

# Dimensional Descent

## Chapter 2501: Deviation

The group of demons rushed into the earth, moving so quickly through the paths that Leonel had left behind that they were already seconds from catching up with him.

However, when they got to the end of the path, they found nothing. Leonel seemed to have vanished into thin air.

Khelgis frowned. He was certain that someone had just followed this path, but the problem was that Leonel seemed to have vanished into thin air.

There wasn't anywhere else that he could have possibly gone. There were no other patches of soft earth.

Was it a diversion? No, that didn't make sense. If he had the time to set aside and make a tunnel to distract them, why would it have just a single path? At the very least, he should give it some branching pathways so they would be distracted for longer than a few seconds, or make it so that they would split up and be easier to pick off.

However, none of that was happening here, and it was more confusing than anything. If Leonel could suddenly vanish into the earth, then why had he made this tunnel to begin with?

Khelgis' eyebrows flared with dancing flames. He didn't like this feeling at all. No one could lead him by the nose.

...

Leonel sat in a small crevice. Little Blackstar lay on his lap, panting for breath.

He could only shake his head, what a close call. But it seemed that Little Blackstar had given everything he had just to get them to this point.

In the final moment, when Leonel was struggling to make it through, he asked Anastasia to scan the rubble to see if there were any nearby pockets of air. Luckily there were, and he relied on Little Blackstar to get to them.

Unfortunately, they had almost died when Blackstar hit his limit. Some things were simply easier to phase through than others, especially when it was such a dense mine of Ninth Dimensional Urbe Ore that was in question.

Leonel couldn't help but chuckle to himself. He used to be able to face off against hundreds, thousands, even tens of thousands of opponents at once before. But now less than a dozen had forced him into this situation.

Of course, this wasn't just because he had regressed to the Third Dimension. In fact, the current Leonel was already stronger than he had been back in the Dimensional Verse. It was just that these opponents were simply far too powerful.

If there had just been one demon, he could have just directly fought against them or had Little Blackstar get a few reps in himself. But this number was not only too great, but...

'Sun and Moon Demons...'

The pressure he got from them was far greater than any of the others. That wasn't to say that the others were weak because he had to take them seriously as well. It was instead that the Sun and Moon Demons were actually so powerful.

Although Leonel knew that it was an illusion, they almost gave him the same level of pressure as Vivak or the other Ninth Dimensional existence.

'It seemed that Eamon was correct. The Sun and Moon Demons really are Middle Class Demons... Likely Uncommon. The Bull, Lust, and Cobra Demons should be Higher Demons, a step below Uncommon Demons... But the chasm between being a Low-Class Demons like the former and a Middle-Class Demons like the Sun and Moon Demons should be huge.'

Leonel could guess by this one encounter that it had to be true. It was beyond Force Manipulation...

It had to be remembered that one of the reasons the human alliance hid the existence of Force Manipulation from the general human population was because it was the great equalizer. Meaning, one could use Force Comprehension to make up for a gap in talent wherever there was one.

But that didn't mean that Force Manipulation exceeded raw talent alone.

Shan'Rae had spoken down to Leonel, saying something about how he didn't have the right to speak with her because he hadn't even comprehended even one Impetus State Force. But that didn't mean she had entered the Life State. In fact, he was fairly certain that El'Rion hadn't either.

Shan'Rae and El'Rion weren't just juniors of their Race, they were children. El'Rion was just 14 years old, and Shan'Rae was probably similar. What distinguished them from everyone else was their raw talent.

El'Rion had been born with a body so powerful he not only looked like an adult, but even Leonel's improved Starships had only left him with a few scratches.

This was all to say that Force Manipulation was just one standard by which to measure a person. Their intrinsic gifts, what they were born with, the blood running through their veins, was another huge aspect.

Even if Leonel had the same level or even Force Manipulation surpassing El'Rion right this moment, he still didn't stand a chance against the man.

This was the difference.

And now he was keenly feeling that weight right this moment. Khelgis and Adru were on another level.

However, Leonel didn't feel helpless. His caution should never be mistaken for cowardice.

Ultimately, he knew that the fact his body was still in the Third Dimension was actually weakening his current greatest strength: his Force Manipulation. His body had become its own sort of bottleneck.

'Annoying, but manageable.'

"Hey, what do you think the best path for my Metal Body is?"

Leonel had been focused on moving through the Dimensions so much, he had forgotten that retreating back to this stage was an opportunity to lay out his entire foundation again. This interaction had reminded him that your Dimension might have some importance, but it was only one pillar of many.

Since his father had a plan for his Dimensions, would he like not have a plan for this as well?

But Leonel was surprised when he got his answer.

[You've deviated from the original plan. The only information I can give you is to absorb mine sources rather than just ores]

## Chapter 2502: Cheat Code

Leonel felt the response echo in his mind again and again.

He had deviated? That wasn't in regard to not following his father's previous plan, so it must refer to the mutation in his Lineage Factor? But hadn't his father known about the Constellation? So how could he not know about this?

Leonel's brows shot up as he remembered something. Wasn't the Midas family's portion of the Lineage about swallowing flames? Is that what his father meant?

According to what he knew, the Midas family could swallow flames to heal themselves and restore their vitality, something that was perfectly analogous to the Morales family's abilities, albeit somewhat muted.

Was he supposed to swallow flames to make it part of his Metal Body? Or would it be a Metal Fire Body at that point?

In truth, Leonel never really thought about that ability of the Midas. He just threw all three portions of the Lineage Factor into the same box and summarized them as "increasing his vitality". But was that true?

The Radix could give life to inorganic material. The Florer could give character to organic material, even incorporating it into their bodies and making them part of their strength, almost like vitality-sharing. And the Midas could absorb flames to add to their vitality.

They were all vaguely related to vitality in some way, with some subtle differences between them. But the reason Leonel could realize that these abilities were closely related to the former Metal Synergy Lineage Factor was precisely the same reason that they all blended together in his mind.

Another person might not have seen that they were connected at all. But because Leonel had, it had actually been holding him back until now. Or was it?

It was all a bit confusing because in the past, they had indeed been separate Lineage Factors. But weren't they all one now? And the worst part was that this same Lineage Factor, before he could get a feel for what it was, had also fused with the corrupted Spear Domain Lineage Factor.

It was no wonder, then, that Leonel was flying a bit blind.

In fact, this wasn't even the intention of the Demoness in the first place. The Lineage Factor she wanted to create was one that fused the Morales, Radix, Midas and Florer Lineage Factors, but the Spear Domain Lineage Factor was never part of that original deal.

In fact, compared to a Lineage Factor personally constructed by the Demoness, what was one created by the Godlen family worth? Well, aside from the fact the latter used a technique as powerful as [Domain] as the foundation.

Leonel shifted his focus and felt that he could be putting more effort into understanding this Unnamed Lineage Factor of his. The question was how he should do this.

He sighed. He had gotten used to having his father's guidance every step of the way, but without it, he felt like he was aimless again.

He had made more progress in the last few weeks than he maybe had ever before, and that was because he knew exactly what to do and when to do it. But this...

'The Silver Tablet.' Leonel concluded.

"Hey, Tolliver, you think this mine could help you enter the Seventh Dimension?"

\*\*Bloop, Blip!

The sound was a little different and Leonel laughed as he wondered if Tolliver would soon create his own language.

Unfortunately, the response was uncertain. It seemed that even with a whole Ninth Dimensional mine at its disposal, Tolliver was unsure about whether it would be enough to rise to the Seventh Dimension.

"Alright, focus on eating for now and see how much progress you can make."

\*Bloop, Bloop.

Leonel blinked. An image entered his mind and when he saw it, he laughed.

Tolliver wanted the core of the Evolution Ore Mine. It seemed that he would be confident in at least entering the Half-Step of the Seventh Dimension if he could have it.

Unfortunately, Leonel hesitated.

His father's AI had just told him that these core essences were important to him. But then again... was it even possible for him to absorb a Seventh Dimension Mine Core?

He was getting ahead of himself. Just because his progression method required all these excessive resources, didn't mean his body did as well. He was still in the Third Dimension, wasn't he insane if he thought about absorbing something so far above him?

The reason his father's progression method required so many resources was that he was literally creating a world within himself. That was completely different from forming his Metal Body again.

His quantity might be different from others, but the quality should be far more manageable.

Leonel used his father's AI to double-check his hypothesis and it seemed that he was correct. He should be looking for Fourth Dimensional mines right now; the Seventh and the Ninth Dimension were far beyond him.

For once, Leonel sighed a breath of relief.

After some thought, he finally relaxed and just allowed Tolliver to devour to his heart's content. When the little guy was ready, he'd give him the Evolution Ore Mine Core.

Although it was a bit unfortunate because this meant that Anastasia wouldn't be able to mass-produce Seventh Dimension Evolution Ore, it was obvious that Little Tolly was the more important investment.

Leonel settled down and sent his mind into the Silver Tablet. He wasn't worried about being found in this location. Even if he was, if they attempted to dig their way in, he'd be alerted long before.

If Tolly managed to take that final step, they might even be able to dig their way out of here easily as well.

Soon, Leonel stood before his Unnamed Lineage Factor's Force Art. In the past, it had truly hurt him just to stare at it; it was on a level beyond even Goggle's Ability Index.

Now, though it wasn't easy, he could at least begin to analyze it.

He had almost forgotten that he had a cheat code. If he wanted to understand his Lineage Factor, he just had to use it.

## **Chapter 2503: Dream Clone**

Leonel stared at the Force Art for a long while, but the longer he looked, the more complex and winding the secrets seemed to become.

The end result was ultimately obvious. If this was a Lineage Factor the Demoness was willing to put so much effort into creating, how could it be a simple matter?

There were many oddities about the Demoness that Leonel had never really understood, and even the simplest portions of the story were hard to wrap his head around.

For one, his father and everyone else he interacted with seemed to be quite certain that this demon was his grandmother, but he didn't even understand how that could be possible.

Setting aside the oddity that such a powerful woman would have to bed a man from an Incomplete World just to fulfill some ingenious plot that spanned countless millennia, how had she even gotten there to begin with?

There seemed to be a great pressure on his father, and this pressure ultimately sealed his death. It was implied that this was all due to the Demoness, so why was it that she could come to the Incomplete World to, ostensibly, have a child with his paternal grandfather, and yet be unable to come back and finish her work?

Plus, there was another obvious elephant in the room. Obviously, it would be the Demoness carrying the child and not his paternal grandfather. And not just once, but twice over considering his uncle and father were not twins, as far as Leonel knew anyway.

Then there was the way his father talked about her.

On the one hand, this was a woman that had forced his father into such a corner that he chose to go all out to kill King rather than be a puppet on her string.

But on the other hand... Leonel never really felt his father's fury about that matter.

When Velasco first told Leonel about the Cult, Leonel could feel his visceral rage. But...

'Dad only told me about the Demoness after he died. At that point, it wasn't a video call anymore, it was his AI. So maybe the AI just couldn't convey the same emotions?'

It was just another layer of confusion. The AI even referred to the Demoness as his grandmother many times. Even if it couldn't convey emotions properly-something it had actually done on several occasions-it wouldn't be hard to call that woman Demoness instead of grandmother.

Leonel scratched his head, feeling a bit lost.

Not everything had to be mutually exclusive... except for these two things.

The Demoness couldn't both be the reason for this father's death and his grandmother. He couldn't allow her to hold the second title, especially not after she nearly killed Aina.

No. She had killed Aina. Leonel was just lucky that he could get her back and he would never forget that.

Leonel closed his eyes, forcing himself to calm down, something that was much easier now. His Ability Index seemed to be reaching an inflection point of sorts where, while he was still not a Savant, he was about as close to it as he could possibly get.

Leonel understood by now that he would never be a Savant, but that didn't change the fact that his Ability Index was still growing stronger every day.

'That's it.'

Leonel had a sudden flash of inspiration.

He activated Dream Clone. He had originally created Dream Clone as a method of replacing himself within his mind. It had been especially good to pair with Dream Class.

He couldn't project his Dream Force in the past, so Dream Clone was just an extension of Dream Simulation. When he did want to use it in the outside world, a Dream Clone became like a blueprint his real body would copy, allowing him to exhibit unprecedented control over his body.

For example, back when he first learned his grandfather's way of spear, he used Dream Class to create an archetype for a word like 'Swift', then he would use Dream Clone to force his body to embody that word for an instant, giving his attacks a character they never had before.

This time, Leonel was doing the reverse.

He would use his own body as the template for a Dream Clone, rather than an external source. Then he would use Dream Class to forge the archetype hidden within his body, that of the Unnamed Lineage Factor.

Once he succeeded and the archetype existed within his Dream World, he would be able to use Dream Simulation to test the aspects of his Unnamed Lineage Factor one by one.

This seemed like a lot of work to do to produce something already right before him. After all, the Force Art was the embodiment of the archetype he was trying to form right now.

But there was a subtle difference.



He couldn't absorb this Force Art, and it was too complex to draw in his own Dream World. As such, he could only study it the long and arduous way.

But if he used this method, he would have a roundabout method of getting it into his world of simulations, and then he could use trial and error rather than raw deductions to understand what he was working with.

Leonel immediately got lost in his own world. The complex Force Art became an archetype in his mind, and then that archetype began a large series of logic gates, simplified into 'yes' or 'no' statements that formed a mountain before him.

These logic gates essentially broke down the once complex Force Art into thousands of tiny steps. For example, if you wanted to take a step, you could imagine the physiological function broken down into the energy needed, and then the mechanical movement of your core, hip, thighs, knees, and feet all in unison, even the swing of your arms would play a part.

Even with something as simple as walking, if you tried to program it, it could easily become hundreds of lines of code. And Leonel had essentially done that for an entire Lineage Factor.

Now, he probably understood it better than even the Demoness herself.

## **Chapter 2504: Logic Gates**

Leonel looked toward the towering mountain of logic gates before him and grinned. He hadn't used logic gates like this since he was in the Academy, but to think the topic would become so useful here.

He took note that there were likely other aspects of Earth's science and technology that could benefit him in some way. The fact that Drake was embarking on the path of heated weapons was also something that fascinated him, but for now, he could only shelve that matter.

He started at the very bottom row.

The structure of the logic gates here were separated into four main branches. Sometimes they would intersect, but they were mostly separate. However, the point at which they did intersect was another clue.

'This strips down the Lineage Factor a bit too much. Let's see if we can fuse some of them...'

Leonel began to arrange the series of logic gates again, fusing many of them until the mountain was only about half its original size—a huge change.

'Perfect... Now, analysis.'

Leonel looked toward one of the four sections, and after some thought, a ball of fire appeared in his hand.

It was made of the most rudimentary form of Fire Force, one without structure or even a name.

If there really was a pure Fire Force out there, it might very well surpass Leonel's Scarlet Star Force as number one on the rankings. In this case, this Fire Force was more so the equivalent of neutral Force.

Neutral Force was the most common Force there was, and it was an amalgamation of all Forces. Fire Force was similar, but just for the fire elements.

In this case, because it was impure, much like Neutral Force, it wasn't very powerful at all.

What Leonel was simulating now was what would happen if he began eating flames, something that he had yet to try out.

The logic gates began to light up one after another, some activating and others shutting down. Eventually, a result was produced at the end.

Leonel nodded and then formed another ball of fire. This time, it was Radiant Force.

Radiant Force was a Sixth Dimensional Fire Force that Leonel hadn't used in a very long time. Back then, it had been a huge part of his Heavenly Body Realm comprehension and it had some radiation-like properties.

Leonel continued to do this, testing one type of Fire Force after another before he shifted toward Ores.

The first Ores he tested were actually Fire Force Ore. Back when he first came into contact with Radiant Force, it was likewise through its ore. If not for his Fire Force affinity, he would have died of radiation poisoning long ago.

Leonel thought of a countless series of tests, one that put his Lineage Factor through the wringer. In fact, at one point, he even began throwing various plant-life at it just to see what would happen. As though that wasn't enough, he began throwing odd elements at it well, anything from Wind Force, to Lightning Force, and even odd combinations of two or even three.

The more he did, the more he came to understand, and the deeper his comprehension grew.

In the end, if he had to summarize his Unnamed Lineage Factor in a single sentence he would say...

The ultimate recycler.

It was a funny pairing of three words, but it was precisely how Leonel felt. It was like his body was a garbage disposal and his cells had a method of churning out real products no matter what trash he threw at it.

It was a Lineage Factor that seemed perfect for surviving nuclear fallout. Even if he had to eat zombies and their rotting flesh to survive, he could do it. He might gag and choke, but he'd live.

At the same time, his body was like a bottomless well of potential.

Although Leonel was advised to use Fourth Dimensional Ores and Mine Cores to improve his body, what his father's AI hadn't said was...

How much?

Back when he first began practicing Metal Body, he had a limit. He couldn't just endlessly devour Ores. If he did so, he would implode.

But this was clearly very different from that. He was on an entirely different level. It was like his stomach had become a blackhole.

And yet, that was just one aspect of the Lineage Factor.

As much as he could take, he could likewise give. The Midas and Morales aspects could devour, the Radix and Florer aspects could give.

It wasn't just that he could give life to inanimate objects like the Radix had somewhat done with these cubes, or the Florer family had done when they incorporated plants into their bodies. It was more like he could break their natural function, peeling away their own natural "personality" and making it more in tune with himself.

It was fundamentally changing what made a Force itself, without actually weakening it at all.

This was the greatest discovery that Leonel had made and it was absolutely shocking. That was because this was clearly an application of Breaking Force.

What was maybe a little bit more interesting than even this, though, was how the Spear Domain Lineage Factor played a role in all of this. Or maybe more accurately, how the Spear and Bow Domain Lineage Factors combined to influence it.

Spear Domain allowed him to spread the influence of his devouring or his giving into a ranged Domain as well. He didn't need to physically ingest things as per usual, he could do it from a distance.

What was truly special at this was how Bow Domain was implemented. The highest level of the Bow Domain Lineage Factor even allowed the eyes, or rather what one's gaze could land on, to be directly influenced by one's Force.

Due to that, Leonel could give and take away with his eyes alone.

It was hard to tell exactly how this would be applied until Leonel thought of the matter of his Earth Force again.

## **Chapter 2505: Avalanche**

Leonel's eyes sparkled. After some thought, he pressed a hand into the walls around him. He pulled himself out of his Dream World and returned to a dark crevice of the collapsed mine.

At that moment, a bronze-violet aura came from him and seemed to invade the earth around him, turning it from a dense blackness to walls that gave off a healthy, gentle glow.

Then Leonel pushed some of the intention of his mind forward.

To both his surprise and expectation, the earth around him began to shift and move to his will, shifting out of the way.

Leonel leaned back in surprise. It had always been so hard to make use of Earth Force in the past, but now it was suddenly so easy? He had moved it even more easily than Little Tolly had, and it had hardly taken much effort on his part at all.

This wasn't just land influenced by the Ninth Dimensional Mine, but it truly was the Ninth Dimensional Urbe ore mine. Although it wasn't quite the ore itself yet, in a few decades there was no doubt that the area he was sitting in right this moment would turn into more Urbe Ore of the Ninth Dimensional variety. Even though, right now, it was just normal Earth, it was already far stronger than the Reinforced Sixth Dimensional Ore he had had before.

'Wow...'

Suddenly, Leonel understood everything. It hit him like a flashbang and everything seemed to slide into place.

Why was it so hard to use Earth Force on the physical earth itself? Why was it that only those with Ability Indexes like Raj could form it and manipulate it so easily?

Until now, the best application of Leonel's Earth Force was his Gravity Domain, but even that was something that he only used sparingly. He couldn't even scale it well enough to use it on the enemies that he was facing.

Well, rather than answering that question, Leonel asked himself something else entirely.

Why was it that Incomplete Worlds were formed of such small bits of land scattered across the vastness of the universe, whereas Complete Worlds were just a single, solid block of earth formed into a cohesive whole? Almost as though all the smaller planets that would have made it up were fused into one?

Leonel had spent so much time thinking about Stars that he missed the obvious, the very land beneath his feet.

Then he remembered something Anastasia had said to him earlier. Back when he wanted to see what was down below the Fifth Dimension Urbe Ore Mine they had targeted, she said that she couldn't go too far down because it would alert the world's World Spirit.

The pieces came together one after another and it seemed to make sense.

The earth wasn't like everything else, it was almost like a shield of protection and the very foundation of protection that kept others from casually messing with the World Spirit that held everything together.

As for why Raj could casually create and form earth, wasn't it because of the truth of Ability Indexes? Weren't the roots of Ability Indexes the Second Dimension? Or in other words, the Life State?

The earth all around Leonel was filled with the influence of the World Spirit. All earth was filled with its influence. The earth was the foundation of all worlds, and if it could be casually manipulated, then wouldn't the world only be a few steps away from losing its own life?

But now, Leonel was able to strip that influence away, replacing it with his own influence, his own life, his own vitality, and as a result, it listened to him as though it was he who created it in the first place.

It was akin to becoming an Earth Sovereign, but in an entirely roundabout way.

'Stars... time... space... fire... earth...'

Leonel sat in a trance for a long time, sparks of raging lightning flashing across his mind.

Anastasia had said no one understood time and space more than she did.... The Stars were impetus of life... earth was the foundation... fire... its symbolism could be found everywhere, it wasn't just about heat at all, that was a function fulfilled by the Stars. The heat wasn't what it represented.

The first invention... prometheus... Weapon Forces... the kernel of human ingenuity...

Leonel's mind moved so quickly that he jumped from idea to idea, his comprehension of certain things rising by leaps and bounds.

To an outside observer, it was hard to link the things he was thinking about. At some point, he no longer even thought in words, shifting through pictures and images, each one flashing by for a shorter and shorter period of time. And it all culminated in one thought.

'The irony... the irony that the representation of human ingenuity, the kernel of creation that kick-started human invention... would be replaced by the incarnation of Destruction...'

It wasn't just that the pinnacle of Fire Force was represented by Destruction, but also that it was made up of Light Force and Star Force as well.

Light Force would always be stereotypically on the side of good. Star Force was the driving force behind creation itself.

And yet all three Forces-Light, Fire and Star-had come together to destroy?

The wild thoughts consumed Leonel. So much so that he didn't even notice as things began to change around him.

His Earth Force reached the Peak of the Impetus State.

His Scarlet Star Force reached the Peak of the Impetus State.

His Vital Star Force reached the Peak of the Impetus State.

His Constellation entered a Common Level of understanding.

His Destruction Sovereignty became True Destruction Sovereignty.

It was an avalanche of clashing comprehensions that only seemed to steamroll as they reached toward the end, building up higher and higher until it seemed that Leonel might explode with insight.

'The God Beasts of Creation created so much that it led to Destruction...'

BOOM.

Leonel's Scarlet Star Force comprehension entered the Life State.

## **Chapter 2506: Hollow**

Leonel's eyes opened with a flash, his presence causing the surrounding region to tremble mightily. However, the frown on his face hadn't vanished.

He could feel the weight of a Life State level of comprehension, and it was heavy. Heavier than he expected.

It wasn't that he felt like he was burning from the inside out. In fact, his Innate Nodes felt more in control than they ever had, and he even felt like he could finally begin using some of their true power.

It was more so that it was like a veil on the world had been lifted and he could feel some of that helplessness that his future self should have felt. He could finally see the top of the mountain, or at the very least, one of them. And yet, it felt so... Hollow.

It should have been an amazing accomplishment. He had done something that only a select few had ever done, and he was probably the first human since King, at least in these Bubble Worlds, to have succeeded in such a thing.

There were probably humans scattered across other Bubbles who lived lives mostly as slaves to much more powerful races. To such Races, if a servant couldn't have at least this level of strength, they weren't worth much of anything at all.

But aside from those poor souls, it could be said that Leonel's accomplishments were the highest of any other human in the lane of comprehension.

It was, indeed, something to be proud about. It was just that he didn't feel that way.

All this time, he had consciously associated his Scarlet Star Force Innate Node with his Destruction Sovereignty. But the truth was that while they were related, they were two separate existences. Meaning, the existence of one didn't necessitate that of the other.

It was instead better to look at them like two wells of power that could form waves, waves that easily fused into one and doubled their sizes or more as a result.

However, his father had implied that the existence of his Scarlet Star Force Innate Node was a result of the Demoness' experiment as well. So it made him wonder... How much of his current path was truly his own?

He had broken free of one shackle and felt that he was finally free, but he hadn't expected for there to be another one hidden within him.

If he hadn't shed the thought that the Scarlet Star Force Innate Node and his Destruction Sovereignty were one entity, what kind of road would he be led down? Would he have fallen right back into that endless rage?

He looked down at his hands and a flickering flames that shimmered like rubies and gold appeared. It was the most beautiful flame he had ever seen, and for once didn't seem to give off an oppressive heat. In fact, it looked happy. Filled with hope and vitality.

It was completely unlike the flame Leonel had come to know all this time. It was pleasing to the eye, it was soothing, caring, even. He didn't even know where his previous thoughts of wrath and destruction had come from...

Wasn't his Scarlet Star Flame a bit adorable?

'And maybe that's why it's so dangerous...' Leonel had come to retroactively understand something that other Scarlet Star Force wielders only came to understand only after they stepped into the Creation State.

This docile, adorable little flame... Was maybe the most dangerous existence in the world.

Leonel flipped his palm and his wrist moved like a wave. Then, he gripped at the air.

Suddenly, his flickering flame became a solid spear.

Unlike his Emulation Spatial Force, his Scarlet Star Force didn't rely on his Dream Force to create. It relied on his comprehension instead.

This spear was more powerful than any spear he could craft, that much he was certain of. It was as powerful as his Middle Impetus State Sovereign Spear Force could match.

'And if you use them together...' Leonel's other hand descended onto the spear's shaft. A light of silver and gold fused with the ruby and gold.



The spear went from two meters long to almost two and a half. Its power doubled and space itself trembled around it.

When his Scarlet Star Force and his Emulation Spatial Force were used together, one carrying the intention of the world and the other carrying the intention of Leonel himself, their power was far more than just the sum of their parts... And it was in the power of Creation that the strongest Destruction came.

Never would Leonel have thought that his Scarlet Star Force was meant to be used in this way. But now that he did, it just felt so natural.

Even then, this was probably just the simplest and most straightforward way to make use of it. The fundamental ability of his Scarlet Star Force could be described in a single word... Potential.

The thing was that as much as it could use Potential to fuel itself and create something beautiful... in doing so it would be stripping Potential away from something else.

When that Potential came from Leonel, he could control it, rein it in. It was his Innate Nodes after all, it was his power. Within certain limits, it could no longer harm him.

However, when that Potential was snatched from others... Leonel pointed a finger up and the sturdy ground was ripped to shreds as a pillar of ruby-gold flames shot into the skies like a beacon. It tore through over 50 meters of hard earth as though it was absolutely nothing.

With a step, Leonel appeared on the surface once again, his expression calm as he sensed the demons rushing toward his location.

His spear swept across the ground and countless stones of earth erupted upward. Each one was easily over 20 meters tall and flickering with flames that could make the heart tremble.

The tip of Leonel's spear vibrated and he thrust it forward.

The walls of earth suddenly shot down from the skies like streaking meteors.

## **Chapter 2507: Target Dummies**

The Bull Demons in the vicinity felt a sense of danger they hadn't felt in a very long time. No, it was the kind of danger they had only ever sensed from the Sun and Moon Demons that they could only follow. Their fear didn't change anything. Their bodies exploded one after another, the heat of the flames so high that many of them directly burned to death even before the meteors of earth even landed.

Leonel's spear spun in his hand. It snapped into place in his palms and curved in a graceful arc. A concentrated scythe of Spear Force, attached with a hint of something otherworldly, took shape and rushed forward.

The instant the meteors landed, they were all sliced in half, anyone lost in an explosive retreat unable to react. They lost their lives without even truly understanding what had happened.

BOOM.

Amidst the explosions, Khelgis and Adu landed, along with Alys, Oriza, and Larkan.

Their eyes opened wide, unable to understand this sheer level of destruction. It had to be understood that even their Ninth Dimensional experts couldn't cause so much devastation to the land. Complete Worlds were far too sturdy, and even cracking the earth was incomparably difficult.

But Leonel had cut slabs out of the ground and even used them as weapons. And yet, at the same time, they were absolutely certain that his power output was less than that of a Ninth Dimensional expert by quite a large margin.

How could both things be true?

BOOM.

The second halves of the sliced meteors crashed into the ground, kicking up a wall of wind that blew their hair back.

Leonel's spear rested before him, pointed slightly toward the ground and hanging loosely from his hand.

This was without a doubt the strongest spear he had ever used. It wasn't just the compatibility with him, but just in terms of raw grade.

Leonel had yet to parse the differences between Life Grade treasures, though he was sure they existed. What he did know, though, was the fact that there wasn't a single spear in the Spear Domain ring that was a match for the blade in his hand right this moment.

How could the shoddy Craftsmanship of the Godlens match up to the greatest flame in existence?

'I was getting really tired of running and hiding...' Leonel thought to himself. Though he was looking at the demons that must have been at least a kilometer away from him, he still seemed to be looking right through them, as though their existence wasn't what he was after, but rather what they represented instead.

Target dummies.

Leonel vanished. The world that had suppressed his Spatial Force a great deal before was sliced apart as though it didn't exist. He crossed an entire kilometer in an instant, appearing before Oriza.

The Bull Demon's eyes widened. Her veins bulged across her body, and she subconsciously swung her pair of battle axes down with all her might. But...

"[Domain]."

"[Universe]."

Her body completely froze in place, her Forces vanishing into the ether. She could only watch as the spear stabbed into her three times in quick succession, a raging flame bursting out of each wound as her veins became akin to a well-oiled rope. Her body was burnt to ash as runways of speeding flames rushed about, connecting and intertwining with one another in an almost beautiful symphony of sorts.

By the time she fell into the wind, nothing more than cascading wisps of ash, Leonel had already appeared before his next victim.

The combination of spearmanship, the oppression of his weapon, and the strength of his Forces cut down demon after demon. All the while, a pair of techniques seemingly lost to humankind for generations flourished on this battlefield once again, stripping the once mighty demons of their right to retaliate in kind.

Alysa's eyes glowed, making an attempt to attack Leonel's mind. But the latter didn't even look at her.

Her nose burst with a rain of blood, and soon, even though Leonel wasn't even within a hundred-meter vicinity of her, that caught fire as well. Her head burst into a torch of flames and her screams, if heard by any survivors, would haunt their nightmares for years to come.

Leonel's flame wasn't just in the palm of his hands. His flames were potential itself, his potential. There wasn't a single part of him that could be attacked without facing their wrath.

Attacking his mind was like throwing herself into the fire of her own accord. Whatever thoughts she had of subduing a strong-willed man, quite literally, went up in flames.

"ALYSA!"

A roar came from a male Lust Demon. Unlike the others, he had a pair of horns growing out of his head and seemed to be birthed from the union of a Lust and Bull Demon. It

was hard to tell how he was treated as a result of that, but at the very least, he seemed to be a fusion of raw power and mental strength.

It didn't matter.

Leonel's spear cut across the air and a scythe of Spear Force vanished across space, appearing before the Lust Demon in an instant.

His roar had barely left his throat when he was bisected along a diagonal line.

And then there were two.

Leonel hadn't left Khelgis and Adu alone because he feared them. Even before his breakthrough, he hadn't feared them. He had escaped a city surrounded by Ninth Dimensional experts and a formation that even said experts themselves couldn't hope to break through.

What right did they have to make him feel fear?

No, he left them until last because this way, he could fight to his heart's content without worry about outside interference.

By now, Khelgis seemed to have calmed down, but the orbs of red that were his eyes smoldered with a little something extra. At the same time, a chilly wind came from Adu, a bluish fog coming from her.

"Come on."

Leonel pointed his spear at the two.

## **Chapter 2508: Beautiful. Regal. Powerful.**

Leonel's spear steadied itself. Even given its heft, its body was completely still, almost like a pool of calm waters. And then the dance began.

Khelgis' and Adu's eyes opened wide. A keen sense of danger took hold of their hearts, gripping them so tightly that it felt as though a hand had ripped into their chests and squeezed down.

"Defend!" Khelgis roared.

His palms slammed into Adu's. A large combustion of bronze-brass and silver energies took form, shaping into a sphere that rotated like a marble of yin and yang.

Leonel's first spear exploded on its surface, and yet it blew the two back. The two thought that it was over, but it was just the beginning.

Leonel's spear danced in his palms, a large amount of Universal Force descending. It even felt like with every swipe of the blade through the air, the world itself was being pulled in the directions Leonel willed.

If one looked outside the well of Leonel's influence, a larger and larger vacuum was being formed, a region where Force's concentration seemed to plummet.

Then came the Stars.

The first appeared on the tip of the blade, gliding across the air like a shooting star. It was a delicate streak of silver, buffeted by the oppressive spear of red, gold, and silver it was born from.

Leonel's stance changed, and the star lingered in the air as a new one was given the spark of life.

It was gorgeous.

One star after another, gliding through the air and forming a pattern that stunned the mind and froze the soul.

It was akin to a star map of the universe. The sun in the skies seemed to dim, and darkness descended onto the region. Every streak was more powerful than the last, and every swing of the blade pushed Khelgis and Adru further and further back.

BANG. BANG. BANG!

The sphere of yin and yang began to crack. If not for the large amount of Force the both of them were pouring into it, it would have already collapsed after the first few strikes.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Streaks of Spear Force filled the skies. It looked as though countless rockets were being launched from Leonel's half of the battlefield. He completely controlled the situation, his mighty oppression suppressing the pair of Sun and Moon Demons.

Sometimes his blade was swift, sometimes it was heavy, at other times, it reminded one of a mountain that stood the test of time, and at other times it was like a wild forest fire that burned bright, but only for a short time.

Khelgis didn't have the words. It was simply the most beautiful spear he had ever seen. Power aside, Leonel was without a doubt the greatest spear master he had ever laid eyes on.

Better than the warriors of the Sun Demons. Better than his master. Better than even his own father.

It was suffocating.

BOOM.

The sphere cracked, and the duo were sent flying.

Leonel's spear rose high into the air. So much power was fused within it; it looked as though it might collapse. It cracked at the edges, its blade trembling until it was forcefully steadied beneath Leonel's will.

The reality was that the true strength of the Life State wasn't something that Leonel's body could withstand. He couldn't even use the full power of his Higher Impetus State Dream Force, let alone a Life State offensive Force like Scarlet Star Force.

However, for just a short time, in exchange for this beautiful spear dance, he could tap into just a small percentage of it.

'Run.'

The thought consumed Khelgis. He no longer hesitated. Grabbing onto Adu's hand, he pulled out a treasure and immediately crushed it.

Leonel's spear descended.

...

The region was the Vast Bubble.

The Vast Bubble was the only one of the worlds that was not named after the family that ruled it, and the reason for that was quite obvious. It was instead the name of the Dream Pavilion, the true center of human power.

On this day, it became the center of attention.

Large waves of Dream Force spread out in all directions, but all the common people could focus on was the confrontation in the skies.

On one side, there were the Four Great Families and some members of the Dream Pavilion.

On the other, there was a cast of Demons that seemed to suffocate the world in whirlwinds of harsh heat and bone-tingling cold.

"The Human Race is finished," a Sun Demon with hair of fire that stood straight up spoke. His skin reflected like brass beneath his own flames, and his voice boomed, "hand over the treasure, and we might give you an avenue of survival."

Clarence sneered. These fools had no idea what the Dream Pavilion was. Without passing the test to enter the Dream Pavilion, you couldn't partake even if you wanted to.

He had half a mind to let them do so just so he could watch them lose their minds to Dream Force, but Clarence knew that even if these experts of the Sun and Moon Demons died, the gap between them and the Human Race was so large that the ending would still be the same.

Meaning, if they enraged these Demon Races, they would just die faster. It was better if they maintained this odd limbo for a bit longer.

Just when he was about to say something, all of their expressions changed.

"Master! Save us!" A roar came as a portal was torn open.

It was like a large wheel of Spatial Force had appeared in the skies, and through it, a pair of Sun and Moon Demon lovers quickly flew through. But the fear in their eyes didn't vanish in the slightest.

A tingling sense of danger filled the hearts of all of them as they saw the spear strike.

Beautiful. Regal.

Powerful.

The Sun Demon that had just been sneering took action immediately, a spear appearing in his hands as he swung down.

"[Finality]."

The words were soft and yet they reached all of their ears with the ease of a gentle breeze.

The Sun Demon was pushed back, his spear splintering as though it was made of cheap wood. His body was enveloped by the strike before anyone could even react.

The portal closed, but not before everyone caught the glimpse of an arrogant young man wielding a spear of ruby, silver, and gold.

His spear slowly lowered as he met each one of their gazes, especially that of Anselma Brazinger.

When he vanished, their gazes trembled as they landed on the Sun Demon.

Half of his upper body was gone, his beating heart clearly visible from the gaping wound on his side.

He could barely stay in the skies, coughing and wheezing as blood drizzled down his chin.

Flames licked at his wounds, trying to char him to ash. If not for his powerful vitality, he would have already died.

Khelgis looked at this scene, the horror of his expression clear for all to see. How had his mighty master ended up in such a state at the hands of a mere Fifth Dimensional expert?

Violet blood drizzled to the ground, each drop playing on their hearts.

## **- Chapter 2509: Scram**

### **Chapter 2509: Scram**

Xagu was a man that had stood at the pinnacle of Sun Demon Society for hundreds of years. He had an unblemished record and it could be said that he was a meteoric star from the time he was born. The only man to ever outshine him was the current Patriarch of their race, Urgan-a man that hadn't even cared enough about the proceedings to appear on this day.

And yet, here he was, floating in a half-dead state. It was hard to tell if, even with his overwhelming vitality, he'd live or die.

The demons were a bit late to react, but another Ninth Dimensional expert eventually rushed forward in an attempt to help, but he was blasted backward.

"Don't touch me!" Xagu growled.



The Sun Demon steadied himself somewhat embarrassedly, but he also didn't dare to show any discontent either. Even in this state, the place Xagu held in their hearts was far too high.

Xagu suddenly unleashed a roar and a large amount of blood spurted out in all directions. This blood carried with it small tufts of flame that fell into the city below. The carnage it caused was not small, and the human experts frowned as it was their own people suffering now. But they had to maintain this defensive barrier or else who knew what might happen?

Xagu hacked and wheezed, his body swaying in the air. Of all those here, he was the one who could least believe what had just happened to him. Although he was a bit careless, it shouldn't have mattered even if he was snoring before a Fifth Dimensional expert, how could they possibly harm a hair on his head? The only ones that could do such a thing were the children of Gods, and that bastard most definitely not one.

Coughing, hacking and wheezing, Xagu barely managed to stabilize himself after several minutes. But the red orbs that were his eyes were blazing with fury.

He was a man of flames, and yet flames had harmed him. He was an expert of the spear, and yet a spear had almost killed him.

This was the greatest humiliation that he had ever faced in his lifetime.

He turned toward the humans with a sneer.

"I see this is how the Human Race likes to do things."

The Four Great Families, and the old man of the Dream Pavilion who looked like he had just been plucked out of a fairytale, couldn't help but frown.

They had nothing to do with that young man, and they had no idea how he had gathered up so much power, but they knew that even if they explained that much, it would be entirely meaningless.

How were they going to explain that such a genius had nothing to do with them? Even if by some miracle they managed to do it, wouldn't that just make them more of a laughing stock?

"Not everything is as it seems," the old man with the long beard bristled. He was known as Deputy Gemmes, a man known for his temper despite his somewhat adorable appearance.

Xagu didn't say a word. Logically, if this was a plan of the humans, they should be attacking to finish the deal now, but it was clear and obvious that none of them had such

intentions. That made it somewhat clear that this truly had nothing to do with them, but that only made it more amusing.

He would crush this genius. He's like to see if-

BANG.

The moment Xagu turned his back on the humans, Clarence attacked. It came with such force and such surprise that Xagu couldn't even react.

He was so arrogant that he had turned his back on his enemies even when his heart was exposed to them all. Clarence only hesitated for a moment before he rushed forward, shattering his heart and ripping it out of his chest.

Clarence didn't even look back toward his fellow humans. If they couldn't see the situation for what it was right now, they had no right to be the so-called last bastion of the Human Race.

After Xagu left here, he would go heal himself. Then he would go all out in his assaults and become their living nightmare. Worst yet, he would go all out to kill Leonel.

There were times to take a step back, and then there were times to move forward without hesitation. This was one of those times.

"Clarence!" Gemmes roared.

Hearing this familiar agitated voice, Clarence didn't even react. Instead, he grabbed Khelgis and Adu, both of whom had been under Xagu's protection.

"I suggest the rest of you scram, now. Or else I'll kill these two right here. I wonder how your mighty Patriarch would react to the death of his son and daughter-in-law?"

The Sun and Moon Demons froze, feeling a cold chill warp their spines.

They knew that they couldn't allow this. If Xagu and Khelgis died, even if the Human Race did suffer later, it would be they who suffered first. But at the same time, if they allowed Khelgis to be captured, would their punishment be any different?

Clarence suddenly squeezed Adu's throat. She began to struggle, her face turning white, then blue. Her legs kicked at the air and her body began to shudder.

An expert like her could last quite a while without air, but her brain couldn't surface without a flow of blood and Force. The longer she stayed like this, the worse it would become.

When this didn't make the experts scam, Clarence sneered and began to do the same with Khelgis.

The group of Sun and Moon Demons shuddered before rushing toward the distance. They didn't stop until they were outside of city limits, but they didn't take their eyes off of Clarence, their gazes burning with a fiery hatred.

They knew that no matter what, some of them would suffer for this. The question was... which of them was going to return to inform Urgan of this news?

## **Chapter 2510: Selfish**

When Clarence finally looked back, he found the full brunt of the Human Race bearing down on him. They were, unsurprisingly, enraged. However, his expression was just the same.

He had already resigned himself to death the moment he submitted the Vast Dream Pavilion for the Challenge. He acted without scruples, and while he wouldn't harm the Human Race on purpose, he also wouldn't needlessly hold back due to cowardice either.

"Do you have any idea what you've just done, Clarence?" Gemmes' eyes were entirely red. It seemed that he was using all the self-control he had to not attack this man he had known for centuries.

Clarence sneered. "Why does it seem like you're more mad at me than you've ever been at those Demons? Why are you trying to hold yourself back so much now? You seemed to be so calm just minutes ago while they were spitting in our faces."

"You-!"

"Oh, I get it. You're not holding back because of me at all; it's because of these little kiddies in my hand, right? Even now, you give more respect to these children than you do your own race. How about some self-reflection, coward!"

Clarence's Dream Force ripped through the atmosphere, and his calm expression gave way to his own fury.

"You're still so selfish."

The words came from a calm woman with a head of green hair and sparkling green eyes. She spoke quite softly.

This woman was of the Crudus family and of the same status as Imperatress Anselma: Ymesmai Crudus.

Clarence shuddered slightly when he heard this woman's words. But after giving her a glance, he didn't say anything else and simply took a step and vanished.

What was done was done. If they wanted to kill him, they were free to try. He was going to face off against the true experts of Existence very soon; he didn't give a damn about what challenges these people might try to bring him.

"The Dream Pavilion will be holding a world-wide exam starting in three days' time. Those that feel they have an affinity for Dream Force, feel free to come. All transportation fees will be handled by the Pavilion."

The voice echoed across the human Bubble Worlds, the booming echo of a Ninth Dimensional expert drowning out everything else.

...

Leonel looked up into the skies, hearing this voice much like everyone else. He had already been planning on going, but now the situation was more than just a little bit hairy.

He hadn't attacked with the intention of harming or even killing that man; he had just appeared out of nowhere, forcing Leonel to use [Finality] at the last moment. Had he not, the portal might have stayed open for long enough for the man to counterattack.

As far as Leonel was concerned, if he had to choose between offending one more enemy and his life, the answer was obvious. Plus, he had already offended so many people, why should he give a damn?

He didn't know what happened afterward, but he did recognize that world. That should have been the Vast Bubble, meaning he was correct about the Demons having congregated over there.

A surge of power caught Leonel's attention.

He looked over to find Little Tolly rushing out the ground, a spark of strength coming from him. Leonel could feel that the little guy had just entered the Quasi Seventh Dimension. One more half step and he would enter the True Seventh Dimension.

However, though this sounded like a small change, for Tolliver, this was nothing short of huge. Every step forward it took was worth far more than anyone else's. Which was why not only had it come out from the ground, but it had also come with a billion kilograms of Ninth Dimensional Reinforced Urbe Ore.

Leonel grinned. "Worth it."

He rushed over and put a hand on it, sending it into the Segmented Cube.

"Perfect, now I just somehow have to figure out how to do the same for the Evolution Ore... Anastasia, throw this Ore into the ocean for me."

"Got it."

Leonel had gotten into a habit of doing this with all the Ore he got from this world. He had a feeling that not all Ore was created equal. Depending on the world it came from, it could be tainted. That was why some Bronze Grade weapons were far stronger than others, though part of that was also a Craftsman's skill.

Anastasia, though, would be his great equalizer. He didn't have to worry about low-quality Ores because of her Cleansing Waters.

By the time he was ready to use the Reinforced Urbe Ore, it would be on the same level as Reinforced Urbe Ore that came from exceptionally high-level worlds.

"Anastasia, I feel that I can protect myself to some extent now. Ignore all restrictions except for those in the Demon Bubbles. I need you to find me as many Fourth Dimensional Mine Cores as possible. I want a map of them all. I'll make a plan starting from there."

Leonel heard Anastasia hum her understanding.

It wasn't that Leonel felt that he could defeat a Ninth Dimensional expert. While Khelgis and Adu had been held back by his spear dance, a real Ninth Dimensional expert, or even an Eighth Dimensional one, could have closed in the distance long before he finished it.

However, given the tools he had in his arsenal, he was confident in his ability to escape, or at least keep enough of a distance so that Anastasia could ramp up to her top speed.

In that situation, Leonel felt he could be a bit more reckless with alerting others.

'That strike would have definitely been able to outright kill a human expert. They are lucky that a Sun Demon took it on for them.'

Leonel sneered. He felt that the time he would get back at these people for what they had put him through wasn't far off at all.

"I have a map ready here," Anastasia's voice came a few hours later.

## Chapter 2511: Golden Force and Death Force

Given what Leonel knew about his Unnamed Lineage Factor, he also knew that his Metal Body would no longer be the exact same, and neither would his Divine Armors, for that matter.

He had an idea of where he would take his Divine Armor, but he still needed some time to refine it. He also wasn't sure if he had the skill necessary to execute it just yet either, but that wouldn't stop him from implementing his plan for his Metal Body either.

Ultimately, it was wrong to still call it his Metal Body. Leonel felt that a more accurate representation of what it was would be a Vital Body, or maybe a Nature's Body? Regardless, he definitely wasn't limited to just Ores, and it also wasn't just flames either.

If he wanted, he could be a lot like the Florer family and absorb high-level Force Herbs, or ancient trees, anything of the sort.

Honestly, this wasn't too surprising for Leonel. The reality was that his Metal Body had already been quite flexible already if he thought about it.

Ores were the foundation for all sorts of elements. Ultimately, Earth Force was just the foundation that allowed them to flourish, but there were Wind Type Ores, Fire Type Ores, Lightning Type Ores, all sorts of elements and variables existed.

When Leonel thought about this, he felt a bit silly that he didn't recognize just how special Earth Force was in the past. It was the foundation that allowed everything to exist. There was a reason that in the depths of space, there was Force at all. While Stars, they could only produce Star Force. This was a fuel that allowed for life, but it wasn't life itself.

Earth Force couldn't be said to be life either, but it was special nonetheless.

That was why Leonel chose to look at it a different way.

It wasn't that he had suddenly gained the ability to absorb all sorts of new elements; he had always been able to. It could even be said that his Metal Body was never really a Metal Body at all; it was just a vessel that could accept any and all things.

If there were any changes, it would be that he had gained the ability to incorporate Organic materials as well. He had blurred the line between Organic and Inorganic, not just in terms of exterior items, but also his body itself.

Just this comprehension alone made his body easily twice as powerful as it had been in the past, and that was without him even absorbing a single ore.

The Earth Force aspect didn't represent that he could absorb Ores; it represented his foundation.

The Fire Force aspect didn't represent that he could absorb fires; it represented how he could mold and forge his own potential.

Together, they gave him a flexibility that they didn't have alone, not to mention an endless amount of potential that he could take advantage of.

That was why, looking at this map of Mine Cores, Leonel stood in silence for a long while, his mind calculating several potential outcomes.

In a way, his body had now become no less flexible than his Divine Armor. In fact, it might even be difficult to draw a line between them as their existences had become much more fluid.

So the question was... What route should he take?

He already had so many affinities. He didn't really feel the need to boost any one of them. Again and again, his mind drifted to the very same matter.

'The Northern Star Lineage Factors. I can't forget them, but using them in public is also highly dangerous considering how much hatred the Human Race has brought upon itself.

'Following a new path is also not smart for me. I need to be more like Aina, doing my best to bring everything down a single, powerful road, well-trodden by my feet. That's the way to becoming a true powerhouse.'

In that case, there was really only one path for Leonel to take, and that was to focus on using his Metal Body to amplify, bolster and strengthen his Northern Star Lineage Factor. Both halves of them.

Right now, he had the second highest state of both halves, that being the Golden Tiger, for the Light Side, and the Death Pulse Deer, for the Dark Side.

Leonel already had an advantage others didn't have. Because he had both halves, when he activated them at the same time, they were already hard to recognize. He didn't know if there were any other Envoys that had ever managed to fuse the two in the past, because the side of Creation and the side of Destruction should have been at loggerheads.

However, there was no harm in being a little extra cautious, especially when he was on his own in this world.

The Death Pulse Deer used Death Force, Dark Force and Star Force.

The Golden Tiger used Golden Force, Light Force and Star Force.

If Leonel had been there when a certain Spirituals Prince stole his father's Innate Node, he would have recognized it to be the very same Golden Force that the Golden Tiger used.

It was known as the strongest piercing force in the world, a fusion of Light Force, Spatial Force, Star Force and Variant Earth Force. This Variant Earth Force was the purest form of metal there was.

Death Force had a lot of overlap with his Destruction Sovereignty and the abilities of his father's technique [Final Destruction].

Likewise, Golden Force had a lot of overlap with his weapon Forces.

The question was how to use them both in a way where they didn't clash or become redundant, but rather amplified one another and played to one another's strengths.

And then, he had to take those ideas and distill them down into a form that could be used to amplify his body.

He looked through the map again and again. Although this was a weak world, all things told. When it came to the selection of Fourth Dimensional materials, it shouldn't be much weaker than any other world.

'I think I've got it...' Leonel thought.

## **Chapter 2512: [Bonus] Enough**

[Bonus chapter courtesy of Firemonster <3 1/6]

Clarence rose to the skies and entered the realm of the Dream Pavilion again. He casually threw Khelgis and Adu to the side. Quite frankly, he doubted it would matter whether he killed these two now or not, but in the territory of the Dream Pavilion, they wouldn't be able to do much of anything.

The Dream Force here was so dense that it was practically a debuff for anyone who stepped onto these clouds. If you couldn't protect your mind, you could even end up dying. It seemed that these two youngsters knew that well, or at the very least, they had figured it out. Because the moment they sensed the assault of Dream Force, they forgot everything else and entered a state of deep meditation.



For most people, unless you had a Life State Force or another method of protecting your mind, stepping into the Dream Pavilion was as good as being forced into a permanent unconsciousness for the rest of your life.

This was part of the reason that Clarence had acted without hesitation.

Of course, the odds that Urlgan had a Life State Force was probably quite high. But this passive Dream Force was just the least of what the Dream Pavilion had to protect itself.

If not for the fact that most people who stepped in here would turn into vegetables, the Dream Pavilion would be the perfect place to host what remained of the Human Race.

'Now, it seems that waiting is all we have left to do...' Clarence stood before a small floating cloud that had countless dots spread across it. These dots were the teleportation platforms he had spread, or more accurately, activated.

These teleportation platforms had been around for a very long time and could be said to be a hallmark of the former glory of the Human Race.

They had been shut down many generations ago because the number of Dream Force experts, and the number of people who could protect themselves from the Dream Pavilion's Domain, had dwindled to the point that they no longer mattered.

Now, however, he had activated this system once again. All that was left was to wait.

There would no doubt be many who sent themselves to death because of his words, but he couldn't spare the sympathy for these people. At best, he could respect them for the attempt, even if it was made in ignorance.

He closed his eyes and fell into his thoughts. These next few days to weeks would feel like an eternity to him.

...

"Explain it to me!" Anselma roared. Blood ran down the corner of her mouth due to the exertion, but she didn't seem to notice it at all. She didn't care how agitated her inner organs became; she just wanted a damn answer.

But she didn't receive one.

The three remaining members of the Four Great Families that had acted with her, including Ymesmai, didn't say a word. Even when it seemed like she might truly go berserk, they couldn't bring themselves to care at all.

Toward this reaction, Anselma laughed, almost a little too heartily. It didn't sound like a dark laughter at all, but it was rather a deep belly laugh.

"Come, come. Look down on me more. Show me more of your true faces."

"Anselma." The man of the Adurna family barked, his blue hair and eyes shimmering.  
"That's enough."

Anselma sneered. "When King was alive, you three wouldn't even dare to look me in the eyes. But now you've grown a pair of balls, huh? Gavinus?!"

Gavinus sneered. "I suggest you say less; you're embarrassing yourself."

"That's what you said when I insisted on stepping out to go and confirm if that child was dead, and how did it end? That strike could have killed any one of you. You're lucky the Sun Demon dealt with it, or else you would have gone to the afterlife feeling nothing but regret for having called me crazy."

Gavinus' jaw clenched and the others fell into silence. But soon, he seemed to recover as his sneer deepened.

"Have you had enough, now?"

Anselma's crimson gaze flared up again, but she managed to control herself when she felt that the gazes of the three surrounding her were truly all the same.

Now that she thought about it, all four that had gone at that time should be just as heavily injured as her, but she was the only one running around while sporting all these injuries. The other three had focused on recuperating, even sending these three as representatives of them.

In this situation, she was at a clear disadvantage.

She had always seen the Four Great Families as one unit, which was why she didn't really have her guard up. Although there was a lot of infighting, especially between the Brazingers and the Adurnas, it never crossed that line.

But there was something about the expressions of these three that made her feel like this might be in the past.

"Are you three trying to gang up on me?"

"No."

This time, it was Ymesmai who spoke. Clearly, she wanted to cut the Adurna man off before he made the situation worse.

"However, Anselma, we need to make something clear. A lot of the ongoings have been pulled along by you and King. We do not care who you sleep with, and I can understand if Adam Renier's-

"Don't you dare say that name in front of me!" Anselma snapped. The dangerous light in her eyes had returned and she was truly like a caged animal by this point.

"-if his betrayal led you into a tailspin. However, enough time has passed and it's time for you to let go."

"Are you all crazy? You think any of this still has to do with him?!"

"Of course it does. Would you have fallen so deeply for King if not because of these matters? You let a Dream Force expert manipulate you so thoroughly, so much so that you forgot what our four families exist for in the first place."

## **Chapter 2513: [Bonus] Prophecies**

[Bonus chapter courtesy of Firemonster <3 2/6]

Anselma was finding it harder and harder to control her emotions. They were quickly spiraling out of control.

She knew at this point that it was her bloodline influencing her the most. The madness of the Brazinger family was something that was well documented, and she knew well of the trouble it could bring. But these people were making it very hard.

"Our three families are very unhappy with you, is the bottom line, Anselma. Because of you, we threw away our own experts-

"How was I supposed to know that he was so powerful?! Did I not go and risk myself as well?!"

"And that's the only reason we haven't turned on you. It's obvious to us all that you were manipulated. At worst, that man was a variable we all had to take into account, but the only person he truly threatened was King. What's the difference between one King or one Velasco ruling over our heads? Is it not the same?

"It's only because your man feared for his life that he sent us down to deal with him, and look at the result.

"Four of our best experts are heavily injured and we lost two of the best protectors humanity had on top of that when we could have made due with just the loss of one."

"That's enough!" Anselma snapped.

"No. It's not." Ymesmai continued just as calmly. "I will remind you why our families exist. It's not to be the pawns of the humans, or whatever demons might be lurking behind them and pulling their puppet strings. Our one goal has been and will always be to survive. That it is. Nothing more, nothing less. Even if it means sacrificing the rest of the Human Race to do so, we must survive.

"Now this entire situation is spiraling out of control and you're at the center of it.

"None of us know why that young man is so powerful, but what we do know is that you've made him our enemy not because of a logical decision, but because you shared a bed with the wrong person. You put us in this compromised position, and you need to remember that before you go around trying to show off your strength everywhere you go."

Anselma's chest rose and fell, but she didn't have a rebuttal.

Survive.

That was the very same directive they had all been given. They were the last hope of the Human Race, and one day this investment would come in handy.

As for what they were waiting for, none of them knew. But they knew the importance of waiting. It was a prophecy even more important than any before it. Of which, there were six, each one written on a different tablet, and of which, two were intimately familiar to Leonel.

... The Violet winds rise North ..... A Union of Light and Darkness will reveal the Twelve-Pointed Star ...

This prophecy, though, was more important than all of them. That was because it didn't come from a Bronze Tablet or the unknown Tablet the first came from... it came from a Tablet locked in a Holy ground shared by the Four Great Families together...

A Tablet that radiated a rainbow of colors and looked to be carved of diamond.

The only Life Grade Tablet in existence.

The only thing that could force Anselma to come off her high horse and listen to the words of these three... three people she felt were wholly beneath her.

"The Godlens have begun making moves we don't understand. The Dream Pavilion has suddenly unleashed something that is beyond our comprehension. It's time the Four Great Families make a move of their own. This cannot continue like this."

...

Urlgan was a man of few words. He only spent his time doing three things.

Fucking women. Training. And eating.

He had no patience for anything else; of these three endeavors, he spent the most time on the middle pursuit.

Except for his son.

Who was a man without an Heir? Even though he was the hand that held up the skies for both the Sun and Moon Demons, every man was aware of their mortality. Unless he could one day reach that legendary level, he would one day perish one way or another.

"Where is Xagu?" Urlgan said calmly.

This question didn't seem to make sense given he had just been given a report of what happened. But the Sun and Moon Demons looked toward one another.

"He has begun to gather," one said slowly.

"How many years?" Urlgan asked again.

"At this pace, if Your Majesty is unwilling to help him, it will take about 200 years before he is resurrected."

"Wastrel," Urlgan said coldly. "Give his Essence to a worthy Eighth Dimensional expert."

The Sun and Moon Demons shuddered. This was essentially cosigning Xagu to a true death, but did they dare to levy a rebuttal?

It had to be remembered that upon reaching the Ninth Dimension, True Death could only be prematurely triggered by an act of a Regulator or one surpassing a Regulator.

Clarence had clearly not done either, which meant that given enough time, Xagu would come back to life.

But Urlgan said that the second most powerful expert of the Sun Demons was a wastrel, so much so that he would rather give his Essence to someone who couldn't break into the Ninth Dimension on their own than allow the man to resurrect.

If it took Xagu over 200 years to come back, he would be beyond his prime and progressing would be incredibly difficult, but he would still have a chance. He was already so close to the Life State to begin with.

Plus, weren't Xagu and Urlgan childhood friends? How could he be so callous?

In the end, the mighty Xagu, who could rule a cardinal direction in his prime, lost his last chance at life just like this. Maybe even in his death, he could have never imagined that it would be his closest friend who would toss him to the side like trash.

## Chapter 2514: [Bonus] Obey

[Bonus chapter courtesy of Firemonster <3 3/6]

'A Fifth Dimensional expert who can strike to kill the likes of Xagu.'

The thoughts of Urlgan were much different than what his actions dictated. He was calm and calculating. As for why he had sacrificed Xagu, it was because he didn't have the patience to deal with the matter.

If he gave up a substantial amount of resources, he might be able to shorten the time to just 10 years, but what good was that?

The amount would be substantial and would put a dent in the coffers of the Empire. The more powerful the Ninth Dimensional expert was, the more expensive it would be.

He was unwilling to pay that price just for the sake of one Xagu. But if he let Xagu resurrect the slow and normal way, a few things would happen.

For one, his people would think him cheap. Or, they would think the Empire to be poor. These were two things he wouldn't allow. He could deal with a loss of an expert, but not a loss to his prestige.

The Demon Race was a Race of savages. They only respected the strong and weakness would not be allowed. He might be the strongest now, but that didn't mean that he would be forever, and it didn't mean his lineage would be able to maintain its strong hold on the Empire either.

It was a better investment to use Xagu as a tool to strike fear. This was the greatest worth he had to Urlgan.

As for Leonel's existence, he didn't take it lightly at all. Much like everyone else, he thought the same thing.

A God's child. Either that, or his was a God Childe. There didn't seem to be any other explanation outside of this.

'In this time of crisis, the humans have produced a God Childe? But he has yet to mature. I'll need to approach this with caution.'

If Urlgan knew how much effort it took for Leonel to output that level of power, he wouldn't hesitate to set out right this moment.

Unfortunately for him, his son and his daughter-in-law, the only two that knew the truth, had been captured by Clarence.

As such, he made the first wrong decision maybe of his entire lifetime. One that he would come to regret a great deal very soon.

\*\* Leonel's path forward was a bit of a tricky one to decipher.

He had all this extra talent given to him by his Lineage Factor, but it was difficult to maximize them normally, not without trying to invest in breathing all these new Forces to the Impetus State as well.

But he already had far too much on his plate. Trying to handle them all at once would just stretch him thinner and thinner.

So he chose a different path.

The Snowy Star Owl had three main aspects to its Lineage Factor: Speed, Wisdom, and Healing.

Healing granted Leonel [Instant Recovery], a great ability to have even now. Though with how deep his vitality was now thanks to his Vital Star Force, it was hard to say that he would ever need it.

Speed spoke for itself. Back then, using his Light Force, he could cross great distances in the blink of an eye. It was largely for this reason he had never had to or bothered to learn a movement technique.

Finally, there was Wisdom. Thanks to it, his Dream Force broke through ahead of time. Back then, he had a mind that surpassed his Dimension, much like he did now.

From what Leonel could tell, Wisdom and Healing were the basic tenets of the Lineage Factor, both Light and Dark Side. Regardless of which of the Envoys he was invoking, they all had this foundation. What was different was the third aspect and how they manifested.

The Light Northern Star manifested Wisdom as a boost to the person; the Dark Side manifested it as an oppression on the world.

For Healing, it was similar. The Light used self-healing. The Dark used steal-healing, often using an enemy's vitality to heal yourself.

When Leonel thought about this dichotomy, it was very similar to his Unnamed Lineage Factor in that there was a give and a take portion. It played well with his strengths.

Then there came the third aspect.

For the Golden Tiger, it was known as the Slaughter Domain. For the Death Pulse Deer, it was known as the Pulse Domain.

Both were ironically perfect killing formations. Both sides, whether Light or Dark, focused on the art of slaying the enemy.

It was a lot. A lot of new abilities, a lot of new thoughts on how to use them, and ultimately, it was too much.

Then, Leonel remembered what his greatest weakness was right now. What was holding him back wasn't just his Dimension, it was the fundamental weakness of the Human Race.

Why was it that he was so powerful when he activated his Dream Asura Lineage Factor? It was because his body was no longer that of a Human. All of the previous limitations were lifted and raised to a level he couldn't fathom.

Something similar happened when he transformed into a Snowy Star Owl, or a Starry Tailed Fox, or... A Death Pulse Deer and a Golden Tiger.

So his goal was simple.

Forget the Domains. Forget the Forces. Forget the techniques and complicated methods of using them. Forget the need for comprehension and the time and pain that would come with doing so.

If his Unnamed Lineage Factor could even force the unruly earth to listen to his commands, why could he not do so with his own body?

If his Ability Index could impose its will onto his body and exhibit perfect control, why not use it?

Why use the Northern Star Lineage Factor the way it was meant to be used at all? Why not use it to forcefully raise the level of his talent? Forcefully raise the ceiling of what his body could handle at every level?

And he already had the perfect pairing of partners to execute that wish.



The Unnamed Lineage Factor on one hand.

His Control Ability Index on the other hand.

It was his body. It was about time it obeyed him.

## **Chapter 2515: [Bonus] His Will**

[Bonus chapter courtesy of Firemonster <3 4/6]

So that was what Leonel did.

He used his Ability Index to take stock of his body, understanding it to the deepest and darkest depths. Then, he used his Unnamed Lineage Factor to take control of those depths, forcing them to accept a breadth of outside power.

They became like a vessel for his strength to leap forward by leaps and bounds.

In a way, he was "devouring" his own body, its potential. Using it as a conduit to cause his basic strength to soar.

He didn't care what it was. So long as it was a Mine Core with some sort of Light, Dark, Star, or any related Force to both sides of his Northern Star Lineage Factor, he devoured it.

All he could think about as he moved was El'Rion.

He could remember the sheer magnitude of his bodily strength. A single drop of his blood could destroy a Void Beast corpse he could hardly put a dent in. His body was so sacred that it refused to bleed even when he lost an arm. His vitality was so powerful that his language alone sounded like the roars of dragons and lions, and the claps of thunder and the strikes of lightning.

That was the body he wanted. He didn't know how far from it he was, but he wanted it.

He could feel that his body was like a bottomless well. It could take more, imposing his will on more, make more his own.

Just the Unnamed Lineage Factor alone was like an insatiable black hole. When the Golden Tiger and the Death Pulse Deer were added to the mix, Leonel's body was truly akin to a brewing storm in a bottle. Lightning alone couldn't crack it.

Every time he swallowed another Mine Core, his body would thrum with excitement. His blood would move faster, his heart thump louder.

The air began to shudder and quake around him as though his body alone had gained a will that imposed itself onto the world.

More. More. More.

Even after absorbing a hundred Mine Cores, he didn't feel anywhere near complete.

Even after a thousand, he felt like he could have far more.

Even after ten thousand, it felt like the world wasn't large enough for him.

His body so far surpassed the levels he had been able to match in the past that it was hard to believe that it was him... and in the Third Dimension at that.

The deeper he went, the more he realized just what kind of insatiable beast he was creating. If even tens of thousands of Mine Cores weren't enough to satisfy him, what would happen in the future.

Right now, he could gather this amount only because he had several worlds at his beck and call and he was only aiming for the weakest mines of them all. At this level, they were so numerous that many remained hidden not because they couldn't be found, but rather because they were worthless to find.

By the time Leonel crossed the hundred thousand mark, his heartbeat had slowed even more considerably. But every time it pumped, his blood would be akin to a tsunami and the sound alone would cause ripples in the air.

The phantom images of a tiger's claws and a deer's majestic antlers projected out from him from time to time. Death Pulse and Golden Force exuded from him not due to his comprehension but almost as though he had become a Mine Core that produced them himself.

As his body grew stronger, so too did his Forces by proxy. He gained more and more access to his strength.

His power doubled, and then doubled again. He suddenly felt that this world was too small for him.

He crossed the 200,000 mark.

Then he crossed the 300,000 mark.

Then the 500,000 mark.

He was completely focused on devouring his next meal, his eyes shifting from orbs of black to the pupils of a roaring tiger.

His hand formed a claw, ripping into the earth and pulling up with a tug so hard that a slab of almost a hundred meters across shot into the skies.

He reached forward, beckoning the Mine Core toward him and devouring it in a single swallow.

At that moment, Leonel exuded the truest aura of a Destruction Sovereign.

The days ticked by, and he became like a maddened beast, zipping around from location to location and moving with a purpose that caused space itself to ripple.

If the Ninth Dimensional experts of the human alliance could see him now, what they would feel the most deeply was fear.

738,928.

That was the number he reached before he felt that his body could no longer take anymore.

It was a perfectly even number, each half being presented to one portion of his Northern Star Lineage Factor.

He found a place and fell into a deep state of meditation. He suppressed the power within him, making it not just an external power-up or one that would dissipate with time but one that was truly his and his alone.

When every breath he took, the thumping of his heart grew more soothing, more controlled, less wild and destructive.

The rushing blood within his veins slowly became a calming stream once more.

He pulled it all in.

It was under his control, not the other way around. Much like he had gained perfect control of the Dream Asura Lineage Factor after purging the influence of the Demoness, he would do the same here. But this time, he would be suppressing the influence of the Golden Tiger and the Death Pulse Deer.

His body wasn't a place where it could rampage about as it pleased. His body would always be under his control, never under anyone else's.

His eyes opened with a flash.

**BANG.**

A crater of several hundred meters appeared around him. This sort of destruction was the kind that even Ninth Dimensional experts couldn't impose onto this world. However, his will trumped all.

'It's time to go to the Dream Pavilion.'

## Chapter 2516: [Bonus] Oliidark

[Bonus chapter courtesy of Firemonster <3 5/6]

Leonel hadn't known what to expect when he came here, but a sea of people was most definitely not one of them.

He had heard Clarence's call to action, but he knew that there were certainly not this number of people with Dream Force affinity.

Plus, Clarence had said three days. Since then, it had already been over a month. Leonel wouldn't come until he was fully ready, but there were still this number of people? Wasn't that a bit too ridiculous?

This should have been the central city of the Vast Bubble. It was a place only the elites of the elites could step into. The population definitely shouldn't be so dense.

The only explanation was that this was the doing of Clarence.

Did he really want this number of people to show up, though?

Leonel didn't know much about the Dream Pavilion, but he knew of the dangers of Dream Force. Just logically speaking, it was impossible that these people wouldn't be left in a state adjacent to death after being foolish enough to come here.

"Look at this. I told you it was getting too ridiculous. Even some Fifth Star brat showed up here. It's making my eyes water just looking at these people."

Hearing this, Leonel was speechless.

He hadn't bothered to hide his identity when he came here, it was useless to do such things before Dream Force experts. He was mostly ready to rely on himself to find out what was going on. He had some contingency plans and he was semi-confident in escaping if he had to.

Well, he was about 70% confident. But it was important enough to him that he was willing to come here on such low odds.

But now he was being looked down upon by some nobody. It almost made him want to laugh.

If he wasn't qualified, then no one else here could possibly be qualified.

He was a Dream Sovereign. There were probably only a handful of such people in the whole of Existence considering how rare Dream Force affinity was just in general.

Leonel didn't even look at the person, he couldn't be bothered to. He just wanted to figure out how he would get this going. He didn't have the patience to wait out here, not after the months he had been building up his anticipation.

"Look, you scared the brat. He didn't even dare to-"

"Can you piss off?" Leonel looked back.

He didn't even put much effort into his voice, and yet it sent the pair flying back, blasting a large, cone-shaped hole in the crowd of people.

"Find something better to do with your time. If you're too scared to go up, just say so. What a waste of air."

Leonel's actions shook many to their core. Immediately, he was given a large berth. No one was willing to come close to him, but that was just fine by him.

He managed to cut through the crowd of people until he reached the front, and he managed to find out what all the hold up was about.

There was a line of people from powerful organizations, some of which he actually recognized. They were some of the people that he had fought back during that demon-fighting event. He would have felt a wave of nostalgia... if he cared enough to.

His eyes moved and they eventually landed on Mistress Oilidark. He was surprised this old crow was still alive and kicking. Then again, vindictive assholes like her tended to live the longest.

By her side, there was her equally annoying granddaughter. But other than that, there was a pair of men that Leonel didn't recognize, but could likely put a name to.

These two should be the missing husband and son-in-law pair. From what Leonel remembered, the two of them had been sent to battle on behalf of the Four Great Families and nothing was ever heard from them.

Due to this, Mistress Oliidark began to move as though her husband and son-in-law were missing, even recruiting grandson-in-law candidates for her granddaughter.

Unfortunately for her, there had been three of them including Leonel, and Leonel killed the other two.

Leonel only gave them a cursory glance before looking away. Like he had said, he wasn't here to waste time. But to them, seeing Leonel again was like being hit by a speeding truck.

Back then, it was as a representative of the Oliidark family that Leonel had wreaked all that havoc. If not for the contributions of her husband and son-in-law, things that ended up sparing the family in the end, they would have been finished.

The Endless Twilight Pavilion Head, Ophelia, had been thoroughly enraged by Leonel's words. She had wanted nothing more than to tear him to pieces, but because the seal shattered, she had been called away by duty.

When she came back and found that Leonel was actually gone, she had nearly wiped out the Oliidark family in a fit of rage.

Once again, it was only because of her husband and son-in-law that the family managed to be stabilized and changed.

Mistress Oliidark couldn't help but feel a well of rage when she saw Leonel again. But it was actually her granddaughter that reacted first.

"It's you!" Athrae suddenly called out. "Daddy, kill him! He's the one that caused us all that trouble!"

Leonel's steps paused. He had suddenly remembered something.

He looked back toward the family. In the midst of the crowd, there should have been endless commotion. And yet, the world seemed to fall into silence.

Remembering how willful this little girl was, he also remembered how far the family was willing to go. He had been willing to let go of the fact they enslaved him, but a memory flashed in his mind.

Leonel raised a hand and Mistress Oliidark flew into his hands so fast that no one was able to react.

Her throat was being clamped down so tightly that in an instant, her old, wrinkled face had turned blue.

"Chef Lucca. Carra. Amerie." Leonel said slowly.

The more names he said, the more confused Mistress Oliidark was. She couldn't even remember what he was talking about.

"You killed them, didn't you? The esteemed Oliidark family couldn't possibly be caught going to such an establishment."

It was only when he said this that Mistress Oliidark's eyes widened.

"Wait-"

CRACK.

Leonel shattered her throat and spine with a single squeeze.

## **Chapter 2517: [Bonus] You, you...**

[Bonus chapter courtesy of Firemonster <3 6/6]

"Grandma!"

"Mother-in-law!"

The roars came at the same time, but Leonel never took his own eyes off of the despair in Mistress Oliidark's eyes.

It was hard to tell how many people she had callously killed in her life. He wanted to make sure that she could see his indifference, how little he cared about her life, how he killed her not because he had to, but because it could, because it was convenient to him.

You are worthless.

Those were the meanings his eyes conveyed, and they were the last things Mistress Oliidark could think about herself as her consciousness faded and her body went limp.

No one could believe what they had just seen. Someone had just killed, in broad daylight, in Four Great Family and Dream Pavilion territory, and in front of so many spectators at that.

It was such a shocking realization that no one could even have the time to register that it was a Fifth Star that had just killed a Seventh Star as though she was a strung up chicken, not worth more than the feathers on her body.

Leonel flung Mistress Oliidark's body to the side without a care and looked up. To his surprise, the remaining two men hadn't attacked yet. The oldest of them, the man he assumed was Mistress Oliidark's husband, looked at him with red eyes, but the rest of his expression was as calm as they came.

"I hope that this has calmed the young sir's anger. My Oliidark family will take this loss, we have no intention of pursuing this matter."

Leonel looked at the old man deeply, then at his son-in-law and his granddaughter. Then, without a word, he turned to leave.

He was the center of attention now, but quite frankly, that was exactly what he wanted. He had come here without hiding his identity, so he had planned for things to devolve like this one way or another.

Equally as expected, though, was the fact his path forward was blocked once again.

The Eternal Dream Pavilion. The Endless Twilight Pavilion. The Defensive War Pavilion. The Sacred Light Pavilion.

In the past, Leonel thought that the Eternal Dream Pavilion was the Dream Pavilion, but it seemed that he was wrong. Why would the Dream Pavilion be trying to enter the Dream Pavilion?

They were probably a subsidiary of some sort, but it at least made more sense that they were here compared to anyone else.

In this group, though, Leonel saw a familiar and yet not so familiar woman. It was a woman nearing her middle-ages, but her beauty hadn't faded yet. However, her expression was exceptionally stern, and when she saw Leonel, it was as though her gaze wanted to spew fire.

Seeing her, Leonel couldn't help but burst into a fit of laughter beside himself. He remembered the words he had said before. He was quite funny, if he did say so himself.

Ophelia's gaze reddened, but she controlled herself. Unlike Leonel, she didn't see herself as entirely above the law. Even if Leonel had killed, it wasn't her place to dictate anything here.

She was still an Eighth Star, but an Eighth Star was a long way from the Ninth Star. However, that wouldn't stop her oppressive might from forcing Leonel to-

"You can stop that now. You're not going to glare me to death."

"Where is my disciple."

"Your disciple? You mean my wife? What's she got to do with you? Screw off, old lady."

"Old-?!"

Ophelia took a breath, forcing herself to remain composed.



"The Endless Twilight Pavilion has strict rules against marrying and having relationships with the opposite sex-"

"If you want a reason to attack me, how about the fact I stole your disciple's Innate Node," Leonel tapped the back of his head and Emulation Spatial Force bloomed. "That's reason enough, right, old hag? Just attack. Why are you wasting time here?"

Ophelia was too used to having full control of every situation she was in. Hearing these words, she saw red and immediately attacked with an all-consuming palm.

However, it was snuffed out even before it could take proper shape.

At that moment, high in the skies, Gemmes descended. His long white beard fluttered and Leonel agreed... he really did look like a fairy tale wizard. It was too bad his adorable appearance was matched with a terrible character.

Gemmes' gaze swept through the region. When it landed on Leonel, his pupils constricted. He barely managed to stop himself from calling out in surprise.

Immediately, his arrogant aura was restrained several fold and he focused his attention on the various powers beneath him.

"Why did you all come here to waste our time?"

Ophelia, who thought that Leonel might finally be getting what was coming to him, was struck dumb. Was she being reprimanded right now? When Mistress Oliidark's corpse hadn't even gone cold yet? What was going on here?

The Pavilion Head of the Sacred Light Pavilion stepped forward solemnly.

"Esteemed Dream Master, we've only brought forward the disciples we feel have the best chance. Some of them have displayed some skill in Dream Force, but lack the proper guidance. Since the Dream Pavilion is providing such an opportunity, we thought to allow them the chance."

It made sense. Thaela, for example, had been a disciple of the Eternal Twilight Pavilion, but hadn't she had an Emulation Spatial Force Innate Node? The fact she had a Dream Force-related Innate Node made her quite the catch. It was just that many like her felt that they had other talents as well, so it was hard to just focus on Dream Force alone.

But all of their elders realized just how special this opportunity was, so how could they not come?

Gemmes nodded somewhat stiffly, taking a glance at Leonel again before looking away quickly.

"Follow me. You, you, you..."

Gemmes pointed out a few dozen, including Leonel. But the number didn't surpass 50. To Leonel's surprise, though, Ophelia seemed to be among the number trying to participate, as was the Eternal Dream Pavilion Head and the other Heads.

Were they going to abandon their Pavilions?

Leonel could feel Ophelia's glare on him, but his smile only became brighter.

## **Chapter 2518: What Happened Here?**

Leonel looked around. The Dream Pavilion was indeed a place of great beauty. Plus, their uniforms were, indeed, quite cool. He liked the turban look, especially the range of colors between a deep black to light blues and violets. He felt that it matched him quite well.

He sent a gaze toward those that had followed in and found himself feeling quite amused. If they were struggling so much to enter this place, why were they trying so hard to do so?

What Leonel didn't know was that even for the current Deputy Pavilion Heads, or even the best geniuses of the Dream Pavilion in recent times and into the past, the first trip into the Dream Pavilion was always a difficult one. The fact they could walk around without going straight into a state of meditation like Khelgis and Adu had was a testament that they indeed had some talent.

The main problem was that the Vast Dream Pavilion was a Pavilion ranked near the top 100, and yet it didn't have nearly the talent to uphold that ranking. As a result, its environment was far more lush and vibrant than the norm.

Usually, when you were approaching the top 100, the Pavilion Heads would have Dream Force already surpassing the Lower Life State, many would be beyond the Middle Life State as well. The environment, as a result, was something that could suffocate you if your Dream Force affinity was only average, and if it was too weak, you could directly collapse.

Gemmes, who was paying attention to Leonel the entire time, felt his eyes widen. From the start, Leonel didn't even waver. He took the step as though he was going from one sunny breeze to a slightly cloudy one, there was hardly a change at all. In fact, he was looking around and admiring the scenery.

By comparison, the others were already slightly stiff in their movements. They didn't even have the presence of mind to notice how much easier Leonel was taking it

because they were focused on themselves. If they lost their sense of self now, they might lose their minds forever.

Their basic assumption was that everyone was struggling just like they were. Unfortunately, they were very wrong.

Gemmes shook his head and looked away. In his heart, though, the waves had yet to cease. Clarence was very correct about this young man, but would it be enough?

"This is the Vast Dream Pavilion," Gemmes said in a booming voice. "The pressure you feel on your mind now is nothing but the ambient Dream Force concentration in the air. If you want a chance to make it to the real Dream Pavilion, you'll need to walk through this path-"

Leonel walked by Gemmes with a flicker and vanished.

The so-called path was a snaking road of rainbow-colored clouds. If the path they had taken before was an appetizer, this was the real challenge.

Technically, if you were strong enough and realized you couldn't take it after the first appetizer, you could still give up and go back now.

However, it wasn't a challenge for Leonel. He was more interested in seeing what was on the inside, and Gemmes didn't stop him. After the old man had seen Leonel's casualness until now, he realized that there wasn't really a point in trying to stop it any longer.

The others only now seemed to notice Leonel's casualness. They had been paying attention to the road because Gemmes was describing it, only to see that Leonel had already vanished down the other end of it in the blink of an eye.

The Pavilion Heads froze. That momentary distraction almost cost them their lives.

...

Leonel appeared on the other side of the road, looking around with an interested expression.

"You've come. Come up."

Clarence stood at the top of a Pavilion's stairs. He seemed to have been waiting here for Leonel in specific.

Leonel found it a bit odd, especially since he remembered this man's feverish gaze from the selection, but this was precisely why he had come here.

After some thought, Leonel complied and walked up the stairs. The Ancient Chinese style architecture was truly a sight for sore eyes, it was maybe the most beautiful craftsmanship that Leonel had ever seen. No, it most definitely was. The more he looked, the more detail there seemed to be to admire.

'I guess I shouldn't call it Ancient China, huh? This is probably the influence Ancient China learned it from?'

He wasn't sure, but after seeing the apartment buildings of the Golden City, it only made sense to look at things this way.

"You're quite confident," Clarence said with a smile.

"Confident? No. But some things are necessary," Leonel said calmly.

"So the Dream Force called to you?" Clarence said knowingly.

"Isn't that what you wanted?"

"No," Clarence surprisingly said. "When I activated the challenge, I did so out of spite. I was painted into a corner and had no other choice. My original hope was to raise you into a new King to stabilize the Pavilion, but you chose the Cult instead. Which is ironic... because that's the same choice the late King made."

Leonel blinked. He didn't understand what that meant, King chose the Cult?

Well, that probably made sense... King was said to be a founder of the Cult-him, the Demoness, and the Silver Emperor. But here, he was known as the Pavilion Head of the Dream Pavilion.

It was odd that both would be true, and yet the powers would seem so independent here.

"What is happening here, exactly? What is the Challenge?"

Clarence looked at Leonel deeply. Instead of answering, he beckoned him into the empty temple. Inside, there was a familiar set of nine steps, a prayer mat, and a treasure box.

"That treasure box is both the greatest humiliation and the greatest chance of the Pavilion. If you want to improve your Dream Force in the shortest time possible, try your hand at walking up them."

"Oh?" Leonel's eyes narrowed, but in the end, he agreed.

What Clarence didn't expect was that he would take the first step so steadily.

## Chapter 2519: Ninth

Leonel placed his foot down, feeling a bit odd. There was a rush of pressure, but as though his body was a mesh, it rippled right through, unable to press down on him.

He took a second step.

This time, Clarence's eyes widened. After they increased the difficulty yet again, this was Clarence's limit. But why was it that Leonel wasn't blown off like he was?

It had to be known that Clarence had Peak Impetus State Dream Force, much like Mo"Lexi. Even if Leonel was a talent, he should have left him far behind.

Clarence was correct. His Dream Force was stronger than Leonel's. Unfortunately...

Leonel was also a Dream Sovereign.

He took a third step.

Leonel felt a bit hesitant. Looking at the treasure above, it didn't seem so far away. He felt that he could leap to it immediately and it wouldn't even stop him. Nothing here could stop his steps. But, should he?

He didn't even know what he was getting himself into by coming here. Something had called him, true enough. But he didn't know what it was.

At the same time, he could feel that this Dream Pavilion was beyond him. The moment he stepped foot into it, he felt that it had secrets that could crush the Demon Race invaders with ease if it was given the chance to.

So why hadn't they?

It was that question that made Leonel come in. He felt that there should be a reason holding them back, maybe even a sheer inability to do so. So he felt that it was still a worthwhile risk even if his odds of survival had fallen from 70% to not even 30%.

But now, he was really playing with fire. What was up there?

He took a fourth step.

His body moved on its own. All that control, and his curiosity was getting the best of him. His Wise Star Order blood was pumping through him, wanting him to see more, learn more.

It was almost painful.

His curiosity, his will to learn, his want to... it was the very realization that awakened his Wise Star Order aspect.

For as long as he could remember, curiosity had fueled him. If he thought about it, really thought about it, it was always the fuel for everything.

Back when he wanted to be a king, it was rooted in his desire to understand people. He couldn't figure out how to rank people by their value, so he felt that everyone was equal and should be protected as such.

Ultimately, the root was the desire to find that unique measurement of life, a measurement that likely didn't exist but just might.

If only he could find that measurement, then he'd know exactly what to exchange to bring back the people he loved.

In the end, it was all that curiosity, and he understood that oh so clearly about himself now. And without the influence of other Forces pulling him in all sorts of directions, he could feel his true self more clearly than ever.

He took the fifth step.

He just wanted to know. He really, really wanted to know.

What was calling out to him? What wanted him to come here so badly?

Was it another plot of the Demoness? It could be. He couldn't sense her gaze or that amused curl of her lip. She might be able to hide from him now that he was in a Complete World and less effort was needed to penetrate through the layers, but he believed in his gut.

He had broken free of her, he was certain of it.

So what was it?

He took the sixth step.

Clarence stood below, unable to understand what he was seeing. He hadn't even called the other Deputy Pavilion Heads here because he never thought for a moment that Leonel could reach the top.

The truth was that even having Life State Dream Force wasn't enough of a measurement. According to what he understood, it would take at least Half-Step Creation State Dream Force to reach the top.

The only way to ignore the pressure was if you had far surpassed that or if...

Clarence's eyes widened, and tears began to fall down his cheeks. He wasn't crying because of sadness, and not out of happiness either. He was crying because of pure bitterness.

Leonel took the seventh step.

The voice had said that according to the rules, only someone with Life State Dream Force could be a Pavilion Head, but that was a new rule added recently.

In the past, there was no rule at all. The strongest Dream Force expert in the Pavilion would be the Pavilion Head, it was that simple.

However... there was a method of circumventing all of that.

One who wasn't necessarily the strongest could gain the blessing of the Pavilion by being just one particular thing....

A Dream Sovereign.

Clarence's tears spilled forth with even greater fervor. It was a joke, one big joke.

Leonel took the eighth step.

He never had to trigger the Challenge at all, but now they were finished. Fate was playing a cruel joke on him.

Had he known Leonel was a Dream Sovereign, he would have directly promoted him to Pavilion Head, they wouldn't have had to go through any of this at all.

But now it was too late. The Fates were spitting in his face, laughing at his incompetence. And now, he had pulled Leonel into this mess as well. Because the moment he took that final step, there would no longer be any hiding it. All of those bastards would know.

Leonel took the final step, and the world lost its color.

The treasure box vibrated and a pillar of light rose out from the temple.

A cascade of raining Force descended from the clouds, the entire Vast Bubble being enveloped in a whirlwind of blessings.

The lid of the treasure box shook and began to rise up, a flood of light blinding Leonel.

## Chapter 2520: Piss Off

Leonel shook his head furiously because he could finally get a good look at what was inside.

His eyes widened.

It was a tablet, but it was completely unlike his Silver Tablet. It was carved of a crystal clear crystalline gem that radiated an assortment of rainbow colors. It had a presence that far surpassed anything he had ever felt before.

Leonel knew that there were two categories of tablets. There was one category that he mentally referred to as the Wise Tablets. These Tablets were the ones with inner worlds that likewise came with an exchange. He could use them to control certain things about the world and likewise use them to gain a deeper understanding of the world around him as well.

Then there were what he called the Legacy Tablets. They were tablets that had odd words written upon their surfaces, denoting things that Leonel couldn't really understand. And within them, there were Lineage Factors hidden that could be used to unlock and use abilities you were compatible with, but were not both with.

This tablet here... Was very clearly a Wise Tablet. It was the very kind of Tablet he had in his possession, and it was the same Tablet that Mo"Lexi had in her possession.

Leonel had guessed that there were higher level Wise Tablets much like there were clearly tiers of Legacy Tablets, but he hadn't even started maximizing his Silver Tablet before this... Life Tablet? Appeared before him.

There were so many more secrets he had yet to unearth, and-

**BANG.**

The Life Tablet suddenly shot out of the treasure box and right into Leonel's forehead. He only had time to widen his eyes for a moment before it collided with him.

He was sent flying back, but the Life Tablet was no longer present. Instead, it had fused into his Ethereal Glabella, taking up a large amount of space all to itself. It stood in the very position that his Stars had once done because they were transferred to his Destruction World.

At that moment, his Mage Core, a lush tree of rainbow leaves and an ability he had all but forgotten about, was suddenly subject to a rain of colors. Rather than wilting, though, it flourished and grew. Expanding again and again.



At the same time, the space within his Ethereal Glabella likewise expanded wildly.

The Life Tablet took root in his body and both the Dark and Light sides of his Northern Lineage Factor roared with life.

Leonel barely managed to take control before anything too wild happened. If he allowed this Life Tablet to make changes to the Northern Star Lineage Factors, who knew what would happen or who he would alert?

BOOM.

A shimmering image suddenly appeared in the temple. It was a silhouette of a figure that Leonel couldn't make out, but the pressure they exuded was so great that he coughed up a mouthful of blood that sparkled with rainbow-colored lights.

The figure didn't say anything, but Leonel could feel that its gaze had landed on him.

Then, without a word, it vanished.

One after another, like a long queue, figure after figure appeared. Their silhouettes were all different, but what remained the same was that the details of their features couldn't be seen clearly at all.

Every time they did, their casual pressure almost destroyed Leonel from the inside out.

Clarence himself had already been pressed so far into the ground that his cheeks smashed against the hard floors.

Leonel's knees bent and looked as though they were about to scrape along the ground.

Were they doing this on purpose? He wasn't even sure. Given the power of these people, a casual glance by them might really cause this much pressure. But that didn't make him feel any better.

"PISS OFF!"

A wave of pressure came from the Life Tablet, and the Vast Dream Pavilion, which was suddenly under Leonel's control, seemed to close down.

The next silhouette was blown to pieces and none appeared after that.

Leonel sucked in a large amount of air.

After he had gained the Florer family's Lineage Factor, every intentional breath of his could already kick up hurricanes and tsunamis, but now that he had really been pushed

to his limit, if it wasn't for the sturdy construction of the temple, it would have been blown off its foundation.

Clarence, who was at the end of his rope, was even blown away like a leaf in the wind, the wild beating of Leonel's heart sounding like the raging of war drums in his ears.

It took several minutes before Leonel finally began to calm down, but he was still pissed on the inside.

He didn't know much about the Dream Pavilion or who these people were, but he knew basic etiquette. You couldn't just sweep your senses into someone's home just because you felt like it.

Whether they were pressuring him on purpose or not, it pissed him off. Who were they to casually step by like this was a common market and not the last bastion of the Human Race?

Each one of them had had a different shape and form, but he recognized them by this alone.

The extra floating hands of the Nomads, the ethereal presence of the Spirituals, and then there came Races that he could even understand or fathom, Races that exuded might not much different from El'Rion or Shan'Rae.

Leonel stood to his full height, finally having the strength to pull his back straight. His gaze was filled with a burning light.

Even without understanding the whole situation, he felt Clarence's rage already. He had actually been so heavily injured by a few glances. Even now, with his Vital Star Force, he had only recovered to about 50%. He would need a few more minutes before he could recover completely.

He seemed to understand why Clarence would take this path.

He raised his head, and at that moment, a flood of information entered his mind.

Its origin? The pulsing Life Tablet.