

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2461: [Bonus] Make it Make Sense

[Bonus chappy thanks to Mr. Ham <3 (4/6)]

Leonel had never felt such a steady wave of enlightenment come at him again and again and again.

He felt that it was probably in part due to the fact that he had the Dream Force affinity to take in so much of it in the first place, but the sheer amount of knowledge that Anastasia had access to was enough to leave him entirely speechless.

The trouble was that Anastasia was a horrible teacher. In fact, even that might give her too much credit. He could only feel even more badly for Elorin than he already did.

Anastasia's form of teaching was the equivalent of a professor throwing chalk at your forehead until you finally understood it all.

For most, that didn't work. In fact, for most, they would probably shut down and forget about learning anything ever again.

As though that wasn't bad enough, Anastasia had no ability to "dumb things down" either. Not only did the information come in a barrage, it was filled with PhD-level mathematical jargon that could make one's head spin.

Honestly, Leonel only picked on PhD mathematics only because it was the easiest reference to him. Unfortunately, it was even worse than that.

The current Leonel could write a different PhD-worthy dissertation once a minute for an entire day if he was so inclined. That level of math couldn't faze him.

But it was like he had been stripped of all his knowledge, sent back to when he was three years old and first learning about addition and subtraction, and then expected to do the same thing.

In the past, Leonel would have blamed Anastasia for this. But after getting more context about her situation, he knew that he couldn't.

Anastasia's mind didn't have the flexibility to help him more than this. It was up to him to take this gargle of information and try to focus it with questions.

He realized that teaching required a flexibility of mind that she simply didn't have, not to mention the fact that "teaching" comprehension was nigh impossible.

Luckily, it wasn't all bad.

For one, for someone else, even if they were willing to sit through the grueling lectures, they wouldn't necessarily get the chance. Where else could you find such a large concentration of information about any other Force? It made the Void Tower look and sound like a joke.

At the same time, because she was a World Spirit, Anastasia's method of passing on knowledge was very unique.

Comprehension was complex. For example, even if Leonel told someone else his insights about the Universal Cycles, it would at best point them in the right direction. It wouldn't suddenly enlighten them akin to what he had experienced.

The best analogy was school again. Subjects in middle school were incredibly difficult to most people who were of age. But if you took those same people who struggled with the subjects while they were of high school age and sent them back to middle school, it would suddenly become a breeze.

These people hadn't suddenly become more intelligent, and they were probably struggling with similarly beveled high school subjects. However, they had progressed step by step, building a foundation of learning that could make what was once esoteric, simple.

The process was the most important aspect of comprehension, not the conclusion.

Everyone knew what the word Destruction meant, but not everyone could be a Destruction Sovereign.

Due to this, just explaining something with words wasn't enough to help someone truly grasp something.

Anastasia, though, was able to pour her insights directly into Leonel's mind. It wasn't just words or numbers or even Force Arts; it was a perspective.

The mind of a World Spirit was shocking to Leonel; it made his Dream Sovereignty seem more like a joke than anything else. However, he was still likely better suited than anyone else to withstanding this sort of pressure.

And that he did, for several days... until he managed to focus his attention enough on just a few aspects.

Emulation Spatial Force...

He felt that it had more potential than he was giving it credit for.

He had only really looked at it for one purpose when he initially took it from that woman, and that was to project his Dream Force outside his body.

However, he hadn't realized until now just how restricted he had been to Thaela's battle style. Because he had watched her use it, she naturally assumed that she was using it in the most optimal way.

But was she?

She was just a Sixth Dimensional existence, a person he had long since surpassed by a large margin although he had fallen down once more.

Why should he be restricted to her methods?

Then, his mind drifted to [Universe]... There were aspects of its complex Force Art that truly resonated with Emulation Spatial Force...

Leonel felt some snap within him, a radiant silver-gold aura beginning to erupt.

Cindra walked into the tall building bursting with dark bronze pipes. It looked odd, its first floor far smaller than its largest floors. It was almost like dozens of misshapen and differently sized boxes were stacked on top of one another and it was called a day.

The guards were startled when they saw this woman, but they ultimately didn't say anything, even when she walked into a large meeting hall on the top floor, interrupting a meeting that had been raging for hours.

"-It's impossible to know who it was, but we need to find out. According to our intel, someone dealt a fatal blow to those powers. The disappearance of the Godlen Codex is just one matter, what's more important than that is the fact that the resources needed to build the Farming Zones have been destroyed."

"How do you know it was someone? You sound so sure! How could a person be both strong enough to force the fusion of six Bubble Worlds, and yet weak enough to have to run away? You're not making any sense. The intel says it was a child-"

"And that makes even less sense!"

"Cidra," someone said calmly when the doors opened.

The man had a head of fiery red and eyes just as blazing crimson. The aura he exuded was no doubt that of a Brazinger. And yet... he was here.

"Miel," Cidra replied softly.

Chapter 2462: [Bonus] Blissful Ignorance

[Bonus chappy thanks to Mr. Ham <3 (5/6)]

"Nice of you to join us."

These words seemed to carry a great weight of pettiness with them. If not for the fact Miel had said something, they would have ignored Cidra's appearance completely. It was clear that there were quite a number that were unhappy with this woman.

Still, this unhappiness didn't spill over into anything more toxic than this pettiness.

Without saying another word, Cidra took a seat by Miel and continued to listen to the arguments about nothing.

Eamon's words had stirred something in her, which caused her to come in the first place. But she knew that the reality was that there would be nothing of importance discussed here, just the same, circle-jerking nonsense.

The Slayer Legion. Such a bold and imposing name, and yet it had been clipped of its wings long ago and it was nothing but a bunch of bastards floating in the ether. Its only saving grace was that though these guys were assholes, they were still dedicated to the cause, or else they wouldn't be here. The odds that any one of them was a traitor was about as likely as the sun suddenly falling from the skies.

The reason for this was quite simple. All of them were defectors, people who had left the most powerful organizations of the human alliance after learning of the truth behind the scenes.

How could everyone be content with the status quo? Content with knowing that most of the knowledge of the world was under lock and key in a vain attempt to stop the rise of others?

Ultimately, most would fall in line and accept it. The tide was already so great in the other direction, how could they possibly choose to fight back against it.

Those here were those stupid enough to try and say no to that status quo.

Quite valiant, no?

In practice, yes.

In real life, well...

"-Bullshit! The evidence is right here, Vivak Godlen roared out the words Leonel Morales. It was loud enough that even if you weren't trying to spy on the situation, you would have heard it."

Miel, who was in the same sort of lull as Cidra, suddenly shot up violently, his palms slamming into the table. The burst of pressure was so great that the two men who were practically prepared to launch themselves across the table were forced back into their seats.

Everyone was caught off guard. Miel was entirely too calm and collected to have any sort of outburst like this. He was so calm most often that many almost forgot that he was there if not for his obvious power.

"Speak," Miel commanded.

The man adjusted himself, and eventually frowned. He didn't like being commanded like this, but since Miel had spoken and rarely acted like this, he chose to let it slide.

"I said the words Leonel Morales were said. That's no expert we know of, and we have intel that this was a name used among the participants of the selection of those bastards pushed ahead by so much."

Miel slowly sat back down, his brows furrowed into a tight frown. He was unhappy.

Cidra hesitated amidst the sudden silence and looked toward Miel.

"You know him, Miel?"

"I..." Miel seemed to have something lodged in his throat. "... He's my daughter's ex-boyfriend."

The group of men and women were speechless. All this commotion about such a thing? Other than Cidra whose gaze dimmed when she heard this, the others didn't really know how to react.

Miel shook his head, feeling a bit annoyed that he had to explain these things at all.

First, he was annoyed by the change of events. For some reason, the selection took place far earlier than it should have; there should have been several iterations left before they took this step, and yet everything was accelerated.

Now hearing the name of the kid he wanted to smack the ass of even in his dreams, he was doubly annoyed.

That fist he had given Leonel really wasn't enough. Truthfully, he had only held back as much as he did because of his daughter. Hopefully, by now she was over him so he could really teach him a lesson.

As for Aina, he wasn't worried. He had put in place his own contingency plans. So long as Yuri was by her side, due to her Soul Clairvoyance, Aina should get mistaken as a Spiritual as well and removed from the selection. That was right. Part of the reason the demons were able to almost expose the human race for using higher-level races was because of the planning of their Slayer Legion. Although Cidra was quite jaded, it wasn't all bad.

So long as his plans went well, Aina would end up in the World of Spirituals and it would be a long while before anyone sensed anything wrong.

As for how he knew exactly what Ability Indexes and Lineages Factors Aina had, didn't he also have a Bronze Tablet?

Though... he was not a Wise Star Order...

Of course, Miel could have never guessed that Leonel would have a treasure like the Segmented Cube that the human alliance couldn't scan into at all. Nor could he have guessed that his daughter would have actually died long before his plan could kick in.

As for where Yuri was now, it was impossible to tell as well.

This father was in blissful ignorance, only thinking about kicking a certain kid's ass.

'How dare you make my daughter cry...'

Miel was stewing so much that it was difficult for anyone to even think properly, let alone continue the meeting.

It seemed that this would be another fruitless get-together.

Leonel roared, and Emulation Spatial Force came off of him in waves. His thoughts seemed to manifest, and a dream-like world took shape, all sorts of fanciful thoughts and memories falling into a glob of abstract art.

On his arm, Little Tolly glowed just as furiously.

Emulation Force... silver and gold...

Little Tolly... silver and gold...

It felt so superficial, and yet it was this that made Leonel connect dots he hadn't before.

Emulation Spatial Force... Was it just the far inferior version of Infinity Force?

To be anything, to forge anything...

To create anything.

Emulation Spatial Force would never be Infinity Force. It was akin to trying to make a normal Fire Force into Scarlet Star Force.

However...

Chapter 2463: Doubled

While Emulation Spatial Force would never be Infinity Force, it felt like Leonel had gotten a peek under the hood, a small snapshot of what it would mean to comprehend this Force. And that feeling filled him with both awe... and trepidation.

Infinity Force was a truly beautiful Force, as was Emulation Spatial Force. They objectively moved with an elegance and radiated an aura that brought many closer to it. But when Leonel dove deep, he felt like there was something much more dark and sinister.

Its shadows reminded him of the greed of the Evolution Ores, constantly looking for something to create, to improve. However, the problem was that something could never truly come from nothing, it broke the bounds of reality and shattered the laws of physics to even think of such a thing.

Leonel suddenly understood, intimately at that, why it was that though the God Beasts of Creation gained and maintained an advantage in the start, it didn't last... Every time they created something, they snatched it from elsewhere. A great amount of creation, and a forceful push toward creating more and more, was just another form of destruction, and the two weren't all that different at all.

It was a devastating sort of reality, but it was also a perfect example of how you came to comprehend something was far more important than how you comprehended it in the first place.

Leonel had always known that there was no objective "evil" Force in this world. Even Anarchic Force was just another example of this. It wasn't needlessly cruel, it just did its job and broke down Force into its simplest parts. You could even make an argument that Anarchic Force was the kindest Force there was. At the very least, it didn't try to make Leonel die for it like those assaults on his mind he had experienced in the mind.

Leonel had these thoughts the first time he learned about Dark Force as well. He chuckled when he learned that he had Light Force, feeling amused because there was so much fictional media on modern Earth that wrote of the clashes between light and darkness.

However, in the end, one could even say that God Beasts of Creation had more of a hand in the downfall of Existence than God Beasts of Destruction had.

He had always understood that there was no objective evil Force, and yet it was only now that it truly clicked and it elevated his Emulation Spatial Force to another level.

It was because of this comprehension that he had come to understand how his Emulation Spatial Force was meant to be used... it needed a sacrifice, it needed an offering, it needed to take in order to give.

Until now, Leonel had only been using it at half its properties.

Whenever he used Emulation Spatial Force, he imagined what he wanted to create and then the Spatial Force aspects would create the form that he projected from his mind.

However, this was the weakest method of using his Force.

He had to take, he had to strip the surroundings of Force, using his Spatial Force almost like a void-creator, sucking materials in like a vacuum. Only then would his creations have real substance and real form.

It would make them several times more effective and powerful.

This was a bit of a hard transition to make for Leonel. Even though he had logically deduced things to this step, it still felt like he was missing something.

His comprehension quickly stabilized at the Lower Impetus State, but his brows were still furrowed as his thoughts continued to spin.

What was he missing?

He felt that he was being silly. He wasn't supposed to understand everything thoroughly at this point. He was just in the Lower Impetus State and there was still a large journey ahead.

But it was bugging him.

The comprehension wasn't as complete as what he had come to grasp when he finally stepped into the Constellation Realm... but that was expected as well. The Constellation Realm might be a beginning, but it was also the end goal for many. It was far beyond the Impetus State alone, and the only reason Leonel could grasp it at all was because the cumulative comprehensions of the entire Morales family had pooled together to create it.

Even so, he couldn't shake off the feeling.

'Use it like the void? Something about that is...'

Leonel trembled.

He had almost made the same mistake again.

His first mistake was in mostly using the Dream Force to manifest his creations and not enough on Spatial Force.

And now, he had done the vice versa. Now he was relying too much on Spatial Force to do the "taking". Shouldn't Dream Force be taking something as well?

He kept trying to separate the aspects of Dream Force and Spatial Force into two separate entities. This was a mistake he had made time and time again with several of his Forces by now.

But he had to remind himself, a Force wasn't the sum of its parts, it was beyond that, it was an existence all to itself. A Force was the pinnacle of the Life Grade, it was a new creation.

Dividing it into its parts was convenient for people like him to get a grasp of it in a rudimentary state, but unless you could bring both or its multiple parts together to work together toward the same goal, you would never allow the Force to display its greatest power.

He had to use both Dream and Space to create.

He had to use both Dream and Space to form the sacrifice.

What was the Impetus State? It was the representation of the Second Dimension, the state wherein the Impetus of Life could be found.

A step beyond that was the First Dimension Impetus of Creation itself. Even the Regulator could not return to it, even the Regulator could not take from it.

Leonel suddenly understood that Emulation Spatial Force, in its strongest state, would have to be taken from the First Dimension...

Leonel's aura suddenly doubled in presence, and then doubled again.

Chapter 2464: Poverty

Leonel knew that this was impossible. Emulation Spatial Force was not Infinity Force and it was likely that even Infinity Force could not do so, but he understood now how Dream Force could "take". Space would become the root of his current world. Dream would become the root of the Second Dimension, the Impetus of Life itself. His Dream Plane was precisely the access to the Second Dimension that he needed and it would be the truest form of "taking" that he needed.

Lower Impetus State...

Middle Impetus State...

Higher Impetus State...

Peak Impetus State...

Half-Step Life State.

Leonel took so many leaps forward at once that his presence became suffocating. Just sitting there, he emitted more pressure than the likes of Mo'Lexi or Vivak ever had, and his Emulation Spatial Force directly became the strongest Force he had.

In fact, if it wasn't for the fact that his Innate Node was now dormant, he might be able to use that Innate Node to push his comprehension into the legendary Life State.

However, after his recent comprehension, Leonel's understanding had deepened so considerably that he didn't immediately leap to that.

It was impossible to create something from nothing. Whenever his Innate Nodes acted to do this, they were taking something from him, tying him down in some way. This might be the reason why even El'Rion was so hesitant about adding Innate Nodes to himself.

There would always be something to give back...

It might be best to use his Innate Nodes like large wells of Force and sources for comprehension rather than as a boost to power. This would be the best way to protect his future.

Leonel's eyes opened and they flashed with a dense silver-gold that only slowly faded after a long while.

He exhaled. He had finally done it, he had finally completed the three tasks his father had asked of him.

In truth, it had only taken a couple of months, and most of that time had been spent running for his life and guiding others. Maybe he had given his father too harsh a critique for setting the standards so high. However, that made him worry about what the next requirements would be.

Leonel took the dictionary out, albeit somewhat nervously. He knew this old man would try to screw him over, he could feel it coming.

[Separate Soul from Body]

[Complete]

[Reach Impetus State]

[Complete]

[Reach the Constellation Realm]

[Complete]

[Ping]

[Method Unlocked]

[Final Destruction]

...

Leonel looked at this silently for a while. He never really knew what method of combat his father used. When he was fighting Anselma and the other Emperors, he had been toying around with them and never used any actual skills. It was only when he sensed King that he got serious, but by then he only used a single strike far beyond Leonel's comprehension.

Other than that, he had never seen his father fight and it was hard to get an understanding of him due to that. He could have probably asked Anastasia, though the context of her memories were gone, the memories themselves were still there. But he had chosen not to, there really wasn't a point...

Not when this would tell him.

[Final Destruction]

Leonel began to read it, but almost instantly came to the end of it, and what he saw made him shake his head and sigh. He knew it was coming, he just knew it, but did it really have to be like this?

[Final Destruction] was a technique of accumulating Force and moving through the Dimensions. It seemed to also temper the body beyond normal techniques as well.

Leonel wasn't really worried about this. [Dimensional Cleanse] was always a technique that had been compatible with others. Leonel had actually been missing out on some of his potential by not finding another method to use along with it, another example of his laziness coming back to bite him.

What he was left speechless about were the requirements.

First off, the minimum requirement of this technique was to be a Destruction Sovereign.

That was fine, he didn't mind. He was born with that ability anyway. However, the rest of the technique, or rather the small part of it that he was allowed to read at the moment, was truly headache-inducing.

Ignoring the matter of Destruction, the point of the technique seemed to form the Nodes into an amorphous blob. Rather than having hard and faceted locations, they would be transported into a different space almost like the Dream Plane or the Shadow Plane, a location of endless destruction.

The problem was that you were supposed to create your tenth node, then use the Anarchic Force conjured from that to influence this separate plane.

As though using Anarchic Force to do this wasn't absolutely insane enough, the amount of resources that it took to take just a single step in this technique was asinine. You were essentially forming your own Realm of Destruction, relying on the minor Life State aura that your Destruction Sovereignty gave you.

According to this explanation, it seemed that the Shadow World and Dream World weren't exactly natural. No, they were, but rather the society, rules and regulations created around them were.

There was no reason that some Sovereigns would have such worlds and others wouldn't other than the fact that some worlds were more convenient to enter and create than others were.

For Destruction to Create something... well, the difficulty could be imagined.

But after his recent comprehension, Leonel didn't find it absolutely ridiculous either. If Creation needed to take and essentially destroy to do the same, why could Destruction not do the vice versa.

The main issue was that it needed to do a whole lot of Destroying before it could get there.

According to the technique, you needed the equivalent of about a million kilograms of Reinforced Urbe Ore and an equivalent amount of Evolution Ore to open just one Node.

Reinforced Urbe Ore... that was about a hundred million kilograms of the unrefined kind.

The worst part was that they all had to be of the Fifth Dimension at worst.

He hadn't even started and he felt Poor.

Chapter 2465: What to Do

Leonel sighed; at the very least, there was a bright side. He had coincidentally found an Evolution Ore Mine just a few days ago. Although it would mean stealing it from that young man, well... he didn't really have a choice, now did he?

The Reinforced Urbe Ore was a bit more troublesome, but it would be manageable so long as he refined it himself. It would be far cheaper as well, though far better if he could likewise find a mine. At that point, it would just take time and effort.

Luckily, Urbe Ore Mines were far more common than not. With Anastasia, he should have a good chance of finding one relatively quickly. He'd also have to do some analysis on the Evolution Ore mine to see if it had enough Evolution Ore. A million kilograms was far too exaggerated; it was hard to say if the mine had ten million kilograms worth.

In addition, the Fifth Dimension was just the lowest requirement, but the technique mentioned that it could be improved in the future. That meant that if Leonel could manage a higher Dimension, he should do so.

He took a breath and exhaled.

After some thought, he stood and vanished.

...

Kira sat in silence. She had been a bit aimless in the last few days. Auran had been her best friend, her elder brother, her father-figure. Now that he was gone, she didn't really know what to do.

She sensed someone land by her and she looked over to find that it was Leonel. She tried to force a smile, but tears came out of her eyes instead. She hurriedly looked away and wiped them, looking back out toward the seemingly endless ocean of Cleansing Waters before her.

She didn't really blame Leonel. Though this was the first time he had come to see her, much like everyone else she could tell that there was probably something horrible going on outside. They weren't as clueless as Leonel liked to think.

Plus, she had only met Leonel once before; it wasn't like they were extremely close or anything. Since he had something more important to do, it wasn't like she could demand his time.

"I'm sorry for not being there," Leonel finally said. "I just want you to know that if I could have been, I would have been."

Kira's eyes dimmed somewhat, and she nodded slowly. Bitter tears fell, and she hiccuped, hugging her legs to her body.

"I will make sure the person responsible pays a horrible price."

Leonel's voice remained even, and these were the last words he said for over an hour. He just sat there, listening to Kira cry. It seemed that it was only now she felt assured enough to let all those bottled-up emotions out.

It was a long while until she could slowly begin to breathe properly again.

"Come with me," Leonel said, putting a hand on Kira's shoulder.

In a flash, they appeared in a different region. Compared to the beauty of the rest of Anastasia's world, it was practically a desolate wasteland. A ring of mountains separated them from the outside world, forming a restriction of sorts, and with...

There was a world of absolute darkness.

Kira froze. She was completely shaken as she saw the two corpses that lay within, corpses that filled her with absolute despair.

No, there was a third being here, a little mink that curled up on the smaller corpse, a bubbling bundle of shadows. Even in death, this corpse seemed to still want to destroy everything around it. From time to time, an arm would slap at the little mink, but it would phase right through.

"They say that many who see the Void Beast for the first time will fall into an endless well of despair. Some die directly. Some, even after they manage to escape or extricate themselves, will still end up committing suicide.

"It's a bit unfair of me to bring you here, but I had a feeling that you would want to if you had the choice.

"In the past, you gave me that vial of Void Beast Blood and it helped me a great deal. Today, I'll give you this opportunity. I hope that I will see you again."

Leonel vanished.

Was it irresponsible to push this onto Kira, especially when her mind was already in a state of turmoil? Yes, he could admit that.

However, his comprehension of the complexities of the human mind had taken an enormous leap forward thanks to his Dream Sovereignty.

He believed in Kira.

...

Ramon was lost in his own world. His Metal Spirit continuously formed up the Urbe Ore in his palm and then crushed it before creating something again and then repeating.

Leonel watched from afar and sighed again. He didn't need to guess to know that Ramon had lost Valorie, his right-hand woman and presumably someone he wanted to make his wife.

He didn't look as distraught as Kira, but this sort of daze was something that Leonel was intimately familiar with. His body was moving on autopilot so that his mind wouldn't have to think about it. He was doing everything he could to try and forget it all, and yet the scene kept replaying in his mind again, and again, and again.

"Is there really nothing we can do?" Leonel asked Anastasia.

The idea that so much of the Morales family had died both filled Leonel with rage and helplessness.

"Many of them are weak, but if you're right about this being a scheme of the demoness, then her influence is all over this. It's hard to say if it would be just as easy due to that."

Anastasia had been technically able to reach back in time and resurrect Aina's mother, something she would have succeeded in had Aina not entered the Seventh Dimension, supposedly.

But then again, hadn't Aina's mother died due to higher Dimensional beings? Or was that not the case?

This matter got very complicated very quickly.

Originally, he hadn't wanted to resurrect Hutch so he wouldn't have to explain to Aina that this was possible at all, but...

'What to do...'

Chapter 2466: [Bonus] Mines

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

Leonel had grown up on modern Earth. Due to advanced technology, it was extremely rare for someone to die sooner than they should. Life expectancy was easily two to three times more than it had been on ancient Earth and everyone, for the most part, lived healthy lives.

Although there was something like the floating islands that separated the haves from the have-nots. Honestly speaking, Leonel never minded them. Even on a floating island, he had lived in a large suburban home with tons of space. In a way, it was even better to live on a floating island than it was to live on the surface...

Until that fateful day came, of course.

Leonel had always had his father, and back then he didn't care much for the memory of his mother, so he had never lost anyone until recently.

But these days, it felt like he was losing important people around him all the time.

Auran had been a man he knew for a brief time, but his selflessness moved Leonel. He was willing even to give up the right to fight for Heirship so long as he could keep his family together.

Valorie was a woman he had only known for a short time as well, but her plight was one he understood, mostly because he had originally begun his journey of becoming a King precisely to pick people like her.

Valorie had talent, but she wasn't born with two Lineage Factors. As such, though she had aspirations of becoming the Matriarch of the Morales family, she wasn't allowed to participate as an Heir and could only follow Ramon in.

She worked very hard, but she could never reach her goals, and that was the plight that many were in. The world was a cruel place and hard work could only get you so far. It wasn't lost on Leonel that even he could only reach this step because he had been lucky enough to be born with the talent that he had.

Without the influence of his future self bearing down on him, having shed at least some of that near baseless arrogance of his, he could see it more clearly than anyone.

He could be confident in coming out of any situation because he had Dream Force affinity that surpassed anyone he had ever met. He could return to the Third Dimension and rebuild his foundation from the ground up because he had a grandfather that had the means and the willingness to sacrifice for his sake. He could stand here, overlooking the tears of others only because he had a father who was willing to give his life to give him just the slightest sliver of a chance.

He was lucky.

He had shed a lot of blood, sweat, and tears, but he knew that this was the truth.

Suddenly, he remembered that feeling of sheer loneliness.

'Selfishness,' Leonel thought to himself, looking away from Ramon and into the skies.

That was the first thing he had learned about himself, that he was a selfish person. Even when he chose to become a King, it probably had less to do with wanting to save people, and more wanting to avoid ever having to feel that guilt he experienced in the Valiant Heart Zone again.

As he continued to grow, he felt that that selfishness wasn't unique to him; it was something everyone had. It was a childish, immature character that was baked into all living creatures, purely for the sake of evolution.

He had never shed his future self before, so how could he mature in the way he should? That selfishness had simply been carried along with him, even to the very day he could stand as a grown man on his own.

He remembered his words to Allan about creating an organization of his own, and then he shifted his focus.

Rather than doing it for himself this time, he would do it for Ramon... and Kira... and everyone else.

It wasn't some vain hero complex to save the world. He just wanted to keep those close to him safe so that they'd never have to look into the distance with those dull, lifeless eyes again.

"Anastasia, you've witnessed all the lessons my father passed down to me, right?"

"Mm."

"Pass those lessons on to Ramon, just make it a game. No need to make it obvious that I'm the one sending those things his way. I'm sure you can manage, right?"

"Easy enough."

Most of those lessons were lectures that Leonel had slogged through in the Lab Setting. He could remember them like they were yesterday.

Honestly, he still hadn't finished those lectures yet, but what he had gone through was enough for Ramon to chew on for a long while.

Let Crafting be his escape.

As Leonel left, his eyes flashed with a frighteningly cold light.

Demoness. Human alliance. Spirituals.

"Anastasia, expand your scanning radius through the ground. Avoid that underground city for now. I need to find Urbe Ore deposits. They need to have at least a billion kilograms, and preferably be at least of the Seventh Dimension."

"That's easy enough, but you're aware that all of those kinds of places have already been found, right?"

"All the better." Leonel said calmly. "I'm in a bad mood anyway."

"Okay," Anastasia replied.

Though she said this, she did her best to look for unoccupied mines. Due to this, she lagged behind by several hours, and could only sigh at the ultimate result.

"The closest I could find with a billion kilograms worth of un-mined Urbe Ore is Fifth Dimensional, of course under the control of the Godlens, as they all are. It's being patrolled by a troop of Seventh Dimensional existences.

"There are about three dozen of these, each one has at least a thousand such powerful existences, and are led by one Eighth Dimensional existence.

"There are about a dozen Sixth Dimensional..."

Anastasia continued to list them, and every step up she went, the security was even more terrible.

It made sense, the Godlens were prepared for war and Urbe Ore wasn't just currency, it was the most important strategic resource to any power. Even the Fifth Dimensional ones were under such lock and key.

"... you know Leonel, we can choose a different approach. Weren't we talking about resources you would want me to grow here? If you find the core of the mines, I could probably grow a mine of that size in a few months..."

Anastasia was rightfully worried. If Leonel only needed one batch, it would be easy enough. But Leonel needed to mine a billion worth of kilograms to have enough once the Ore was refined. There was no way he wouldn't be noticed because you couldn't just sneak that amount of Ore out from under the noses of so many powerhouses.

Leonel looked toward Little Tolly. The little guy did have the ability to produce Ores, but after his breakthrough, Leonel was certain that much like everything else, it didn't come without a price. If he really asked Little Tolly to produce that much, would he still even have the little guy?

Plus, Little Tolly could only produce up to Sixth Dimension Ores right now, Leonel was a little reluctant to take that sort of risk with his partner for an insignificant gain.

After some more thought, he focused on the Fifth Dimensional mines.

'One step at a time. Once I'm more powerful, I can easily reforge the Destruction World with stronger materials.'

"It's okay, when have I ever let you down?" Leonel said. "Show me the layouts of the three dozen Fifth Dimensional mines, I'll have to pick carefully."

Chapter 2467: Stroll

BANG.

A man slammed his palms onto a sturdy table.

"This is starting to get ridiculous. We don't have the manpower to waste on this. The demons are already starting to become more brazen, we lost a squadron while trying to scout out that region already, and several more in the last few days. How are we supposed to spare the manpower to look for a brat?"

Sergeant Amon was absolutely furious, but he couldn't take out his rage on his higher-ups, so his subordinates could only sit here and let him vent.

His life was pretty leisurely usually, or rather it had been in the past. As an Eighth Star expert, there was very little that he couldn't have. However, in the past few months, maybe even years now that he thought about it, everything was going to shit.

First, he had actually been sent to oversee these mines. This was usually a job that would be handled by mostly Fifth Star folks, and maybe a sprinkle of Sixth Star. In fact, many of them were just pawned off to the lesser forces in the surroundings and they were allowed to keep a small portion of what was mined over the years.

But now he had to stay here year-round and defend against demons, putting his life on the line all the time.

He had been born a talent, his life had been easy from day one. When had he ever suffered this sort of hardship?

Unlike the Vast Bubble, the Godlen's Bubble wasn't in nearly as terrible a state. The Vast Bubble's integration had started off half complete. Even when Leonel went there, there were bits and pieces of the demon world overlapping with it, causing them to have to set up defensive fortresses at all the contact points.

The Godlens were luckier in this regard and they didn't have to worry about this matter, and with Vivak's focus on his other plans, not to mention the Incomplete Worlds, the edge that his experts had outside of the Godlen's true center of power was limited.

Eventually, Sergeant Amon calmed down and stood to his full height. His beard rustled beneath his hot breath, sparse strands of grey making him look more aged than he was. It seemed that these past few years of stress had really been taking a toll on him.

"Fine, fine," he waved at his subordinates. "Take send out another squadron of five."

"But-"

Sergeant Amon glared at the soldier trying to talk back. He knew what the latter wanted to say, but he didn't have the patience for it.

Five definitely wasn't enough, but who cared? When the demons came, they'd thank him for his decision.

Of course, Sergeant Amon had no idea how important what the Godlens lost was. The Godlen Codex was practically the lifeblood of their Ancestors, how could they give up on trying to find Leonel?

...

Leonel observed this matter from a distance and nodded himself. This would be the one he chose.

First, they had a mostly incompetent leader, but that was less important. Truthfully speaking, he didn't need the leader to be incompetent because the main problem that these leaders posed wasn't their brains, but rather their actual strength.

If Leonel wanted to mine an entire mine's worth and come out unscathed, unless their leader was as lacking as a baby in a cradle, it would be impossible. Eventually, he would be caught no matter what.

No, the real reasons he picked this mine were different.

For one, it was a relatively new mine. Second, it was multi-layered. Third, it was a great distance from Godlen City.

Because it was a new mine, all of the tunnels had yet to be perfectly mapped out. In addition, they were still working on the closer sections, there was no need to move too deeply as that would just make things difficult on the for no reason.

It was multi-layered as well, meaning that the tunnel system could be separated into tiers or floors for a total of three. There was the shallowest layer, a middle layer, and a bottom layer that was easily a hundred meters underground.

At the moment, the largest concentration of people were in the first layer. It would probably take several more decades before they even thought about focusing on the second layer or deeper. It was definitely a large mine.

Unfortunately, there were some things that would still make this matter troublesome.

For one, they were still running scouts through the second and third layers. From time to time, they would fight off beasts that had called the mine home for what probably had to be at least centuries. This would keep the miners of the first layer relatively safe, though some danger was still there.

Of course, another reason there were such scouts was to stop others from taking advantage of the vastness of the mine to pocket some of the resources for themselves.

Secondly, there were what seemed to be researchers in the deeper portions of the mine. Because it was still relatively new, they were still trying to understand the true depth of the mine. After all, they didn't have Anastasia.

After listening to their conversations, Leonel knew that they had only found the third layer many years after the second layer. So, much of the time had been spent thinking that there were only two layers. Right now, they were doing their due diligence to make sure that there wasn't a fourth layer.

Of course, Leonel knew that there wasn't one, but they didn't know that.

'Now just need to sneak in,' Leonel thought.

Leonel took out a device and bound it to his arm. At that moment, his outward showing of the Fifth Dimension changed and his aura became that of a Seventh Dimensional existence. At the same time, a shimmering and thin film of Emulation Spatial Force took shape over his body and his presence in the eyes of others became identical to one of the soldiers who had just been sent out by Sergeant Amon.

Then, Leonel boldly strolled into the encampment.

Chapter 2468: Actus

"Hey, Actus, weren't you sent out on a mission?"

"Haha, I managed to pawn it off on some rookie," Leonel laughed uproariously.

Actus was a burly man with a rotund belly. He was quite friendly with a lot of people here and he was probably the last person one should try to impersonate. And yet, Leonel had still chosen him.

As expected, everyone seemed to notice his presence pretty much immediately, but this was what he wanted.

"You dog." The soldier laughed and shook his head.

"Well, it's not all good, he took my task so now I gotta take his and scout the mines."

"Ooo," the soldier put up his hands and waved them about in mock-fear, "the horror. You must be pissing in your boots."

"Actus" grinned and patted the soldier's shoulder.

"Maybe if you were as charismatic as me, you'd have an easier time than standing on your feet all day."

"Fuck you, bastard. I have better things to do than flirt with men all day."

The two laughed and walked by one another, "Actus" into the mines and the soldier making way for him to enter.

Leonel smiled to himself as he entered the mine. That was quite easy, now wasn't it.

His ability to disguise himself was obviously quite new, and it was one of the outcomes of him diverting away from Thaela's method of using the Innate Node.

Of course, if he could create clones of himself in the past, this was quite easy. In truth, this method was even more effective than a skin mask or even a Force Pill capable of changing one's appearance. That was because he was acting directly on the minds of others.

His actual appearance hadn't changed at all, but in the minds of everyone who saw him, he was a completely different person. The only way you could see through it was if you were a Dream Force expert, and you had to be one of greater skill and within greater affinity than Leonel himself. Of course, it had to be a combination of the two. Meaning, so long as one had greater skill, even if their affinity was lesser, he would be seen through.

However, in this place, that wasn't something Leonel had to worry about.

Leonel slipped through quite well thanks to his uniform and looks. The first layer was filled with miners. They were part of an expected demographic, people of not much strength and very little options. They wouldn't be the kind to dare to stop Leonel even if they felt that something was wrong.

The trouble would come in trying to enter the second layer. However, luckily, they had only found three of the four entrances to the second layer. So long as he didn't have to explain himself to the guards of the second layer entrances, it would be easier.

He rounded a corner and vanished in a great flash of speed, instantly winding through a maze of corners and swerving tunnels until he found the fourth entrance.

With a stomp, the thin layer of wall shattered. Using his Earth Force, it was a simple matter to build it back up once again.

He realized that Earth Force was often an afterthought for him and he didn't use it often enough in battle. But as was normal for him, he quickly threw this to the back of his mind as he continued to move forward.

His comprehension of Earth Force was quite deep, though. Ever since he had come to understand the importance of minerals in his body, it had fused quite well with his improvement in Life Force comprehension. It was a simple matter to-

Leonel came to a pause. It seemed that the trouble was coming already. However, with a calm expression, he walked around a corner.

"Halt!"

"Hm?" Leonel turned around as though he hadn't noticed the group first.

"Actus? What are you doing here?"

Leonel chuckled. "Aren't I doing the same thing you all are doing?"

"You know the rules, you're supposed to scout in pairs. I'll have to write you up."

Leonel rolled his eyes. "You're always such a stickler for rules, Grimey."

"My name is Grim!"

"Ah, right, much better."

Grim's partner covered his mouth, stifling a laugh. Grim, however, was not amused.

"Follow us, we will be reporting this matter up."

"Alright, alright, don't be such a scrooge," Grim's partner finally stepped in. "What'd you get yourself caught up in this time, Actus?"

"Haha," Leonel scratched the back of his head. "Well, I didn't want to go on a non-mine scouting mission. They want us chasing after that Leonel Morales brat everyone's been in an uproar about. I just swapped places with a rookie, but the kid didn't tell me who he's partnering with or anything so I've been flying blind."

Grim's partner laughed. "Typical, just like you. Tell you what, Grim, you go report this guy and I'll be his partner."

"That's unacceptable. I can't be alone either, it's against the rules. The three of us should go back and report this immediate-"

Leonel suddenly moved and the two were entirely caught off guard. Grim's partner was hacked in the throat and he keeled over, his eyes bulging. At the same time, Leonel drove a shin up Grim's groin.

Grim foamed at the mouth and fell to his knees, his eyes rolling to the back of his skull.

With swift motions, Leonel threw both of them into the Segmented Cube. Then, his appearance changed. He took Grim's appearance, and to his side, a clone with his partner's appearance took shape.

It all took place quickly and suddenly. He moved through the second layer with ease.

There were even more passages to the third layer that hadn't been discovered, three in total. However, Leonel didn't pick one of them immediately.

The third layer was the deepest, but it was also the largest and the one with the least tunnels. It was 80% an enormous open pit. If he just fell into the third layer now, he would be exposed instantly. He needed to use a different method.

Chapter 2469: Den

Leonel had Anastasia project the full situation of the second layer to him. Then, he burst into action again, walking along the path along with his clone.

He nodded toward several passersby; because he was Grim, he didn't really have to make fake conversation with himself either. He just continued to silently go about his task until he found what he was looking for: a den.

Around the corner, just past his shoulder, there was a den of wolves. These Earth Force-wielding wolves had called this place home long before the Godlens found this mine, and they had yet to be completely cleared out. There were still several pockets of them in the second layer, and their concentration in the third was even greater.

Leonel chuckled to himself. What he was about to do was a bit ridiculous, but why not? He might as well have some fun.

His clone vanished, and Emulation Spatial Force sparkled around him again. Then, he became an Earth Force Wolf, standing at over two meters tall.

Of course, he was still standing on two legs and it was once again just a projection to fool the perceptions of others, but it would be perfect nonetheless.

Taking a deep breath, Leonel deployed [Domain], flooding it with his Impetus State Earth Force. Since he had just had a thought about how he needed to use this Force of his more, why not now? This couldn't have been a more perfect opportunity.

Right now, he was just using the outermost shell of [Domain]. He hadn't really practiced using this technique at all since he had been so focused on raising his Forces to the Impetus State, so he only had a basic understanding of it. However, this result alone would be enough to leave the Godlens shell-shocked.

In Complete Worlds, techniques that took the shape of Force Arts were not the norm. Usually, they were inscribed in booklets and passed on. It could be said that any technique in the form of a Force Art was not only exceptional, but it was also far more difficult to learn.

Unfortunately for the Godlens, it was the opposite for Leonel. A technique in the form of a Force Art was even easier for him to grasp. Maybe if it had been written out, it would have taken him even longer to reach this state.

At that moment, Leonel moved forward.

The Earth Force Wolves all stood at attention immediately.

The clearing was of a decent size, being at around 15 meters. There was a thick stench in the air that bordered on something foul, but wasn't quite that. It was closer to mustiness and humidity.

There were just over half a dozen wolves within, and at the helm, there was one that was clearly larger than the rest, standing at almost three meters.

These Earth Force Wolves were all quite beautiful creatures. They had dense, thick black fur; their eyes radiated a shimmering bronze color that almost looked like ambrosia, and their claws reflected the look of glossy black steel.

Their bodies were powerful and explosive, but rather than speed, they seemed to fuse with the earth beneath them, making them steady and hard to walk.

In their eyes, Leonel was similar, but the bronze color in his eyes was even sharper and far brighter. At the same time, as he moved, they felt that the earth that had always been so close to them was being ripped away from their control.

Strong.

In their simple minds, this was all they could think.

Leonel stalked forward, his gaze focused on the alpha who had already stood to its full height. Although it loomed over Leonel, somehow, in the eyes of the rest of the pack, they looked to be equally matched.

Leonel released a growl, doing his best not to burst into a fit of laughter. He was lucky no one else could see this-

Anastasia burst into waves that echoed in his ears, making it hard for Leonel to keep his composure.

'Hey, lady, I'm working here! I'm going to need you to-'

"Aina, Aina, come look at this" €" I can't!"

Leonel shook his head; it seemed he wouldn't have the chance to hide this one. So, instead of drawing it out, he pounced.

The Alpha Earth Force Wolf howled in response, leaping forward.

Their bodies clashed in the air and the Earth reverberated, but the wolf was sent flying.

[Domain] was able to suppress the Forces of others and their overall strength, for that matter. But when you used the same Force as your enemy, there was a hidden boost within that made it even more effective.

Plus, these wolves were barely Seventh Dimensional and not one had an Impetus State Force. Using [Domain] at all was overkill, but Leonel didn't have the time to waste and he also didn't want to risk injuring himself too heavily either. His body was a liability at this point.

He rushed forward and pressed a foot against the wolf's neck, though from the perspective of the other wolves, it looked as though he was pressing down a paw.

Then, he unleashed a howl beneath the chorus of laughter that had suddenly become his backdrop.

'Unbelievable,' Leonel thought to himself. 'And here I'm just an honest man trying to become stronger to protect those I love. A man can't do anything in this world without being ridiculed.'

That laughter only came in more waves.

Leonel smiled and shook his head, pulled his foot off of the alpha's neck. Well, at this point, he was the alpha now, no?

This system didn't work like the Beastman Dimensional Verse's did. There was no magical connection between them; it just worked the same way everything else in the animal kingdom did: the strong won and the weak followed.

The alpha weakly stood, its head lowered so far that its snout almost touched the ground.

Leonel nodded in satisfaction and turned to leave. However, not before he gave the wolves a glance that clearly meant: follow me.

It was time to kick up a storm.

Chapter 2470: Retreat

"A beast tide! There's a beast tide!"

"Grim" came running down the corridor, clearly having lost his partner. His words caused the eyes of the others to widen, and the commotion filled the mines.

"Shit! This hasn't happened in years, what the hell!"

"There's a new alpha, I'm not sure what's going on, but we need to clear everybody out, they're going crazy!"

The pair of soldiers across from Leonel were guarding one of the entrances to the third layer. They went by Slim and Spam, a pair of twin brothers who usually took on these sort of missions together. It was hard to tell if this was their real pair of names, or if it was because Slim was indeed quite skinny and Spam looked like he had a can at the ready to eat every hour, on the hour.

"Wait!" Grim said when the two looked like they were ready to run. "We need to report this to the research scout team and lead the evacuation, what do you think you're doing?!"

Slim and Spam knew Grim's personality and understood that he was a stickler for rules, so they weren't surprised by this in the slightest. They had indeed almost made a mistake, if they didn't alert the research teams, they'd probably die.

"Dammit!" Spam spat, his large belly rolling. He really didn't want to do this.

Leonel smiled on the inside. This was why Sergeant Amon's incompetence was important. Grim was a stickler for rules, but there were too many unprofessional parts of his legion.

Actus was just one. Grim's partner had been willing to sweep it under the rug; the soldier that let Actus into the mine in the first place was also willing to do so, and now these pair of twins were cursing about having to do their duty.

Actual discipline was few and far between in this troop, and it only made Leonel's job easier.

"Come, come! We need to report."

Grim led the two brothers into the third layer and quickly met the research teams. As Leonel had seen through Anastasia, the third layer was a vast and open chasm for the most part. If not for the first and second layer, it could have very easily been an enormous open-air mine.

The moment they crossed that threshold, though, they saw that the research teams were already being attacked. Each one was in a different corner of the enormous underground catacombs and barely being protected by the soldiers that had followed them down.

Leonel, leading Slim and Spam, immediately hopped into the fray.

Though the twins were lazy, they were still powerful Seventh Dimensional existences, so with their help, one of the research teams was freed immediately.

"Go! Go!" Leonel roared. "Retreat!"

The trio left the research team to retreat and zoomed toward the second group. This one was an even more troublesome situation as there was a particularly powerful alpha fighting amongst them.

It took quite some effort to extricate them, and one of the researchers even died in the attempt. However, they managed to save most of them at the cost of heavy injuries to both Slim and Spam.

"Retreat! You two as well, protect them. I'll go help out the last group!" Leonel barked.

Slim and Spam were convinced by Leonel's valiance. They didn't even realize that in all the commotion, Leonel hadn't really fought even once. He was just able to use his calculative abilities to make it look like he was trying his best. In reality, Slim and Spam had done all the work and their senses weren't strong enough to notice that they had been duped.

Leonel rushed away as Slim and Spam led the second research team in an escape. The third layer was quickly being flooded by more and more wolves. It was the layer that had had the largest number of beasts to begin with and they were almost impossible to flush out.

Beasts at this level didn't need food or water to survive. Because they were Earth Force affinity beasts, they had everything they needed around them in a ridiculously high concentration.

Due to that, the research teams could only be cautious.

If Sergeant Amon was competent, he would have personally led an excursion to wipe them out long ago. But luckily, he wasn't.

The last research team was the most troublesome to deal with, and it was the reason Leonel had left it until last. It was led by a woman who, though didn't have a Dream Force affinity, had a particularly strong Soul Force affinity.

It was impossible for Soul Force to outmatch Dream Force. However, it was still harder for Leonel to use the previous tricks he had.

Research Popsy was her name. Her hair was up in a messy bun, and she wore what looked like a jet black lab coat. Among those fighting against this last batch of wolves, she was actually the strongest, stronger than even the soldiers that were supposedly meant to protect her. She should be a Quasi Eighth Star.

On the way there, Leonel's eyes flickered with a glint and from Grim, he immediately became an alpha wolf again.

Howls filled the underground expanse as he moved, but this was just for show. In reality, he began to move and coordinate the wolves, changing their attack pattern from wild and unrestrained to calculated and logical.

The change was instant. It took no more than a few seconds for the first researcher to die.

Researcher Popsy's expression changed. "Run!"

She realized she had made a mistake. This should have been her first intention, but she had thought that they could fight off this wave and wait for the sergeant. It seemed that they didn't have this sort of luck.

She stumbled backward before she suddenly sensed the looming presence of a wolf to her back. Her heart skipped a beat, but she looked, she found Grim standing behind her.

"Retreat! I will hold them off!"

Leonel began to valiantly "fight" the wolves, not turning back.

Research Popsy hesitated, but in the end she nodded firmly and rushed to retreat with the others.

Chapter 2471: 34 Meters

Leonel collapsed and took a breath. What a headache, all that trouble and it had bought him what? Maybe a couple dozen minutes at best? What an annoyance. His old man really knew how to screw him over even from beyond the grave.

Leonel shook his head and returned to his alpha form, forcing the wolves to rush up from the third layer into the second layer.

Sergeant Amon was beyond all of them in strength. Culling this sort of beast tide would only be slightly complicated for him because of the winding tunnels and the various soldiers and researchers he would have to protect. If not for this, Leonel might not even have more than a few minutes.

He had done his best; now he just had to mine a billion kilograms of ore, and he didn't even have an hour to do it. Perfect. Not to mention the fact he would also have to find a method of escaping as well as the only entrances and exits were guarded on the surface. But that would be easy enough.

Leonel stood and stretched out his back. Then, he grinned.

The third layer was massive.

The ceilings were at least 50 meters tall, and it was at least a half-kilometer of diameter from one end to the other. This was only about 80% of the region as well. Outside of this, there were several chains of tunnels which would be where the wolves of the third layer normally hid until Leonel goaded them into coming out in full force today.

The walls were lined with a shimmering metal that almost looked like obsidian with a touch of the faded black of charcoal. However, what was interesting was the fact that there wasn't a single mark on them; they hadn't been touched at all.

Of course, most of the mining had taken place on the first layer, so it made sense there wasn't much movement on the second and third. In addition, this had been the realm of the researchers.

As for what they were researching, Leonel had a few guesses.

Aside from looking for a potential fourth layer, they could be looking for the core of the mine which would be responsible for the production of such a large mine to being with; they could be trying to see if there were any Ores of higher evolution here, or maybe any invasive Ores that would need to be weeded out to keep these Ores strong.

Unlike on modern Earth, metals in these worlds had real life to them. They were better treated like plant life than inanimate objects. As such, caring for the mine so it could continue to produce for many centuries until its core ran dry was of utmost importance.

During that procedure, they would also likely check to see if this mine could be upgraded from the Fifth Dimension to the Sixth, and so on. If it was possible, they'd probably close off the third layer and begin the evolution process while continuing to only mine in the first layer.

Simply put, there was a lot the researchers could have been doing, and there were even more reasons why Leonel should be interested in their goals.

"Where's the core of the mine?" Leonel asked Anastasia.

"It's about 70 meters to your 11 O'Clock and 34 meters down."

"That deep?" Leonel was actually quite astonished.

That meant that even if there wasn't a fourth layer, there was practically a fifth layers' worth of Urbe Ore here alone. In fact, that might not be enough of an exaggeration.

"Yes, for some unknown reason, the mine core is a bit peculiar."

"Peculiar how?"

Anastasia fell into silence, and Leonel knew that she couldn't explain. So, instead, he asked something different.

"What about the Ores down there? Are they higher than the Fifth Dimension?"

"No... In fact, they looked Fourth Dimensional."

Leonel was shocked again. That made little sense. Logically, the further down you went, the older the Ores should be and the more valuable and precious they should be. He had never heard of Ores getting less valuable as you moved down. That was asinine.

"How many layers are there?"

"There's about one a meter or so."

"And they get progressively weaker?"

"Yes."

Leonel's eyes flashed with a blinding light.

There was only one explanation: something was pushing the Ore downward.

No... maybe something was pulling it.

The Core of the mind had likely started nearer the surface, and then over long, grueling years, it had been pulled further and further away from the surface, eventually creating this thick slab.

"How far into the earth can you sense?" Leonel asked.

"It's harder to scan into the earth. The closer I get to the core of the world, the harder it will be."

"Why's that?"

"Well, that's where the World Spirit would be. Even if it's a World Spirit from a weaker world than mine, it would have precedence in its own territory."

Leonel's brows shot up. "Wouldn't the World Spirit be in the possession of the Godlens?"

"World Spirits in Complete Worlds don't work like that. In most worlds you visit, there won't be anyone who can wield a World Spirit. They're often too strong for the average Ninth Dimensional existence. Only someone who has touched upon the Creation State can do so."

Leonel was shocked again. He had never expected that the requirements would be so high, but now that he thought about it... it made sense.

Just controlling one World Spirit in a fragmented Incomplete World was so valuable. How valuable would the World Spirit of a Complete World, the cumulative total of all of the World Spirits of the Dimensional Verse fused into one, and then some, be?

Chapter 2472: Benefiting

"Okay, I understand. See how far you can get, don't hurt yourself. What's most important to me right now anyway is just getting the billion kilograms, a Fifth Dimensional Mine Core isn't valuable enough to risk much on."

"Okay~"

Anastasia dove her senses into the earth, and it wasn't long before Leonel got an answer.

"Oh, I see."

"What's up?"

"There seems to be an embryonic Urbe Ore Core below. The mature one is trying to fuse with it."

"Embryonic?" Leonel nodded slowly.

An embryonic Urbe Ore Core was obviously one that had yet to stabilize and begin to produce Ores. It was just a coincidence that these two were born in the same location. Or, close enough.

"What's the potential of the embryonic one?"

"Seems like Sixth Dimensional, but it's close to the Seventh. If they fuse, it should allow them to enter the Seventh."

Leonel's eyes lit up. This was good. It would probably take Anastasia a few years to form a mine with a billion kilograms of Seventh Dimensional Ore, a few months if they invested into it properly, but the wait was worthwhile.

The trouble was, how would he get it? Going that deep underground would be a huge headache, and he still had to mine the billion Fifth Dimensional Ores first.

Leonel looked at Little Tolly, who was wrapped around his arms. Under this large concentration of Force, it wouldn't be good to let Blackstar risk it. However, Tolliver was his trump card for finishing up all this mining to begin with.

"Go wild."

**Bloop, Bloop!!

Little Tolly unleashed a little roar of his own and suddenly the little guy had coated the entire third layer in silver and gold, the entire 500 meters worth.

Leonel was speechless. Had he underestimated this little guy? Could he even call him a little guy anymore?

Tolliver dug into the walls like they were made of wax and he was the sharpest, heated wire in existence. It all happened so fast that Leonel couldn't even register it properly.

BANG.

Tolliver returned with a plop, a large cube of Reinforced Urbe Ore appearing before Leonel.

"Ha..." Leonel could only laugh. "Little guy, I need a billion kilograms of Urbe Ore, not a billion kilograms of Reinforced Urbe Ore."

Leonel's laughter became more booming and he wiped tears from his eyes. He didn't know why he had even worried about it. Tolliver was practically a little machine. To think he was dreading the refinement process.

Tolliver came back to Leonel while making happy blooping sounds. Leonel had to admit that the noises were quite soothing, it reminded him of a smooth stone falling into a still lake.

He pressed a hand against the huge cube, and it vanished into the Segmented Cube, settling at the bottom of a Cleansing Water-filled lake.

"Little Tolly, there are two mine cores down below. Be careful and go get them for me, please."

**Bloop!

Tolly dove down, and once again only a few seconds passed before two dark rainbow-like orbs appeared in Leonel's palms, one far more transparent and incorporeal than the other.

"Perfect. Time to go."

The echoes of battle and wolf howls still raged above, but Leonel didn't mind them. He had gotten what he had come here for, but to his surprise, as he was just vanishing into one of the tunnels, Researcher Popsy came back.

'This woman...'

Leonel was stunned. Was she really so obsessed with this? Or was it that she had already sensed the presence of the embryonic Urbe Core and felt that there was something too suspicious about this sudden uprising?

Leonel had a feeling that it was the second because she went right above the location Tolliver had dived into the ground to retrieve it and suddenly went ghastly pale.

Leonel could only watch as she pulled out some kind of communication device and barked out a stream of information.

"... Lock down the mine! Lock down the mine! Someone stole the Urbe Ore Core!"

Leonel sighed. He knew this woman would be troublesome, but unfortunately he wanted to avoid problems. He couldn't guarantee that he could kill her cleanly, so he didn't even make the attempt.

She was sharp, and his plan wasn't without loopholes; it was normal that an intelligent person like her could see through the flaws. If he had really taken all of the time he originally thought he had, he would have been caught by her before he even finished.

'Welp, it's a little harder to slip away now, but it's not that bad.'

Leonel chuckled and had Anastasia project the important points to his mind. All he really needed to know was where the largest concentration of people were, and most importantly, where Sergeant Amon was so he could avoid him.

It was too easy to escape Research Popsy. Though she was of decent strength, he had already made it to an exit channel before he sensed her. She had no idea that she had only just missed him.

Leonel slipped into the stream of combat as Grim once again, fighting so valiantly that no one could tell that he was running away. In just a few minutes, he had already made it to the back near an entrance of the first layer. Plus, he was already at the furthest location from Sergeant Amon who had long since charged in. This would be far simpler than escaping the Godlen territory.

Sometimes he didn't know why he dared to have nice thoughts.

The ground rumbled, and the sound of the sky collapsing left Leonel speechless. Just as he was about to rush into the first layer, it collapsed, nearly falling in on his head and crushing him.

He barely managed to rush back into the second layer and looked on... stunned.

"Anastasia, what just happened?"

There was a slight pause before Anastasia spoke in surprise.

"Demons! They suddenly appeared, it looks like they're trying to attack the mine and claim it for themselves. Either that, or they're trying to stop anyone else from benefiting from it."

Leonel cursed.

Chapter 2473: Dangerous

This was trouble.

Leonel quickly got information about the demons. There were four of them, all of whom were in the Eighth Dimension. It was really enough to make Leonel wonder why they did this at all. Just one of them was probably enough to kill the Sergeant, so why go through all of this trouble?

Soon he understood, though.

The demons probably had their own resources, they didn't need to steal the humans. In addition, their race probably had a generally low reliance on such things to begin with. They were fighters and they relied on their own strength. Leonel was willing to bet that their number of Crafters was low, especially considering the standard of weapons he had seen from the group of demons he and Aina had killed.

In that case, their priority wasn't to kill or occupy this mine, it was to destroy it, or at the very least make it very difficult to unearth again. If they could kill some humans as well, then that would only be to their benefit.

But Leonel felt that they were a bit stupid. This wasn't the best method to destroy the mine at all. Seeing the sinister look on their faces, it looked as though they had chosen one of the worst options just because they felt it would be more fun to watch the humans squirm this way.

Leonel fell into his own thoughts. If this was their intention, then making it out would be even more difficult. In that case, his best option would be setting up a teleportation formation and getting himself out of here.

He made the decision quickly and used Anastasia's help to get him to a region of the second layer with the least amount of people. Then he used one of the many entrances that had yet to be found to slip back into the third layer, where he rushed into the tunnel system, ignoring the catacomb.

Researcher Popsy had already long since gone back up to the second layer. In her opinion, the person was long gone from the third layer and was now trapped somewhere in the second along with the rest of them.

She was smart enough that she might guess that Leonel had returned to the third layer, but by then, he should hopefully be gone.

Teleporting out of a mine like this wasn't exactly easy. One could see the dense ores like Force barriers of sorts, and it only made it worse that Urbe Ore was so robust and sturdy.

This was the same reason why Little Blackstar couldn't have been the one to go and get the embryonic Urbe Ore Core. Phasing through these ores wasn't like phasing through normal walls, it required pushing through a large amount of densely packed Force.

In battle, Little Blackstar could phase through one attack, or a few, but phasing through these Urbe Ores was like trying to do so with a continuous barrage of powerful and dense attacks. It was too much.

Much the same, teleporting out of here when the Urbe Ore stabilized the space so much was incredibly difficult.

But Leonel had a way. This was just Fifth Dimensional Urbe Ore, and he had an overpowered little Metal Spirit by his side that could recreate any Ore he had ever touched before from thin air.

Of course, Leonel knew it was foolish to try and abuse this power. But this was a teleportation formation only built for the sake of one person and he only had to make it across a few kilometers. He didn't need much.

Little Tolly grasped what Leonel wanted quickly and began to push out the ores. Leonel stopped the little guy quickly and began to work.

Crafting was still the most relaxing, melting Ores down, fusing them, molding them into his vision, it was beautiful.

Soon, a simple circle large enough for just a single person took shape and Leonel embedded it right into the Urbe Ore infused ground.

His ears twitched as he heard the sound of footsteps swiftly approaching. He could only shake his head, this Researcher was quite the woman indeed. Unfortunately, she was a step too late yet again.

He stepped into the formation and it flashed just as Researcher Popsy rushed in, her hair bobbing in its messy bun and her eyes blazing.

When she saw the lingering Force, she quickly reached out, a vial magically appearing in her hand as she scooped at... air?

Oddly enough, the "air" glowed a silvery light once it was bottled and she patted her chest in relief.

...

"That happened?" Leonel asked with a frown. That vial was yet another thing he didn't understand, the second in not too much time at that. First it was the talismans that that young man had used, now this vial. "Replay the image for me in all the detail you think I can handle."

Anastasia nodded and did as she was told.

Leonel fell into silence as his gaze slowly became brighter and brighter.

'Fascinating...'

The vial did exactly what it seemed to do. It could take a sample of Force and analyze its properties. This was probably exceptionally useful for gathering information about one's surroundings, especially in a mine like this one. Or, in this case...

Finding the exact location of where one had teleported to.

Of course, the vial wouldn't do that for you, and it would be up to Popsy's intelligence. It was just unfortunate for her that Leonel's destination was in the middle of nowhere.

Leonel looked up and saw the encampment about ten or so kilometers from him. The Demons could definitely see him from this far away with ease. In fact, they could see him even if he was a thousand kilometers away, so he would have to get moving.

His Emulation Spatial Force shimmered and tried to pull him into a mirage. If they looked toward this direction, they'd most likely see a trick of the light.

It was too hard to use his Emulation Spatial Force to become invisible because it required constantly reflecting exactly what was behind him. But it was easier when he was so far away from the people he wanted to avoid.

'That woman is a bit dangerous... The fact she used that vial means that she already deduced that I'm not with the demons, or else it would have been a waste of her time. I wonder if they'll survive...'

Leonel knew that things were heating up. So many demons were appearing. That meant that the barrier between worlds was becoming thinner and less dangerous. Soon, the flood would come.

The question was... how could he best take advantage?

Chapter 2474: Short Time?

Leonel threw this to the back of his mind and made his way back to the Evolution Ore Mine. It was quite a distance away, but with the Segmented Cube, even this journey didn't mean much to him. Anastasia was so fast that it probably wouldn't take him any more than half a day to make it to any location within the Golden's Bubble.

Soon, it was within his sights again. Luckily, there wasn't another battle going on, and he could directly enter the mine. After analyzing the normal portion of the mine, Leonel nodded. It was a little bit inconvenient, but he had some ideas on how he might deal with this situation.

The Evolution Ore Mine was on another level compared to the Urbe Ore Mine. While the Urbe Ore Mine had been Fifth Dimensional, the Evolution Ore Mine was clearly Seventh Dimensional. There was also the problem of the multi-faceted core, but that had yet to spread to the other regions of the mine just yet.

It was both a positive and a negative that Leonel had stumbled onto the existence of such a mine.

On the one hand, it saved him the trouble of finding a stronger one in the short term. But on the other hand, it couldn't be used with such a weak foundation of Urbe Ore.

However, Leonel had an idea.

"Little Tolly, how many Fifth Dimensional Evolution Ores can you make out of this one Seventh Dimensional Evolution Ore? Don't try to input any of your own power."

Leonel gave Tolliver some instructions and limited his capabilities. He knew that the little guy was eager to help him and to outdo Blackstar, but he was worried about Tolliver overextending himself.

So, he thought of this idea instead. If Tolliver was breaking down a superior Ore into a weaker one, that should take basically all the pressure off the little guy. The only question was whether he could do it or not. After all, Little Tolly was in the Sixth Dimension and the Ore was in the Seventh.

Once again, it turned out that Leonel didn't need to worry at all. In fact, it didn't even take much time.

In one instant, there was just a single kilogram of Seventh Dimension Evolution Ore, and in the next instant, mountains upon mountains of Fifth Dimensional Evolution Ore began to appear.

Leonel's eyes widened.

He knew that the gap between Dimensions was large, so he had already considered that Tolliver might be able to produce a large amount. But logically, there should also be some energy lost in the process. There was no such thing as a perfectly closed system in the universe.

And yet, Tolliver had already produced more than the million-kilogram mark he was looking for, and he was still going.

Suddenly, Leonel wondered if he had left too rashly. What if he had Tolliver do the reverse and convert all the Fifth Dimensional Urbe Ore into Sixth Dimensional Urbe Ore?

Of course, it wouldn't be easy. From the looks of it, Tolliver could produce over 100 billion kilograms of Fifth Dimensional Evolution Ore from just one kilogram of Seventh Dimensional Evolution Ore.

Assuming that process was linear, that meant there was a gap of one million for every Dimension. Meaning, this same amount of Seventh Dimensional Evolution Ore, one kilogram that is, could have produced one million kilograms of Sixth Dimensional Ore of the same kind.

This meant that if Leonel had wanted to turn Fifth Dimensional Urbe Ore into Sixth Dimensional Urbe Ore, it wouldn't be easy.

Right now, he had one billion kilograms of Reinforced Urbe Ore. That was the equivalent of 100 billion kilograms of Urbe Ore. Long story short, that was only worth a thousand kilograms of Reinforced Sixth Dimensional Urbe Ore, which was well short of what he needed.

Leonel shook his head. There was no point in considering this.

He had already been fast back then, and yet he was almost caught by that Researcher Popsy not just once, but twice. He simply wouldn't have had the time.

That said, now that the Demons had attacked that region and were acting to collapse the mine instead of taking it over, Leonel might have another chance at it at a later date.

Tolliver came back to Leonel making more happy blooping sounds. Leonel couldn't help but smile, sending signs of affirmation to the Metal Spirit.

'This should be enough to reach the Peak of the Third Dimension in one go.'

Leonel's eyes lit with faint excitement.

Finally. It felt like his body had become a prison. He knew that he had so much more power to use, but his Third Dimensional status refused to allow him the chance to. It was infuriating.

He stored away the 100 billion kilograms of Fifth Dimensional Evolution Ore. He hesitated for a moment and then shook his head. He didn't know what would happen while he was breaking through, so he should cover all his bases first.

Clearly, it didn't take much time for Tolliver to mine Ores, so it would be quick.

Over the next few minutes, Leonel leaned on Tolliver to mine a million kilograms of the pure Evolution Ore. Then, he had Tolliver find the core and pull it out. He likewise passed this core, as he had done for the first two, on to Anastasia.

Then, he found a relatively safe place to bury the Segmented Cube again and then vanished. He hoped that he'd be able to come out in a reasonable time. But he knew that that was probably a false hope.

When had his father ever let him have anything easily?

Not long after Leonel left, a familiar young man wearing a pair of goggles returned. There was a happy expression on his face as everything had gone smoothly last time, but when he saw the mine this time around, his face fell.

The pressure of the mine was gone, large portions of it were excavated, and his hard work was all but ruined.

Just what happened here?

Chapter 2475: Dammit

Leonel adjusted himself, taking a small rest. He felt that all was right with the world, at least in this small vacuum. Everything was under his control, and everything was perfect.

When he was ready, he felt like he had just had a good night's rest. His mind was refreshed, and his body was rushing with vitality. Then he began.

Leonel's first Node would be the very same one he had started with initially: his Brain Stem. At that location, there was his Emulation Spatial Force Node, and it was also one of great importance to him. Leonel didn't know if it particularly mattered which one he started with, but out of habit, he chose that it was best to stick with the status quo.

Plus, when he thought about it, there was no better other region to start with anyway.

After months of not having to worry about the influence of his Scarlet Star Force, he had grown used to that kind of peace. Truthfully, now that his Scarlet Star Force had reached the Impetus State thanks to Mo"Lexi, he didn't have to worry about the influence being as hard any longer. Even so, he was still far more cautious now than he had been in the past.

'Activate my Destruction Sovereignty... Use my Constellation Realm as an anchor... Use my Node as the connection between myself and the Realm...'

Leonel went through the process in his mind.

None of what his father had made him do was superfluous. Every step was integral to the technique's success. The separation of his soul allowed him to view his body from a third perspective. Getting comfortable with that feeling would now only teach him how to anchor his existence in a different Plane than where his true body was located, but it would also protect his mind from the corrosion of Destruction as well.

Because his soul was so firmly rooted in the Second Dimension now, his Forces were even less likely to have a strong impact on him. Forces could only so directly act on his body, at least the body was far easier to target in this regard.

Then, his Constellation Realm became an anchor, as he had said. The Constellation represented the essence of the Star, it was your own world, your own existence, your own path. Its existence meant you no longer had to rely on the world around you to provide the guiding light you needed; you could be your own guiding light.

That was why a technique like [Universe] could allow you to break the laws of the world around you.

As for why his Forces had to be in the Impetus State, this was even more straightforward.

It had to be remembered that the State before the Impetus State was known as the Unfurled State. This was the process of unwinding a Force through the Dimensions and it was a difficult concept for one to wrap their minds around.

In the simplest form, the Unfurled State allowed you to simplify a complex Force, granting you the ability to use its full strength in a world you otherwise wouldn't be able to. This was why Leonel's father had been able to display his full strength on Earth even when it had yet to complete the Metamorphosis.

If Leonel didn't have at least this much control over his Forces, then when he moved his Nodes into his Destruction World, he would end up losing access to his Forces completely. At that point, he would be even weaker than before he took that step in the first place.

Everything was meticulously planned.

Star Force washed over Leonel as he steadily began to build his anchor. Even with his eyes closed, plumes of smoke came from the corner of his eyes and his feet, pooling together as well.

And then, the first million kilograms of Reinforced Urbe Ore and Evolution Ore were swallowed up by these plumes of smoke.

Leonel wasn't worried in the slightest; his enlightenment toward his Emulation Spatial Force had opened up an entirely new world for him.

To create, it required you to destroy... something could never come from nothing.

However, by the same token, complete destruction was impossible... there would always be a path of survival left behind.

When a forest was razed to the ground, it would grow back more lush... It was this small remaining seed of creation that Leonel latched onto, grabbing hold of it and refusing to let go with his Constellation Realm.

The essence of the Ores pooled toward, rushing into Leonel's body.

Slowly, they began to form the complex Force Art of [Final Destruction].

Leonel trembled, and he began to feel an odd feeling take root in his body. It was calm and tranquil...

Until it wasn't.

'God dammit...'

The wave of pain hit him like a truck. It didn't come from his body but rather from his very soul. Somehow, Leonel subconsciously understood what was happening.

His soul had been separated from his body, and now this technique wanted to take a piece of it.

This made sense. The world that Leonel was creating needed a real connection to him, and his body wasn't good enough.

Unfortunately, the pain was so excruciating that he would have fainted if he hadn't become a Dream Sovereign, capable of finding clarity even within this depth of despair.

He cursed, spewing out all the vulgarities known to man. This was actually worse than being eaten alive; he never thought that he would say such a thing in his entire life.

But as though that wasn't bad enough, soon he felt as though his Emulation Spatial Node, which had been mostly dormant all this time, had begun to drill through his body as though it had to tunnel through his flesh to get to the world he was creating.

Leonel had started off in a dignified and calm position, but that had been quickly thrown out the window as he huddled into a fetal position, his skin turning a deathly shade of grey.

Chapter 2476: Hated

Leonel exhaled a shaky breath, his body trembling. Pain directed at the soul was absolutely the worst thing he had ever experienced.

It wasn't just pain that was the problem; it almost felt as though some higher existence was taking control of your existence and slowly erasing it. It was an assault on the psyche and body, an existential crisis bottled up and stripped of all the middle-aged angst that could make it somewhat amusing.

It was the worst feeling he had ever experienced. He didn't want to admit it, but it had truly felt worse than watching his father and Aina die.

No, it was almost like that experience had taken the worst things he could imagine and forced him to experience them with a dose of heartrending pain to boot. It refused to stop at just pain and wanted to destroy everything it meant to be Leonel.

Leonel knew that it couldn't have just been the pain that did this to him; it was also what this pain was going toward accomplishing.

His soul wasn't just anchoring anything; it was anchoring a World of Destruction. Not only was there the pain of feeling his soul split, but it was also being seeped in the truest despair there was, the destruction of all that had ever been and would ever be.

Leonel exhaled another hollow breath. He had succeeded, and yet he didn't even feel happy. He felt like that weight was trying to take hold of him again, but he managed to hold it off, his gaze flashing with a frighteningly cold light.

He could remember the first time he had felt the pain of improvement.

He had only been 18 years old, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. He knew nothing about this so-called Dimensional Verse and stupidly tried to awaken his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor much too early.

He had no qualifications to do so, not due to lack of talent, but lack of experience and fortitude. He had been a normal youth until that day. The worst pain he had experienced was probably getting his ribs broken in a meaningless football game.

But he had persevered.

His reasons back then were endlessly superficial and outrageously selfish. He just didn't want to lose out.

But now, he was almost a decade older. He had experienced so much, lost so much. He had different things to fight for other than just himself.

'Again...' he thought calmly.

And so he did so. Step after step, horrible, rending pain after horrible, rending pain. It was like every time he took a single step forward, he would lose another large part of himself.

If the formation of the first Node was the worst thing he had experienced, then so was the second, and then so was the third.

Every new Node he formed was like yet another superseding experience. It was hard to tell if the pain was truly becoming worse or if the experience itself was just so horrible and omnipresent that remembering anything that came before it was impossible.

Even so, Leonel kept taking those steps.

He thought of Mo"Lexi.

That woman was caring enough to dislike Aina on his behalf, and yet completely unwilling to look at him like a real human regardless. Her own past, her own emotions were more important than his own. If she didn't have an experience that made her

dislike Aina, it was likely that even given the same circumstances, she wouldn't have been moved at all.

He thought of Vivak.

That man could feel rage for the loss of his daughter, he could take in a much weaker woman like Matriarch Pyius simply for the sake of love, disregarding the opinions of others, he could even be furious at the thought that many of his citizens had been killed by Leonel's hands...

And yet he was willing to treat Leonel like an experimental lab rat, to toy with his cousin's life, with Amery's life.

He thought of Anselma.

That cruel, vile woman... she was willing to come down to the Incomplete Worlds to kill his father, knowing the kind of backlash she would face, all to protect her Brazinger family.

And yet, she was willing to treat lives like weeds, to rip away a caring father from a small family, to endlessly torture Aina's mother for the crime of falling in love with the wrong man.

What did these people all have in common?

They were all selfish bastards.

And he didn't want to be like them.

That became his anchor, his small ember of will that was constantly buffeted by the winds of the cruel world.

The tenth Node began to take shape, and the world seemed to roar.

At that moment, a large amount of Anarchic Force pooled into Leonel, peeling away at the layers of his soul.

By this point, he was huddled into a corner, his body shivering uncontrollably. The room around him had been completely destroyed, and he was lying in a pile of ash. The only reason there wasn't more was that what had already been destroyed couldn't possibly be destroyed again.

He trembled fiercer and fiercer, feeling his Destruction World greedily soaking up this Anarchic Force without a care in the world.

It lashed at his soul, and he barely managed to keep himself together. It looked more like he was huddled to try to protect the final dying embers of his will than anything else.

That feeling of helplessness and despair was as strong as it could possibly be, but he didn't waver even a single time. In fact, even as the situation got worse, he seemed to feel that his mind was only getting sharper and sharper.

Under this constant assault of his character, he could feel his true self with much greater clarity than he ever had.

If the first thing he learned about himself was that he was selfish, the second thing was more of a confirmation of something he already knew.

He really, really, really...

Didn't like to lose.

In fact...

He hated losing more than he loved winning.

- Chapter 2477: Ten Stars

Chapter 2477: Ten Stars

Leonel barely managed to crawl into a pod and collapse. Truthfully, he had no idea how many days had passed. It might have even been a month for all he knew. He had been so solely focused on a single goal that he could mind anything else. Everything drifted away, and he fell into a deep sleep.

When Leonel awoke, his gaze flashed with a blindingly cold light. But when he looked around him, he found himself lying on a bed of ash.

'What the hell...'

"What do you think you're doing destroying my thing?!" Anastasia began to berate him immediately. "Do you know how expensive those things are to make?!"

"Expensive?" Leonel muttered, still a bit confused.

"Yes! Each one you see here took ten years of accumulation for me to make!"

Leonel didn't really think about where the pods came from before; they were just here after Anastasia finished her final breakthrough, so he never really thought about it. Now it seemed that there was a price to pay for them after all.

Even so, his mind was somehow both incredibly sharp and yet groggy at the same time. He didn't have the mind to care about the little World Spirit throwing another tantrum.

He slowly stood, putting a hand on his forehead.

"Well, damn..."

He looked around himself, and the region was in a complete mess. Let alone the pod he had crawled into, the surrounding kilometer was in shambles. He had left behind nothing but a big crater of darkness and destruction.

Seeing this scene, he was a bit worried. Was this because he had lost consciousness? Or was this just going to be his new norm now?

Before, he could turn his Destruction Sovereignty on and off, and even when it was on, it wasn't so exaggerated. It felt like anything within range of him would completely collapse without a chance to retaliate.

He hesitated, only his father's dictionary could explain to him what was going on, but he was quite hesitant to go and get it now. What if he accidentally destroyed it?

Leonel calmed down. No, this breakthrough shouldn't be such a double-edged sort.

He had thoroughly prepared for this, so he understood the purpose of the technique.

The main point of focus was in creating the World of Destruction, but that World of Destruction would become useful for many purposes.

For example, when he destroyed, he could use his Destruction World to recycle and reforge the Forces into his own image, making them a part of his power. Of course, these would be restrained to the Forces he had the deepest comprehension of.

There was then the matter of Force Node size.

When Leonel first created his Force Nodes, he was especially worried about their size. Back then, he had done excellently and managed to make Force Nodes 100 cells large. This placed him among the highest echelon of geniuses in the Dimensional Verse.

However, [Final Destruction] completely did away with this. Technically speaking, right this moment, there were no Nodes within his body at all; they had all been displaced into this new world, forming ten independent bubbles as though the beginning of their own Bubble World.

Let alone a hundred cells, in terms of sheer space, Leonel had thousands of times that. As for the actual amount of Force that was under his control, it was easily an entire

organ's worth. It was as though Leonel had ten Innate Nodes in him rather than just three and seven ordinary Nodes.

Of course, they didn't have any of the other abilities of Innate Nodes other than the sheer amount of Force, but it was shocking nonetheless.

Then, there were the Bubbles that did have Innate Nodes.

His two Scarlet Star Force Innate Nodes and his Emulation Spatial Force Innate Node were no longer within him, and they had instead become a part of Destruction World. They became the core of the ten Bubble-like Worlds, so densely packed with floating golden runes that they looked like elevated beings of their own.

Leonel could finally sense them properly outside of their influence on him and it felt like a world of power was at his fingertips.

After some thought, Leonel felt that he should do this right. If he was going to be at the peak of the Third Dimension, then he should get there with his full strength.

He turned his attention to [Dimensional Cleanse], but when he began to circulate its method, so much Force rushed toward him that he hurriedly stopped, his brows furrowing.

He looked up and seemed to understand.

Under the influence of his Constellation Realm, these Stars he was about to form... were not normal by any stretch of the imagination. In addition, their synergy with [Final Destruction] was beyond his imagination.

Leonel had a feeling that though his father disdained to use [Dimensional Cleanse] because the introduction was too arrogant, he had still used some of its ideas as inspiration...

Or maybe was it that he had used his father's ideas for inspiration when he created [Dimensional Cleanse]...?

It was obvious which one had to come first even though it felt like a chicken and the egg situation. Maybe it was because it was him, but he was more certain the more he thought about it.

Maybe [Dimensional Cleanse] was created purely for the sake of pairing with [Final Destruction].

Leonel began to form his Stars once more. This time, even when the world seemed to collapse beneath the pull of his will, he didn't stop it.

Earth Force. Dark Force. Dream Force. Universal Force. Bow Force. Spear Force. Vital Star Force.

Three Innate Nodes.

One by one, ten Stars took shape, becoming the suns of the ten Bubble Worlds within Leonel. With every breath he took, streams of rainbow-like Force poured into his body, and he was practically brimming with power.

They seemed to restrain his violent destruction, not making it weaker, but pulling it under his control.

Leonel's lips curled into a smile.

Chapter 2478: Spar?

Leonel felt better than he had in a long time. He had been somewhat worried that that pain would linger, but it seemed to only be necessary during the formation of the Destruction World at the start. After that, everything was smooth sailing.

The best part was that it seemed that thanks to [Dimensional Cleanse], he didn't have to labor in his efforts to control the waves of Destruction. The Stars became a stabilizing Force and seemed to react to the existence of his Constellation Realm. Together, they formed the perfect balance, and his mind wasn't constantly occupied by other matters.

He felt strong and powerful, so much so that despite the pain, he was already looking forward toward what it would take to enter the Fourth Dimension.

Leonel shook his head, he was really getting way too ahead of himself. Even so, he took a look anyway. Knowing his father, the requirements would be strict so it would be best if he knew what they were now so that he could prepare properly in the future.

His bitter smile returned immediately.

[1 000 000 000 kilograms of Ninth Dimension Reinforced Urbe Ore]

[1 000 000 000 kilograms of Ninth Dimensional Mutated Evolution Ore]

[100 000 000 kilograms per Force Type]

[Elevate all Forces to the Middle Impetus State]

[Comprehend True Destruction Sovereignty]

[Complete Metal Body Tempering with Sixth Dimensional Pure Ores]

[Progress Constellation Realm from Rudimentary Comprehension to Common Comprehension]

[Rudimentary, Common, Black, Bronze, Silver, Gold, Life]

...

The list was so long it made Leonel's head spin. This was just the Fourth Dimension, what would he ask for the Fifth?

And True Destruction Sovereignty? Didn't he already have True Destruction Sovereignty?

Honestly, he was a bit confused.

The reason he had distinguished Spear Force with True Spear Force in the past was that the Domain Rings gave him an artificial version of it. However, his Destruction Sovereignty wasn't artificial, he had been born with it.

Was this one of those cases where he had already met the requirements ahead of time?

Leonel checked and shook his head after not too long. It seemed that he wasn't so lucky this time.

After questioning his father's AI, he began to understand a bit more. Then, it began to actually make sense.

His father wasn't born a Destruction Sovereign, he had comprehended it much like Leonel had with his Spear Force, Bow Force, and Dream Force.

Being born with a Sovereignty was excellent, but there were also clear stages to Sovereignty as well.

While Leonel did, in fact, have True Destruction Sovereignty, it wasn't at the level his father wanted it to be.

Essentially, his True Destruction Sovereignty was at the same level as his Constellation Realm, the Rudimentary level. But he needed to bring it up to the Common level before he could progress.

This was interesting to Leonel because he wondered if his Spear Force and Bow Force were the same. In fact, that oscillation in grade might be why his Weapon Forces seemed to be able to gain and lose their Sovereignty.

After checking, as expected, his Spear Force Sovereignty was, indeed, at the Common level, a step beyond that of his Destruction Sovereignty. The same was true of his Dream Sovereignty as well.

It seemed that comprehending a Sovereignty yourself allowed you to skip over the Rudimentary level. Leonel also reminded himself that he would have to bring his Bow Force back to the Sovereignty level soon, it had been too long.

'Why couldn't my Constellation Realm do the same?' Leonel complained.

Though he said this, he knew why.

Like his father had said, the only reason he could skip over the Cosmos Realm to begin with was that the Morales family as a whole had given their share of comprehension to form the Constellation in the first place.

Essentially, Leonel was heavily reliant on others to enter the Constellation Realm. Now, he would have to rely on himself to take that comprehension and make it his own.

Easy enough... right?

Leonel chuckled and shook his head.

Though the list was difficult, the one that gave him the most headache was the resources he would need. Where was he going to find that much Ninth Dimension material?

'Let's focus on the positives for now.' Leonel grinned and clenched his fists. He could finally feel his Lineage Factors and Innate Nodes again. His confidence had skyrocketed; it was time to make some waves.

...

On the surface, Eamon was still in shambles. He was working as hard as he could, racking his brain to figure out a method of dealing with all of this. But it was all useless.

Without the core of the mine, much of its power had already begun to leak and dissipate. It didn't have the driving force of evolution pushing it anymore.

However, he kept trying and doing his best, even though he knew he was being foolish.

Coming out here to the middle of nowhere was already foolish enough. Doing so when the Evolution Ore Mine no longer had that driving force that protected it from predators and humanoids alike was even more foolish.

He kept pushing his luck, coming back here again and again over weeks of time trying to salvage the unsalvageable.

And he finally suffered for it.

The demon stood over him, its bull-like horns curving into the air as it looked down at Eamon, not sure of what to think of this scrawny little brat.

"You know, I've heard that human flesh is tasty. But you don't even have much of it. Should I fatten you up first?"

Eamon didn't understand the words the demon was speaking. He didn't have Leonel's near instant translation abilities, and even if he did it was doubtful that he'd be able to calm down enough to use them.

At that moment, though, the rustle of a few leaves and some soft footsteps shook the bull demon out of his focus.

He looked back to find a shirtless young man strolling through the forest, his bare fist gliding across the soft grass.

Then, he smiled.

"Oh, hello. I've got some new strength and I've yet to fight to test it out. How about a spar?"

Chapter 2479: Low-Class

Let alone the demon, even Eamon was taken off guard. He obviously didn't recognize Leonel, but he could sense that this person was only in the Fifth Dimension. What was he doing?

"R-run!" Eamon cried out.

Leonel blinked, looking toward Eamon. He smiled, this guy wasn't too bad.

A growl left the demon's lips and its bull horns sparked with a peculiar Force that didn't seem to be related to lightning at all. Then it sneered, turning toward Leonel and suddenly rushing forward. Its fist bore down on Leonel so quickly that he seemed to teleport.

Eamon felt the ground collapse beneath him, the shaking so violent that he felt weightless for a moment. His expression changed as he tried to scramble to his feet, but by then Leonel and the bull demon had already met.

BANG.

Two fists clashed in the air, the reverberating impact compressing the air into a clap of thunder.

Leonel took a heavy step back but then pursed his lips and nodded to himself as though saying not bad. The demon, however, was sent flying backward, its body crashing through the restrictions that Eamon had put up to protect the mine and colliding with the hard walls.

Leonel shook his fist out, his knuckles throbbing a bit. This only lasted for a split second before his Vital Star Force healed him completely; in truth, he was being more theatrical than he needed to be. Even his attack was the worst he could have chosen.

One didn't temper their body until the Fourth Dimension, and Leonel hadn't begun practicing Metal Body again just yet. That meant that even with his base body being in the Third Dimension, without the support of any improvement, he could already send a Seventh Dimensional demon flying. It was only made more impressive by the fact demons of this caliber were well known for their bodily strength.

A roar shook the mine, and a streak of black and red rushed out in the form of a humanoid bull. Its fury towers as it bore down over Leonel.

'Alright, that's enough playing around.'

Leonel punched out again, but this time ten worlds were reflected in his irises. At that moment, his pale violet eyes looked as though it held countless swirling nebulas, the world being pulled into a forceful halt around him.

BANG.

The sound was muffled and almost undetectable. If you were just 20 meters away, you might not hear it at all.

The bull demon froze, looking down at its chest. Leonel's fist had been thrust all the way through it, but it didn't feel any pain. It was like any pain it should have felt was destroyed along with its body. Then it collapsed, its body shattering into a rainfall of ash and dissipated into the wind.

Leonel nodded. That demon should be in Tier 1 of the Seventh Star, and judging by its talent, it was around the same level as the cobra demon.

He didn't bother to use the original ranking system he learned the first time he came to the Cataclysm Zone because he already knew that it was manipulated to make the human alliance look better than they were.

Low, Middle, Higher Demons, were known as Low-Class Demons. Uncommon, Rare and Elite Demons came next, and they were known as Middle-Class Demons. Then there came High-Class Demons, they were Humanoid, Fiend and Chaos Demons.

Low, Middle, Higher, Uncommon, Rare, Elite, Humanoid, Fiend and finally Chaos.

According to the original ranking, the Cobra Demon was supposedly a Fiend Class Demon, and that would mean that this Bull Demon was also one.

But Leonel doubted it. He'd have to question someone about the real ranking eventually, but he got a bit too excited and killed this demon directly.

"Hey," Leonel called out to Eamon who was shell-shocked.

"You..." Eamon didn't know how to respond.

"What rank was this demon?" Leonel asked.

"Uh," Eamon was about to answer and then suddenly shook his head furiously. "Fiend Class."

Leonel smiled meaningfully. "I mean the real ranking," he said, emphasizing the word "real".

Eamon's eyes widened. "I... I don't know what you mean."

Leonel laughed, then changed the subject.

"The Light Force user you wanted to help out with this mine, who is it?"

Eamon was shaken again, and took a step back. His wariness was raised to the limit as his thumb touched his spatial ring, seemingly ready to bring out a talisman at the slightest notice.

Leonel shook his head. Like he had thought, this young man was smart, and quite sharp, but his overly cautious nature was holding him back. He had the right to be cautious about Leonel, but the problem was that he should understand how far the gap between them was and adjust. But he wasn't thinking clearly.

Leonel's gaze flashed with a silvery blue light and Eamon suddenly felt his connection with his spatial ring cut off entirely. He couldn't even see the inside of it any longer. This was the same trick Leonel had used against Eduardo. Ultimately, you had to use some form of Soul Force or Dream Force to communicate with a spatial device to pull things out or put things in. It was a simple matter for Leonel to suppress that if he had to.

"Let's talk like normal people, alright? I know you come from that underground city, there's no reason to try and hide it. I also know where it is already, so I don't really need you to help me find it."

Eamon's heart quaked, but the words seemed to finally calm him down somewhat. In the end, wasn't he helpless regardless?

"Good. Now the demon?" Leonel asked.

"It's... It's a Lower Low-Class Demon."

Leonel grinned. He had expected that there would be some warping in the rankings, but to think it would be that exceptional. The human alliance was truly pathetic.

"Are there unranked demons?" Leonel asked.

"Yes... the unranked demons are usually those without any intelligence."

"Now, the person you wanted to help?"

Eamon froze up again.

Chapter 2480: The Nerd

Leonel decided to let Eamon off the hook. He didn't really need to know, honestly. Given the circumstances, and the risks Eamon was willing to take, this was obviously someone he cared deeply about.

As for the matter of the Bull Demon being a Low-Class Demon, he wasn't very shocked by this either. The demons were a powerful race overall, and the Bubble Worlds of demons acting now were unlikely to have demons stronger than the Low-Class.

This was to mean that most of the fighters were probably Lower Low-Class Demons, with the strongest probably being Middle Low-Class. There might only be one or two Higher Low-Class demons if any at all. This was just someone that Leonel concluded using common sense. If the Bull Demon and Cobra Demons were only considered Low-Class, and yet this was the best Class of demons the human geniuses just below the likes of the Godlens and the Four Great Families could battle, then there was no way there were any demons of much higher rank.

If there was a Middle-Class Demon present or better, the human alliance would have already been wiped out. This was a good thing for Leonel as well. In his opinion, the Demoness had to be Middle-Class at worst. He had no proof of this, and it was just a

gut feeling-a conservative one at that. He didn't believe that anything less could force his father into such a corner.

That meant that there was no way she would be part of this invasion even if she was pulling some strings in the background. This gave the humans more of a chance.

Leonel obviously had no love lost for the human alliance, but there were many innocent people tied with them as well. It wasn't as though he was willing to see the last bastion of human power wiped off the face of the map.

Even so, he couldn't let them have their way either. He would need to play both sides and thread the needle.

The more powerful he became, the more confident he was in doing this. He had already shifted his attention toward his Metal Body and building his foundation up again.

"Do you know who the main players of the demons are?" Leonel asked.

Eamon sighed a breath of relief when Leonel didn't press him. He really didn't want to talk about her with a stranger.

"The Bull Demons, the Cobra Demons, and the Lust Demons are the main powers. However, above them, there are the Sun Demons and the Moon Demons, they're Middle Low-Class."

Eamon hesitated halfway but eventually finished. He knew that he had just been manipulated into answering, but there was really no other choice.

"Interesting," Leonel nodded. "Alright, you can go."

Eamon's eyes widened. "You... You're letting me go just like that?"

"What, you want me to eat you?"

"You... You're Leonel Morales, right?"

Leonel raised an eyebrow before he smiled. "You sure know a lot. Your standing must be high amongst that rebel army."

"No... Not really. I just have a... a friend who tells me a lot."

"A friend, huh?"

"So you are him?"

"The one and only."

Eamon hesitated again, knowing what he wanted to say, but not sure if he should ask. He eventually gritted his teeth, since he had already exposed himself by calling out Leonel's name, he might as well.

"... Can you tell me how you did it?" Eamon eventually forced it out, his eyes sparkling with a hint of worship.

"Did what?" Leonel laughed.

"How did you escape Godlen City? That place is like a fortress! And I heard that they even deployed the formation. You know, that formation was put up personally by a Life State Crafter, it's on a whole other level. Even the Sun and Moon Demons couldn't blast through it, it's one of the reasons though the worlds have fused, there've only been small scale scrums until now-!"

Eamon realized he was talking too much and stopped himself. But he still eagerly looked toward Leonel for an answer.

"A bit of grit, a bit of luck, and a lot of stupid Ninth Dimensional 'experts'," Leonel eventually replied, an amused light in his eyes.

This wasn't the kind of answer Eamon wanted; he wanted a true step-by-step breakdown, but he knew that it would be too much to actually ask for such a thing so he threw it to the back of his mind.

"You should come with me. You would be a huge asset to the Slayer Legion! We really need the help of people like you!"

"The Slayer Legion?" Leonel asked with a raised eyebrow.

Was it a coincidence? Why did they share the same name as the rebel army of Earth? Was this a pawn of his grandfather?

He had extremely bad luck joining organizations, so he had no intention of joining up with those people until he was at least at the peak of the Fourth Dimension. He felt with the current progression of his strength, that should give him the right to defend himself and retreat safely.

But the name made him hesitate.

As for why his grandfather didn't tell him about this... did he not?

Backtracking to his grandfather's words, he said that the Godlens were on the side of the greater good. But what if he wasn't referring to the Godlens themselves, but rather their world?

Was it a coincidence that the Slayer Legion was located in Godlen territory? Was that the clue?

'Hm...!' Leonel thought for a long while. Then he nodded.

"Alright, let's go."

Eamon's eyes widened. He didn't expect Leonel to accept so readily.

Leonel snapped his fingers, and then his brothers appeared one after another.

"An adventure?" James asked, wrapping an arm around Leonel's neck. "Who's the nerd?"

"The 'nerd' is probably stronger than you," Leonel replied.

"Bullshit! Fight me," James stepped forward, taking his arm back and rubbing his fist.

"Uh... This..." Eamon took a step back, not wanting any trouble. He suddenly wondered if he made the right choice.