

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2441: Someone Else

"We demand answers!"

...

"Give me my babies back!"

...

"Where is the Patriarch! We demand to speak to him! Why has he said nothing!?"

...

The roars of protest outside the Godlen family estate quickly grew into a fever pitch. The Blood Clones that Leonel was controlling didn't even need to stir up the crowd for much, and they quickly slipped away after their damage was done.

The Godlens weren't used to having to deal with public relations much. Their city was mostly harmonious, but rather than this being due to their excellent governance, it was mostly because of the power disparity.

In a world where everyone carried explosive power in their hands, it was harder to find concepts like democracy. Usually, the powerful ruled, and the weak accepted it.

When that was the sort of dynamic at play, even if things weren't perfect, or even if they were practically in a state of perpetual war, the discontent of the people wasn't often a factor that was weighed in unless it was a matter of face.

Vivak was hesitant to take action personally precisely because of this. The more of an ethereal god he was in the eyes of the people, the easier it was to maintain his air of indomitability, and the less he had to worry about such things.

It was a lot like an empire that had just conquered a territory.

If you wanted to expand your territory, you had to have far more power than the land you were trying to take. This was because assimilating a land that didn't properly fear and revere you was difficult. It would often require dividing the population and forcing them to migrate.

That said, after a territory was already integrated, the power needed to maintain that state was minimal so long as the faith of the people was intact.

If the entire Godlen city suddenly revolted, it would take quite some effort for the main family to suppress everything.

And now, with the people being rightfully pissed off about what was going on, Vivak was feeling pressure from all sides. Quite frankly, he was just a moment away from lashing out much like Anselma.

However, it seemed that he had a calming voice by his side as well. Rather than it being a butler, though, it was his wife.

"I will handle it," Matriarch Pyius said lightly.

...

The Matriarch did surprisingly well. Not many knew her as she had spent so long in the Incomplete World. But that wasn't to say that no one knew her. After all, the time dilation between the two worlds was enormous.

She reassured the gathering crowd that the situation was being handled and that this was just a desperate attempt by the demons.

She used the opportunity to paint the demons as weak cowards that would target the most vulnerable populations without scruples, also telling that since they were willing to stoop so low, they wouldn't stand even a single chance.

How could someone with hope of victory possibly use such methods? Wasn't it too shameful?

Finally, she ended by saying that there might very well be more casualties, but they were taking this into account, starting a city-wide retreat that would protect the largest numbers of people possible.

...

The city-wide evacuation began. Vivak's pride was more than a little bruised, but he knew that this was the smartest choice.

If he was stubborn and didn't allow his wife to do this, then when the next explosion was triggered, the entire city would be overrun with riots. This approach was the best.

What they couldn't have known, though, was that Leonel hadn't bothered to set up any more explosive formations. He had already guessed that this would happen, and he didn't feel the need to waste any more resources.

This was only to his benefit.

Liana and Vivak were correct about one thing: the people of Complete Worlds were strong. Removing them from the equation was just one less problem that he would have to deal with. Plus, he had managed to sneak some of his Blood Clones inside.

The best part was that because these Blood Clones had been formed with the blood of different people, creating a Blood Compass was useless. Anselma would have to literally scan these billions of people one by one if she wanted to find all the Blood Clones inside.

Now, the only things left in the city were Leonel, the task force, and the guards tasked with protecting the nexus nodes. Well, and Leonel's thousands of Blood Clones.

'It's time.'

Leonel's eyes flashed open. He might not be able to decipher the weaknesses of the formation, but he could just barely make out its various functions.

He had found the parts that cooled and controlled energy, and after a few hours of analyzing the main Force Art, he was able to find the function that opened up a small hatch for people to move in and out without shutting down the entire formation.

From what he could tell, there were twelve locations, one to each. In order for these hatches to be opened, you either needed the strength of the Ninth Dimension or a key to open it up.

Leonel couldn't even analyze the whole Force Art, so he had no shot at making a key for it. In addition, he obviously didn't have the strength of the Ninth Dimension.

There were two options he thought of.

After a while of running through a brick wall, he had ended up asking his father's AI if it could help. It had all but told him to piss off and figure it out for himself.

Leonel's lip twitched at the response, but it was expected. His father definitely wouldn't have baked in such a convenient function; he was still the same bitter old man.

The second thing he wondered was if Anastasia could silently build up enough Force to explode with the strength of a Ninth Dimensional existence for a small moment, but he threw that idea away as well.

That idea had the same problem with the destroying a node idea: he would have to actually somehow make it close to succeed, but the security was far too heavy.

That left him with the final hope: waiting patiently for someone else to do it for him.

Chapter 2442: Right Now

"I've duplicated the compasses. So long as you stand in different regions across the city, it should make it possible to get them all at once," Anselma explained as calmly as she could.

If it wasn't for her butler's constant mention of the fact there was already just a few hours left until she wouldn't have to deal with this anymore, she would have already completely lost her temper.

Vivak didn't even communicate with her directly any longer. Instead, he sent this weak wife of his that she could snap in half between two fingers. Did he forget who she was?! How much power she wielded?!

"In addition, I've limited the range to just 30 meters so that the compasses will not interfere with one another. Like this, there shouldn't be a case where they go haywire again."

"Thank you for your help, Imperatress. The Godlens are ever-grateful."

Matriarch Pyius bowed slightly and swiftly walked out of the room, holding a spatial ring filled with Blood Compasses.

Unfortunately, the Blood Compass was too easily fooled. Because it could only point in a single direction, he could easily be confused.

As such, the Godlens were forced to restrict the range again and instead use the large amounts of blood they gained from the clones they had captured in an attempt to catch all of the Leonels in one sweep.

Matriarch Pyius' expression became steely. This had to work. There were tens of thousands of Blood Compasses here and they had taken Anselma hours to make.

What they didn't know was that Leonel found all of this quite amusing. His Blood Clones couldn't hide themselves from detection of Internal Sight like his main body could. What

was the point of all that effort? If they just swept their senses around, they'd eventually find them all since the city had been mostly emptied by now.

They had falsely assumed that since Leonel could hide himself, all of his Blood Clones could do the same. They had tunnel vision and were stuck on the uses of the compass.

However, why would he stop them from being foolish? They'd probably kick themselves when they realized, but by then he would be long gone.

...

'It should be soon,' Leonel thought to himself. 'I've already broken my connection with some of the Blood Clones that snuck into that bunker shelter the evacuated everyone to. Soon, people should notice their dull eyes.'

It couldn't be helped. Leonel's range of control was limited, and he had to retreat from the region in order to protect himself. However, this was a part of his plan. Once they realized that he had snuck in, their focus would be alerted elsewhere.

...

"Is it really that brat?"

A familiar voice echoed, catching up to Matriarch Pyius. This was none other than Mauve, the very same old man Leonel had fought back when he first charged into the Pyius family. However, he seemed to look about ten years younger now than he had back then.

Mauve was Matriarch Pyius' younger brother, which was interesting since he looked so much older. This wasn't due to a talent disparity, but rather time dilation.

Their history was a bit complicated, but even now they were quite close as siblings.

"Yes." The Matriarch, Amynta, replied.

"Son of a bitch..." Mauve muttered.

Still, he felt a bit good knowing this. He had lost at the hands of that brat, but it was good to know he wasn't the only one to suffer a loss.

"This is still a problem. You've given up too much for things to continue like this. We're the last of the Constellation families and..."

Amynta waved a hand. "This isn't the time to consider such things. I am not a Pyius, I am a Godlen. All there ever was of the Constellation families is gone now. You have to accept that, Mauve."

Mauve's gaze flashed. His sister said that, but hadn't they resurrected the Constellation families within the Incomplete World? But then she left and turned her back on them without a word... and now they would be farmed within that Zone, was this really all the former Constellation families could be now?

Just as Amynta was about to hand the compasses to Liana, another shocking whirlwind swept through the upper echelon.

Amynta and her brother rushed back, only to find that they were holding yet another Blood Clone in their hands, but this one wasn't Leonel at all.

Eyes widened in realization before their hearts went cold.

This young man...

Every turn, every scheme, every trap... It felt like they hadn't trapped Leonel within the city, but rather that they were trapped in the city with Leonel.

Amynta placed a hand on her husband's arm.

"I will speak with Anselma. We'll weed out all of the Blood Clones as quickly as we can."

Vivak's expression was as dark as night, but he nodded. Before all these people, he couldn't afford to lose his composure.

Like this, the Godlens found themselves delayed once again. They did find all the Blood Clones, but by the time they got to the fourth, they realized they might not need Anselma at all. They were all so obviously dull-eyed that they could be spotted from a long distance away.

However, they couldn't take the chance. What if only some of them were like this but there were sharp-eyed ones under Leonel's control elsewhere?

When they checked the last person and realized that all of the Blood Clones had indeed been dull-eyed, these experts who sat at the top of the world could practically feel the humiliation seeping into their bones.

They were being toyed with. They knew it, and yet they could do nothing about it.

"Patriarch, several powers have arrived and have requested entry."

After all the news that he had received in the past day, this was honestly only the semi-positive thing that Vivak had heard.

Mo'Lexi and Clarence were both Dream Force experts. With them here, this matter would come to an end right now.

Chapter 2443: Too Late

Mo"Lexi and the others waited outside for the formation, each one in their own vessels, and each one wearing a confused expression.

Why was the Godlen family formation activated? Had the demons attacked? But there didn't seem to be any sign of that?

They had arrived from different directions, but seeing the oddity, they ended up converging, knowing that if the Godlens were going to let them in, it would be from one location.

Soon, they saw Vivak arriving from a distance, but to their surprise, Anselma and her butler were also with him, causing them to frown once again.

Clarence had been interested in Leonel from the moment he saw him, but he didn't have any right to him as that fell to Mo"Lexi. So, he could only come to see if he would have an opportunity later. But he didn't expect that someone would arrive so far ahead of him.

Could Anselma have only been a couple of hours early? But...

Clarence looked up into the skies, finding that the sun was only just rising. If Anselma had arrived any earlier, she would have come in the dead of night. Could it be that she had arrived the previous day? For what purpose?

Mo"Lexi was having some of the same thoughts and she was immediately unhappy.

"What is the meaning of this?" She asked with an angry growl the moment Vivak was in range.

"Come inside first and I will explain everything," Vivak said calmly.

He pulled out a key and held it out in his palm. It vibrated, sensing the activation of the formation and rushed forward, ready to open a small passageway.

Vivak knew that Mo"Lexi and the others' senses couldn't penetrate through the formation. It wouldn't be much of a formation if it couldn't block the use of the Dream Plane and other similar things.

However, he wasn't worried at all.

He and Anselma stood on one side, and Mo"Lexi and Clarence stood with their own subordinates on the other side. There were over a half dozen Ninth Dimensional

existences guarding a small sliver of this enormous formation. What chance did anyone have to take advantage?

As the formation opened up, Mo"Lexi snorted and took a step forward. However, she frowned again soon afterward.

The city below had a strikingly small number of life signatures. She could usually feel a vibrant world all around her, but now she sensed practically nothing but the nexus sources below.

Was this a trap?

That was her first thought and it made her steps pause.

The formation, the lack of people, the fact Anselma had arrived here at a time that was completely inappropriate, it all pointed toward something more sinister.

In addition, despite the fact he was hiding it well, and could protect his mind against Dream Force detection, Mo"Lexi felt a hint of something odd coming from Vivak.

Agitation, discontent, a hint of... anxiety?

When she was sensing these things, so too was Clarence. Everything about this felt off.

Anselma and Vivak were stuck in a whirlwind of emotions, and they had missed something right in front of them. The optics of this situation truly weren't something anyone who didn't have full trust in another could possibly feel good about. Let alone Mo"Lexi and Clarence, even Anselma and Vivak weren't on good terms right now.

BOOM.

It had suddenly, a volatile explosion so explosive that it almost made the Ninth Dimensional existences take a step back.

Although it wasn't strong enough to do so, it blinded Anselma and Vivak completely, while Mo"Lexi and Clarence, along with their people, retreated explosively.

They had been hesitant to step into the city in the first place, but with their sharp minds, they had already retreated the instant they sensed the first fluctuation. They didn't even have time to register that this explosion wasn't strong enough to harm them; they acted first and thought about it later.

It was in the midst of this explosion that a little mink wearing a familiar brace on its little wrist shot through the gap, spiraling through the Shadow World and through the small gap.

Mo"Lexi and Clarence had the senses to see through the explosion and spot the little mink, but that left them in confusion.

They had never seen Blackstar in action, and had directly ignored it after it seemed to pass out after Mo"Lexi said her name. What they didn't know was that Blackstar hadn't passed out or died; he was sleeping. It was just that Blackstar had a habit of protecting his vital organs within the Shadow World as he did so, making it seem to them as though he had completely lost all vitality.

When Leonel had first spotted Blackstar, he was also sleeping like this. Back then, Leonel had tried to kill Blackstar, only for his attack to go right through the latter's body. This was a habit that Blackstar had held onto even into maturity.

Due to this, neither of these experts immediately thought of Leonel when they saw this shadow, nor when they realized it was a little mink. Their first assumption when seeing this little beast was that it had been startled by the explosion and was running away. Either way, their senses swept over the mink and landed on the two people they truly found to be threats, only to find that they were caught completely off guard as well.

"Hm?"

The confusion of the two increased several times over. What the hell was going on? Had they been too cautious?

That wasn't too much of a big deal. It wasn't as though anything terrible had happened. It was best if they waited here and prepared to deal with whatever enemy there was. They would have never thought that a mere Seventh Dimension mink could have warranted all of this anyway, so they directly ignored Little Blackstar...

Until it was too late.

The brace on Blackstar's wrist trembled and formed a vessel amid the smoke, then it quickly shot off into the distance.

Chapter 2444: Thoroughly

Mo"Lexi and Clarence reacted at the same time.

A little mink was fine. Although this enclosure was called a city, it was more accurate to say that it was a world of its own, just one that happened to be excellently protected. There were plenty of spots with large forests filled with beasts for both hunting game and training.

The fact that a beast had been inside the city didn't faze them. But how could they not feel that something was off about a little mink suddenly taking out such a flying treasure?

A beast was one thing. A beast with enough intelligence to do this shouldn't be a normal beast. In fact, it could very well come from one of the Beast Bubbles.

After the situation with their selection, and the demons having a chance to expose what happened, the various overlords of this region were on edge about other races. They had their hands full with the Demon Race already; they couldn't afford to garner the ire of everyone else, which is why they immediately removed the other Races from the selection.

Obviously, then, they wouldn't be bold enough to outright kill Little Blackstar, but they also couldn't just let him off scot-free either. They needed to at least capture and question him.

But who would have expected for the vessel to suddenly expand and for the ship that seemed to have been under the control of a little mink to gain a very much human pilot instead?

Leonel didn't even look back. He took control of the vessel with one hand, and just as Mo"Lexi was about to attack, she froze.

It was fear. Fear from the deepest depths of her heart.

The corpse of a Void Beast appeared. It was so large and looming that it could have crushed a tenth of the Godlen city in an instant.

No, it wasn't the corpse. It just felt like that. In reality, Leonel only held up a single scale, one as large as dozens of meters across. It shielded over the Segmented Cube and cube, held up by a mysterious power.

Just a small glance at it made Mo"Lexi and Clarence feel as though they had been dipped into an ice-cold hell. If they had just used their eyes, they might have still been fine. But because of all the lights and smoke, they could only use the Dream Force, and that only made the backlash worse.

It was said that when one laid their eyes on a Void Beast for the first time, some might feel so much dread that they would never get over it, even committing suicide to escape their thoughts.

This wasn't a full Void Beast corpse, but sinking your senses into a piece of the God Beast of Destruction's body was asking for trouble.

The two froze in place, their subordinates even worse off.

Leonel didn't pause the vessel even once, blazing into the distance as he put the scale away. Not once did he look back; he didn't need to. He had already sworn in his heart.

...

"What the hell is this?!" Vivak roared, sweeping a hand through the air and forcefully blowing it all away.

When everything cleared, he found Mo"Lexi and Clarence frozen. If not for the fact they were taking deep breaths, he would have thought that they had died.

"Mo"Lexi, Clarence, are you two alright?"

Suddenly, Vivak panicked. It definitely wasn't a coincidence.

"Anselma, the compass, the large one!"

Anselma understood immediately and pulled it out.

They had used most of the blood to create many small Blood Compasses, but they had created this one large one before. Unfortunately, the process couldn't be reversed. Once the blood was sacrificed to make the compass, there was no going back. So, there had been no way to undo this compass and make more smaller ones instead.

However, it seemed that that was a blessing in disguise now. This compass had a range of about 100 kilometers.

Anselma's pupils constricted when she realized that the city was actually empty of Blood Clones; it detected nothing at all, which meant that Leonel had to have taken them all away at some point.

He really was playing them all. All this time, they could have just directly found him?!

No, that wasn't what she should be focusing on.

Anselma's expression fell.

The compass was pointed hard and to the left. The harder it vibrated, the greater the distance your target was from you...

It all happened in an instant.

80 kilometers... 90 kilometers... 99...

The compass' vibration stopped completely, and it fell into a lull.

Nothing.

In just a few breaths, Leonel had already cleared over a hundred kilometers and left their range of influence.

Anselma's chest heaved, her red eyes turning redder. It looked as though even her sclera might be painted in crimson.

Unable to take it any longer, she screeched, her roar causing the walls to tremble. She felt her blood boiling and her veins popped all across her body.

She coughed up a mouthful of blood, having agitated her injuries, but she didn't seem to care in the slightest.

Her hair became disheveled, sweat beginning to drench her body as her breath came in heavy, panting, puffs of steam.

Vivak knew there was only one reason for this sort of reaction, and he clenched his fists so hard that his bones nearly cracked.

The Godlen Codex. No, the entire technique room. His daughter. His face.

"LEONEL MORALES!"

His roar split the clouds above a wild vortex forming in the skies as his Halberd Force spread out in all directions.

Who would have thought that they'd hear uproarious laughter.

It echoed from dozens of miles away, and yet it was as clear as day.

Whose laughter could it be if not Leonel's?

He didn't say any words, he didn't need to. The laughter was enough.

The Ninth Dimensional existences, overlords of this region, have palms that could cover the skies and feet that could split the earth, had been thoroughly outplayed.

- Chapter 2445: [Bonus] Wisdom

Chapter 2445: [Bonus] Wisdom

[Bonus chappy thanks to Douglas Bell <3 (1/1)]

Leonel was having a great time. Honestly speaking, he would have much rather punched them all through their faces, he wouldn't even have minded if his knuckles exited out through the back of their skulls, but he wasn't strong enough for that yet.

In that case, he would just have to settle for making them spit up blood in anger.

Of course, he could tell that the real reason Anselma spat up blood was because of her internal injuries, but who cared? Minor details, minor details.

"Anastasia, find us a relatively safe place. I need to sleep for like a decade."

A snort came back as a reply, leaving Leonel without the words. How were they still mad at him?

Back then, he really didn't have much of a choice. He was enraged about the matter too, that was why he had looked so angry when he handed the letter to Aina. Although he knew that he would never let anything happen to Aina, just the idea pissed him off greatly. Honestly speaking, had it not been for his breakthrough in Vital Star Force, the thought would have filled him with too much fury to even execute. By then, it would have been a much worse ordeal to even make it out of there alive.

Simply put, his best chance at dealing with these Ninth Dimensional powerhouses wasn't to outsmart them, and it also wasn't to overpower them. Both were far too difficult. His best chance was to prey on the one thing they couldn't change: the fact they were human.

They had emotions, they had faults and flaws, they had relationships, both good and bad. This was what he had to exploit.

With Mo"Lexi, he had seen that she didn't really like Aina because of assumptions she made. He and Aina were as close as could be, and yet from an outsider's perspective, it looked as though Aina was taking advantage of Leonel.

For whatever reason, this really seemed to get under Mo"Lexi's skin, so that made it a flaw that was easily exploitable. It was her achilles heel.

For Vivak, his flaws were more obvious. He was being stretched thin in too many places and he was trying to play both sides. He had the human alliance to worry about on one hand, and on the other he was considering the benefits of his own family. Better yet, he was a man comfortable with himself, and he was more than willing to delegate out tasks that most would have completed on their own-underneath that lay a thin veneer of insecurity.

Anselma was also easily readable. She was an arrogant, vindictive woman. Leonel didn't even need to interact with her personally to know that. He only needed to see what happened with Aina's mother to know.

He didn't know the relationship between Anselma and Aina's father, or even how a Sixth Dimensional expert like him-last Leonel met him anyway-could have a relationship at all with that Ninth Dimensional witch, but this information was enough for him to understand her thoroughly.

This woman didn't even let a mortal, who didn't even understand what Force was, like Aina's mother go. How could she possibly consider letting Leonel go?

There was Anselma who was obsessed with Leonel and Vivak who was used to delegating tasks to others.

Anselma had been too consumed with seeing the other powerhouses so that she could finally put some pressure on Vivak, so she didn't even consider the optics of the situation.

Vivak was eager to pull the other overlords in to help him out and deal with Leonel, so he didn't even stop Anselma from coming and was in too much of a rush to let them in.

This culminated in Mo"Lexi and Clarence's wariness, which caused them to explosively retreat from a "bomb" that wasn't even a threat to them.

Leonel realized that in the past he might have been smart, but he was lacking in wisdom. He did well in outsmarting people, but rarely did he take into strong consideration the kind of character that person had. If he had learned to do this long ago, many of his battles might very well have been won with much greater ease.

The suppression of his Scarlet Star Force and the elevation of his Vital Star Force made him realize just how much character and personality played a role in how a person acted, and this gave him the inspiration he needed to survive that sure death scenario.

Now, he was on a completely different level.

"Alright, alright, I'm sorry. Please forgive me, I won't do that again. I promise." Leonel pleaded.

This wasn't something he learned recently. Instead, it was in the Morales man handbook. Always apologize profusely even when you weren't completely in the wrong. It never failed.

Anastasia snorted again and eventually an image flashed in Leonel's mind.

Across a mountain range about a thousand or so kilometers northwest, there was a serene region. Leonel adjusted his flight path and shot ahead.

"Hey, Anastasia, how far can you see?"

"I can see everything so long as it's one world, but that doesn't mean I should," she replied.

"Oh?"

"Yes. Vivak and Anselma aren't Dream Force experts, so they won't be able to sense me, but that's not the same for everyone."

"And what if you don't care about them sensing you or not?"

"Well, I guess that's not too much of a problem. So long as they aren't in the Life State, that is. Someone in the Life State could both use my senses to track me and even harm me if they're vindictive enough."

"I see," Leonel nodded. "Is there any way to tell who or what areas to avoid?"

"Not until you touch the edge of their domains, but otherwise no. Usually, experts just have their own etiquette and keep the range of their senses within a reasonable range. The more powerful you are, the more flagrant you can be."

"Mm..." Leonel nodded slowly. "In that case, let's be a bit more cautious. Keep your range to a thousand kilometers. At this point, I'll need resources and you're the best metal detector there is. I wasted too many of those precious ores making that flash bang."

"What did you just call me?!"

Leonel's laughter echoed again.

'Hm, after a nice sleep, I should check on that Golden Codex they were talking about.'

Chapter 2446: [Bonus] Kitchen

[Bonus chappy thanks to Dragonman009 <3 (1/6)]

Leonel collapsed almost immediately. He couldn't be bothered to care about anything else; he barely had the strength to appease Aina for a bit and calm her before his heavy eyes fell closed.

He was in the Third Dimension now, the fact he could even stay awake for so long in the first place was nothing short of a miracle. He was completely relying on his strong Dream Force and his Vital Star Force. The two were able to bolster his baseline, but there was only so much they could do.

His Dream Force right now was in the Higher Impetus State, but it could barely exhibit the strength of the Lower Impetus State, and that was only because of his Dream Sovereignty. If not for this, it wouldn't even be that good.

His Vital Star Force was in a similar state, as were his other Forces. His current body was just too much of a bottleneck.

These were some of the last thoughts Leonel managed to have before his body ran to the end of its rope.

...

Aina stood watching Leonel sleep with a hint of a sad smile. She took a seat by their bed, stroking Leonel's hair lightly.

She found her previous thoughts to be a bit amusing. She was so much stronger than Leonel now, and yet wasn't she still being protected by him?

There was a part of her, a deeply feminine part that liked the feeling. That trust she could place in Leonel to handle everything.

But there was another part, a part that was equally as feminine, full of care and nurturing, that didn't want him to have to constantly carry such burdens on his own.

In the end, though, what other choice did they have? She was strong, much stronger than she should be at this stage, but she still wasn't a match for an Eighth Dimensional existence of the human Bubbles, let alone a Ninth Dimensional existence.

There was just something about Leonel that made his lack of strength irrelevant.

On the surface, it seemed to be that it was just because he was smart, but Aina felt that it was deeper than that. There were a lot of smart people out there, and you couldn't enter the Ninth Dimension without being an absolute genius. And yet, hadn't they still been outplayed by Leonel?

He just seemed to always find a way, as though he was a guiding light.

Aina made a move to carry Leonel to the time-dilation pods. He was so scatterbrained that he didn't even realize that it was probably best that he rest in there, but when she tried to do so, she found herself being pulled into his arms.

In the end, she smiled and just let it happen. At the end of the day, what was the difference between a few minutes and a few days at this point? It wasn't like they had anywhere to go.

Even if the world was ending around them, what did it matter since he was here?

Aina hadn't always had this sort of faith. This sort was different from love.

She had been in love with Leonel for a long while, but it had never been a blind love. She had been willing to leave that love behind at several points in her life.

First when she thought to place revenge for her mother first and was worried that Leonel following her would only put him in danger. Second, when she felt that she couldn't emotionally handle Leonel risking himself for the sake of others again and again...

Her love had never been blind; it might have been irrational at times, but never blind. So a blind faith had never come with it.

If she had blind faith in Leonel's abilities, she would have never doubted his talent to keep up with her. If she had blind faith in him, she would have never doubted that he could keep his life no matter how many unrelated people he tried to save.

But now, it could be said that her faith had truly reached that level, and she was almost intoxicated by it.

It had started when she woke up. When she did, she knew that somehow, that undefeatable beast, capable of wiping out a galaxy on a whim, had somehow been killed by him. Then, he escaped that woman who could make her freeze with just her name... and now he had escaped almost a dozen Ninth Dimensional experts, and he had saved them all on top of that.

If she couldn't have blind faith in this man, then who could she give it to?

Leonel was startled awake. His mind seemed to flip on like a switch when he finally had enough rest, but for the entire time, he had truly been out of it. Even if there was danger, he was certain that he would have probably just died.

That sort of fatigue was something that he hadn't felt in a long time, and he reminded himself to take his rest more seriously. Luckily, there were still the pods. He'd have to make better use of them in the future.

After a glance around and using his connection with Anastasia to scan the world, he realized that Aina was in training so he didn't bother her.

"I'm so hun-"

"Go to the kitchen," Anastasia's voice echoed in his ears.

Leonel did as he was told and found a spread of food that made his mouth water. His future wife was truly the best.

He devoured it all. His Vital Star Force churned in his body and his digestive system seemed to roar with life.

After just the first bite, Leonel felt his cells singing. Every bite revitalized him and felt like his body was quickly soaring past its previous strength. He had thought that his body was already finished adjusting to his soul, but it seemed that he was wrong about that. There was actually still so much room, and Aina's cooking was helping that along greatly.

Chapter 2447: [Bonus] Codex

[Bonus chappy thanks to Dragonman009 <3 (2/6)]

Leonel shook his head. He was neglecting something so important.

He hated to put so much on Aina's plate, but he hoped that they could make such a meal plan not just for himself but also everyone else.

His brothers had been completely focused on training. He didn't tell them what was going on outside so that they wouldn't feel guilty about it. Although they would know that the best way to help him was by growing stronger, logic was one thing and emotions were another.

Since he could help them by keeping them ignorant, he would do so.

To them, it had only been less than a month. And since Leonel popped in from time to time, they felt that things were just fine. Leonel was content with that arrangement.

After he finished eating, Leonel took a deep breath and exhaled.

"Yip!"

He chuckled as Little Blackstar appeared for a moment, licked his face, then went back to his own training. That little guy had been a lot more serious recently as well.

Leonel felt a bit guilty about it because he felt that part of the reason why was because Little Blackstar could sense his own frustration and agitation. He had to be calmer of mind in the future.

'A plan...' Leonel thought to himself.

It was hard to tell what to do from here. He had dealt a strong blow to the human alliance, so at the very least, in the short term, they wouldn't be farming anyone.

At the same time, he had basically crippled the future of the Godlens by stealing all of their techniques. There was no doubt that they were looking for him like a bunch of feral animals right now.

Of course, their little compass was useless while Leonel was in the Segmented Cube. What good was a 100-kilometer limit when Leonel was in a whole different world?

He still had to be careful about keeping the Segmented Cube itself hidden, but after this incident, Anastasia had learned methods of using Spatial Force to hide herself, so he was good on that front.

He could probably hide indefinitely if he wanted, but he obviously couldn't do that.

For one, whatever his grandfather's plans were, Leonel would eventually have to be strong enough to help that endeavor. Second, he still wanted to do his best to find a path for his father to come back to life. Third, he needed to grow strong enough himself to not allow such things to happen again.

He had stolen basically the entire foundation of the Godlens, and their citizens had provided him an easy outlet to gather contribution points and new Ability Indexes to make use of, but this wasn't enough.

He had seen the Gods, the real Gods. The gap between him and El'Rion still felt like an unapproachable chasm, and the likes of Shan'Rae had made it sound like the Impetus State was the basic requirement to even make eye contact with her. All the while, Shan'Rae's Ancestor had made even a Regulator yield for a sum of time.

There was far too much out there, and it was clear from the situation in the human alliance that these complete worlds were anything but harmonious.

The demons were attacking them now, but that didn't mean they were only enemies the humans had. It was likely that the demons just happened to be the nearest.

Shan'Rae had made it quite clear...

Humans were disdained across Existence for their involvement with the God Beasts.

This effectively bottlenecked Leonel to this place until he grew strong enough to protect himself against the monsters out there, but that limited his options even more.

For now, he'd have to rely on his father's teachings. He had perfect trust in him.

As for the Godlen's foundation... well, in truth, he was only interested in it for two reasons: curiosity and revenge.

This was the best way to strike a blow to the Godlens. Well, other than snatching his daughter, that is. And he had completed his objective beautifully. He'd like to see how the Godlens raised those arrogant bastards in their younger generation without these techniques.

'I guess they can have some uses too. But I'm not delving into any techniques until I finish those three tasks on dad's list.'

Though he thought this, Leonel chose to take out the so-called Godlen Codex. He had some thoughts about there being traps hidden within, but he also thought that if there were, they would have already appeared after he snatched them the first time.

Luckily, within the Segmented Cube, everything could be controlled quite easily.

While Anastasia's power was limited on the outside, she was nothing short of a deity within the Segmented Cube itself which could be considered its own world.

[Domain]

[Universe]

[Finality]

'Hm? What weird names...'

It was hard to tell immediately whether these names were chosen out of a false bravado or if it was something else. Though, Leonel leaned toward the former since he didn't have much respect for these human powers.

Even so, he didn't look down on them entirely. Judging by the fact Mo"Lexi had a Black Tablet, Leonel concluded that there should be some lingering influence of the God Beasts left behind. If the Cult had a Tablet, maybe the Godlens had something similar.

At the very least, the Lineage Factor the Godlens created had been able to fuse with his other Lineage Factors to form a true Ninth Dimensional Lineage Factor. They had to have done something right to get to that point.

In the past several days, while they had still been trapped, Leonel had been having Anastasia scan the entirety of Godlen territory. As such, she had overheard a lot of information about these techniques.

For one, it seemed that there hadn't been anyone in the Godlens that could use all three for several generations. In fact, it had been so long that most thought it was impossible to do so.

Second, the earlier one could get recognition of these techniques, the stronger potential one would have. Usually, the earliest one could was the "Seventh Star", or rather the Seventh Dimension. At such a level, one would be touted as a once in a generation genius like Eduardo almost was.

Third, from the order of most commonly unlocked to most difficult to unlock, it was: [Domain], [Universe], and only then was there [Finality].

Chapter 2448: [Bonus] Stacked

[Bonus chappy thanks to Dragonman009 <3 (3/6)]

Leonel scanned the introduction of all three techniques, and his somewhat curious expression became a hint more serious. He sat up, wondering one thing...

Was this true?

[Domain]. [Universe]. [Finality].

[Domain] seemed to be where inspiration from the Spear Domain and the other created Lineage Factors came from. It was clear after reading it a bit that the Godlens hadn't exactly created the Lineage Factor from scratch.

[Domain] required Impetus State Force, which was interesting since it was apparently the easiest to get access to. It was only after reading a bit further that Leonel realized there was a rudimentary form that you could use with Half-Step Impetus State Force. Only then did it make a bit more sense to him.

If the description was correct, then [Domain] was capable of doing what every person dreamed of. It had such a simple name because it was completely malleable.

So long as one had an Impetus State Force, it could take it and mold it into a Domain. This Domain would allow you more influence over a region, suppress all other Forces, and bolster your Force by a quasi level state.

Essentially, it could take a Lower Impetus State Force and give it the strength of a Middle Impetus State Force. However, it couldn't give you the comprehension or the flexibility a higher State Force would allow you.

[Domain] truly began to shine when you had more than one Impetus State Force. Every additional Force was an exponential increase in strength. If you had one, you could already suppress an enemy by 5%. If you had two, you could already suppress them by 20%. If you have three, over 50% wouldn't be a problem. If you had four, you could suppress an enemy by over 90%. If by some miracle you had five or more, an enemy

would find themselves completely at your mercy, unable to muster any Force or combat skills.

Leonel thought he read wrong the first time, so he read it again. And then again.

He had a perfect memory; the fact he would even waste his time doing things just went to show how ridiculous this technique was.

If the Godlens had such a powerful technique, why weren't they the overlords of the human race? Why were they sharing commanding rights? Was this a joke?

According to the description, the only restriction on this Domain wasn't your Dimension, but rather the strength of your enemy's Forces in comparison to your own. That being in both quality and State.

For example, if Leonel met an enemy who used Fire Force at the same State as his Scarlet Star Force, he would crush them ten out of ten times. Even if the Fire Force was a step beyond his Scarlet Star Force in terms of State, it would be hard pressed to help its user break out of the Domain.

Of course, Leonel was already limited by his Dimension.

Although the description said that Dimension wasn't important, because Leonel's Dimension was so far below his Force comprehension, the limitation was so great that it ended up affecting Domain.

'Could it be that the Godlens are still so weak because so few make it to the Impetus State?'

Leonel had hit the nail on the head. Even the strongest of them, Patriarch Vivak, only had one Impetus State Force. Of course, this Impetus State Force was already at the Higher Impetus State. However, if even he was only at this level, the others were even worse off.

Leonel suddenly felt that these techniques were only rotting on their shelves because [Universe] was even more exaggerated.

As the name seemed to suggest, this was a technique related to Universal Force and the Universal Cycles.

Usually, Universal Force could only be used as an amplifier. If you tied your Universal Force to a Weapon Force, then only your Weapon Force would be amplified. However, if you had True Universal Force like Leonel, then all aspects of combat would be enhanced for you.

The basic requirement of [Universe] was to both have comprehended True Universal Force and to have elevated it to the Cosmos Realm. A Rudimentary form could be used if you had stepped into the Natural Light Realm.

Once again, Leonel found these requirements silly. Was this really the second hardest? If anything, [Domain] sounded like the harder one...

In the past, Leonel used to have very specific techniques that he would use with his Universal Cycles. These tended to match well with the imagery created. For example, when he was in the Four Seasons Realm, he had a technique he called Withering Snowfall, and three others that matched well with it.

[Universe] was similar, but it was a pure movement technique, or more accurately, a movement method as it was more than just about speed and agility.

According to its description, it quite literally used Universal Cycles to warp Universal Law, or in other words, the fundamental laws of physics. The more powerful your Universal Cycles, the more change you could force.

You could instantly change momentum, whether that be of yourself or even your weapon. This meant that you could accelerate to your full speed on a dime, change an attack's target mid-strike, or even turn full assault into a full retreat nigh instantaneously.

However, momentum was just one of the universal laws you could control and it was one of the weakest of the laws.

From weakest to highest there was: Friction, Velocity, Momentum, Waveform, and finally, Folding.

Friction, as the simplest, allowed you to negate all forms of friction or increase it to extremes. This was the only tier available in the rudimentary version.

It sounded lackluster compared to the others, but Leonel's mind instantly thought of thousands of complications in battle.

Air resistance was a kind of friction. Being able to move without worry for the wind would be huge, especially considering his body was still in the Third Dimension.

Just with air resistance alone, there were countless applications, especially if it was matched with [Domain] and applied onto an enemy.

That was the scariest part of these techniques...

They stacked.

Chapter 2449: [Bonus] [Finality]

[Bonus chappy thanks to Dragonman009 <3 (4/6)]

Velocity allowed one to instantly change their velocity's direction. Although you couldn't speed up or slow down, you could choose the direction at which. If used with enough precision and confidence, it might even be possible to make it look like you had come to a sudden stop, but the consumption of mental fortitude, Universal Force, and Dream Force would be astronomical.

Momentum was the evolution of Velocity. Instantly controlling momentum allowed you to not only choose the direction at will but also the speed. The flexibility was much greater, and the results far more devastating.

Waveform allowed you to phase in and out of reality, similar to Blackstar's Shadow World, but this time firmly under Leonel's control. He could even focus on just a single part of his body if he was confident enough, minimizing the consumption.

And finally, there was Fold.

This one had the most wide array of applications and it folded space and twisted distance. This wasn't just for movement but for attacks as well. If applied cleverly, the strength could easily be beyond the previous four in total.

For someone with Leonel's battle style, one that was highly analytical and liked to analyze every aspect of combat, this sort of technique was absolutely perfect for him. He almost wanted to apologize to the Godlens for looking down on them, even though he was still a bit skeptical.

Descriptions were one thing, but would the technique actually be that powerful in practice? It was hard to tell until he actually put it to good use.

Then there was [Finality].

This technique was... the oddest of them. It had no starting requirements at all, and yet it sounded like the one you would least like to use.

The use was simple. It stored up a great amount of energy over time. This happened passively or actively depending on your mood.

Some who used this technique would accumulate energy for many years, decades, even.

The reason it was called [Finality] was that this energy could be released all at once and in a single instant of time.

Even enough ants could bite an elephant to death. Granted, it would take an obscene number, but that number was theoretically something you could calculate. It wasn't like it was impossible or outside the bounds of reason.

By the same token, this technique could be used to defeat those far above you in strength. Even if you were in the Third Dimension, theoretically, if you could extend your life into infinity, and you were patient enough, you could eventually accumulate enough energy to explode with it all in an instant and kill a Ninth Dimensional expert.

The problem was that you'd die too.

The trouble with [Finality] was that while it had no minimum requirement, the requirement of raw skill was exceptionally high, and it was divided into tiers.

If you wanted to erupt with double your strength- which would be the minimum Leonel would personally use this sort of technique for as anyone any weaker than that he felt he could defeat with his mind- the Force stored within the technique had to at least be of the Impetus State.

To suffer no backlash at three times your strength, you needed to be in the Middle Impetus State. This continued until the Life State, where at the Lower Life State, you could instantly erupt with 10 times your strength without backlash, 20 times at Middle, so on and so forth.

If by some miracle you reached the truest pinnacle and had a Force at the Creation State, you could instantly erupt with 100 times your strength at the Lower Creation State, 1000 times at the middle, 10,000 times at the higher, and 100,000 at the peak.

This was a bit depressing to Leonel for a few reasons.

Firstly, it was difficult to tell exactly how much stronger a person was than you, exactly. He would have to do an analysis of his strength versus their defenses to see what level he should use.

Secondly, a Ninth Dimensional expert, even those of the human race, was definitely more than a hundred times stronger than him now, and he didn't feel that was an exaggeration. But how far was he from a Creation State Force?

If he tried to use a 100 times [Finality] strike now the only silver lining was that his death would be instantaneous.

Third, just because you could strike, didn't mean that it would land. So what if you could use a strike 100,000 times more powerful than your best, if it hit air, it would all be for naught.

'I'm looking at this wrong...!' Leonel suddenly thought, his eyes narrowing.

Sure, this technique was presented as a "final strike" or trump card sort of technique, but did it have to be used like this?

There were two ways to fill the technique.

The first way was passively. For Leonel, or at least the Leonel who once had [Dimensional Cleanse]'s Stars in his Ethereal Glabella, he would be quite fast. Even so, it would take a day to fill it passively.

That meant that he would be able to use [Finality] at double his strength once a day if he only relied on passive activation.

He had another advantage, and that was his Innate Nodes. His Innate Nodes were even faster than his Stars. Far faster. They could fill [Finality] once over once an hour. Because he had two Scarlet Star Force Innate Nodes, he could do it at double that speed.

For context, a normal person would take anywhere from a week to an entire month to do the same.

However, other than that, there was the active activation. This could be done much faster, especially with Innate Nodes. Anywhere from a few seconds to a few minutes depending on your Force State.

Another hidden advantage that Leonel had in this context was the fact he was a Dream Sovereign. His ability to split his attention in battle was unparalleled.

Never mind double. What if he only used [Finality] in its active state to continuously increase his strike power by 10, 20, or maybe 50% increments? Wouldn't he instantly raise his combat strength by that measure just by measure of this technique alone?

If he matched that with the suppression of [Domain], and the physics breaking of [Universe], he, who could already battle far above his level, would become all the stronger.

Chapter 2450: Prison

Leonel leaned back on the dining room chair and chuckled. Quite frankly, this was an unexpected find. While he still didn't know if these techniques were as exaggerated as their descriptions claimed, he was beginning to warm up to them.

Regardless, he knew that Vivak's organs were twisting with regret right about now.

One thing that Leonel learned while he was stealing the techniques was that each barrier wasn't just a Force Art created by a Crafter. Instead, they were each formed by a person who had come to comprehend the technique.

The reason he hadn't taken these techniques seriously at all was because the difficulty of breaking the three barriers around [Domain], [Universe], and [Finality] weren't nearly as complicated as they should be given their descriptions. If they had been, Leonel might have wasted the entire hour that he had been given and still not been able to break in.

This painted the image that the Godlens had truly regressed a great deal since these techniques were shown to the world at their peak. They were wholly inferior in every way, shape, and form, and their comprehension of the techniques was far too inferior.

It wasn't just this either.

Based on his analysis of the barrier Force Arts that protected these techniques, Leonel could roughly guess when they were created. This estimate should tell him when the techniques were last comprehended, or more accurately, when the last person who claimed the techniques managed to understand said technique enough to create a new barrier.

According to that, [Domain]'s barrier was last reformed around a decade or so ago, [Universe] was last reformed around half a century ago, and finally, [Finality] was last claimed over 5000 years ago.

Leonel didn't actually know much about lifespans. They changed too frequently based on a series of factors. It wasn't like so long as someone reached this Dimension, they would definitely live for such and such long.

For example, Leonel had Vital Star Force. Just by virtue of this, his Life Span was impossibly far beyond that of other Third Dimensional existences. By vitality alone, he would probably still be considered a newborn now even though he had already begun leaving his mid-twenties.

Aina was the same. In the past, she had even worried about outliving Leonel due to her Blood Force and Life Force stealing capabilities. But that was obviously less of a worry now.

The other difference was an Incomplete World versus a Complete one. There was definitely a difference in body composition between the two, but also the environment as well, the quality of the Force, and the various ailments of the worlds.

It was actually difficult for Leonel to deduce whether you would have a longer life or a shorter life just by virtue of being born in a Complete World.

It could be that the more complete Forces of this would mean that every step forward taken would be far more robust and thus increase your lifespan.

Or it could be that the pressure of the world around you was so great that the benefit of the improved Force was outweighed by it, thus impeding your lifespan and decreasing it.

It was hard to tell without having exceptional knowledge of the region, and considering the matter of lifespan was probably common knowledge to everyone who lived here, it would probably be tough to find material on it out in the wild.

This was all to say that Leonel wasn't sure how to use this information on when the barriers were last reformed to take a guess at which ones Vivak could control.

That said, Anastasia had heard enough to conclude that Vivak shouldn't have been the one to claim [Finality] last.

It was possible that the Godlen family could have some hidden aces stored away like the Overlords of the Morales, and he would cross that bridge when he got there. But it was likely that Vivak could only use [Domain] and [Universe].

In addition, based on the barriers, he only had one true Impetus State Force, and he could only use the Rudimentary level of [Universe].

This was great news for Leonel, though bad news for the overall state of the human race.

Leonel stood to his feet and put the techniques away. They were great, but ultimately they took second fiddle to the foundation of his power. These techniques would definitely shine in his hands, but he had to actually start making it out of the Fourth Dimension first before he even considered any of that.

He had felt that he was on the edge of a breakthrough in his path to the Constellation Realm earlier before he was interrupted back in the Godlen compound. He planned to use his Ability Index to place himself right back in that state of enlightenment.

Unfortunately, the duties of a leader couldn't just end there. He had found more Ability Indexes that would help his brothers after scouring the Godlen citizens, and... he also had a few prisoners that he should take a look at.

Leonel spent some time with brothers, passing along the new Ability Indexes and help he had gotten for them, and before he could even say goodbye they had already rushed off to do more training.

He could only chuckle in response. Although he hadn't said anything about what was going on, it seemed that they had figured it out all on their own already.

Leonel shook his head and went off to a separate space.

...

The "prison" that held Simona and Eduardo was a place one would be hard pressed to call a prison at all.

Because of Anastasia, they could do nothing at all in this world, even if they tried to run to the ends of it. Truthfully, only Leonel could come and go from this world as he pleased, and that was only because Anastasia had recognized him as her master.

As for these two, they were stuck in a spring garden of sorts, not really knowing what the next day would bring until Leonel suddenly showed up.

Chapter 2451: Gotcha

Simona stood in a violent rage, her purple eyes flickering with fire. She attacked immediately, but she paled a moment later.

She watched as her Force died out within her body. It was like she couldn't even control her own thoughts anymore, and her Force couldn't hear her cries.

At the moment, both she and Eduardo were nothing more than a pair of mortals. Even their bodily strength didn't work properly. When they tried to run, they were like a pair of amateur half marathon runners from back on Earth. They were entirely helpless before Leonel.

Leonel smiled and took a seat on a tree stump nearby.

The scenery wasn't bad. There were gorgeous flowers and tall trees. There was even a stream of water and a small meter-tall waterfall that gave even the sounds it produced some soothing ambiance.

He was in quite a good mood right now. The only thing that would make it better was having Aina by his side, but he didn't want to disturb her training. He knew well that she had her own thoughts and aspirations. Seeing the strength of Anselma had probably also caused her to redouble her efforts.

Even clearly injured, Leonel knew that he couldn't put up a fight against that woman. Through the eyes of that Blood Clone, he had felt her strength and it was beyond his imagination.

"Nice scenery, don't you think?"

Simona scowled and didn't reply. She was usually such a calm and composed person, but every time she ran into Leonel, things always went horribly wrong.

Leonel should already be dead; she had seen it with her own eyes, but somehow he was here. Worse than that, he had somehow snuck into her family's vaults and even kidnapped Eduardo.

Herself, she was fine with. She knew that she was weaker than Leonel.

Of course, this wasn't something she was resigned to. She felt that the only reason Leonel had surpassed her was that she lost her beast companion for over 20 years. Though it would take some time, she felt confident in catching up and surpassing her peers.

However, Eduardo... he was a real genius. It just didn't make sense to her.

With Eduardo's personality, he never liked to embellish anything and simply told the truth as it was.

Leonel had caught him off guard and used an odd method to stop him from summoning his beast companion.

It was a simple explanation, but how could it truly have been so simple? She couldn't help but look toward Leonel with a hint of fear in her eyes.

She still didn't know how or why Leonel was suddenly in the Fifth Dimension, but more importantly than that, how could he still display such power?

"No need to look at me like that," Leonel continued to laugh. "Aren't I treating you two well? I could have just thrown you into a dungeon, you know."

"What do you want?" Simona said coldly, trying to maintain her composure. "If you want to use us to escape Godlen territory, you should stop dreaming-"

Leonel's laughter suddenly became uproarious. It was the same laughter that probably echoed in the dreams of Anselma, Vivak, Mo"Lexi, and Clarence now.

"Escape Godlen territory? I already did that."

"Bullshit!" Simona lost her composure again, but for some reason, she could tell that Leonel was telling the truth.

"I don't really care to lie to you. I'm only really here because I'm interested in something. Tell me, the Codex-" Leonel held out a palm, and three complex and floating spheres of Force Art appeared, each one more dense than the last. "-who's the last one to claim them."

This time, even Eduardo's eyes widened.

The only way for Leonel to have these would be if he broke the barriers, but how could he...

Simona paled considerably. No matter how she evaluated Leonel, it felt that he was always larger, always more imposing, always more impressive than her thoughts.

It was suffocating.

"Gotcha, I appreciate it," Leonel nodded as the two froze to his words.

Eduardo's expression suddenly became a bit twisted and uncomfortable, one that was incredibly odd for him.

"You can use the Dream Plane..." he said more like a statement than a question. He knew it sounded completely ridiculous, and yet he had felt it just now as Leonel had been entirely brazen.

Leonel smiled.

Within Anastasia's world, of course he could use the Dream Plane. Of course, it was also partly due to the fact he was likewise a Dream Sovereign, but they didn't need to know that.

It was also easier now that they couldn't use their Force to protect themselves.

Regardless, now he knew that the last person to claim [Finality] was Simona's grandfather and Vivak's father. It turned out the man was already dead as well, falling at the hands of a demon warrior.

Vivak was truly the strongest presence in the Godlen family. That was interesting.

"Now, let's get to what I really want to know," Leonel smiled. "I heard your mother talking about the Constellation families. So they exist in the Complete Worlds too?"

Simona was in a daze and still couldn't quite compute, so Leonel asked again, and she was startled back to reality.

"Gotcha."

Leonel stood up and patted his beaten and ruined pants. He should take some time to switch them out.

Then, without another word, he vanished, lost in thought.

Anastasia had been paying attention to everything happening in the Godlen city and only relayed back to Leonel what she deemed important. The conversation between Simona's mother and uncle was one of them.

It seemed, though, that Simona's information was limited. All she knew was that the Constellation families were very important to her mother, that they had been destroyed during the final war, and that, unsurprisingly, their greatest strength and reliance was in their Constellations.

Leonel wouldn't be surprised if they had their own version of [Universe] that maximized the use of their Constellations even more, likely a method perfectly matched to their Lineage Factors.

But Leonel wasn't really interested in it for that reason. What he found interesting was that Simona's mother was sneaking around trying to resurrect these families.

He wondered if Vivak was involved and there was more to the Godlen plans than he knew, or, if even more interestingly...

Matriarch Pyius was going rogue.

Now wouldn't that be a sight to see?

Chapter 2452: Dream Enlightenment

Leonel sat in silent meditation, slowly pulling himself into that state of sudden enlightenment that he had touched upon just days before.

If for no other reason, this sort of ability was one that others would kill for. Who knew how many sudden enlightenments were ruined in the past by a stray thought or an interruption? And yet, this couldn't faze Leonel at all.

He would call this ability Dream Enlightenment.

It could be used for anything as simple as catching a strand of sleep before wild thoughts put you into an awake state again, all the way up to resurrecting a true state of enlightenment like this one.

The Four Season Realm... The Heavenly Body Realm... The Natural Light Realm... The Cosmos Realm... The Constellation Realm...

He pulled himself back to those thoughts once again.

'Star Force... it was the only Force that always seemed to be attached to something else... it didn't usually come alone... The disorder of the Realms...'

Leonel quickly found that rhythm again.

He thought about how he had always assumed that the progression should be the Natural Light Realm first, then Four Season, then Heavenly Body, then Constellation, before only then Cosmos appearing.

But he had been proved wrong, and Wise Star Order had even laughed in his face when he said so.

But why...

Why Four Seasons first? Why was Natural Light not more simple than the seasons?

If you thought about it, the seasons could decide the light, could they not? In winter, the days were shorter, and in summer, they were longer.

Then why would Constellation come after the Cosmos? It was a similar problem... the cosmos was formed of many Constellations, so how could Constellations come afterward? It didn't make sense...

It didn't make sense unless the main idea here wasn't the phenomena themselves, but rather the title they came with...

Universal Cycles... Star Force... Universe Force... The Northern Star...

Why was the Northern Star the arbitrator of chaos? Why was its descent so important? Wasn't it just one star? What Force did it embody? Why was it called the Northern Star and not the Chaos Star or the Death Star? Those two latter names seemed to be far more appropriate...

Why was it moving at all? Why was it growing larger and shifting its position? Why was it, that in a constantly expanding universe, something so far away initially was actually coming closer instead?

There was something deeper, something hidden deep within...

This was the point where Anastasia had interrupted Leonel before, an interruption that had saved his life. It took three days to reach this state before, but now it only took a matter of minutes, his thoughts moving and flowing like water.

Maybe his definition of the Realms had been wrong all along...

What if he changed their names...? What if the progression was instead...

Four Seasons, Planet, Energy, Nebula, and only then Constellation? Would he still have the same problems with it?

No, he wouldn't.

If Heavenly Body solely referred to rock bodies, if Natural Light referred to the presence and disappearance of heat, if the Cosmos referred instead to the gooey, soupy state of unbirth that a universe was in during its infancy, and if Constellation referred to the first signs of order... Would he be able to accept it?

Yes.

Who knew how many languages were out there, how many times these words and meanings had been translated, how often the deeper truths hidden within could become murky due to a game of telephone... [Universe] was the perfect example, it was exactly the example he needed.

Universal Cycles didn't refer to comprehending the Universal Cycles around it. It referred to creating your own, to manifesting your own seasons, your own Heavenly Bodies, your own kernel of light, your own breath of cosmos, your own Constellation... or more accurately.

Your own Northern Star, your own guide.

The name Northern Star didn't come because the word "north" was important. Before anyone learned of the danger it posed, everyone knew it for one thing: it's consistency.

No matter where you were, what world, whether Complete or Incomplete, it would always be there, pointing due north.

It was the true Star Force.

The reason Star Force was always attached to something else was because it was akin to Urbe Ore. It was an enhancer, a constant and steady hand, a foundation that things were meant to be built upon.

The seasons were the cheapest form of this foundation. It showed you that the slightest changes in the amount of Star Force one received could lead to drastically different results.

The Heavenly Body was another foundation. Many were weak Stars or failed Stars, some were a step away or many steps away. But each one could only bask in the glory of the true Stars they orbited.

The Natural Light was of greater substance than the Four Seasons Realm. It wasn't just the result of a change in Star Force, but it was the emission of Star Force itself. Although it was still a distance away, it could paint a picture of what a world with and without Star Force would be like.

Cosmos was the result of Star Force's work.

He had been so obsessed with Incomplete Worlds that he didn't even realize that these large slabs of Earth didn't have endless skies of Stars. They had just one Star. Endless Stars was the sign of a weak world, an Incomplete world...

The Cosmos wasn't a tapestry of endless weak Stars. No, it was the harbinger of a Real Star, a single Star that could sustain a world as large as an entire universe...

And then there was Constellation.

It was the strongest form.

A collection of True Stars that didn't just act as a foundation or a support, but became something of their own.

Leonel's gaze flashed with a blinding light as a subtle thought crept to the back of his mind...

Could the Northern Star just be one of many? Was the strongest Star there was... truly alone?

It was a fleeting thought, one that he paid little to no attention to because he had already found what he needed.

A raging aura erupted from his body, and the Morales Constellation appeared high in the skies above him, trembling with an undying might.

Chapter 2453: [Bonus] Trap

[Bonus chappy thanks to Dragonman009 <3 (5/6)]

Leonel's eyes flashed open, an overwhelming pressure coming from him. No, it was from him; it felt more like the stars were shining down on him, elucidating his path with a level of clarity and strength he had simply never experienced before.

It was only after entering the Constellation Realm that he understood that it was just the beginning. The Constellation gave you the right to finally start forming your own path. Everything leading up to it was just a precursor.

However, that didn't mean that the power it provided was mediocre or lacking by any stretch of the imagination. Leonel felt that if he channeled his Constellation Realm, even if he had this Third Dimensional body, he could shatter an Eighth Dimensional existence of the Dimensional Verse with a single fist.

The greatest benefit was probably [Universe]. Right now, he felt that he could use up to the Momentum Tier. Although it would be taxing, especially considering his current Dimension, it would be easy.

Leonel also felt that even without his Dream Sovereignty, just by virtue of this comprehension of his, he was almost entirely immune from the simplest forms of manipulation and coercion.

It was like his Constellation was a guiding lamp that laid the foundation of his Will. With it, his mind was a nigh impregnable fortress, unmoved by outside forces. Maybe only someone deep into the Life State could hope to move him now, at least with those simpler methods, that is.

For all Leonel knew, much like the techniques of [Domain], [Universe], and [Finality], there were other techniques out there that worked similarly but for the mind. At the very least, he believed that if the Godlens could manage to protect these techniques for so long, the Gods, the real ones, likely had their own methods that were at the very least equal.

Of course, it was possible that the lingering influence made many unwilling to try and deal with the humans directly, but Leonel put less stock in that considering the Void Race actually dared to use the corpse of a Void Beast for travel.

Leonel exhaled a breath and smiled.

That was two things on his father's list completed perfectly. That just left bringing his Emulation Spatial Force and Dark Force to the Impetus State. Then, he could finally begin to move through the Third Dimension again, unlock his Nodes and eventually enter the Fourth once more.

He was looking forward to it.

"Leonel," Anastasia called out to him, seeing that he had come back.

"Yes?"

"I've sensed a few people in the past few days looking over the region, but they don't all seem to be from the Godlens or those powers."

Leonel nodded slowly. He expected that this sort of thing would happen, but he found the priorities of the human alliance quite amusing.

The worlds were fusing, and the demons were about to launch an all-out assault on them. Whether they found Leonel or not should be the least of their worries, but they were actually so obsessed.

Leonel chuckled. If Vivak heard his words, he might be enraged to the point of fainting. Leonel had taken his daughter and the three most important techniques of their family; if he wasn't worth hunting down, then who was?

"I assume you saw something interesting?" Leonel asked.

He had asked Anastasia to keep the scanning region quite short. He didn't want to accidentally alert some powerhouse of their existence, but he also didn't want to hide completely blind.

The Blood Compass was probably just one method these experts had at their disposal to find him. Although he felt that none of those tracking methods should work while he was in Anastasia's world, it never hurt to be more cautious.

"Yes. They're demons, actually. It seems that they've already begun to infiltrate Godlen territory. They're only scouts."

Leonel nodded. "And?"

"You mentioned looking for resources. A fight broke out between a group of humans and the demons over some stuff in this mostly desolate region. They're fighting over a special Force Herb. I was curious and paid some attention to the fight since none of them noticed me.

"The Force Herb is pretty good and seems to have the ability to allow people to enter a state of enlightenment and progress their Forces. It should help someone in the Impetus State move it forward by one grade. So, from Lower to Middle, or Higher to Peak."

Leonel's brows raised. That was indeed excellent, and he was also looking for Force Herbs that Anastasia could nurture and help to mass-produce in the future.

The trouble was that Anastasia didn't seem to really be contacting him for the Herb, and he could tell why.

He was too weak to fight for such a thing. Since others had already found it, it was his turn to try and snatch it from them. Plus, it wasn't worth it to be exposed right now.

On top of that, the humans already hated him; he didn't want to be on the radar of the Demons as well. So he waited for Anastasia to continue.

"The Force Herb is great, but its power source is more interesting. Remember, we chose this region because it lacked wildlife and things of the like, so it was easier to avoid problems. But what's odd with that is that the senses of beasts are far beyond that of humans and demons. Long before we found it, a beast should have already staked this place out as its territory."

"A trap?" Leonel asked.

"Something like that. Under the Force Herb is a deposit of what looks like mutated Evolution Ores."

Leonel's brows shot up. Evolution Ores were Foundation Type Ores capable of elevating the Dimension of companion Ores by a half step. He had always incorporated them into his Divine Armors, making them stronger than they should be.

But what did Anastasia mean by mutated?

"You'll have to learn to be more careful in the Complete Worlds," Anastasia explained. "Forces all have minds of their own. Although it isn't as complex as a consciousness, they all have an instinct toward survival more similar to plants."

"This mine of Evolution Ore learned to use blood to fuel its growth; that's why this region is so desolate."

Chapter 2454: [Bonus] Weak

[Bonus chappy thanks to Dragonman009 <3 (6/6)]

Leonel fell into his thoughts.

He could understand this. Long ago, Wise Star Order had warned him that if he was too careless and relied too much on his Innate Nodes and not enough on his own comprehension, he would eventually suffer for it.

Years later, he had felt those effects firsthand.

It seemed that in Complete Worlds, this was even more exaggerated. He was fighting against not only his fellow man and other races, but also the environment itself could kill him.

He had a feeling that these human bubbles were on the milder side of things.

He remembered when he was first captured by the Olidark family and forced to work for them. Back then, when he entered the "demon world" for the first time, it felt like the world itself was trying to kill him, let alone the demons themselves.

There were definitely even more dangerous worlds out there if even collecting resources here was such a pain.

"You have a method?" Leonel asked.

"You have that [Domain] skill of yours now and a Constellation. It's very difficult for that mine to influence you now. I can feel that it's even a little bit more difficult for even me to do so."

Leonel mulled it over.

Soon, he would have to reforge his Divine Armors, a thought that made him chuckle. In the beginning, those armors had seemed permanent, but in the last few months, he had had to reforge them again and again. Sometimes, he didn't even get to use them properly before they broke again.

Even so, this was a blessing in disguise. Now he could do it all over again with everything he knew now...

Hopefully for just one last final time.

"Alright, I'll go. How strong are the people?"

"Well, it probably won't be that easy to skate by them. I can see that there's been human activity down there, but for whatever reason, whoever found the mind first didn't decide to take full advantage of it all immediately. It's odd."

Leonel's gaze narrowed as he stood. He finally pulled off his beaten and broken pants, jumping into a nearby stream and basking in the Cleansing Waters. Although he was going to quickly become dirty again, he might as well benefit a bit now.

After he was clean, he hopped out and pulled on a new pair of sweats, grinning. How nostalgic, how comfortable. Luckily, his mother wasn't here to scold him after all that effort she had gone through to make him dress prim and proper.

Leonel thought about throwing on a shirt but then waved a hand. What good would a shirt do him anyway? Wasn't like he was a king of modesty. Just a couple of days ago, that lady tried to shove a probe up a place where things should only come out. His chastity was gone.

Laughing to himself, Leonel stepped out of the Segmented Cube and into the wild.

He didn't use his Constellation Realm; it was far too flashy. It was powerful, but it was also the kind of ability that could be sensed from far and wide. That was the unfortunate part about relying on Universal Force for your strength.

A thought flashed through his mind.

"Hey, Anastasia. Do you think it's possible to channel Universal Force through you? And then you pump it right into me?"

Anastasia thought for a moment before a thought that felt like a nod came through.

"I don't see why not. Though, it will probably be a little bit weaker than normal since it'll be filtered through my will as well. Universal Force at your level works best when there's a clear intention, as you know."

Leonel chuckled. "Since you knew that, why didn't you tell me?"

Anastasia pouted. "There are a lot of things I don't know. I'm only naturally able to understand it now because I have perfect comprehension of everything that happens in my world. You could say that I only understand because I observed you. The only things I have natural comprehension of are the most fundamental forces that make up the bounds of my world, that being space, time, and a few other abstract things."

"Oh? Did my old man never..."

"He did, but..." Anastasia felt a hint embarrassed. "... after I regressed, I lost most of that natural comprehension."

"You lost your memories?"

"No... the best way I can describe it is like your mother. She was able to understand Camelot's Magic System perfectly because she has Earth's World Spirit. That innate comprehension came to her naturally; she didn't have to memorize or consciously understand anything. If the World Spirit suddenly disappeared, so too would that innate understanding.

"It's like a severe spinal cord injury and how you'd have to learn how to walk again."

Leonel was enlightened. Anastasia never really understood his father's path, at least not in the same way Velasco would.

For Velasco, so long as his memories were there, he could retrace those steps. But to Anastasia, although she had the memories, the feel was entirely gone.

That's probably also why Anastasia's factories were able to Craft for Leonel, but only things that he had Crafted in front of her before.

Leonel suddenly came to a stop. Even though it was a long distance away, he could already feel the fighting. The world just felt far more clear to him.

"There's an entrance you can use nearby. It's very well hidden, and even protected by a few Force Arts. But I think you can manage."

Leonel found it as soon as Anastasia mentioned it.

Up ahead, there was a blockage of foliage that looked very natural. It looked like overgrown shrubbery met palm trees in an oddly picturesque scene, but inside there was an open air mine that was booby-trapped to hell.

After scanning it, Leonel understood why Anastasia felt he could handle it. The Force Arts were actually so...

Weak.

He was already at this level the first time he grasped the essence of Life Grade Crafting, let alone now.

He chuckled to himself and flashed forward. He passed right through the formation without even alerting anyone and slipped inside, the rumbling above ground growing more fervent.

Almost immediately, he felt an insatiable desire bear down on him.

Chapter 2455: [Bonus] Greed

[Bonus chappy thanks to Mr. Ham <3 (1/6)]

Leonel was wowed for a moment. It wasn't that the desire emitting from the mine was impossible for him to handle. Just like Anastasia had predicted, it was actually quite a simple matter for him to deal with it.

Instead, this was the first time he had felt the influence of Forces on the mind so clearly.

Back when his Innate Nodes deactivated and his Vital Star Force crossed into the Impetus State, the realization wasn't so clear. That was because the influence his Scarlet Star Force had on him was so well-executed and so subtle that he hadn't even noticed until the contrast of Vital Star Fort enlightened him.

However, this was on another level. It was direct, flagrant, and almost...

Offensive.

Leonel realized that even though this mine was so amazing, even capable of imposing its will onto the world. It was quite rudimentary and almost childlike. If you had the ability to protect your mind like Leonel did, and could see through the attempts, it was more amusing than anything else.

'If I could find a mine like this that focused on Dark Force or Emulation Spatial Force, I have a feeling I'd be able to enter the Impetus State even faster.'

It wasn't just that Leonel could feel the pressure of the mine trying to act on his mind, but he could also clearly feel the character and personality of the Force.

It was greedy, insatiable, it always wanted more and nothing was enough.

This seemed perfect for an Ore title with the word Evolution. It was always seeking to improve and it could take this will and use it to elevate everything around him.

Leonel bet that the Force Herb that had caused all the fighting was just like this as well, forced to evolve by the mine and then used to lure in unsuspecting victims.

Some would die and their corpses would be left behind for the mine to soak in and strengthen itself.

As for why it was mutated, Leonel had a feeling that it was incorporating more than just the strength of the experts it was taking in. It might be likely that it was snatching up their potential and their paths as well.

'Interesting.'

Leonel shot into that mine more deeply. He wanted to understand more about why the person who found the mine before him didn't act to take it all for themselves.

Soon, he got his answer.

Deep in the mine, what must have been at least several hundred meters below ground, there was a rainbow array of ores. Here, the feeling of greed and insatiability was even more flagrant.

The mine was pulling and tugging at itself, trying to follow all sorts of paths all at once.

'I see, the mine is collapsing in on itself...'

Not all mutations were positive, and the fact that something had mutated shouldn't be a sign that it had become stronger.

This mine had been allowed to grow, it became an apex predator all to itself, but because there was nothing to push back against it, it had become a microcosm of the folly of too much greed.

It wanted everything to the point of wanting to elevate itself to a new level, but it couldn't decide what path it wanted to follow. It didn't want to choose at all so the center of the mine had become a war zone.

Then there was something else.

'Someone is trying to manipulate the outcome.'

After some observation, Leonel noticed that there were very carefully selected mining lines. These selectively weakened some of the areas, by proxy strengthening others.

There was an array of paths here, but from what it seemed...

Leonel grinned. "This person seems to want the mine to focus on Light Force. A Light Force expert died here previously and became one of the many paths fighting it out down here, and this person is trying to selectively strengthen the Light Path and influence the mutation of the mine. Whoever this is, their Crafting and comprehension of Force Arts is garbage, but they're clever nonetheless..."

Leonel had his father to guide him along his path of Crafting, but not everyone had the same benefit. This person might be lacking in skill, but it wasn't due to a lack of talent.

This sort of ingenuity was excellent. It was the kind of thing Leonel might have thought of if the circumstances were correct.

The goal of this person was quite clear to him.

What if the insatiable greed of his mine was focused down a single path and it swallowed up everything along said path? In that situation, if you could resist the corruption of the mine, wouldn't the mine become a perfect haven of improvement?

It would collect all sorts of Light Force and Light Force comprehensions for this person, and even start creating Ores that would be perfect for the kind of treasures this person would most like to use.

It was perfect.

However... Leonel didn't need Light Force comprehension right now. He needed Dark Force comprehension and Emulation Spatial Force comprehension.

He thought about it for a moment and then shook his head.

He was far more adept at Crafting than this person. Honestly, now that this idea had been presented to him, and the ores were here, he didn't need to wait for the mine to naturally take these steps of progression. So long as he mined the ores, he could create his own simulated training room.

"Since you don't need these, I'll take them."

Leonel focused on a part of the array of rainbow colors that had a distinct darkness to them. Evolution Ores were usually balls of gold and they could easily be mistaken for the far inferior precious metal, but this area was tinged with darkness that almost made them look like unmined coal.

Leonel was curious about who this person was. He had seen the Crafting of Mo"Lexi and the Godlens; it was at a much higher level than this. This seemed to mean that this person wasn't from those large factions, or was at the very least only a peripheral member of them, and that made Leonel curious.

This gave him many ideas, but whether any of them would bear fruit would depend on what origins this person had.

Chapter 2456: [Bonus] Half-Baked Hacks

[Bonus chappy thanks to Mr. Ham <3 (2/6)]

Without disrupting the little array the mysterious person had going here, Leonel began to mine the Dark Force-tainted Evolution Ore.

The number was quite a bit and could only be measured in kilograms, as per usual.

"Anastasia, what do you think would happen if I dumped these in Cleansing Water? Would they become a purer version of whatever this mutation is? Or would they return to the original Evolution Ore they came from?"

"It's hard to say, you'll probably just have to test it out."

Leonel nodded. The deciding factor would probably be if these ores had fundamentally changed enough in character to become a new type of ore entirely. If not, the latter

would occur, but if so... he might be able to create a far stronger version of what was in his palms now instantly.

'Well, this experiment will decide whether I continue to be a good person or not.'

Leonel smiled and tossed one of the ores into the Segmented Cube, then observed it from outside. There was a hint of a sizzle, and Leonel raised an eyebrow.

It actually looked as though the ore was trying to fight back against the influence of the Cleansing Water. No, more accurately, it was trying to absorb the character of the Cleansing Waters as well, something that made Leonel chuckle.

He had come a long way since Aina gawked at the fact he used Cleansing Waters to flush his toilet, he knew just how valuable these waters were now. It was doubtful that these Cleansing Waters came from the Crafting of the Minerva Race.

It was more than likely that the reason the Minerva Race picked Anastasia to Craft the Segmented Cube in the first place was due to the existence of Cleansing Waters in the first place.

If he was correct, everything else was secondary to its existence, and Cleansing Waters were definitely a huge deal.

"Speaking of which, Anastasia. You probably comprehend Cleansing Waters more than anyone else, right? You aren't holding back on me, are you?"

A snort echoed in Leonel's ears as he continued to watch the situation of the ore.

"You finally think to ask?"

"You know, sometimes, you can just tell me things out of the goodness of your heart."

Anastasia laughed, but quickly stopped. It seemed that she felt that she would prefer to try and pretend to be stern instead.

"There's nothing much to explain. Like I said, my mind isn't as flexible as yours is. I might be able to speak and interact with you, but I'm ultimately a World Spirit. I can only tell you that Cleansing Waters are the ultimate cleansers of the world. They have no match."

Anastasia said this quite simply, but Leonel suddenly felt a hint of sadness. It didn't come from Anastasia, but rather himself. Sparks flew in his Dreamscape and connections he had ignored until now formed one after another.

He had come across so many World Spirits now, especially after the wars he waged in the Dimensional Verse. They were all simple blobs of instinct, each one not having thoughts of their own.

He had always dismissed this as a matter for Incomplete Worlds. Anastasia was a World Spirit from a Complete World, she was different... no?

But now, in this one conversation of hers, she first mentioned how odd her memory was and how when she regressed, she lost much of the context of things. When she helped Leonel look for things, she could find them, but she couldn't analyze them and logically break things down like Leonel could. Even with her own Cleansing Waters, she could only give Leonel a rough description of it and couldn't even decide for him whether it would work for his plans or not.

These all sounded like things that should frustrate Leonel, things that he should reprimand Anastasia for, but that wasn't how he felt at all... he just felt sad.

All of these things made it feel like Anastasia was one step above a normal animal, but a step below a human.

She could interact with the world on a higher level than an animal, but her mind was less flexible than a true intelligent being.

Soon, Leonel's sadness turned to discontent.

"That Minerva Race is filled with nothing but half-baked hacks," Leonel suddenly spat, his good mood spoiled.

Anastasia was stunned, why did he say that all of a sudden?

And why was she crying all of a sudden?

"... You idiot... The Minerva Race was well known to have the greatest Crafters to ever existence..." she said between sobs.

"Then Existence is filled with nothing but half-baked slobs who could have never been allowed to pick up a Force Quill in the first place. What do you think, Tolliver?"

Bloop* Bloop*

Tolliver had been mostly silent these days, but Leonel could tell that he was taking in this new world. The sights and feelings were all new, and Leonel could feel that the little guy was passively sucking up a large amount of Force every second.

Unfortunately, Leonel couldn't wear it as an arm sleeve like he liked to do before, in case it caused him trouble. But now he had gone back to doing so, so Tolliver heard him loud and clear.

Although Leonel didn't say it in so many words, Anastasia understood his intentions quite well.

One day he'd improve the Segmented Cube and instead of Anastasia's prison, it would become her home.

Leonel continued cursing under his breath as he mined.

"Best Crafters in Existence my ass."

They Crafted Anastasia as the final hope to save their Race, apparently. But this incomplete prison was the best they could do? The more he thought about it, the more furious he was.

Anastasia slowly calmed down and the two got their answer.

The mutation had indeed progressed far enough, and the ore became an even purer form of what could now only be called Dark Evolution Ore.

"Someone is coming," Anastasia suddenly said.

An image of a young man wearing a pair of goggles that reminded Leonel a lot of Goggles' own pair appeared.

He looked a bit flustered, and even a hint guilty, but the excitement in his eyes shone bright.

Chapter 2457: Destination

'Hm...'

Leonel didn't really expect this. The young man was probably around his age, give or take a few years, but he still seemed bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. He was quite quick and seemed to have strength deep into the Seventh Dimension. Of course, that was at the standard of these Complete Worlds so the weight of those words was much greater than usual.

He hurried forward, rushing through the forest before stopping at his enclosure. He scanned the region carefully, then double-checked to see whether there was anyone else that had messed with his restrictions.

When he found nothing, he nodded to himself then finally slipped in.

Leonel moved himself, sliding into one of the many off-shooting tunnels of the mine. He was paying attention to the young man, but he didn't want to run into him just yet.

This place was in the middle of nowhere. The nearest settlement should be Godlen city, but it was quite a distance from there, at least a few thousand kilometers.

Crossing that distance without a treasure like the Segmented Cube was impossible, not at the strength of this young man, that is. Between there, there would be countless dangers.

Now that Leonel thought about it, the only reason he had survived in the wilderness the first time he came to one of these worlds was firstly because Oliidark city was so nearby, and secondly because he was in a relatively weaker part of the world where a Sixth Dimensional family like the Oliidark's could be the overlord.

But both things were untrue here. Not only was he a far off distance from such a center of power, the Godlens were also located in a portion of this Bubble World with the highest concentration of Force. The dangers were unprecedented and this mine was only one of many examples.

The young man rushed into the core of the mine, slapping what looked like talismans across his body. Leonel assumed that these were methods of transferring the effect of a Force Art directly onto your body without a medium and without tattooing it into yourself.

'Fascinating...'

Back in the Joan Zone, Leonel had had a Force Art etched directly into his skin, one that was meant to control him and potentially provide him with more Force Arts into the future. He didn't expect to see a far better method of doing the same here.

'These could have interesting applications in battle...'

Usually, Force Arts needed a medium to work. You couldn't just draw on in the air and hope for the best.

The only thing Leonel knew of that was somewhat close to achieving this result was the Camelot Magic System, but even then one was using the Mage Core as the medium. It was even better if you used a wand like Modred did.

But the special material these talismans were made out of seemed to take the place of that medium for you.

Leonel slotted this into the back of his mind and thought to take advantage of this in the future. This seemed to be another way to make maximal use of his Crafting skill without needing a ton of materials.

The young man paused, stunned for a bit when he saw the situation in the core of the mine. But soon, he smiled.

As Leonel expected, his first assumption was that his previous methods were working well.

After the young man double and triple checked the situation, he took out a shimmering mining tool and began to carefully hack at the other sections again.

'Seems he's patient. He wants to slowly peel away the other layers one by one until only Light Force is remaining. But that's interesting because I can't sense any Light Force affinity coming from this young man at all. Is he doing this for something else?'

It took an entire two days before the young man was finished. Truthfully, Leonel couldn't be bothered to watch for the entire time. The Crafting methods were making him physically hurt and the caution of the young man bordered on anxiety instead.

It was good to be cautious, but when you were too cautious, it could easily become timidity instead. Leonel could guess a lot about the young man's character just from this alone.

It was funny, though. Goggles also had a very cautious character, but he was still far more valiant than this young man when he had to be.

Though, Leonel felt that he was being a bit harsh. The fact that this young man dared to come here in the first place was a sign that he had more than enough courage.

When that two-day period came to an end, the young man wiped the sweat from his brows with a forearm, stretching his back. Then he put the mining tool away and took a gaze at the talismans he had slapped onto his chest. It looked like they were just about to run out of juice, so it was time to go.

He pivoted and rushed toward the exit.

Leonel finally stepped out of the Segmented Cube as he rushed by.

After waiting on the young man for a moment, he rushed after him.

"Why are you following him?" Anastasia asked.

Leonel smiled. "Intuition."

"You're not a woman."

Leonel almost stumbled. You had to be a woman to have intuition now? Wasn't that sexist? Where was the justice?

Leonel could only ignore the little fiery World Spirit as he rushed after the young man, who Leonel realized now was actually quite fast.

He didn't have Light Force, but he did have other talismans capable of increasing his speed a great deal. On top of that, he had more talismans to hide his presence. Even Leonel, due to the distance from which he was following, found it hard to focus on the young man's presence.

Of course, Leonel wasn't lagging so far behind because he feared the young man. Rather, he had a healthy dose of caution toward where the young man might be going.

When Leonel saw the destination, he raised an eyebrow.

Chapter 2458: Fun

There was a vast expanse of wilderness.

The mine was located in an oasis of sorts, a small patch of forest about a hundred or so kilometers from edge to edge that also happened to have a few mountains that surrounded it.

Outside of this oasis though, the land was mostly barren. This was probably in part due to the Evolution Ore, another part due to the Godlens hogging much of the Force, and only finally due to the natural environment.

But it was within this endless expanse of dull, unkempt and dry lands that the young man kept running, and in the opposite direction of Godlen city at that.

Soon, Leonel could see the destination, probably even before the young man did, and it was mostly because of Anastasia because it was simply too well hidden.

He could have called this land a desert if not for the fact there was no sand, it was that barren. It was simply a wasteland. But within this wasteland, there was a... hatch?

It was too perfectly hidden, a one by one meter patch of perfectly covered land in the middle of nowhere. Even if you knew what you were looking for, it would be impossible to find without senses like Anastasia's. But even then, Anastasia would have overlooked it if not for the fact Leonel had told her to look closely.

Leonel simply didn't believe that this young man would run any further. Not only was he nearing his limits, but the wilderness extended tens of thousands more kilometers. Whatever he was looking for had to be here.

And he was correct.

The young man rushed up to the inconspicuous piece of land, stomped his feet in an odd rhythm, and then the hatch opened up.

He looked around, probably out of habit, then hopped inside.

The hatch closed after him and he disappeared from the world without a single word.

Leonel stopped and didn't continue.

According to Anastasia, there was an underground city down there, but he didn't have her observe it any more thoroughly.

If the young man's strength was anything to go by, there was nothing impressive about this city. However, it was his turn to be cautious.

Right now he was too weak to just hope into enemy territory just to satisfy his curiosity. Plus, if there was someone who was accidentally alerted by Anastasia's sweep, he would be pissed.

He knew that the odds there was anyone who could sense Anastasia was minimal, but since he didn't have the strength, there was no point in finding out.

After confirming where the young man went, Leonel nodded to himself then retreated.

He had no intention of getting himself into another ridiculous situation he would have to escape from, at least not until he had more strength. He might as well break his Dark Force into the Impetus State first.

After that, he'd create more training rooms using the Evolution Ore. Once that was done, he'd probably take out the Core of the mine and have Anastasia deal with it. It was a valuable resource, there was no point in leaving it here.

Leonel returned to his cozy spot and finished Crafting his Dark Force comprehension room.

With the purified Dark Evolution Ores, he could feel an insatiable desire around him, one primed for more darkness, greater darkness, seeking it and rejecting everything else.

He sunk into a state of meditation, entering the Dream Plane.

At that moment, the violent pulls were even more obvious and clear. He couldn't just feel exactly what the Evolution Ores wanted to accept, but also everything they wanted to reject.

This gave him context that he had never had before, especially when he felt the Dark Force begin its attempt to suffocate his Light Force.

It was then that he felt a flash of enlightenment and things changed around him.

In the universe, darkness was the absence of light, at least this was how he had always been taught.

However, after Leonel realized that it was his education as a human of Earth that held him back for so long when it came to his Universal Cycles, he chose to scrutinize every foundational piece of knowledge he had thoroughly.

For Dark Force, that led him down an interesting path... Dark Matter.

Even modern-day Earth didn't have a thorough understanding of it. It supposedly made up the majority of all that was, and yet he never heard talk of it.

Leonel felt that this meditation room he had created of blackened gold crystals was tugging at this fabric as well.

Dark Force wasn't just the absence of Light Force, it was its own existence, it had its own meaning, its own character.

And it was powerful.

A flash of darkness pooled in Leonel's eyes and his pale violet hair turned a deep magenta for a moment before it slowly pulled back.

He exhaled a slow breath.

His Dark Force affinity was especially high now that the Dark Northern Star Lineage Factor had been awakened within him and the fact his Scarlet Star Force Innate Node was dormant.

So, Leonel wasn't surprised that he managed to step into the Impetus State so quickly. Though he obviously had this room he forged to thank as well.

'This place's help is minimal. I have a feeling that it should only be able to help me reach the Middle Impetus State at most. Beyond that, I would need something else, or have to improve the Evolution Ores.'

Leonel turned his attention toward the golden scaled koi fish for the first time in a long while. He wondered...

'That's right, I should try to analyze the Ability Indexes of those two in the Silver Tablet as well and see if I can help them improve.'

"Hey Allan," Leonel called as he stepped out from his training room. "How free are you?"

"I'm good," a voice came back.

Leonel was probably easily thousands of miles from Allen, but thanks to Anastasia, they could talk like they were right beside each other.

"Good, let's go have some fun."

Chapter 2459: Lit Up

Leonel and Allan stood in a lab.

Leonel realized after seeing the young man that he couldn't be the only Crafter of his skill in his group. Allan was just as intelligent as him, or at the very least close. It would be a shame if he ended up like that goggle-wearing young man purely because he didn't have much guidance.

So Leonel decided that whenever he was Crafting and Allan had some time, he would take the latter under his wing. It wouldn't really cost him much of anything. He couldn't always be the one Crafting as he had to focus on his training as well. Plus, if he trained Allan, then it would be easier to train others.

Unfortunately, he couldn't duplicate his father's dictionary and he didn't really want to even if he could... though it was a bit selfish.

[Ability Index: Energy Purification]

Leonel moved a hand and the Force Art appeared before them. This was the ability of the koi fish, and it overlapped heavily with Cleansing Waters. The difference was that the koi fish could impact the external world while Cleansing Waters forced an internal process.

Back then, the koi fish had been able to wreak havoc because it was able to swallow up a large amount of Force and expel it, pulling all sorts of Invalids toward the shores of Earth.

Leonel had been rightfully pissed about that considering how many people died because it wanted a little more territory, but he had changed a lot since then.

Regardless, he had always kept the koi fish by him because its synergy with the tentacle womb was perfect.

[Ability Index: Gene Replication]

Leonel felt it was a shame. He had put so much effort into the creation of those demons, and though they were powerful, they were far too weak for what he needed now.

The strongest specimen he had was that Peak Sixth Dimensional Demon that had eaten him alive.

That Cobra Demon had been strong enough to rip the Void Palace to shreds even though it wasn't Seventh Dimensional, but here... the playing field was more even.

While it could still deal a blow to Seventh Dimensional existences from weaker organizations, against his real enemies, the Godlens, the Cults, etc, it wasn't enough.

"I've told you about these two before, right?" Leonel asked.

"Yes," Allan nodded. Leonel had let him in on some of the secret projects he was working on a long time ago, and this was just one of them.

"The Silver Tablet I have here is able to take the Ability Indexes of people, form them into Force Arts, and then project them for manipulation or study."

Allan's brows shot up. This was about as much emotion as he usually showed; it was clear that he was completely stunned.

"This Gene Replication ability synergizes well with the purification one, but it's not complete. It takes too much energy, too much effort. Just the number of demons I have now took years to complete, and they're already useless."

"You want to create a more efficient Force Art, or Ability Index, rather."

"Mm," Leonel nodded. "I think the only path we have forward now is to stop relying on outside powers. It's finally time we create something of our own, and I think we have enough means to do it. Just Anastasia alone gives us enough."

A light chortle echoed as Anastasia laughed arrogantly. He smiled and ignored the little World Spirit.

"It's about time," Allan muttered.

"Hey, what's that supposed to mean?"

"I mean, you had to get tired of getting kicked out of them at some point, right?"

Allan looked at Leonel, completely dead pan. Allan wasn't one to make jokes and he was quite serious. But something about it...

Leonel burst into laughter, patting Allan's shoulder.

"James put you up to that, right?"

Allan looked away, pretending not to hear the question, and Leonel could only grin. Then, with a wave of his hand, Leonel brought out something else.

[Ability Index: Body Clairvoyance]

[Lineage Factor: Unnamed]

"This first one is Aina's. This second one is mine."

Leonel observed Allan. The latter tried to look at the Force Arts, frowned, and then blinked his eyes several times before pulling back.

Leonel nodded to himself. As he thought, Allan had decent Dream Force affinity as well. His problem was much like Leonel's in the past.

Leonel had awakened to Dream Force only after being introduced to it, but before then he had been using Soul Force like everyone else. For some reason, Dream Force wasn't just naturally present in the body.

He would help Allan out with that later, but first...

"Aina's Ability Index gives her perfect understanding of her body; she has a natural comprehension of exactly what she needs and what to do to improve. It's clear why this would be helpful.

"Much of the energy the tentacle womb wastes is in analyzing and restructuring genes. However, if it had a natural understanding of everything it ingested or could ingest like Aina, its efficiency would be increased by several measures.

"My Lineage Factor isn't immediately obvious as to its benefit.

"The first is the vitality. My Lineage Factor can turn both metal and fire into vitality and it has a great deal of foundational vitality alone. But this is more of a secondary matter.

"What I'm most looking at is the portion of it that was once part of the Radix family's Lineage Factor. That part was able to use an odd Bronze Force to give life as well, in addition to incorporating one of the main Force that the tentacle womb relied on...

"Breaking Force."

Leonel took bits and pieces from both Force Arts, working slowly so Allan could follow his stream of logic.

It took over a day, but he eventually had something he was happy with.

"How much energy do you think I'll need for this one?" Leonel asked.

"There definitely isn't enough here," Anastasia said.

Leonel nodded with a bit of a bitter smile. He expected this.

The only reason it seemed so easy to fuse Ability Index and Lineage Factors earlier was because he was working with the lowest graded ones, but even the Silver Tablet needed energy to work.

Disregarding Aina's ridiculously high rated Ability Index, just his alone was a huge headache to provide energy for.

He was trying to elevate the tentacle womb from the Common Grade all the way up to Silver in one go; it would require much more than what he had now.

But that was fine, he had mostly done this to guide Allan a bit anyway.

Now, it was time he turned his focus to Emulation Spatial Force; then he could finally progress.

After sending Allan away, he checked on Aina then asked Anastasia another question.

"What do you think I should do to bring Emulation Spatial Force to another level?"

Anastasia laughed.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Leonel asked, confused.

"What's there to be confused about?"

"Oh Holy Goddess Anastasia, please give me your esteemed guidance."

Anastasia's laughter only got harder.

Leonel could only pout, this woman was having too much fun at his expense.

"Okay, okay. Aren't you a Dream Sovereign? And didn't I tell you, there's no one better in using space than me?"

Leonel's eyes lit up.

Chapter 2460: [Bonus] They Called Themselves...

[Bonus chappy thanks to Mr. Ham <3 (3/6)]

Leonel had almost forgotten. All this time, Anastasia had taken on the task of guiding Hutch's grandson.

Truthfully, even with the loss of his Innate Nodes full influence on him, Leonel had still not forgiven Elorin. Hutch was his first mentor. Although the two had never seen eye to eye in the way of Weapon Forces, it could be said that it was because of Hutch's insights back then that Leonel eventually came around, fusing their paths into one understanding.

At the same time, though, after losing his own father, he was well aware of the kind of spiral a person could fall into. There were many things that he had done in recent months that lacked any form of humanity or empathy. In a lot of ways, Elorin's actions were far more rational than his ever were.

Plus, Time Force was so esoteric and difficult to understand. Although Elorin didn't have an Innate Node, who knew how it affected him?

What if due to the fact Elorin was such a master of Time Force, he saw all streams of time as the same? What if the day he lost his parents hurt just the same today? What if he couldn't move past events like others could?

The more Leonel thought about how best to maximize his intelligence to deal with this new world he was in, the more he understood just how important understanding different Forces could be toward that end. And after feeling the harrowing effects himself, he was even more inclined to have sympathy.

Plus, there was a more human reason to keep Elorin around.

Ultimately, he knew that Hutch had never had the heart to kill his own grandson. In all likelihood, he had fallen on his blade.

How could Leonel spit on the final decision Hutch had made in his life? It simply wasn't his place to take Elorin's life.

"Let's do it," Leonel finally said after his mind stopped wandering. This wasn't the time to think about such things. He had to take this final step.

A young man ran through a city that looked like a mix between a plumber's wet dream and the complex inner workings of a mechanical watch.

Thick pipes and plumes of hot steam filled the skies while large interlocking worked to move everything along from the trollies that littered the streets to the connecting bridges of more pipes overhead.

If Leonel could see the scene of him rushing past the pedestrians and illegally hopping up and over buildings he shouldn't be, he would feel a wave of nostalgia. All of this felt too much like his Royal Blue Academy days, that simpler time in his life where he would commit a felony every day on his way to and then from school.

The young man pulled his goggles down from his forehead as he entered a particular smoggy region before slipping into a sewer system.

After several turns in the maze-like under-underground system, he finally ran in a bazaar filled with sweaty men oozing body odor and skimpily dressed, malnourished prostitutes.

He ducked into one of the tents to find a woman who was in silent meditation. Although she was relatively average in appearance, she had a bearing that was far beyond most in the region, especially considering the unruly atmosphere. She didn't even seem bothered by the sounds of loud sex echoing from the neighboring tent as she opened her eyes.

Her irises flashed with a golden light as she looked toward the young man before her.

"Eamon, why've you come again?"

Eamon put his hands on his hips, grinning.

"Cindra, I have the location of our engagement party all planned out. Clear your schedule exactly-" he looked at his wrist, having forgotten that he had pawned off his watch for some extra talisman materials. "-well, let's just say 3 weeks from now."

The girl rolled her eyes. "I told you already that an engagement party is something you have after you're engaged, you don't hold it to get engaged."

Eamon rubbed his dirty hair a bit embarrassedly, but chuckled anyway.

"Plus, haven't I already told you to forget about that sort of stuff? Do you understand what sort of responsibility comes with having a wife? You..."

Cindra started to lecture quite seriously. She might look young, but she was over 100 years old, almost ten times Eamon's age. This young man was really too much.

"Hehe, what responsibility? Won't Cindra just take care of me for the rest of our lives?"

Cindra was speechless. What kind of woman would fall into this sort of trap?

"I'm kidding, I'm kidding..." Eamon's eyes dimmed somewhat before he muttered under his breath. "... It's not like we have much time left anyway..."

A flash of pain appeared on Cindra's expression. How could she not know what Eamon meant?

War was coming, and it would be people like them who suffered first.

They looked like they were safe, but there was only so much food here, only so much water. Once the war broke out, they'd be finished and the promises of those so-called leaders of theirs would-

Cindra closed her eyes. When she opened them once again, she had regained her usual calm.

She stood to her feet and walked past Eamon, patting his shoulder.

"Go find a girl closer to your age, little boy. Hopefully one less used and jaded."

Cindra left the tent and Eamon rushed out, but she had already disappeared.

Eamon shook his head. He knew that Cindra was exceptionally powerful, far more powerful than him. He didn't know why she stayed here at all, and he certainly didn't know if his efforts with the mine would even be useful to her, but...

He just wanted to do something for the girl he liked.

Cindra walked slowly, but the distance she covered was incredible.

She headed deep into the city, entering a region that many of the lower class couldn't dream of crossing into.

This place was yet another core of human power. It was the smallest, and the weakest, but it was one nonetheless.

They called themselves the Slayer Legion.

