina's Blood Sovereign Tablet. His fingers trembled slightly as he tried to steady his breathing.

No, maybe it already had.

His thoughts were so cruel, his actions so decisive and emotionless. How much of that was really him, versus his Innate Node?

He needed the space to breathe.

Suddenly, though, the golden tablet trembled and a light manifested.

Before Leonel could react, the tablet spun out of his hands, and a humanoid figure appeared around it as it shrunk.

Leonel bolted forward without thinking, his arms wrapping around Aina before she was even aware of her surroundings.

\*\* "The humans are amusing, don't you think? All this effort, and for what, exactly? Do they think they're going to find a savior among those Incomplete World ants?"

A demon, wrapped in shadows and with the menacing horns of a bull crouched over a sheer cliff with nothing but black waters below.

However, those who knew better knew that those weren't waters below at all, but rather, the turbulence of space and destruction. It was Anarchic Force so thick it manifested into a loose liquid.

All around him, there were others demons of all shapes and sizes.

"What do you all say we crash their party? I would like to see how the Vast Bubble would react to their careful plan crumbling before their eyes?"

SMACK.

A thick hand hit the bull horned demon on the back of the head.

"Remember the goal. We're here to get evidence of the humans enslaving Higher Races."

The bull horned demon snorted. "We could just kill them all. What's the use for all of this?"

"Why don't you go question the higher-ups yourself? I'm sure they'll love that."

The bull horned demon snarled but fell silent.

The demon by his side, one that seemed formed entirely of flames, looked down toward the abyss below.

"Remember, somehow, the humans were able to stop our advance with that formation for generations, while our brothers and sisters were getting slaughtered inside.

"That formation finally shattered, and we made it through, but there's no telling if they have another trump card like it.

"We're demons. Be a bit more cunning, would you? Wouldn't it be much more fun to watch the whole world slaughter the humans again?"

## **Chapter 2372: You Little...**

Leonel hugged Aina so tightly that at any other time, he might have thought he had a chance at crushing her. But at least right now, with the gaps in their strength of body having widened once more, that wasn't something he had to worry about in the slightest.

He took in her warmth, her heartbeat, her soft...

'She's naked,' Leonel suddenly realized.

Even so, he didn't have such thoughts right now. He only wanted to hold her in his arms for the first time in what felt like forever.

Aina, herself, was a bit confused. She felt the familiar scent envelop her, and she instinctively knew that it was Leonel, but what had happened? Why was there such a large gap in her memories? Weren't they in a Zone? And hadn't she been in the body of...

Aina's eyes widened, her heart trembling. Hadn't she died?

Her body subconsciously wiggled as though to make sure that she was still all in one piece, but her senses flared as her Ability Index kicked in. Her eyes widened.

Just what had happened to her body all of a sudden--

Aina's thoughts were cut out when she remembered Leonel. He was still holding onto her, and he didn't seem to have any intentions of letting go. He cradled her head in one palm, sweeping up her waist in the crook of his other elbow. He pulled up at her so hard that she was forced onto the tips of her toes just to accommodate his height, and yet she hardly felt her own weight at all, he was carrying it all.

Aina's eyes watered beside herself. Leonel had just lost her father, then he had likely thought that he lost her in quick succession. He could remember the rage and anger in his voice. He only barely stopped short of calling her a stupid woman back then, and maybe she would have deserved it if he had.

That beast obviously wasn't here any longer, which meant that Leonel had done something to defeat it, something that she obviously couldn't accomplish even by putting her life on the line.

Her brimming tears began to soak Leonel's chest. She had wanted to be useful, but had ended up being his burden.

Her fingers clutched at Leonel's back, holding onto him tightly in return. She could feel the erratic state of Leonel's heart, his back felt so solid, and yet so frail at the same time.

"Don't do something that stupid again, okay? I can protect you, I definitely can."

Leonel's voice carried a grating hoarseness to it. It drummed upon Aina's heartstrings, making her tears fall all the faster.

Why were these words so familiar? They were words she used to say to Leonel all the time, when she wanted him to stop risking his life to save people who had nothing to do with him. It was the main reason they had separated once before, her emotional state just couldn't handle it all.

But now, it seemed that it was she who was the one in the wrong now.

"Yes, okay..." Aina said softly between her sobs.

Leonel buried his nose and lips into Aina's hair. Just a while longer. He just wanted this peace for just a while longer.

...

It was hard to say how long the two spent in that state. But some unknown time later, Leonel sat cross-legged on their bed, Aina cuddling up in lap like a happy little kitten. She rested her head on his collarbone and shoulder, her eyes closed with a deep sense of peace.

There was nothing hot or steamy about the atmosphere, but it was probably more intimate than they had ever been before.

They held one another's hands, basking in the warmth of their other half.

"I think there's something wrong with my body," Aina suddenly said.

Leonel, who had entered a peaceful lull, felt his heart skip a beat.

"What's wrong? Where?"

He pressed a hand to Aina's chest, looking for the answer on his own as though he couldn't wait even for her answer.

Aina giggled. "You saw an excuse to feel me up and just took it, huh?"

Leonel only now seemed to realize that Aina wasn't referring to something bad, which was soon followed up by the realization that he had pushed her ample breasts out of the way to press his palm on her chest.

"How's this my fault? It's been hours and you haven't even reached for clothes. Who's trying to feel up who, exactly?"

"I was testing you," Aina said with a humph. "It took you three hours, four minutes and seven seconds before you took advantage of me. Tell me, who's been draining you so much in my absence that you're not even tempted, huh?"

Leonel was speechless. This woman, what was she talking about? This was supposed to be a sweet reunion. If he pinned her down and got to work immediately like some beast, wouldn't he hear complaints about that as well?

"You little..."

Aina squealed.

Leonel completely forgot about the problem with Aina's body. It was clear that in her absence, she had forgotten who was the boss here. Seeing the wave of delight in her eyes, though, he wondered if he really was.

Aina's feverish moans filled the room, waves of heat coming from her as her skin turned a slight tinge of crimson. It was a gorgeous sight Leonel couldn't take his eyes off of.

Pinning her face into their pillows, the graceful arch of her back made his heart thrum with excitement.

His irises flashed with a radiant blue light as he unleashed what was just the first wave.

"Don't run now," Leonel growled. "I'm not finished yet."

Aina felt a tingle run up her spine. Those words of command only made her feel all the more excited.

"Yes, King," she said softly.

Leonel didn't even care about becoming a King anymore, but hearing these words, he felt that he would conquer as many lands as his woman wanted him to.

## **Chapter 2373: Clairvoyance**

The hours seemed to tick by once again without notice, and by the time Aina was fully subdued and gasping for breath, maybe much of a day had gone by.

It was only then that the two finally seemed to get to what Aina was trying to tell him about, and it was more shocking than what Leonel was expecting by far. It almost felt ridiculous that they hadn't gotten to it immediately, but this little vixen had insisted on teasing him.

'This feeling...' Leonel registered what Aina was saying, and then he sensed the changes in his own body. He had gone from a bodily strength of someone in Tier 1 of the Sixth Dimension, to at least Tier 3. Of course, these were metrics he gained by comparing himself to himself.

He didn't believe that he could do so in just a handful of hours; it should have been much slower. The only real explanation was that his intimate time with Aina had sped some things up.

Hearing Aina's explanations as well, these things felt like they all slipped into place. Aina felt far more powerful, to an almost scary degree. According to her words, she felt that she could even fight an Ancestor of the Dimensional Verse now on her own, and that was despite the fact she was still in Tier 1 of the Seventh Dimension and hadn't really learned anything new.

All she had done was die once and then come back. Their best guess was that reconstructing her body had allowed her a great boon. For one, after asking the generation, Aina's soul was now 100% separated from her body. So if that was matched with a complete reconstruction of her body as well, the benefits were obvious.

In fact, Leonel felt that Aina might still be being too conservative with the leap in her strength. Aina's Ability Index allowed her to have a perfect grasp of what was going on in her body, but it was hard to tell exactly how far that extended.

After some thought, Leonel brought out the Silver Tablet, wanting to check something. "Touch this," Leonel said.

Aina blinked, but did as she was told anyway. 'Hm, so it doesn't work like that?' Leonel's eyes narrowed. He was partly trying to get a better look at Aina's Ability Index, and partly trying to understand how to gather more knowledge to raise his contribution points.

The former was a more important point than he knew, though. Aina's Blood Sovereignty, Lineage Factor, and Ability Index were all so perfectly matched to one another that it was hard to draw a dividing line between them. This was excellent for fusing your paths into a single road, but what it wasn't good for was targeting your weaknesses and improving yourself.

Plus, he was curious. "Try pouring some Force into it instead," Leonel changed his words.

Aina blinked. "Wait, it might just be Soul Force," she said after a while and then acted again.

This time, Leonel felt a change. His brows shot up and he slipped into the Silver Tablet.

...

[Aina Brazinger]

[Ability Index: Body Clairvoyance]

[Lineage Factor: Berserk God: Mutated; Soul Clairvoyance]

Leonel's brows rose. Aina had two Lineage Factors, not just one? Was it always like that? Or did something change? And that second Lineage Factor, it shouldn't be one that she was born with, so did that mean that Aina was a Spark? Or maybe something else?

It was hard to tell when he didn't even know what the original state of Aina's abilities were. However, there was something else that was shocking about this change.

[Leonel Morales - Wise Star Order]

[Clearance Level: Apprentice]

[Contribution]

[Life: -]



[Gold: 2]

[Silver: 2]

[Bronze: 1]

[Black: -]

[Common: 1 307 820]

Leonel stood in silence. There had been not only an addition to his Gold Contributions, but two. And as thought that wasn't enough, there was an additional point added to his Silver Contributions as well. Aina had three Force Arts formed from her contributions, and there were exactly three additional points added to his totals.

That meant that even the weakest of Aina's talents was at the level of Goggles. Was it truly always like this? Leonel's instincts were telling him that something had changed...

'Hm?' Leonel looked to the side, and another side of the library, or more accurately, his library, had gained something.

When Leonel looked closer, it was actually a copy of the Blood Sovereign Tablet. It had been unceremoniously copied. When he reached out for it and grasped it, it felt just as tangible as Aina's own. In fact, he even felt like he could take it out if he wanted.

Was this a copy, or? Leonel sent his mind back outside, and he found that Aina's tablet was still there. The Blood Sovereign Tablet had actually been duplicated with such ease.

The more he learned about the Silver Tablet, the more he felt like he understood it. It was a well of knowledge, first and foremost. But it was also akin to the last line of defense. So long as the Silver Tablet existed, or maybe even a Bronze Tablet like the one in Aina's father's possession, the knowledge of the Envoys of Creation would continue to persist.

Just coming into contact with a Blood Sovereign like he had allowed him to reform an entire tablet from thin air, allowing the knowledge to continue to be spread.

It was no wonder the Vast Bubble had access to such tablets. If they had a Wise Star Order like King, and so powerful at that, his own library must have been far beyond Leonel's.

But then... why did an Emperor's Might tablet not appear when he entered? Leonel then remembered. It said that Aina's Berserk God Lineage Factor was mutated, but it didn't say the same for his own. In fact, it called it Emperor's Might and not King's Might.

This should be because by the time he interacted with the Silver Tablet again, his Lineage Factor had fallen into dormancy. Leonel shook his head and focused on Aina. "Do you want to see? I'm not sure it would be a help to you or hindrance, though."

Aina blinked for a moment as though thinking about something, but she eventually nodded with quite some certainty.

## Chapter 2374: Complicated Emotions

Leonel projected the Force Art to Aina, and she stared at it for a long while.

He didn't rush her, but as she was lost in thought, so was he. He felt that being a Wise Star Order wasn't just about gathering knowledge, but it was also about guidance, being a shepherd of sorts as well.

It didn't restrict him from sharing the techniques that he traded for, and it didn't stop him from showing Aina her Force Arts either. One would think that there would be some restrictions on this matter, but there were none at all.

Aina took a breath.

Leonel's gaze narrowed. It was a seemingly normal action, but he felt the Force in the air shift. And when she took yet another breath, it shifted even more forcefully.

Every time Aina took in a simple breath, everything in her immediate vicinity changed. Her very presence was pushing and pulling at reality, as though trying to force itself into being.

It was a sight that could be felt, but not seen. It came with a heaviness that imposed its will and pressed down on even Leonel's shoulders.

Leonel's and Aina's heads suddenly snapped into a direction as well. Before Leonel could be surprised that Aina had been able to keep up with his senses, they both moved at once, but Leonel fell behind quickly.

Aina was simply too fast.

Leonel's lip twitched. 'Does she remember that she's naked?'

By the time Leonel made it out, he found that whatever had been happening had already been put to a stop.

In the clearing, within the depths of the endless forests that were Anastasia's world, a battle had broken out between the bear beasts. Well, between the bears beasts and Leonel's brothers.

Aina froze them all in their tracks. Luckily, not because she was naked, or even because they were surprised that she was alive. Rather, her aura alone made it difficult for them to move.

"What's going on?" Aina asked, turning to Leonel.

"A Spirituals Prince with an Ability Index similar to Simeon's turned them into beasts. It didn't seem like they'd trust me to kill them and then resurrect them in their own bodies, so I gave them a technique to practice instead."

"What happened?" Leonel turned to Joel, James and the others.

"They-" Joel covered James' mouth before he made the situation worse.

"Good to see that Aina is back," Joel said with a smile.

"I got lucky. It won't happen again." Leonel said seriously.

Looking into Leonel's eyes, Joel seemed to understand that he wasn't just speaking about Aina and his pupils trembled somewhat before he regained control over himself.

"... As a beast it was hard to maintain our inhibitions as high as they were as humans. What kept us in line were the chains and Rhangyl's commands. But now, neither are here."

Leonel frowned. "They can't focus enough to learn the technique?"

"Yes. The only reason they're calm now is because an "alpha" has appeared. I have a feeling that they'll only get more rowdy as time goes on, it'll make it harder for them to focus.

"It's part of the reason I couldn't stand being in the body, it made me feel like I couldn't even control myself."

Leonel took a breath. This was... very troublesome. He really didn't want to have to-

"I can undo it," Aina suddenly said. "It shouldn't be too hard, you might have the materials on hand, too."

Leonel's eyes lit up. "How could I forget my lovely wife was so talented?"

Aina rolled her eyes. She was still waiting on her ring, but this guy insisted on taking cheap advantage of her?

"Is it just me or did Leo become more of a simp?" James held up his fingers and thumbs, framing Leonel's head in a picture frame.

"Nope, I think you're definitely onto something. He's softer, too. You think he has a baby in the oven?" Raj asked.

James shifted his picture frame to Aina's face, and then down to her belly. But before he could lock in, Raj nudged it back to Leonel's stomach.

"Perfect." Raj nodded.

"Hey, cap. How's your hormone balance doing? You feeling any unexplained sickness in the mornings? Maybe some unexpected cravings? Ever wanted to sniff some gasoline? Maybe put some ketchup on your ice cream?" James asked.

Aina sputtered with laughter as Leonel threw out a kick that James blocked all too easily with an energy shield.

"Hey, hey, I'm just worried about your safety! Don't push yourself too hard."

Laughter rang through the forest.

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It didn't take Aina long to finish. In fact, as Leonel watched, he realized that she used concepts from the [Caged Body: Chained Soul] Force Art in her concoction. It seemed that part of the reason she was so confident was because she had seen it.

This was good news. At the very least, Leonel hadn't wasted his contribution points. Though, the technique was quite useful for him as well.

When the bear beasts were forced to absorb the pill, their bodies seemed to be sucked into their Ethereal Glabellas before their bodies began to manifest out of accumulated Force.

Leonel exhaled a breath of relief seeing this. This was a better outcome than he had expected for everything. So, he turned his attention to more serious things.

"Tell me what happened."

Everyone looked at each other. Without their beast bodies fueling the rage in their minds, the animosity many had toward Leonel lessened somewhat, but it wasn't to the extent that all was forgiven.

Even so, seeing how ignorant he was of the matter, just how mad could they be? At most, they could lambast him for abandoning the family he claimed to want to lead at the drop of a hat.

However, from Leonel's perspective, he had already defeated everyone that needed to be defeated. Weren't they too useless if they couldn't last even a year and some change without him?

Back in their human bodies, their emotions were far more complex.

They felt rage that their Patriarch had let them down.

But they also felt the very same Morales pride within them, asking why it was they had to rely on someone else to be strong.

Were the Morales truly weak now without a single person?

## **Chapter 2375: Never Again**

Leonel didn't make a sound as he listened to the story, his expression not giving anything away. What happened was within his expectations. Or, more accurately, after he had seen the state of the Morales family, he understood what must have happened.

After their victory, everything was smooth sailing. But because Leonel wasn't there, there was actually some hesitation about what exactly to do. This made sense. The Morales had suddenly gained so much territory and control in such a short time. They didn't even have the necessary population to occupy all of those lands, and they certainly didn't have the infrastructure to govern such a large amount of land either.

Some were divided about what to do. One faction believed that they should just enslave everyone like they had the Suiard and the Spiritual Faction. This would keep everyone in line and make it easier to force assimilation.

Another faction believed that they should take a softer approach. They had already bred such destruction and carnage, a more diplomatic approach now might actually help the Morales in the long run rather than making everyone think that they were dictators.

After all, they fully controlled the narrative now. So long as they put out some feelers, and cleverly manipulated history, many wouldn't even remember the massacres in a generation.

Hearing about these two factions, Leonel could close his eyes and see who was on which side, and he was even more certain that those dividing lines would have been

drawn across the picket lines of the demon faction of the Morales family, and the human side.

In fact, the more he listened, the more he was absolutely certain that the Demoness had a hand in forcing things to go this far. The infighting began not long afterward and the Morales family became fractured. Because Leonel had exposed who was on which side, many historical, eye-blowing moments were brought up, and many began to wonder how long this betrayal had been going on for.

Some things that were completely unrelated began to be pooled together. The Morales entered a mass state of paranoia where everyone was accusing everyone else of something. In the end, it became the lynchpin of their downfall.

The Spirituals had experts of their own, and without Leonel there, the seals he placed on the "slaves" of the Morales were all too easy to weaken considerably. Suddenly, the Morales were facing not only their own internal civil war but a violent retaliation from the Spiritual Religion and the Suiard family.

Even so, the Morales were quite powerful. Despite the strength Maxx held, the Morales had powerhouses of equivalent standing, and their number of Ancestors, Ancestors that had remained hidden until the civil war began, dwarfed both the Suiard and Spiritual Religion.

Unfortunately, by this point, the second invasion of the Human Domain began. There was Void Palace to protect them as Leonel had already massacred them. There was no Shield Cross Stars because Leonel had already massacred them. There was no Omann family because Leonel had already massacred them.

The only powers left remaining to protect the Human Race were the Morales that were in shambles, and the Suiard and Spirituals Religion that had suffered catastrophic losses not just due to Leonel, but also because of their fight for their freedom.

Leonel had always meant to let them go once everything blew over, but how could they know that? And with Leonel vanishing for a year, for all they knew, he had always just been a puppet of the Morales family, a convenient excuse they could abandon should things not go perfectly for them.

The Human Domain in that state couldn't even handle a normal invasion... let alone an invasion the Spirituals participated in. Using the fall of the Spirituals Religion as a way to claim the moral hierarchy, the Spirituals led a crusade and hardly suffered any resistance. They proved themselves to be the most powerful race of the Dimensional Verse, and it wasn't even close.

The Morales were massacred and they lost large numbers of their Ancestors and young geniuses. Ancestor Alvaro fell. Ancestor Issa fell. The Overlord, the very old man that

was the reason Leonel's command of the Morales had been so smooth to begin with... also fell.

Leonel looked toward those that survived. First Nova Adawarth. Third Nova Xavnik. Fifth Nova Ramon. Fourth Nova had died. Sixth Nova, Valor, had died. Second Nova... Auran, had died.

Leonel didn't have much goodwill toward Fourth Nova; he had tried to sign Aina to a slave contract, but he was still his cousin. Sixth Nova was different. Leonel still remembered when he first met him. He was a stoic man of few words, but that day beneath the Void Tower, he had been proud of Leonel's achievements.

He had his own personal ambition, but that didn't get in the way of the love he had for his family... love that was likely only dwarfed by Auran himself. If there was anyone who least deserved to die, it was Auran. He had sacrificed so much, fighting a battle against the hidden faction of the Morales all on his own. He took that burden on his shoulders and he never complained, even willingly giving up a chance to become the Heir Apparent just to take Xavnik down.

Leonel looked into Kira's eyes. They were brimming with unshed tears and carried a dense rage within that couldn't be buried. They rimmed with crimson and the Force around her fluctuated. He understood her feelings. Words couldn't describe how much he understood.

Leonel closed his eyes. He knew it wasn't his fault. He knew that it wasn't because he was neglectful or irresponsible. He knew that if he had been there, the chances he could have changed the outcome would have been slim.

It was clear that for whatever reason, the Demoness no longer wanted the Morales to exist as presently constructed. In fact, it might even be for a reason as petty as not wanting her lab rats to get too powerful. After all, how could her precious Lineage Factor spread to so many insignificant beings.

Leonel clenched his fists. However, the guilt was just as heavy. 'Never again.'

## **Chapter 2376: Prick**

Leonel didn't know how much it was the Vital Star Force affecting him, but he felt that he would have reacted much the same way. He had never lost his empathy, at least not toward the people he actually had connections to.

His father's death hit him like a truck. Aina's death felt like the same truck had backed up and dumped its load on him. He could still remember the rage he had felt when he

had seen his brothers trapped in the bodies of beasts, and knowing at the same time that the Morales family was likely finished as a result of what he was seeing.

He had felt all of those things then, and he felt them just as strongly now after stepping into the Impetus State. This made him feel better. In fact, it made him feel better than he thought it would make him feel. It was as though there was still a kernel of what was really him in there, a piece that wasn't entirely dictated by the Forces he chose to comprehend.

But as good as that feeling was, his sense of duty was even more suffocating. Right now, he could intimately feel the difference.

The Leonel ruled by his Scarlet Star Force would immediately go on a rampage, not stopping until what was left of the Spirituals were mowed down like dried weeds. However, the current Leonel felt that he wanted to take a different approach entirely.

He still felt the will within him to fight, to slaughter, make those that had made his family, his friends suffer, pay back their debts in blood. But he knew that it was a useless endeavor. Would it bring those that had been lost back? And he had already slaughtered to his heart's content, and what was the end result, exactly?

Would there be slaughter? Yes. There would definitely be a reckoning for this, and he would make certain that all those who were responsible were buried six feet deep. The Spirituals would only be the beginning. The day he met the Demoness would be the day she paid for all her crimes as well. He would show her what it truly meant to be toyed with.

But would it be now? No. If he wanted this to not happen again, it had less to do with his own strength. Could he guarantee to always be there? To always be ready and by their side? It was impossible. It had been proven again, and again, and again.

How many people had he lost? Even if he had managed to bring many of them back, would he be able to do so forever? What about when they entered the Eighth Dimension and the Silver Tablet became useless? Would he keep them at the Seventh Dimension forever? Forcing them to remain weak and useless?

If he wanted to change things, it didn't start from him, at least not in the sense that he had to continue chasing after strength and power. He had to change himself, yes, but the change would come in his approach.

He had to pass on his knowledge. He had to help his brothers to grow stronger and more powerful. He had to empower his people. Even if they couldn't reach his height, he had to at least bring them close.

Leonel closed his eyes, his thoughts thrumming. Of those that were here, there were his brothers, three of the remaining Novas, Kira, and the youths of the Morales, namely



Nora and Tommie. The rest fell into similar categories. There weren't any of the people of Earth, Leonel noticed, aside from his brothers, of course. But Aina's friends were glaringly missing. That said, if they had died, Leonel was certain his brothers would have also said something.

Aside from that, there was also Emna, Raylion and his wife. Leonel had a feeling that the only reason so many people he knew survived was precisely in an attempt to humiliate him and also to drive him out to kill him. Obviously, the latter part of that plan had clearly failed.

Leonel opened his eyes and shook his head. Here he was, trying to do things by himself again.

"Give me a few hours. Feel free to talk into the skies if there's anything you want. Anastasia will help you."

"You're volunteering me for work I didn't ask for, aren't you too cheeky?"

"Ignore her," Leonel said, before running away.

...

Leonel sat in a quiet place, looking out into the ocean. His father's dictionary felt smooth on his palm, vibrating with a slight warmth.

"What do you think of the Conventional Path?"

"It's shit."

Leonel's lip twitched. Classic.

"It's the path I chose, though."

Leonel was shocked once again.

"Why?" Leonel asked after a long while.

"Because the path is a blank slate. The God Path is a stupid path. It has some interesting quirks, but trying to step onto a path like that one before you have a full understanding of the scope of the world around you is foolhardy at best. It's like expecting a toddler to already have chosen their career path.

"If you use the Conventional Path, though, you gain an extreme amount of flexibility. When you understand everything well, and you're certain of your path, you can devote yourself to it and not worry about potential backlash."

"That sounds very valuable, though. So why do you not like it?"

"Because there are better methods of doing the same thing. [Dimensional Cleanse] for one, is a technique well known for being compatible with every other technique. What most don't know is that there's likewise a Path that comes with it that is compatible with every other Path.

"Not only does it provide flexibility, but it also comes with a great deal of powerups and helpful boosts that the Conventional Path doesn't have."

Leonel smiled. "Then why didn't you use [Dimensional Cleanse] instead of the Conventional Path?"

He had a feeling he already knew the answer.

"Why? Have you read that technique's introduction? The creator was an arrogant prick. I wouldn't allow myself to owe that bastard anything. Over my dead fucking body."

Leonel's laughter rang out.

## **Chapter 2377: A Path That Suits You**

"How'd you manage to use the Convention Path in the Void Palace?"

"You think I went to the Void Palace for their help? I went to chase skirt-I mean I went to be an instructor. I never joined that shitstain of an organization as a student, I had better things to do. Plus, they paid me a hefty sum. Probably thought that if I was in their sights, they could learn about what made me so powerful. Jokes on them, I'm one of a kind."

Leonel smiled. This old man never explained things so clearly, but because his AI was strapped to the rules of the dictionary, it was like he was finally learning more about his father's life.

"So basically the Conventional Path is very malleable. Are there any limitations?"

"There are limitations to everything, but the Conventional Path is a bit... unique. You essentially undergo two body tempering stages. To the outside world you seem to be in the Sixth, then Seventh, then Eighth Dimension. But in reality, you just repeated the Third, Fourth and Fifth Dimensions. You never really stepped into the Sixth."

Leonel frowned. That sounded... wrong.

"If it sounds wrong, that's because it is. The Conventional Path is theoretically supposed to work like this, but it doesn't. Rather than staying in the Fifth Dimension, or better yet, backtracking to the Third with the same strength and power, you instead get what I call... Quasi Dimensions."

"Quasi Dimensions? What's the difference?"

Leonel was suddenly very interested. He had concluded recently that Dimensions were highly important, but they didn't quite work the way explained in Earth's physics textbooks. He had a feeling that this was the piece he was looking for.

"Dimensions represent an elevated state of being. The higher your state, the closer you are to the foundations of life itself, and thus the more powerful you are.

"This elevated state of being is mostly reflected in an abstract sense to most who go about their day to day lives. However, it's more tangible than just existing in the abstract, and it's as real as the Dream Plane is. I just don't believe that there's someone in existence you can touch upon that Plane.

"Well, I would have given enough time. But there's no use crying over spilled milk.

"What's important is that this state of being is like an anchor that holds everyone in place, and I believe that it's related to the Regulator.

"The Regulator isn't the physical manifestation of a being. It has no will, no consciousness, it only exists as an arbitrator of rules. More accurately, it IS the rules.

"My hypothesis is that if anyone actually ever came face to face with a Regulator one day, it would just be a Force Art, just like everything else is."

"And it's the structure laid out by the Regulators that gatekeep states of being?" Leonel asked.

"Yes. I would explain more but your little mind would probably implode.

"To keep a complicated matter simple. When you cross a Dimension, you gain greater access to these layers of reality. The more access to these layers of reality you gain, the more you can impose your will onto the world and ignore the rules of the Regulators."

Leonel's eyes narrowed. He thought back to that Void Race Ancestor who was so large he seemed to encompass the entire Incomplete World. The Regulator had tried to stop him as well, much like it had tried and succeeded in stopping his father, but it had all been useless.

Was this what his dad meant by ignoring the rules of the Regulators?

"Then what about Forces? This explanation sounds a lot like one I received for Force Manipulation."

The dictionary fell into silence, but Leonel could feel it calculating something. In fact, he could vaguely tell that what it was doing was translating.

Leonel's Crafting was on an entirely new level now, and though he was far from his father, he had at least clipped the edge of Velasco's cloak. He could feel what the dictionary was doing now with much more clarity.

When the dictionary was doing this, it was converting the terms his father used into ones he used.

Force Manipulation was a term Leonel had coined, it was unlikely his father would use the same words. And his father had never stepped out of the Dimensional Verse, so how could he know what terms the Four Great Families used either?

But somehow, the dictionary was able to convert everything into vocabulary only he could understand.

Then it spoke.

"Yes, the concept is the same. But the distinction is in body and in soul.

"An increase in Dimension, regardless of what caused it, or path you follow, is fundamentally a change in body.

"A comprehension of Force will fundamentally cause changes in the soul.

"This is why separating the two is so important. The soul's natural state is in the Second Dimension, as is that of every other Force, but the body's natural state is in the Third.

"When you're fused into one, it's impossible to give both the care and attention they need. Both need their own approaches. If you keep them together, as the body progresses, it will pull the soul along, forcing it to stretch itself across several Dimensions so that it won't be left behind.

"This weakens your soul overall, and it likewise weakens its connection to Forces."

Leonel frowned.

He... somewhat? Understood this.

The Layered State of Force Manipulation represented folded your Forces until they could return and be used naturally as close to the Third Dimension as possible. Then,

stepping into the Impetus State allowed you to finally take that step, while the Life Step would allow you to return to the Second Dimension.

But it was interesting. It seemed that the body's task was to rise through the Dimensions, and the soul's task was to return.

It was this push and pull that made the powerful truly powerful.

"Then what's wrong with the Conventional Path?"

"It's unable to make you stronger without pushing your body forward somewhat. Every step up in Dimension in the Conventional Path is about... a Half-Step up in reality, rather than a full step.

"Stepping into the Seventh Dimension means you still have the flexibility of someone in the Sixth. So on and so forth.

"It's not perfect, and this adds some rigidity to the Path, but it's still far more flexible than most because so long as you haven't stepped into the Eighth of the Conventional Path, there's still a lot you can do. It's part of the reason I spent decades in the Seventh Dimension, looking for my path."

Leonel's eyes glowed. This gave his brothers far more of a chance than he originally thought.

Plus, Aina never followed the God Path either. Or, rather, she seemed to have only used it as a skeleton. She relied on her Clairvoyance to make her own path.

As for him, he obviously used [Dimensional Cleanse]. Not that it mattered since he had somehow returned to the Third Dimension anyway.

"Then for someone in the Seventh Dimension of the Conventional Path, what would you suggest?" Leonel asked.

This was the main reason he had come here.

"Not everyone can follow my Path, and I assume you're not talking about yourself because you clearly didn't follow that Path either.

"It ultimately comes down to a few things. Raise your Forces as high as you can. Raise your Ability Index to the highest level you can. Raise your Universal Forces to the highest level you can. And since you're not as amazing as me, find a Path most suited to your growth.

"Only after doing those three things first will you be able to understand best what Path suits you."

## Chapter 2378: Pulling His Leg

Leonel nodded slowly. His father's words were helping him to slowly bring together the bits and pieces of information that he had cobbled together over the years into a more holistic understanding of what he had to do. He had to first find a balance between strengthening the Ability Indexes of his brothers, and helping them to reach the limits of them as well.

It would be easier to help them reach the limit with the help of the Silver Tablet's Force Arts, but he still had to factor in their talent and the digestibility of the material. Not everyone could just innately comprehend Force Arts by using prior, seemingly unrelated knowledge like Leonel or Aina could.

"The Force Arts of Silver Tablet were in a language that Leonel had only seen once before, and back then he was just barely 18 years old and was stuck in the Joan Zone."

Then, he would have to help find resources that could aid them to comprehend their Forces faster. Maybe he could even fuse the two purposes into one. Who knew, maybe he could help them gain an Ability Index that would make it easier for them to comprehend their desired Forces. That way he would be killing two birds with one stone.

But he was still curious about something.

"How did Universal Force factor into all of this?"

Leonel's task, the one given by his father before he could even begin to progress out of the Third Dimension, was quite similar to the three things he just listed. He had already succeeded in separating his soul, and the only Forces he had left to raise to the Impetus State would be his Dark Force, his Scarlet Star Force, and his Emulation Spatial Force.

"The Dark Force was a requirement of him since he had both halves of the Northern Star Lineage Factor. Of course, that would usually require him to understand Star Force as well, but he felt that he already had his bases covered on that front."

"With Vital Star Force, he had already brought one Star Force-related Force to the Impetus State. If he did it again with his Scarlet Star Force, he felt that he would be in a good position."

"He didn't believe that his father meant for him to grasp not only all of his Forces, but all of the individual strands that made it up as well. That would defeat the purpose of focused attention."

"Plus, he had already had an enlightenment on that front during the Heir Wars."

"Forces like his Vital Star Force and Scarlet Star Force weren't just a whole that could be separated into parts. The only reason they had individual categorizations like Life and Star Force for Vital Star Force, or Light, Star and Fire for Scarlet Star Force, was just as a way to colloquially categorize them."

"What was more important wasn't the parts, but rather the sum of them."

"As for why Leonel was bothering to comprehend Dark Force separately, it was because he had decided to abandon Void Star Force, so he needed another anchor of comprehension to satiate the Dark Side of his Northern Star Lineage Factor."

That all led back to his question.

"Why is Universal Force so important? Isn't it by definition external to all of this? And if it's so important, how could you want me to push it to its final stage before even leaving the Third Dimension? Isn't that contradictory?"

"There are three pillars in your path of progression. Your body and your soul are the first two. They are highly important. But what's just as important is their connection to the world at large."

"Until the day you grow powerful enough to separate from the laws of the world, your connection to said world is of paramount importance, and there's no stronger connection that can be formed than through Universal Force."

Leonel sat in silence for a long while when he heard these words.

"It was true. His body would one day reach the Ninth Dimension, and that could be considered the end. His soul would one day truly be one with the Second Dimension, and that could be considered the beginning."

"But neither represented where the real impetus of creation was, where the true spark of life was, where the strength that sparked all that was, all that had ever been, and all that ever would be, rested...."

"His father was essentially saying that the root to that kernel, that spark, that impetus of life itself and the path toward the strongest existences in the world, was Universal Force."

"Universal Force was the only Force that could grant you strength and power beyond your means. It was the only Force that even the current Leonel could use without any burden to his body whatsoever, and that was despite him having comprehension at the Sixth Dimensional level while his body was in the Third."

"Although his Vital Star Force seemed to fall into this category as well, Leonel was certain that it was somewhat related to his [Unnamed] Lineage Factor."

"Universal Force, however, could be used by everyone. If a newborn somehow grasped enlightenment and entered the Constellation Realm, they could use that Universal Force without detriment to themselves."

"It was the only Force that was truly without bias."

Leonel's eyes glowed. He just realized. Two of the aspects his father wanted to focus on were both things like this, things that anyone could work on to strengthen.

"His Ability Index and Universal Force."

Even so, that still didn't answer the last question.

"If Universal Force was so powerful and so useful, how could his father want him to push it to the Constellation Realm? That was impossible."

"Wanting him to push his Forces to the Impetus State was already pushing it somewhat, but it was still acceptable."

"But the Constellation Realm was the Realm of the Ninth Dimension. He had been far from that even when he was in the Seventh Dimension, let alone now."

"The Constellation Realm isn't the end, it's the beginning. I never reached it myself, but that I'm certain of."

Leonel's lip twitched. This old man was pulling his leg, surely.

## **Chapter 2379: Cut Deep**

Leonel never thought that his father would ask him to do something he had never done. Never mind the fact that his father would never admit to it either. It could only be said that the programming of the AI likely had his father rolling in his grave.

"How am I supposed to do something you couldn't?" Leonel asked speechlessly.

"Who said I couldn't? Couldn't and didn't are too different words, brat. Don't curse me from beyond the grave."

Leonel laughed beside himself. Now that, that was a more typical answer.

"Then why didn't you?" Leonel asked.



"Because I didn't want to deal with the hassle. My foundation was already imperfect because I practiced the Conventional Path to the Seventh Dimension, one more imperfection wasn't going to make or break me."

Leonel frowned. It sounded more like his father had a method that he could have used but chose not to.

Suddenly his eyes widened in understanding.

"I see you get it now. The Constellation of families and that of the self aren't too indifferent. In fact, they're built on the same foundation: Universal Force. In truth, forming a family's Constellation is much more difficult because it requires a combination of the wills and comprehensions of several people. It takes a real hero to do that.

"Back then, I was a lonewolf and couldn't be bothered. Plus, those annoying elders had pissed me off one too many times."

"Because of grandpa? Or because of the demon faction?"

"Neither," Velasco's AI snorted. "They actually tried to reprimand me for choosing the Conventional Path instead of the God Path, and some of those old relics tried to take my right to become an Heir away.

"So I said fuck them. I became more powerful than every one of them before the Heir War and put them on their asses.

"Then I didn't participate in the Heir War at all because it was a waste of my time. Those spineless cowards wouldn't do what I wanted them to do anyway. We should have just directly conquered the Dimensional Verse.

"But then I met your mother and I didn't want to step on my father-in-law's toes so I didn't let them convince me even when they did finally get their shit together."

Leonel shook his head, not even knowing what to say.

Before the Heir Wars? His dad couldn't have been more than 40 years old at worst at the time. Leonel didn't know which Nebula his father was, but he was Montez's elder brother, so he was probably higher ranked than not, maybe even the First Nebula.

Adawarth was already nearing his thirties the first time Leonel met him, and the Heir Wars would have happened within a half decade had the Cataclysm Zone not descended.

That meant that his father was more likely than not in his early thirties, maybe five or six years older than Leonel was now.

Leonel couldn't imagine becoming that strong so quickly without this sort of guidance, but his father had done it on his own.

"How do I use the Morales Constellation to reach that level myself?" Leonel asked. "I'm not even in the Dimensional Verse right now, and I don't think I can return anytime soon."

"You don't have to. The moment it formed, every Morales gained a kernel of it within them. The location is irrelevant. In fact, the less Morales there are, the stronger you'll be able to sense it, not that it would have been difficult for you anyway considering you have the Morales World Spirit."

Leonel's brows shot up before his mood sank.

From his father's words-"the less Morales there are"-it was clear that he likely guessed even from beyond the grave what the fate of the Morales would be. He too felt that Leonel's presence wouldn't have changed anything.

But that left more questions than answers. If his father knew, why was he so obsessed with King? Shouldn't his anger be directed toward the Demoness instead?

If his father had been alive, how could the Morales have been so vulnerable even if he wasn't there? If he was powerful enough to deal with even King, what threat would the human alliance of the Vast Bubble be? The moment he left the Dimensional Verse, he could have broken into the Ninth Dimension and become a level of existence that was nigh unmatchable.

Leonel hesitated. He didn't want to ask the question. It would imply he was doubting his father. But the question was burning a hole through his tongue.

Eventually, it came out anyway. If he was ever going to ask, it would have to be right now.

"If you knew, then why?"

Leonel expected to hear a sigh, maybe a pause, maybe some lament. But it was then that the AI chose to remind him that it was, in fact, an AI. It had been asked a question, and so it would answer to the fullest extent of the truth that it knew.

It answered immediately.

"I had escaped the range of her influence. I shed her Lineage Factor and her chains. My only regret is that I could not do the same for you and my little brother.

"If I had stepped out of the Dimensional Verse, what I could do would be limited. I've had enough conversations with your mother's father to know the true extent of the strength and power out there.

"I had already reached the very limits of this Incomplete World. The only way for me to progress further would be to see what was out there, but if I left... that woman wouldn't allow a variable out of her control to spread their wings.

"So I paved a path for you and Montez instead. So long as she feels like she can still toy with you on a puppet string, she will allow you to live.

"King wasn't someone I slayed just for selfish reasons. With him out of the way, things will be easier on your mother's father, and so long as you can survive until he is ready, both you, your mother, and your uncle will have a chance to stake a place for yourselves in the outside world."

There it was again.

Words that Leonel was certain his father would never admit to if he had been alive.

And they cut deep.

## **Chapter 2380: Causality**

Leonel closed his eyes and regained his bearings. When he opened them again, he was sharp and focused. He began a focused state of meditation, part of his focus on the Dream Plane, and the other half on the Silver Tablet.

Right now, he had over a million Ability Indexes in his Silver Tablet. This sounded like a large number, but it was insignificant in the grand scheme. A single city on a single planet could have a population that dwarfed that number, let alone the entire planet, the entire solar system, the entire galaxy, or any Quadrant, Sector, Domain or World beyond that.

And that was just an Incomplete World. A Complete World didn't have its Force separated across such large space. The result was a large piece of land, that although smaller than a given universe, it likewise had a population concentration that was impossibly far beyond what one could expect of an Incomplete World.

To make a complicated matter simple, there were countless uninhabitable planets in an Incomplete World, but a Complete World, aside from danger zones, could be settled across every square inch. The Vast Bubble was more of an anomaly than not due to the fact a Demon World was trying to fuse with it, causing much of it to be unpopulated.

But a Bubble World without this issue would have a population that made numbers in the trillions sounds insignificant.

However, while the pool of Ability Indexes he had access to was limited, not to mention the fact they were all Common and couldn't even be ranked, he believed that if he made clever use of this store of Ability Indexes, he could help his brothers out a great deal.

He had decided on a few things.

First, he would help his brothers to raise their Ability Indexes from the Common level to the Black Grade. If Leonel was correct, this actually might count as a Contribution to the Silver Tablet as well, but only time would tell.

Once he had raised them to the Black Grade by filling in some of their weaknesses, he would turn to the matter of Lineage Factors. The Silver Tablet seemed to have some... untold secrets within it, but they weren't hidden either.

The fact that both Ability Indexes and Lineage Factors could be turned into Forces and analyzed told Leonel something. Lineage Factors were also a chance to change your fate. The difference was that while Ability Indexes were granted to you, Lineage Factors could be created.

James had formed his own Lineage Factor and so had Emna. This made them "Sparks", but Leonel didn't believe that this was some innate characteristic, as though they were destined to form these Lineage Factors from birth.

Even so, he could use James and Emna as a template. Both of them had formed Lineage Factors that synergized with their Ability Indexes so well that it made them far more powerful than they seemed.

James: "In the Silver Tablet, but Emna wasn't. After he had laid out a path, the first thing Leonel did was fix that."

He found that adding people to the Silver Tablet was far easier than he had thought. Those without access to the Dream Plane, or without Force strong enough to counter his Dream Force, easily had a small kernel of their soul sucked into the tablet. Like this, Leonel was able to add everyone without even getting up from his seat.

[Emna Beiceran]

[Ability Index: Blade Affinity]

[Lineage Factor: Blade as Body]

This was an interesting screen to look at, mostly because of the Blade as Body title. The ranks of the Blade Affinity were: Sense, Feel, Body as Blade, Union and

Transcendence. That wasn't Leonel misremembering. It was truly Body as Blade, while Emna's Lineage Factor was known as Blade as Body.

It was a simple flip of the words, but Leonel felt that this change held a lot of weight for Emna, and it was probably the reason she was able to reach True Sovereignty as well. Leonel's Black Contribution ticked up by one, causing him to raise an eyebrow. Even James wasn't at the Black level, but if he took a deeper look, it seemed that James was very close.

'Hm. It looks like James never really focused on strengthening his Ability Index. He and Milan have the same Ability Index, Energy Shield. The difference was that Milan awakened it at the lowest Partiality level, while James awakened it to the second Misdirection level immediately.

'In these years, James raised it to Reflection, the fourth level, but it seems that most of the heavy lifting is being done by his Lineage Factor...'

[James Bennett]

[Ability Index: Energy Shield]

[Lineage Factor: Blackhole]

Leonel rolled his eyes. Only James would pick such a ridiculous name. He probably thought it sounded cool, but it lacked any flair whatsoever. It was too bland.

Observing the Lineage Factor, though, Leonel nodded to himself. His conjectures were correct. James' Lineage Factor allowed him to pick out a Force and nullify it. This was how he had managed to defeat Elorin, the Time Force wielder.

The problem was that Nullify was already one of the abilities of his Ability Index. Though, the difference was that that ability was concentrated into the shield, whereas James was able to expand it into a Domain instead. Even so, it overlapped with his Ability Index, rather than raising it up and amplifying it.

It was a subtle difference, but it was one that Emna had grasped while James hadn't. Even so, he had been able to defeat Elorin.

Speaking of which... Leonel reached out toward Elorin who was still under Anastasia's tutelage. To Leonel's surprise, Elorin's head snapped upward instantly. However, Leonel only smiled.

It seemed that Elorin's Time Force was on the verge of entering the Impetus State. Even so, it wasn't there yet.

[Elorin Hutch]

[Ability Index: Strings of Causality]

[Lineage Factor: -]

Leonel's eyes narrowed. There was a point of contribution added to the Silver tiers.