

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2901: Wake Up

Leonel could feel the thrumming of his heart.

In this world, the strongest creatures were, without a doubt, the Celestial Embers. It was only natural. This was their world.

But it seemed that it was time to show them that before Scarlet Star Force, all other Fire Forces had no choice but to bow down.

Leonel took a step forward, and Blackstar leapt into the air. With a roar, the little mink suddenly erupted with a dense black fog. In an instant of time, he had become a looming beast.

Leonel took another step and appeared on Blackstar's back. His Force rolled around him in waves.

In the distance, three Celestial Embers opened their beaks, and their throats suddenly pulsed.

In that moment, three lasers of golden red peeled across the skies with such speed they seemed to be bolts of lightning.

In a moment, they had already torn across several kilometers, appearing before Leonel in the blink of an eye.

Leonel took a breath, and the air around him solidified.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

His arm moved in a blur, and he slashed against the three lasers. Sparks flew and a rain of fire fell from the skies. But a dome of protection seemed to have been perfectly formed around Leonel.

His heart was clear, and his goal was even clearer.

His spear spun in his arms and, with a sweep, the world was split horizontally in two.

A scythe cut through the air and solidified even more than the lasers. In fact, in that moment, the flying laser sparks were sucked into it as though it was a void, powering it and accelerating it forward.

In one moment, Leonel had just slashed out, and in the next, the three Celestial Embers froze in the skies before mournful cries echoed.

Their bodies split in two, blood raining down.

Leonel's gaze flashed with a dense coldness. He was going to cover this realm in blood.

...

News of Leonel's carnage was quickly being spread. In not even an hour, he had already killed dozens of Ninth Dimensional monsters, and not once did he hide himself.

It was as though he was announcing himself to the world. If they wanted to harm him, they would have to stop treating him like a Sixth Dimensional expert, and even less like a Human.

However, the Alliance of Owlans and Beasts, that had gotten used to Leonel suddenly vanishing after turning a battlefield or two upside down, realized that he wasn't just going to fade off into the night this time. He seemed to truly want to wipe everything out.

...

Leonel sat on a mountain, his breathing heavy, but even. Winds howled around him every time he took a breath.

Sweat beaded down his brows and fell like booming meteors. Craters drenched the surrounding land.

Slowly, he opened his eyes.

DOOM. DOOM. DOOM.

The land shook for thousands of kilometers.

In the distance, a single Celestial Terra was moving forward.

Leonel scanned it, but felt that he couldn't see through its depths. It was truly a monstrous existence, but this didn't seem to be because it was too unfathomable for him.

The longer Leonel looked, the more he came to understand that this Celestial Terra was actually in the Seventh Dimension, and yet it seemed to likewise be the strongest existence he had come across until now.

'This Race truly has some secrets, but this is also amusing. Are they sending a junior after me in an attempt to prove a point? But if they were so confident, why send one in the Seventh Dimension and not the Sixth? Unless they thought I wouldn't be able to see through it?'

Even with his Wise Orders, it took Leonel several seconds to see through the Celestial Terra, when usually a single glance would be enough. It's not surprising that they would think that he couldn't see through it.

Leonel's gaze flashed with contempt. This was all just speculation, but if it was true, his respect for the Celestial Terras would take a huge down swing.

Slowly, he stood to his feet.

"Not this time, Blackstar. I'm going hunting alone."

Leonel took a step and appeared high in the air. Despite how high he was, his feet were just barely above the eye level of the Seventh Dimensional Celestial Terra.

The creature looked as though it was carrying a mountain on its back... no, even that didn't quite do it justice. It was more like it was carrying an entire mountain range.

Its face was hard to spot because it looked like a mountain of rock as well.

But when it opened its eyes, Leonel saw the most beautiful swirls of brown he ever had in his entire life. It was like an artist had perfectly curated every masterful stroke. The different shades of brown from the palest tan to the deepest bronzes started from its pupils and stretched out, writhing almost like a group of serpents dancing.

And yet these beautiful brown eyes carried a bone-chilling coldness.

At that moment, plumes of smoke began to come from the soles of Leonel's feet and the corners of his eyes. Tattoos roared to life across his body and a pair of sweats with tufts of fur poking out from its waistband took shape.

Golden braces of fire flickered to life around his ankles and wrists, the former rattling with clear DINGING sounds as they swayed in the wind.

A chain of blackened tiger teeth appeared around his neck, swaying just as violently.

Then the world thrummed, a heartbeat echoing out that made the Celestial Terra's pupils constrict into pinholes, its brown irises spinning like a cyclone.

A diamond slowly manifested out from Leonel's forehead and suddenly pulsed.

The world stilled as Leonel raised his spear.

"It seems that even after all of this, they don't take me seriously. In that case, let your death be the sacrifice that wakes them up."

Leonel's spear descended, and its blade connected the earth and the skies.

Without a word, he retracted his spear and turned to leave before the strike even landed.

The Celestial Terra stood frozen there for a long while.

It wasn't until the next day that it slowly fell into two pieces, a mournful shuddering filling the skies.

Chapter 2902: I Understand

BOOM! A furious aura soared into the skies in a hidden Holy Land. It felt like the world was collapsing for a moment.

Until now, Leonel had taken all the corpses of those he had killed, causing them to vanish from the world. But this time, he had left it behind on purpose despite the value of the corpse.

He was making a very clear point. Unless they started to take him seriously, they were only bound to suffer an even more tragic fate.

He was Leonel Morales, a name that they had ignored until now, but could no longer dismiss.

Nova, a familiar Ancestor Celestial Ember, stood stoically. A powerful pressure coming from her. This was her territory, and yet Leonel was running so rampantly.

What was this child's goal? Just to unleash carnage? He didn't even seem to be targeting the Void Race as much as he had in the past.

She never expected that things would come to this. Back when she stole the Life Tablet from Leonel, she had never even considered what sort of backlash could come with it.

When she found out that she had actually failed in that endeavor, she had only then started to take Leonel with a hint of seriousness. But even then, she just found it a little

interesting, feeling that there were certain things that a Wise Star Order could do that were outside her purview, but that still wasn't enough for her to take a Human seriously.

An existence like Leonel appearing was somewhat interesting, but everyone knew that if he soared too close to the sun, he was only a few moments away from a real God descending to take his life.

Even if Leonel didn't awaken the Northern Star Lineage Factor yet, the fact he was a Wise Star Order meant that he could do so at any moment.

This wasn't something that the Gods would want to see. Their reaction to this would be even fiercer than how they'd react to the return of the Fawkes.

As such, although things had seemed somewhat peaceful for Leonel, so long as he truly showed signs of becoming a God, there would be people who would be quick to slap him right back down.

This was why she still hadn't taken Leonel seriously. The moment he displayed power that could truly get him in trouble, it would likewise mean his death.

What she didn't expect was that not only would Leonel display this power, but he would also go out of his way to do so.

What was he trying to accomplish here? Was the boy really so foolish to run headfirst into death just because he happened to awaken a Creation State Dao?

Did he not know how difficult it was to progress through the Creation State? And even if by some miracle he really displayed such continued majesty and moved through this penultimate Realm with the same level of speed, was he not aware of the kind of danger this would put him in?

Was he really so foolish?

Under any other circumstances, Nova would say yes. However, after losing to Leonel's hands once before, she knew that this couldn't possibly be the case.

In fact, she was one of the few people who knew that they had Leonel to thank for this war.

She had yet to expose him because it did little for her when he was just a single ant, anyway. If anything, it would just harm her reputation, and it would also let the Owlans off the hook when, in reality, they wanted their full attention on this war.

If it was up to the Fallen God Beasts, the war would have started ages ago. It was only because the Owlans had dragged their feet for so long that things only kicked off now.

In that respect, she actually had Leonel to thank.

But now, things had gone too far.

"That's enough," she said lightly, speaking to the elders beneath her. "Kill him. Swiftly."

The sonorous call of the elder Celestial Embers rumbled through the skies. Nova waved a wing and stopped the juniors from taking action.

"You are the light of our Race. The few of you haven't been tainted by the weakness of a Demi-God world and will immediately join the ranks of the strongest God geniuses the moment we succeed.

"Do not lose your lives in a worthless, meaningless battle. If not for the seal of Regulators, we would have never fallen to such a state.

"Let your elders shield you once more. I will not lose any one of you. You are too important... because you're the only ones that can crush the geniuses of the Idol Battlefield when the time comes."

...

Astral Winds swam through the clouds with the same imposing might as Nova and eventually gave out the same orders and the same speech, once again holding back their juniors.

...

Again, in another world, Nebulafrost roared into the skies, a furious, murderous intent echoing from him as he stood high in the skies, his claws raking through space and causing them to spark like a fork was being drawn across steel.

...

The only group to remain silent were the Celestial Terrors. It seemed that they had fallen completely dormant despite the death of their genius. It was unknown what Old Terror was thinking.

...

"He's in the Beast Domains?" Minerva said coldly. "I will go. If Shan'Rae is lured there by him, I will also conveniently kill her."

She stood gracefully.

"Do not underestimate the Gods." Minerva's mother said lightly, but without the intention of stopping her daughter.

"You have become a God now, but you have yet to adjust to your power, and your foundation was built upon Demi-God concepts. You are a long way from being as strong as a Ninth Dimensional God," her father added. "You will need time to refine yourself in a true God Realm."

"I understand." Minerva said plainly.

Her parents could only sigh as she vanished.

Chapter 2903: Together

Leonel sat in silence, the beads of sweat around him falling with even greater fervor. Even so, he seemed to be at peace.

Leonel opened his eyes and chuckled.

"You want to take that form?"

"Yip! Yip!"

"Okay. Let's see what you can do then."

Leonel didn't seem to sense the powerful auras headed in his direction at all. Instead, he smiled as he stood to his feet.

Little Blackstar unleashed a roar and suddenly became an enormous tortoise. His shell billowed with smoke, and when he opened his maw, black fog spilled out, drenching the crimson lands.

With a step, Leonel appeared on Blackstar's back. But his gaze couldn't help but flicker with surprise. He sensed that the enormous mountain range that reminded him so much of the Void Palace's mountains carried the aura of the Shadow World.

Leonel's surprise became a wild grin.

Blackstar's progress was beyond his imagining. In an instant, he had already managed to incorporate the abilities of the Celestial Terra and turn it into his own.

At this moment, the Shadow World was projected out into the real world. In flashes, Leonel could be corporeal and incorporeal with a slight intention from Blackstar.

"Let's unleash some real carnage, then. They still seem to be taking us too lightly."

Leonel's voice echoed through the skies as a boom echoed.

A group of Celestial Embers, Celestial Storms, and White Spectral Tigers appeared. There were only nine of them, but each one had a powerful, imposing aura. It seemed like even a single one of them could cause the collapse of an entire world.

"We-."

"Not going to lie, completely uninteresting," Leonel cut off the Celestial Ember. "Come die."

Leonel extended his arm, and Tolliver trembled within his body. His Divine Armor took shape once again, but this time a spear came with it, formed from Little Tolly's body.

It had a body formed from the leather body of a Celestial Storm, a blade carved from the curved black tooth of a White Spectral Tiger. Flames whipped across its surfaces, poking through the scale-like body of the spear, and at the base where pole arm and blade met, a diamond ring lay, connecting the two.

The moment this spear appeared, the world shook, and space shattered.

The expressions of the nine Ninth Dimensional Elders shook.

"God Armament?!"

Leonel's spear spun in his hand and it slapped into place, its blade aimed toward the ground. He paused for just a moment before his torso flexed and his body roared with life, his heart thrumming to the beat of the world.

His spear blade reached into an abyssal hell before it roared upward. A single swing seemed to carry the fury of several God beasts overlapping into one and splitting the skies in two.

"DEFEND!"

The clash caused the world to pale.

Leonel erupted into action, his spear shadows covering the skies. He clashed with the talons of Celestial Embers and the teeth of White Spectral Tigers.

The clouds stormed as slashes of wind and lightning surrounded him, the fury of the Celestial Storms descending in waves.

Suddenly, a roaring white-violet Dragon wrapped around Leonel and roared into the skies, splitting them and dispersing the might of the Celestial Storms.

He took another step, and his blackened blade twinkled. He pulled on [Borne Bane], closing a blade of space heading toward him with one attack, and in the same swift motion, he rotated his hips and split the same spatial rift open again, sending it flying back toward the White Spectral Tiger with even faster speed.

With Dream Force roared and doused the Emberheart Force of the Celestial Embers, suffocating them to the point they couldn't use their emotions to fuel their attacks.

He shifted from one location of the battle to another. He was just a small figure in the midst of mighty beasts that could collapse mountains with a single breath, and yet he was as sturdy as a cargo ship, swaying but never falling.

His gaze radiated an unprecedented cold. He didn't seem to react as arcs of blood flew from his body, cuts appearing on him. However, maybe that was because as quickly as they appeared, they were just as swiftly healed, as though he was radiating an endless amount of vitality.

"[Star Fusion]."

He spoke his first words since the start of the body, and it felt like a gorgeous blue nebula had just exploded with Leonel as the center.

The beautiful sky blue wisp of Stars mixed into his hair and eyes, causing his power to explosively increase once again.

At that moment, the silent Blackstar took action, and the world was instantly swallowed by darkness.

The elders were all experienced people. They knew the mimicry path when they saw it. But they hadn't taken it seriously because how could any old mimicry path beast possibly mimic the Celestial Terra Race?

This was also their own personal bias against contracted beasts as well. They felt that it was a humiliation to their Beast Race that Blackstar even existed, and had planned to deal with him once Leonel was dead.

What they didn't know was that allowing Blackstar to accumulate strength like this might very well be the last mistake they made.

These elders were all exceptionally powerful. Even with their powers suppressed back down to the Demi-God Realms, many of them had Higher Creation State Forces.

Fighting one on one, Leonel might be able to defeat them. But together, he had no chance.

Even though he looked valiant now, that was because he was heavily relying on his Ability Index to keep himself safe, which was working. But if his goal was to actually kill them, that was a pipe dream.

Now, however... he wasn't alone.

When he said that he and Blackstar would unleash carnage together, he meant it.

The halo to Leonel's back trembled wildly and suddenly expanded. In an instant, it had swallowed up the entire world.

Two worlds layered atop of one another and fused. One of Darkness.

And the other of Destruction.

Chapter 2904: Madmen of the Morales

Leonel had never paid as much attention to his connection with Blackstar as he should have. But after his change, he realized that a contract formed between man and beast wasn't so simple at all.

An intertwining of the soul was naturally an astonishing matter, as Leonel and Aina's union had shown them more than one time before. And it was precisely because of his experience in marriage that Leonel came to understand that his connection with Blackstar wasn't so simple, either.

It could be said that the reason he had never noticed before wasn't because he was too neglectful, but rather because Blackstar was far too unruly. A troublemaker in the truest sense.

In their relationship, Blackstar wasn't the beast, but was rather the man. Back then, Leonel didn't even know how to contract beasts, so the reality of their relationship was that Blackstar was the one in the superior position.

As such, there were certain things about their relationship that Blackstar could instinctually understand, but wasn't able to communicate with Leonel at all.

It wasn't until Leonel became a Wise Sea Order and gained the capability of seeing through most things that he was able to grasp what Blackstar had never been able to communicate to him.

It could be said that the closeness between him and this little mink was no less than that of the connection between him and his wife.

And in some ways, it was even more exaggerated than that.

Because they could truly battle as one.

It could be said that the moment the Shadow World appeared, it was like Leonel had formed his Divine Armor not of just four beasts, but five.

And one of those beasts happened to have the inheritance of the Void Beast and was a Shadow Sovereign of the ages.

In that moment, billowing plumes of smoke came from the soles of Leonel's feet and the corners of his eyes.

The silver-gold tattoos across his body darkened and even the [Star Fusion] rushing out from seemed to blacken as well.

Leonel pointed his spear outside, and the roar of four beasts came from him.

A laser of Fire Force appeared before him in the blink of an eye, seemingly moving at the speed of light, but it went through his body as though he wasn't there at all.

He appeared before the Celestial Ember and slashed out.

Black met talon, one seemingly far inferior to the other, both in imposing aura and size, and yet...

BANG!

The Celestial Ember was sent flying, crashing into the ground below.

Leonel's figure allowed a swiping claw of space to rush right by him as though it weren't even there. The moment it went by, his spear spun in his hands and he launched out an attack, cutting into the chest of the White Spectral Tiger.

A world-shuddering battle erupted, and yet in the outside world it seemed as though there was nothing but a frightening stillness, a black fog spreading out slowly.

Inside this black fog, however, Leonel seemed to be erupting with a battle intent only a War God could be capable of.

He both became ethereal and corporeal on a whim, controlling the battlefield with such precision that even these elders felt suffocated.

He slowly whittled them down, his spear strikes cutting into them again and again. They never gave him the chance to kill them in a single strike, but he also never overextended himself to find that opportunity.

It was like he was playing a slow game of chess, walking them all down step by step. He didn't seem to feel fatigue, he didn't seem to care how long it would take.

Every time they made a mistake, he capitalized and made them suffer for it. And yet, he was the only one that seemed incapable of making a mistake.

It wasn't just Weapon Forces that Beasts couldn't touch, most of them were also entirely incapable of using Dream Force. An existence like Nova's descendant, Verma, who participated in the Gathering of Minds, was ironically as rare as phoenix feathers.

While facing off against a Dream Force master like Leonel, with the Control Ability Index on top of that, it felt like they were coming to their deaths.

On top of that, with Blackstar giving Leonel the ability to be incorporeal as he pleased and avoid damage entirely, these Beast elders felt so frustrated that this alone might have killed them.

They had already figured out that Leonel couldn't both attack and be incorporeal at the same time, but it was like it didn't matter at all.

Leonel was able to corner them every time, nonetheless.

And that was when it happened.

Leonel's gaze flashed, and he moved like the wind. At that moment, he deployed a method he hadn't used since the battle started and a twin pair of Natural Force Arts thrummed to life in his pupils.

The Vital Star Force around him grew and gained a slight violet tinge that vanished in an instant.

[Primordial Terror] activated, and the world rotated around his spear. It felt, for a moment, that the orbit of the entire Bubble World had changed.

"Die."

The word was just three letters, a single syllable, spoken in a language the Celestials had never even heard before.

They could have never expected that this was the language of English. A simple language, one used by humans on a small blue planet with an unadorned name.

And when he spoke this word, the aura around his spear completely changed.

It felt like a reaper's scythe rather than a man's spear.

And when it descended, the world listened.

Behind Leonel, the shadows of the father, his grandfather, and his uncle seemed to be behind him at this moment.

He had long come to understand during his ten years of tempering that his spear wasn't his alone.

He would show the world the inheritance of the spear that stood above all others.

The inheritance of the madmen of the Morales.

His spear descended, and the world paled in comparison.

The head of a White Spectral Tiger flew into the air.

A single fatal mistake, a single death.

The first elder had fallen.

Chapter 2905: Three

Leonel's momentum was undying and extended into infinity.

After he killed the first elder, it was like his spear began to tremble with hunger and greed. Having tasted the blood of a supreme expert once, it wanted to taste it again.

The pressure on him plummeted at first, but then it seemed to multiply. This wasn't only because these old fossils suddenly felt a true threat to their life, but also because of the logistics of the battle.

Leonel's size, when compared to them, was quite literally an ant to a human. They were too large.

Trying to fight in the skies like this when Leonel was just a small target was part of the reason Leonel had been able to continuously find flaws in their battle style.

The moment one of them fell, not only did their fury rise and their sense of seriousness become heightened, but it was also one less large body in the skies to contend again.

Leonel sensed the pressure on him increase, but it was as though he hadn't noticed at all.

The cold sharpness in his gaze remained. Wounds continuously appeared on his body and blood mixed with his sweat, falling to the ground like meteors.

And yet, his bearing only seemed to grow more and more profound.

"Die."

The word resonated with the world once again. It slashed across the world and the skies darkened as though even Blackstar's black fog wasn't menacing enough.

A Celestial Ember was split in two, a mournful cry echoing through the skies.

The pressure increased on Leonel once again, and roars bombarded him.

An invisible sphere of influence formed around him, repelling the furious sound waves. He stood high in the skies, and as his spear drew across the clouds, the power of worlds seemed to fuse into him.

If one were to speak of the plant that had had the most philosophical discussion surrounding it in Earth's history, it wouldn't be a plant at all, but rather a seed.

The mustard seed.

It was one of the smallest seeds in the world, yet capable of growing far beyond its station.

Over these ten years, Leonel had tried everything he could to fix the situation with his Spear Force, but in the end, he was still unable to do so.

Somehow, his Weapon Forces had grown far too powerful or him to wield. Maybe if he was willing to give up on one of them, his battle strength would skyrocket and they would finally grow docile. But without such willingness, he was completely unable to take that step.

He had made them both far too unruly and wild, and neither one of them was willing to take a step back.

Summoning one meant enraging the other and the kind of devastation they would bring to his body was far worse than anything his Scarlet Star Force Innate Nodes had ever done to him.

While meditating on this power, Leonel honed his Domain again and again, causing it to reach a point where it could wield the world around him as though everything was Spear Force.

However, just now, he sensed that there was a level beyond this, a level beyond a Domain.

Even with all the progress he had made in ten years, he had never had worthy opponents to go against.

These Ancestors and elders kept wondering what it was he was doing here, and sure, he did have a grand plan that he was slowly inching toward.

But the other reality was that he needed to sharpen himself.

He had countless ideas and breakthroughs swimming around in his mind, but his Ability Index couldn't organize and consolidate them unless he could have a strong enough whetstone to grind against.

As far as he was concerned, these Ancestors were exactly that.

So when he stood there, high in the skies, his Absolute Spear Domain whirling around him and blocking off the sound waves, his cold eyes seemed to go entirely vacant.

His body itself became like the void and all things in the world seemed to still.

In that moment, Leonel felt his Spear Force tremble and shatter past a barrier, entering the Creation State.

The world howled, and the tip of his spear seemed to glow with a gentle light.

At the same time, as though not wanting to be left behind, his Bow Force soared through at the same time.

Leonel's body trembled, and his skin cracked apart.

His aura was elevated once, then twice over.

Forming a Creation State Force wasn't just about gaining a powerful external card. There was a reason that even without eliciting the help of their Forces, Creation State Ninth Dimensional existences were a level above Life State Ninth Dimensional existences.

It was a complete change in foundation, as though the body was being risen to another level.

Suddenly, Leonel's two Incomplete Worlds were nowhere near enough to display the power of his Forces, but it also didn't seem to matter in the slightest.

At that moment, a powerful slash came over, slicing through his Absolute Domain and into his chest.

Blood flew and a cut as deep as bone appeared as crimson fell like the rain.

The furious slash of the White Spectral Tiger had nearly taken Leonel's life in a single blow, and yet Leonel didn't seem to have noticed at all. In fact, his bones were completely untouched.

"Three..."

He spoke lightly.

Another slash came and a bombardment rained down from all sides.

His left arm was almost taken off his body. He lost a part of his right leg from the foot down. He even seemed to have been blinded in an eye.

But he didn't move...

"Two."

Because he couldn't move.

The rampaging of his Bow and Spear Force was so fierce that there was nothing he could do but stand there, focusing all his attention on suppressing them.

"One."

And that was when his final word descended.

Beaten bloodied, he slowly raised his spear once again.

"Zero."

Chapter 2906: Die

Leonel's momentum suddenly erupted.

The next strike flew through his body as though he wasn't even there. He became incorporeal one second and was instantly not the next, swiping out with a spear.

The world was divided in two, but without the appearance of Spear Force, it looked as though he had simply cut into the void with a single strike.

A Celestial Ember elder flapped backward with great speed as the scythe-like fissure erupted near it, but Leonel had already moved on to another target.

His power was slowly rumbling inside him. His injuries were too severe for his Quasi Creation State Vital Star Force to heal, but he still moved as though he were completely healthy.

His vitals roared, and his inner organs churned.

In that moment, he activated his Innate Nodes.

His Quasi Creation State Scarlet Star Force was amplified to the Creation State.

His Quasi Creation State Emulation Spatial Force was amplified to the Creation State.

In that moment, he became akin to a walking Demon amongst mere Mortals. The power of four Creation State Forces threatened to rip his body apart, and yet his will seemed to keep himself together.

Before he fell, he would take them with him.

Leonel took a step and space distorted all around him. Illusion and reality folded onto one another, forming a third world on top of the worlds of Shadow and Destruction.

At that moment, the elders found it difficult to tell up from down and left from right, as though Leonel's Emulation Spatial Force was re-writing the laws of physics.

It only took them half a second to break through this illusion because Leonel's application of it all was far too crude.

And yet by the time they did, they only had time enough to notice a spear piercing through the brows of a Celestial Storm.

BANG!

A head as large as a mountain shattered into a rain of bone and blood, bathing Leonel in its grotesque shards.

The wisp of a small flame danced on the tip of Leonel's blade, and his aura continued to soar.

He consolidated his comprehension of Destruction Sovereignty as he released the full power of his Scarlet Star Force Innate Nodes for the first time in a long while.

Runes of gold and red danced around him and his spear thrummed with life and agitation, as though it too sensed it all.

A furious rain of attacks fell on Leonel from all sides, but he became incorporeal.

With a step, he appeared higher in the skies, looking down parallel to the ground. With another, he stepped through a mirror and seemed to multiply into countless figures, all attacking at once.

The elders thought that it was an illusion once again and furiously worked to dispel it, only for a Celestial Ember to be shredded to minced meat.

A crisscross of blades erupted across its body and it fell into thousands of pieces, some perfect cubes, and others rough diamonds. It was as though their sturdy bones were nothing more than wet tissue paper before Leonel's blades.

Suddenly, of the nine, just five remained, and the pressure on Leonel increased once again.

Storms rumbled in the skies, lasers and talons of fire descended, spatial rifts were continuously cut open in a rain of silvery black.

At the same time, Leonel could tell that Blackstar was quickly approaching his limits, and considering the state of his body, so was he.

He had had a massive breakthrough, but the cost was a rain of attacks and he didn't have the ability to heal quickly. And because he had swallowed his Northern Star Lineage Factor to refine his body's constitution and reach the Demi-God grade, he didn't even know if [Instant Recovery] would work anymore, and that was if he was willing to take the risk to expose himself.

Even with all of these thoughts swirling in his mind, Leonel's gaze only became colder and colder, and his spear became swifter and swifter.

His Absolute Domain was quickly shrinking down, and certainly not out of weakness.

The smaller it became, the more valiant he seemed to fight and the sharper his blade seemed to grow.

When it was restricted to just his spear alone, he clashed with the talon of a Celestial Ember, taking their entire claw off in a single swipe.

It was the first time he had won such a direct exchange, and yet his expression didn't falter in the slightest.

When it concentrated to just his blade, he clashed with the claw of a Celestial Storm, and took its entire arm off.

He moved unhindered. Like a kun swimming through raging waters, he left destruction in his wake.

When it concentrated to just the edge of his blade, the world lost all its color.

The philosophy of a mustard seed... it was both profound, yet easy to understand.

Nurturing the growth of a world from just the smallest dot that encompassed all its truth.

And when Leonel could concentrate his world-changing strength to just the tip of his blade...

Time and space didn't seem to matter anymore.

Leonel slashed out, and a White Spectral Tiger was sent reeling. He slashed out again and blood flew from the neck of a Celestial Storm as its entire head was almost taken off.

At that moment, Blackstar reached his limit, and the Shadow World faltered.

To what would have been the shock of all the people in the world, all five remaining Fallen God Beasts turned tail and fled.

And yet, Leonel stood there, doing nothing more than raising his spear as though he had no intention of stopping them.

Time didn't matter.

Space didn't matter.

This was the true Absolute Domain.

At that moment, the aura on the tip of Leonel's blade vanished, and it was as though his Absolute Spear Domain had ceased to be.

Then he pierced his spear out just a single time.

"Die."

Five pillars of spear light descended from the skies like a judgment from the Gods.

Chapter 2907: Only Such

The Fallen God Beasts had scattered, running in five different directions. In the blink of an eye, they had already crossed over a hundred kilometers, and with a sway of their tail, a flap of their wings or a slash from their claws, they were prepared to cross another hundred in an instant.

But that was when the skies and the earth connected.

Their bodies froze, and the devastation below them erupted before it was even clear what had happened to them.

Above them, the clouds dispersed in a whirlwind of spiraling whites.

Below them, a hole as smooth as ice had appeared, as though it had been perfectly sculpted by an artisan rather than the result of a spear strike.

And then blood rained.

The strike was exactly the same for all five. A spear descended, running right through their skulls and exiting out the bottom of their jaws.

Even long after the spear had vanished, space around the region cracked and distorted as though a black hole had been formed. If one got too close, it would even feel as though time was being dilated and your body was quickly entering an event horizon.

The beasts collapsed to the ground, and the world released a mournful wail.

Leonel took long, heaving breaths.

Just now, he had struck out horizontally, yet his blade came down from above. He only struck out once, yet five thrusts had manifested. He pierced out in one instant, yet his strike seemed to have landed at the exact same time.

If this wasn't the pinnacle of spearmanship, it was close. And there were likely only a few people in all of Existence who could strike as beautifully.

Leonel lowered his spear and casually swung it to the side. The ground below him had a curving arc drawn through it, and his aura seemed to deflate at that moment.

He hadn't expected to get so severely injured, and certainly not by his own Forces. But it seemed that there was no way to escape that sort of fate.

It seemed that his Weapon Forces had become even more unruly.

Right now, his Spear and Bow practically followed the same path, and he found it incredibly easy to translate the understanding of one to the other.

The reason his Bow Force had broken through at the same time wasn't just because it was unsatisfied with being left behind. It was because this application of Absolute Domain worked just the same for it as well.

Leonel's spear vanished into his palm, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

'A God Armament, huh? I wonder what that is.'

One of the elders had called out in shock when his spear appeared. He hadn't thought much about it until the end of the battle. As usual, though, the Life Tablet was able to give him an answer. In fact, it seemed to have documented all the God Armaments in the world.

Sitting at the very top...

The Hourglass.

That was the name. There was nothing else to it than that, and Leonel was sure that he had seen it before.

Leonel's lip curled. 'One day I'll carve the name of something I created up there with dad's Self Path.'

A God Armament was a part of an expert's body. It was just as useful as a Force or anything of the like in the sense that it elevated one's state of being. If you fused with a strong enough God Armament, it might be even better than forming a Dharma in some cases.

Of course, those were reserved for only the strongest of God Armaments. And, just because you could attempt to fuse with one so powerful, didn't mean that you should.

El'Rion, for example, most definitely hadn't fused with the hourglass. That's because his body, regardless of how strong it was, would implode with any attempt to.

One only need to look to see the state of Leonel after he finished his Divine Armor this time around to know that if one's foundations weren't great enough, a God Armament would at best be useless to you, and at worst kill you.

But Leonel found something else to be interesting about all of this, and that was the fact one of a God Armament's characteristics, the fusing with the body and the elevation of constitution...

Was eerily similar to the Morales Divine Armor technique.

In fact, now that Leonel thought about it, the Morales Divine Armor was the only method of its kind that he had ever seen.

To create a treasure, and then fuse with it...

By now, Leonel had seen enough of the world to say with confidence that the Morales were the only existences capable of this.

However, this didn't fill him with pride, but rather coldness. His gaze flashed with a murderous intent.

The creation of the Morales was thanks to the Demoness, wasn't it? It seemed that every aspect of his life was just one big experiment to this woman.

However, his father had broken that mold.

Leonel's Divine Armor this time wasn't a true God Armament, that's because God Armaments had to also be Ninth Dimensional and, obviously... Gods.

That said... it was effectively a God Armament. And this was the strength of the Self Path.

With a sweep of his hand, he put all the corpses away.

Like he had said, this Divine Armor of his would be the official uniform of his people. Of course, they wouldn't be able to withstand one as powerful as his, and he wouldn't make them spears, but having one would elevate their bodies to another level.

It was just that it was only now that he knew that he was effectively creating God Armaments for them all.

And that was fine, too.

Leonel grinned.

In this world, there were probably only a few dozen characters capable of creating God Armaments.

And he was one of them.

Leonel's aura faded, and he coughed up another mouthful of blood. It seemed he had to hurry and heal up.

Just as he was about to make a move, his pupils constricted and he spun around.

Standing there, barely three meters from him, Minerva stood with her hands clasped behind her back.

Only such a Dream Force expert could possibly sneak up on him like this.

Looking at the crown of Dream Sovereignty above her head, Leonel's gaze couldn't help but narrow.

Not only was her Dream Force a level above his own, she was in the Ninth Dimension and was a Sovereign.

Chapter 2908: Fully Drawn Bow

The two didn't speak immediately, nor did Leonel's expression waver. He just looked at her for a long time, feeling that her timing was pretty awful... or far too good, depending on how one looked at it.

Leonel hadn't expected to end up as injured as he had during the first battle. He planned to use the trio of beasts as a whetstone, but had ultimately ended up suffering from success.

The result was that Blackstar had used up all of his stamina and Leonel could only send him into the Segmented Cube, and now even Leonel himself had to retract his Divine Armor.

It had been a very long time since Leonel's Divine Armors had a stamina drain on him, but it also had to be remembered that one of his uncle's go-to methods of training was perpetually keeping his Divine Armor active.

Leonel had seen this once before, and his uncle had ended up taking it off just so he could see the avalanche of sweat beneath.

This was all to say that activating Divine Armor was certainly a sort of attack on the body, and it wasn't an easy thing to withstand.

Unfortunately, in this case, it was even more exaggerated because Leonel had created an unprecedented Divine Armor, one that pulled on everything he had just to sustain it.

There was a reason he had ended up half-dead just attempting to fuse with it.

So, it could be said that Minerva's timing truly was horrible.

However, Leonel didn't seem to notice that, or her relative closeness.

With Minerva's strength, even hundreds of meters of separation would have been far too close. But the fact that she was only three meters away seemed to be her making a point.

She could get this close without him noticing anything, and yet she didn't even take advantage, just standing there quietly.

The scariest part was that Leonel had no way of confirming exactly how long she had been standing there unless he had something like El'Rion's reverse time ability to watch the sequence of events. For all he knew, she could have been behind him for hours.

It certainly wasn't so exaggerated, because in the end, Leonel had still sensed her.

But all of this still told Leonel something very important.

She was here not just to kill him, but for revenge. The worst humiliation she had ever suffered in her life had come from Leonel, and twice over at that.

First she lost in the Challenge Sequence to a mere Fifth Dimensional existence, losing her right to the Segmented Cube and the Life Tablet.

Then, despite getting him in their Owlman Bubble, she hadn't been able to stop him from turning the world upside down.

The world thought that her disciple Celestia was number one... but even then, most were still aware that this was nothing more than a surface conclusion.

There were very few that didn't accept that Leonel was the best Crafter of the younger generation, and only Minerva knew that he had still held back.

Memories of the two braces played in her mind and a storminess grew in her heart before she extinguished it with a thought.

She had suffered humiliation after humiliation at the hand of this boy. Now that she had washed away the rest of her shame, the only stain left was this boy right before her.

After she was finished, she would conveniently collect the Life Tablet and the Segmented Cube. Then, their rise back to the status of Gods would be complete.

However, when she thought about how she wanted Leonel to react to her appearance, this wasn't it.

Her beauty had returned, and her power was unfathomable, and yet he just stared at her with those cold, emotionless eyes.

Minerva seemed to realize that this was the first time she had seen Leonel with this look.

Before, he had always seemed so playful and unserious. Even during their first meeting when his life was on the line, he was talking about how she wasn't anywhere near as beautiful as his wife.

He had always seemed like a person who didn't take anything seriously at all.

But right now, he seemed to be like a different man entirely.

His body was relaxed, but his mind was as sharp as a blade. She seemed to realize at that moment that even if she disappeared and tried to sneak up on Leonel again, it would become very difficult.

She felt subtle ripples of space in the surroundings, and though her wings easily canceled them out, just the act of doing so exposed her position.

Emulation Spatial Force, the perfect fusion of Dream Force and Spatial Force, and it was at the Quasi Creation State.

No, there was an Innate Node involved, so it was no weaker than a Force at the true Creation State.

This meant that Leonel had at least two Forces at that level.

A shocking matter indeed.

"Nothing to say?" Minerva suddenly asked.

"What?" Leonel asked in an even tone. "You want to hear that you're still not as beautiful as my wife?"

Minerva looked at Leonel curiously. He was speaking just the same as in the past, but the hints of playfulness were all gone.

It made her realize something.

Maybe... she had truly never fought against a serious Leonel.

And she was right.

Leonel had been infuriated many times since coming to the Complete Worlds, and many more dangerous situations. But the last time he had truly taken things seriously was during the Heir Wars.

Since then, no one had been able to push him to the brink, and he seemed to always easily have enough power to overcome all obstacles.

Even Demi-Gods and real Gods were no strangers to his puppet strings. He even had to force himself to respect people by changing the path of his Dream Force.

But right now, he seemed to be like a fully drawn bow, like a spear piercing through the skies.

Chapter 2909: Mistake

Minerva should have been enraged by this realization, but she wasn't. Her state of mind had completely changed and her crown only shone more resplendently.

Because from the start, she too had never taken Leonel seriously, and it had caused her to suffer not just one loss, but two.

It was humiliating that a junior dared to treat her so casually, but she also didn't have the right to complain. Hadn't she been the one to take the losses?

In that case, let her crush him at his very peak.

With a wave of her hand, a holy light descended and a strong surge of light came down.

Leonel didn't dodge it, nor did his expression change.

A golden feather danced, pinned into Minerva's flowing pink diamond hair, and soon Leonel was back to peak condition.

Even if this treasure wasn't a God Armament, it likely wasn't far off. And as the descendants of the Minerva... Leonel wouldn't be surprised if they had true God Armaments waiting in the wings to be deployed.

"That was a mistake," Leonel said coolly.

Minerva didn't respond immediately, drawing a line through the air with two fingers. The golden feather in her hair fluttered out and fell into the embrace of her fingers with a delicate touch.

"This golden feather is known as the Ambrosia Feather. It can fully heal a person from even a state of near death, but it takes time to charge. It uses the number one Light Force in all of existence, Holy Force."

She waved the feather in her hand and it grew, sharpening into an elegant sword, three fingers wide and just over a meter long if the handle wasn't included.

With just a gentle swing, it cut through space as though through butter.

"For much of my life, I ignored all my other affinities because my one obsession was with the Minerva Race. I tossed away everything else, even ignoring my own Holy Force Innate Node for the sake of progressing my Dream Force, which I have a far weaker affinity in.

"Unfortunately, or I guess fortunately for you, that means my Holy Force is only at the Higher Life State right now and still needs much more time to progress.

"My Sword Force is also lacking for the same reason. I've heard that Golden Force supposedly has the strongest piercing power of all the Light Forces. But..."

She swung the feather sword again and space split once again. The aura of her Middle Life State Sword Force spread like ripples in the water, not allowing the spatial rift to close.

"... I'm not sure if I believe that."

Minerva slowly lowered her sword and pointed it toward the ground. Far down below, despite her not discharging any Force, the ground splintered as though a thin needle had just run through it.

Just from her gentle action of lowering it, a fine line of blood ran across Leonel's chest despite the fact the blade had never touched him.

"Do you know why I'm telling you all this?"

Leonel looked into her eyes, his gaze still cold and indifferent.

"It's because I know too much about you. I know about your Innate Nodes, I know about your Wise Star Order status, I know your strengths, your weaknesses, like the back of my hand.

"If we fought like this, it would be unfair to you. So I will give you the information you couldn't gather yourself."

Leonel still didn't respond, looking into the woman's reflective pink eyes as her wings suddenly spread far and wide.

They had grown larger, spreading out from five meters in both directions as she stood there elegantly and without a care.

Runes began to pulse to life on them and suddenly all the Force in the region seemed to have been banished, as though they had been chained down by a mighty deity.

Her crown flickered above her head, and her aura towered into the skies.

In a sudden rush, the world trembled and an even pressure appeared all around Leonel, pressing into every square inch of his skin with the same exact force.

Leonel finally moved, stretching out a hand to the side.

Tattoos began forming all across his body once again and tufts of white and black fur came out from the waistband of his sweats.

Rattling golden braces appeared around his ankles and wrists, while a black chain of tiger-blackened tiger teeth danced wildly in the wind around his neck.

A halo appeared to his back and his aura seemed to have changed completely.

And yet, the entire focus of the world seemed to be on his outstretched arm.

In it, a bow slowly manifested from his palm.

On both ends, it had the golden-red feather of a Celestial Ember. Its body was made of a gorgeous white leather that could have only been from a Celestial Storm, and its handle was carved out from the finest diamond crystal, reflecting a rainbow of colors.

Despite only being three meters apart, Leonel casually raised the bow and aimed it at Minerva.

The twin Celestial Ember feathers flexed and a sudden curve of flames became the bow's bowstring.

Leonel gently placed a finger on the bowstring and pulled back.

Space fractured, and an arrow seemed to be carved out of it. The blackened tooth of a White Spectral Tiger became its tip.

Minerva's eyes narrowed.

"Bringing out a bow when we are so close? You really don't fear death."

She had never heard of Leonel using a bow. This was the very first time.

It was like Leonel had brought it out on purpose to make fun of her earlier words without saying a thing about them.

She originally believed that he was still as immature as before, more worried about optics than anything else.

But then she felt that aura lock onto her.

The scent of death loomed in the air.

"I told you already..." Leonel spoke lightly for the third time in their exchange. "... That was a mistake."

Leonel loosed his arrow.

Chapter 2910: Waveform

The arrow left a tail of split space in its wake, moving with such conviction and speed that even the laws of the World Spirit couldn't keep up and mend it all.

Minerva reacted instantly. With how close they were, there was no time to do anything else but swing her sword upward.

Her power exploded forth, and she met the arrow. But to her surprise, she couldn't seem to finish the arc of her swing.

Her sword froze and the angle of the arrow mysteriously changed, meeting her blade head on, perfectly perpendicular.

The force pressed down, and suddenly an overwhelming strength pushed her back.

Minerva had soared an entire 20 meters back before she managed to flap her wings once, withstanding the great pressure to shatter the arrow, but by that point, Leonel had already pulled on his bowstring again.

He stood in the skies, high and dignified. The entire Bubble world seemed to be in his purview. Even hiding to the edges of the world couldn't hide any one of his targets from his sights.

Distance simply didn't matter.

They could be just three meters from him.

They could be thousands of kilometers away.

Or they could be just 20 meters away.

PENG!

This time, the tail of space was even more exaggerated. It looked like a speedboat shooting through a calm lake, splitting everything in its path apart.

PENG! PENG!

Leonel erupted, one arrow after another taking shape from seemingly empty air, and each and every one carried world-shaking power.

Minerva realized quickly that her Domain was worthless. Leonel wasn't even using Bow Force, so what was there to suppress? In fact, it was her Force that was being suppressed beneath the strength of the Borne Bane's teeth.

Her Holy Force was also exceptionally good at shattering its way through Force. It was known for its ability to purify and dispel. As such, while Golden Force was known as the strongest piercing Force, that was only because Holy Force didn't technically do just this alone.

Golden Force had gained this title because all it could do was penetrate.

But if one took into account Holy Force's ability to dispel Forces, functionally, it had even stronger piercing power than Golden Force.

As such, despite being on her back foot because she had been caught off guard, she quickly regained her bearings.

Arrows of black and arcs of gold met in the skies. Sparks flew and shattered remnants fell from the clouds.

Leonel's steady rhythm never wavered until he suddenly became faster.

The flaming bowstring added a fire characteristic to his arrows and his Destruction Sovereignty erupted.

At the same time, the skies fell to the night, and a Constellation appeared high in the skies.

The stars rearranged and became an arrogant man standing tall and unhindered, pulling the string of a bow so far back that it seemed that it might snap at any moment.

[Domain] fell.

[Universe] activated.

[Finality] swirled to life and Leonel's aura erupted all at once.

PENG! PENG! PENG!

Minerva's pupils constricted, and her sword trembled. A sword howl filled the skies, and she drew a circle in the air.

A sword formation appeared in the skies and several golden feathers peeled away from her golden sword.

Her wings flapped once and several runes came from it, fusing into the sword formation.

The Force Art thrummed with life and the aura of Auspicious Air filled the skies as a resonance of the ages was formed.

The Lineage Factor of the Minerva God Race activated.

The sword formation rotated a single time, and Leonel's arrows were shredded to pieces.

However, by this point, Leonel had already drawn his bow once again, the Constellation in the skies shining so bright that it seemed to be day once more.

Time rippled and suddenly it felt like Leonel had split into dozens of overlapping versions of himself. Some had his bow at 20%, some at 40%, some at 100%.

It looked as though he had dozens of arms and dozens of legs, each just slightly offset from each other.

Suddenly, all of his iterations snapped into focus and he became just one person again.

But when he released his bowstring, the skies were filled with a rain of arrows.

Friction. Velocity. Momentum. Waveforming. Folding.

All five levels of [Universe] seemed to be like play putty in Leonel's' palms.

Some arrows used Friction to accelerate.

Some used Momentum and Velocity to suddenly change direction in the air, shooting high up into the skies and suddenly beaming downward like a laser of silver from a Sun God.

Some approached Minerva straight forwardly, seemingly blinking across vast distances with a snap of the fingers. In one moment, they were by Leonel's side, and in the next, they were right in front of her.

But just as Minerva swung, they used Waveform, phasing right through her sword as though it wasn't even there at all and appearing before her vital organs.

The last batch ignored all laws of reality. Fueled by [Finality], they blinked across space as though they didn't travel at all, but rather like space had been folded to accommodate them.

They each carried the violent aura of Destruction and the endless fire of Scarlet Star Force.

Leonel seemed to be a Bow God descending into the world. He controlled countless variables at once and he alone seemed to be akin to an entire army.

Minerva was instantly assaulted from all sides, blood flying as she failed to block many of them.

Arrows tore into her body and her sword failed to stop much more than just about 20% of them.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Leonel stood high, never lowering his bow as he pulled again. The deathly cold in his gaze only seemed to become more frigid. He had not the slightest intention of giving Minerva even the smallest room to breathe.

As he had said.

She made a mistake.

Maybe if he was still injured, she would stand a chance.

Minerva coughed up a mouthful of blood, and then suddenly grinned a maddened smile.

"Good."

Chapter 2911: Golden

Minerva had been stuck in a perpetual state of battle for over a year now. She had slayed Gods and waded through rivers of blood. At this point, the sight of her own blood was like the air she breathed and the food she ate. It fuelled her, making her body stand at attention and her hair flow wildly in the air.

At that moment, she released a delicate roar as Leonel unleashed another arrow.

Her sword formation exploded and suddenly several more golden feathers came from her sword.

In fact, just saying that they were just several more didn't do the gorgeous scene justice.

It was as though thousands of golden-winged angels had fluttered their wings, spare feathers falling down from the skies like a touch of a golden sun's dew.

Nine sets of 108 golden feathers bloomed in the skies, each one forming a formation of their own before coming together to form an enormous magic circle of twinkling feather swords.

By this point, the golden sword in Minerva's palm had become nothing more than a thin needle, and yet the aura it gave off felt countless times more oppressive.

The arrow that Leonel released was shattered by a rain of sword light before it could even get close.

Minerva rose high into the skies, her wings only gently flapping, and yet the strength of its winds leaving long trenches in the tough ground below.

Beneath the high concentration of Fire Force in the region, the wind fueled forest fires and entire mountains were melted down.

Standing there, she didn't even bother to wipe the blood from the corners of her mouth, let alone the rest of her body. She didn't seem to care that her carefully selected dress was riddled with holes.

Her gaze sharpened as she met Leonel's gaze.

The Minerva Lineage Factor was known as Touch of Creation. It could be said that the Minerva were destroyed because they flew too close to the sun, trying to replace the hole left behind by the God Beasts of Creation.

And one of the pillars of that destruction was the very same Touch of Creation being used here.

It was the ability to find the root of a Force Art in any and all things, bringing it to life with a rush of Auspicious Air.

It seemed like a simple ability, especially with it being summarized in so few lines. But it was precisely this that made it all the more shocking.

Any Ability Index, any Force, any treasure that a Minerva wielded in their possession could harmonize with nature, forming a magic circle that exponentially increased their abilities several times over.

If before, the Ambrosia Feather was only close to the status of a God Armament, but not quite there. Now, beneath the power of the Touch of Creation Lineage Factor, Minerva was able to arrange its pieces into a formation that multiplied its power ten times over.

Even without being a God Armament, at this moment, it displayed the power of a treasure that was no less than equal to one.

Leonel took a breath and released an arrow that split into thousands, raining down from above like a torrent. It looked like a heavy storm was falling from the skies, and each one left a tail of space in its wake.

PENG! PENG! PENG! PENG! PENG! PENG!

They all fell at once, but they were ripped apart by the formation, unable to get past its aura alone, let alone make it through to Minerva.

Minerva raised her golden needle sword and her posture caused the world to still. Her pink eyes sharpened and a sword howl for the ages echoed across the skies, causing the ears of the weak who heard it to burst with rains of blood.

The sword formation of golden feathers changed and became a supreme sword raising high up to the skies.

Leonel's gaze narrowed, the violent signs of danger making his hair stand on his end and his heart skip a bit.

The frostiness in his eyes grew as Minerva suddenly swung down.

The world split in two.

At that moment, twin Innate Nodes burst into flames on both of Leonel's hips. It looked like the eyes of a god without a head had opened up and the tufts of fur coming from the waistband of his sweatpants were lit on fire.

His Scarlet Star Force soared to the Creation State and his aura of Destruction multiplied several times over as Ten Stars appeared to his back.

However, two of these Stars were entirely different from the rest, looking as though they had entire worlds contained within them.

Leonel couldn't remember the last time he had summoned his Stars, but the moment he did so this time, power flooded his body and his Forces took another massive leap forward.

His Scarlet Star Force roared, springing to life as he pulled his bow back again.

Universal Force descended from the skies at the same time, wrapping him in white silver light.

The arrow took shape, having a tip of blackened teeth, a body wrapped in gorgeous white leather, and a spiralling spring of red-gold flames quickly flashing around it.

A low, deep rumble came from Leonel's chest as his large heart beat just a single time.

BOOM.

It sounded as though a giant as suddenly awoken from his slumber and the world was torn apart as his arrow was released.

The enormous sword-shaped formation of golden feathers met the spiralling arrow.

The sight was both glorious and gorgeous, yet simultaneously fear-inducing and shocking.

Gold, red and silver flew in all directions, and a battle for the ages rocked the skies.

Leonel released arrow after arrow, and Minerva, as elegant as ever, almost carelessly drew her golden needle sword across the skies.

Both of them seemed to look as though they were the pinnacle of indifference, and yet their strikes were capable of flattening worlds.

Mountains collapsed and rivers dried up, their auras continuing to grow stronger and stronger.

Chapter 2912: Title

A violent whirlwind of golden blades suddenly appeared around Leonel and shredded into his shoulders and torso.

He indifferently blinked away, his body stepping around the void and continuing his rain of arrows.

On Minerva's side, an arrow cut into her cheek as she tilted her head to the side, but she remained unmoved.

Their cold gazes met, and lightning seemed to spark.

At that moment, Leonel made a bold move. Moving across space, he continuously fired arrows, each one capable of razing mountains to the ground.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

He released three world-ending arrows, each one targeting a specific location of the formation of swords.

In that moment, Minerva's expression changed because she felt the Natural Force Art suddenly let out a wild jolt of energy and she lost control for a brief instant.

In that brief moment, Leonel had already stepped across the skies and released another arrow.

It appeared before her in the blink of an eye, and she had no choice but to wave her sword to block it. However, that action caused her own formation to go even more wildly out of control.

The golden feathers scattered and Minerva realized it would take her at least three seconds to fuse them back into a formation. That was only a few blinks to mortals, but to existences like them, she could die dozens of times over in that span.

Without a choice, she could only abandon the formation for now and begin a slow and impassioned defense while she brought the feathers back in line. At this pace, it would take her at least ten seconds.

But Leonel was relentless.

First, he had proven to her that he could just as easily match her with a bow.

And now he reminded her that in terms of Crafting...

He was by far her superior.

How dare she assume that her formation would be enough to stop his steps?

PENG! PENG! PENG!

Minerva's sword left three gorgeous arcs of gold in the air, swatting away dozens of arrows in a single sweep.

She realized something and immediately abandoned reforming the formation.

The nine times 108 golden feathers rose into the skies once again, but this time not in a formation, but instead a relentless, unbridled rain.

Her crown glowed above her head and a Domain of Dream Force spread out.

From the start, Minerva had never used her Ability Index. But since things had come to this, she would show Leonel her truest strength.

The world was instantly shrouded in the majesty of a Sovereign Middle Creation State Dream Force, and the golden feathers began to dance in a delicate pink mist.

They multiplied in the skies, going from short of a thousand to several tens of thousands in an instant.

The world roared, and they whistled.

Leonel was instantly enveloped by this pink mist and he had a hard time telling up from down and left from right.

He realized instantly that it was an illusion of some sort, but that knowledge didn't help him when the opponent's Dream Force strength was so far above his own.

However, he didn't panic in the slightest. Instead, he became frighteningly calm, so much so that the world seemed to become painted in black and white before his eyes.

A rush of majesty came from him as his eyes closed for but a moment before they snapped open.

The halo behind him trembled, and the diamond pressed to his forehead glowed with a majestic light.

At that moment, the halo behind Leonel began to reflect the scenes inside of his Ethereal Glabella, and the form of the Mage Core, an Ancient Tree with an array of coloured leaves in the shape of runes, appeared.

It swayed gently in the wind just once.

A sword suddenly pierced through Leonel's gut, ripping a hole right through him, but he didn't even flinch.

The Mage Core swayed again just as another golden feather sword ripped into his shoulder, almost taking his entire arm off.

The more wounds he suffered, the colder his gaze seemed to become.

A sword flashed by, cutting half of his neck. Had he not moved slightly, his entire head would have been lopped off and sent high into the skies.

In just a few moments, Leonel was in an injured state, even worse than what he had experienced at the hands of the elder Fallen God Beasts.

However, his expression remained cold all the same.

And then his lips suddenly parted.

"Disperse."

The moment the words came from his lips, the world froze, and an ancient rune came from his mouth.

The strength of a second Ability Index took root and the world of pink mist was forcefully ruptured and shredded apart.

At that moment, the number of golden feather swords plummeted back down to less than a thousand and Leonel's aura pierced into the skies like a spear.

Leonel grabbed at the air, already readying his bow with the other hand.

He stood there, beaten and bloodied, the only indifferent part of him his heart shuddering gaze. They stood like two reflective marbles amidst the carnage, polished smooth and radiating a chilly pale violet light.

"Today, your Title will be... Swift."

A rune formed in Leonel's palm and he pressed it into his bow.

The bow trembled and sparks of lightning took shape in the skies as though the World Spirit was infuriated, and maybe it should have been. Leonel had just forcefully taken a portion of its power.

Even though his face paled, his back stood straight. Even though his arms were injured, he still pulled back the bowstring. Even though his head seemed it might fall from his shoulders at any time, he held it high.

"Die."

The words were spoken softly, but the moment they descended, the world around Leonel shattered like fragmenting glass, reality fissuring, and the laws of this world rupturing.

He released the bowstring and time stopped while space seemed to cease mattering.

The arrow moved so swiftly that its tip had already pierced Minerva before she could react.

- Chapter 2913: TTTSSSSSSSSUUUUUUUUUU!

Chapter 2913: TTTSSSSSSSSUUUUUUUUUU!

The arrow embodied the word. It didn't have to fold space or shatter its way into the void. It was speed in its truest essence, velocity in its sharpest definition.

It moved so quickly that it truly did seem to do all of those things, and yet both Leonel and Minerva, with their sharp Dream Force, knew that this wasn't the case at all.

There was no curve, no tricks, no distortions. It felt like it was ancient in its creed and almost arrogant in its directness.

And in that instant, it pierced right through Minerva's body, ripping into her chest before she could even think to move to the side.

TTTSSSSSSSSUUUUUUUUUU!

The sound came long afterward, a grating noise that made it feel as though the air was a pot and the arrow was a fork scraping along its bottom. The arrow seemed to have forced the world into submission, forcing it to remain steady to allow it to display its mighty speed, and it was only then that a trail of fire and fragmented space appeared in its wake.

It was faster than even the world could react to.

It was the embodiment of true, unbridled, unabashed speed.

And it was because of that it ripped through Minerva's body before she even felt anything.

She stood there, frozen, still wondering what had happened. Like a person who had been shot but had yet to realize because of the adrenaline, she stood there stunned.

Her senses told her what had happened, but she still didn't dare to believe it.

On the other side of the battlefield, Leonel was stunned as well, but for a completely different reason.

'I missed?'

The arrow had certainly ripped through Minerva's body, but not in the location he was aiming for. It missed her heart and went right through her lung, just centimeters from his intended target.

Someone else might feel it was just unfortunate, but for Leonel... this left him shocked to the point he lacked the words to describe them.

From the first moment he had picked up a bow, to this moment here, he had never missed.

Surely, many had dodged his attacks, blocked them or parried them...

But had he ever missed?

Never.

His arrow always seemed to be guided by his heart and landed on the exact target he was aiming for every time without the slightest hint of failure.

But this time, he was actually off. He could have killed Minerva with that blow, but because he missed, he hadn't.

At first, he thought it was because he had miscalculated. Maybe he misjudged the speed of the arrow, compensated for where he thought Minerva would try to dodge, and ended up overcompensating too much.

But no, that wasn't the case. If that had happened, he wouldn't summarize the events as him having missed, it would have been worse than that. It would have been him misjudging his own strength, underestimating his own power, and that was likewise something that he had never done.

Soon, he realized exactly what had happened.

The power of the arrow was too great for him to control. He had missed because it was too unruly for him.

He was so used to the bow coming so naturally to him that he didn't even think before he released the arrow, and that was part of the reason he didn't immediately understand why he had missed as well. He had been forced to use his Ability Index to return to that state to figure out exactly what happened.

And it left him stunned.

He had put in a lot of effort to begin to tap into the opposing half of his Ability Index. The applications of it felt endless, and it was a path that would allow his Control Ability Index to transcend to an unprecedented level.

If he could both perfectly control himself and perfectly control the world around him, what could possibly stop his steps?

However, what he didn't expect was that this success would make him too powerful, powerful to the point he wasn't able to even control his own strength.

It was almost ridiculous...

No, it really was ridiculous.

If it wasn't for the situation, he wouldn't have laughed at himself.

However, just when he thought he was going to have to burst into action on another long, drawn-out round of this battle, Minerva violently coughed up mouthfuls of blood, her body shuddering.

Leonel watched this in silence and almost couldn't help but laugh at himself again.

He had missed, sure... but it was only by a few centimeters.

For him, this was a devastating matter and entirely unacceptable. He had exceptionally high standards for himself, and he had projected his perceived failure onto the battle.

However, was it the same for Minerva?

The strength of Leonel's normal arrows could already shatter worlds. If he was in an Incomplete World, a single one of his arrows could probably run through a gauntlet of planets and shatter their star in one sweep, eradicating a solar system. Every single one of his arrows ripped and tore open space...

So how could his arrow pass through the body of a person and leave them unscathed?

Whatever carnage this Bubble World had to suffer every time he released an arrow, wouldn't Minerva also have to suffer just the same? Except this time... it was within her own body, and so close to her heart at that.

Even though she wasn't dead like Leonel wanted, she was probably in no fighting condition. And unfortunately for her, the healing method she had as a trump card had been used on Leonel and had yet to replenish itself.

It could be said that she had lifted a mountain, only to drop it onto her own foot. But that was her pride.

Looking at her, Leonel couldn't help but remember himself.

If he hadn't changed his Dream Force Path, would he have ended up like this?

Maybe he wouldn't have experienced personal failure, but wouldn't the death of his friends and family be another sort of heartbreak?

Leonel's pupils suddenly constricted as a figure appeared by Minerva's side.

Chapter 2914: One Chance

Leonel hadn't sensed the appearance of this person at all. It was as though, in one instant, they were just there, as though they had always been there, as though they had never not been there.

This person was powerful.

He was a man, handsome beyond reason, and having a head of pink hair not much unlike Minerva. However, unlike Minerva, his wings were a frightening gold that reflected all light. No, it wasn't that they reflected all light, but rather that they reflected the light so fiercely that each ray that bounced off felt as sharp as the light of a sword. It felt like if he wanted, he could cleave a world in two with a single flap.

The man was valiant beyond reason and exuded an otherworldly temperament that made it seem like he wasn't of this world, that even the Gods themselves couldn't have personally sculpted him.

And it was when Leonel had this thought that he frowned and shook himself awake. A cold sweat broke out on his back and he felt that there was something particularly odd about this man.

It was times like this that he wished he had kept the original path of his Dream Force. But right now, he was being forced to respect this man...

No, it was his choice to respect this man, he reminded himself.

'Is his Dream Force so tangible that he can affect even my mind so easily? No, it's not that... is this what a true Dharma feels like? But not quite...'

Leonel's Wise Sea and Star Order status acted to quickly dissect the aspects of this man he could understand and put them together, and soon he felt he had a grasp.

This man was only a step away from becoming a true God. The feeling of awe and reverence came almost entirely from this feeling, but it was also a wake-up call.

The strength of some at the Peak of the Creation State was on a completely different level.

The strength of someone who had a Quasi-Dharma was even more exaggerated. It felt like a world apart. The separation between the two tiers was devastating, so much so that it was difficult for Leonel to even gather up the fighting intent right now.

However, Leonel seemed to feel that his mind was being forcefully tempered by his resistance.

The man didn't even look at Leonel as though he was entirely insignificant. He caught Minerva from falling from the skies, supporting her. Then, he took out a Force Pill and gave it to her.

Minerva's situation quickly stabilized, though her face remained pale. However, it was hard to tell if this was because she had clearly lost, or if it was because she was still a bit injured.

Her gaze dimmed, but from start to finish, she didn't look toward Leonel. It was like she didn't trust what she would do if she met his gaze right now.

It was only after he had made certain that Minerva was in good condition that the man finally looked toward Leonel.

At that moment, whatever pressure Leonel had felt before was multiplied several times over. It felt like he was watching a golden star approach from the skies, preparing to collide with his planet. But even as it approached, the forest caught fire, the oceans dried up, and large pieces were being ripped from this planet's surface.

The visualization was so clear that Leonel truly felt that he was already there, about to lose his life.

Sparks of Dream Force flickered to life and a wildly dancing crown appeared above Leonel's head. Right then, he focused on the other half of his Dream Force Sovereign Path.

Persistence.

He stood proudly in the skies, meeting the gaze of the man that seemed to hold a pair of burning golden stars.

"Unyielding." The man said indifferently, as though he was passing judgment. His words didn't have any emotion in them, nor did he seem to care that Leonel was so persistent. As far as he was concerned, Leonel was a wave of the hand away from death, and had always been that, and would continue to be that into perpetuity.

The arrogance of this man was practically its own towering monument.

If not for their plans, he would have long become a God. In this world, no one was worthy of keeping up with his steps.

He was the Head of the Owlans. No... he was the Head of the Minerva.

Elysium.

"You may live only because you have some use. Your actions are your attempt at survival, and they're pleasing enough to me. However, the Segmented Cube and the Life Tablet, those aren't things that the likes of you can hold."

Leonel continued to look at this man.

After Elysium finished speaking, he just stood there as though he were waiting for Leonel to hand them over of his own accord. He didn't seem to think that he would need to take action at all.

Leonel felt flickers of rage raise up within him that were suddenly doused by a dense cold. The cold seemed to come from Elysium, who was giving him a silent warning...

But there was something else within Leonel radiating an even deeper cold.

It was the remaining strands of his previous Dream Force Path. He almost subconsciously reached out toward them, wanting to return to the path of absolute confidence without the slightest regard for anything.

Who was this man to try to trample over his dignity? Who was he to speak to him so casually? To look at him with that gaze? The only person who deserved to look down on people in this way was him, the only man to ever outlive Existence itself.

Leonel suddenly closed his eyes, taking a shaky breath.

From an outsider's perspective, it truly looked as though he had lost his mind to fear.

However, his words were anything but.

"I will give you one chance to scram. Or else we both won't like the result."

His voice was low, emotionless, and seemed to be layered with an unapproachable majesty.

Chapter 2915: Generations

Leonel didn't look at Elysium, his gaze dark and aimed toward the ground as though he was still trying to control an impulse. His heart was thrumming wildly and his fury was threatening to spill over. He took deep breaths and eventually even closed his eyes. It was almost a level of disregard that took Elysium aback for the first time, but then he shook his head.

No matter how he looked at it, it seemed as though Leonel was just truly afraid. In the world, there was a fine line between bravery, ignorance and stupidity. To be brave meant to understand the threat, you were under and face it valiantly, nonetheless. To be ignorant was to face off against challenges you had no knowledge or understanding of, simply because it fed your ego. To be stupid was to understand your situation, know you had another choice, and yet choose the path of most resistance because of, once again, your ego.

In Elysium's opinion, the fear that Leonel felt was real. He should see the gap between the two of them and his reaction was only natural. This was just the normal reaction of prey meeting their apex predator.

Elysium was the perfect counter to Leonel, not only just because he was extremely powerful but also because he had comprehended Dream Force to an extreme extent as well. Any advantages that a Dream Force user might have had against another powerful opponent were useless against him. He did not fear Dream Force because he, too, wielded it.

In the end, that meant to him that Leonel was only speaking such idiotic words because he was unwilling. In fact, now that Elysium thought about it, when had Leonel ever taken a step back? He had seemed sensible during the Gathering of Minds, but wasn't that just him throwing another tantrum? He had said that he would give up the Life Tablet and Segmented Cube if he lost, but he ended up stealing it back.

Elysium had never really thought about these things before because a character as small as Leonel wasn't worth so much effort to think about in normal circumstances. If not for the situation now, he wouldn't have even bothered. But now that he had thought of them, he couldn't help but feel a sliver of disdain for him even though he only looked at Leonel as an elder would a child.

A man who couldn't even keep his own word... a man who treated the words he spoke and said as though they were air to be passed through the world and ignored... Wasn't a man at all. Any potential he might have felt that Leonel had was directly ignored by him. He already felt that no one he had already surpassed could ever catch up to his steps, but now he didn't even feel that Leonel had the right to chase him.

He had wasted enough time here. There was no point in wasting any more. So, he raised his hand to take action, feeling disgust all the while. Acting against a child was truly beneath. It made him feel even more disgusted that Leonel had forced him to do this.

And that was when Leonel's voice rang out.

"It seems you've made your decision."

A dangerous aura shuddered the skies as Leonel's bow began to tremble. It didn't seem like it was struggling, but rather that it was far too excited. Leonel's face was already pale before, but now it seemed to have grown several times paler, his skin sinking and his cheekbones becoming more prominent. However, when he slowly opened his eyes, there was nothing but a deep, unfathomable indifference.

Elysium's hand paused in the air. Was it an illusion? What was that feeling? Suddenly, the world shook and quaked. The repaired reality around Leonel shattered once again and golden Bow Force began to accumulate. A halo-like bracelet began to appear around both of his wrists, but this time they were even more spine tingling than the last time they appeared. Even before entering the Creation State, Leonel's Spear Force had been seconds from shattering one of the strongest Mortal Realm Bubbles in existence. But now that they had entered the Creation State, there was a qualitative change the likes of which were almost impossible to describe.

It felt like it wasn't just this world that was crumbling, but all of reality itself. And it was clear that Leonel control was even weaker now than it had been before... but this time, by design.

"Do you feel that?" Leonel asked plainly.

Minerva shuddered. All the while, she had been silent and couldn't even look at Leonel. But right now, how could she not feel this oppressive aura? It was as though she might be swallowed up at any moment.

"You know, I've found that I really hate when people look down on me. It's probably a character flaw, and I should fix it. The opinions of the insignificant shouldn't be worth anything at all. I still remember when I was just a teenager... I didn't think that kneeling was a big deal. I was raised in an Empire and practically worshipping the annoying old man that turned out to be grandfather was commonplace, so when I met a certain King Arthur, I thought it was only natural that I showed him the same respect... Until, that is... he tried to weaponise it against me."

Leonel spoke slowly as more of his life seemed to leave his body, and yet he remained entirely indifferent to it all.

"I guess you can say that that's when it started. I have a particular distaste for people who think too much of themselves, which is ironic considering my opinion of myself... But the difference is that you are not me."

Leonel looked away from Elysium and toward the world around him.

"You tell me, oh mighty Patriarch of the Minerva... If your little formation of worlds was suddenly missing one... What would happen to your generations of planning?"

Chapter 2916: Who Really?

Hearing these words, Elysium's heart couldn't help but skip a beat.

When a man like him lost control of his emotions, the skies changed color and the earth seemed to flip. The entirely artistic conception of the world was flipped on its head as though it had been plunged into a world of nightmares.

Swirls of chaos began to appear in space like the canvas of a Van Gogh painting. A rainbow of dark colors slathered themselves across the skies, and part of the earth below seemed to act both as careless currents of water and the hardest diamond.

It was a casual use of strength and power that Leonel had never seen before, one that should have rocked him to the very core, and yet the indifference in his eyes only deepened to the point that it gave way to disdain, as though he had just broken through another one of the nine levels of Hell.

So bold, so arrogant, so uncaring, and dismissive of the world in one moment, and yet the instant he came across the slightest obstruction, this was his reaction.

And he called himself an expert?

Elysium had probably lived a life that was carefree and easy. He probably thought that he had had it hard, having to raise up a Race back to Godhood...

Poor him. It must have been extremely difficult being raised in one of the wealthiest Demi-God Races in existence, being handed his Patriarch position, and then sitting on the sidelines while everyone else fought his battles.

He had no idea the kind of trials and tribulations that Leonel had been through, so much so that he actually dismissed Leonel's heroic reversals, distilling them down to...

Going back on his word?

Elysium certainly had no idea just how much of his thoughts that Leonel could see right through. Wise Sea Order alone was already enough to be hailed as an Oracle by the people of the Incomplete World. When it was layered with Wise Sea order, the reality of it all was that Leonel couldn't just be said to be a Dream Force Sovereign anymore... he was something far beyond that.

Even the combination of a Sovereignty and an Innate Node stacked atop of one another was inferior to the boost that he had to his Dream Force right now.

Of course, this boost wasn't in the normal sense, or else the likes of Minerva wouldn't have been able to outmaneuver him.

Even so, it wasn't something that could be easily ignored nonetheless, because this boost was precisely focused on comprehending and understanding the world around him.

He had only had it for a few weeks, and yet he had already broken through with two Forces into the Creation State.

Had his battle not been interrupted, he might very well have broken through in another.

The thoughts of this overly arrogant man could never be hidden from him.

What he did best now was understand, and Elysium's mind might as well have been an open book, especially because he was so arrogant he didn't even try to bar it from being read.

It all bore out exactly as he expected. The moment Elysium sensed that the situation was being pulled away from his control, he reacted. It even seemed that he might flip out in a rage.

When his lips were about to part, Leonel interrupted him.

"Don't waste my time with a stupid back and forth. You do not have the capability to kill me before this world is ultimately destroyed. You might be close to being a God, but you are not yet a God. I have trump cards you wouldn't imagine, including one that would have allowed me to beat you into the ground with my own fists.

"You are just lucky that I would rather destroy this world and be hunted down by the Gods than to take that route.

"So maybe you are right that I take the path of most resistance, even when I probably shouldn't.

"But so what?"

Leonel's momentum grew so lofty that the world around him returned to normal, shedding the suppression that came from Elysium's warping of the world.

In that moment, his Dream Force soared, entering the Middle Creation State in a single bound. The flickering crown above his head solidified and a bit of the paleness on his face seemed to have recovered.

Not all paths of most resistance chosen were done out of stupidity. Some of them were chosen out of principle, out of love, out of conviction.

If Leonel destroyed this world, it would mean that the plan of the Owlans and Fallen God Beasts would fail. Once that happened, the ire of the world would be likely to fall on him.

Even if they suffered greatly, the Owlans and Fallen God Beasts would certainly come after him, not to mention the Variant Invalids.

At the same time, once the Void Race found out the true ins and outs of the situation, because they would no longer have to weigh their options and deal with the appearance of a new God Realm, they could certainly come after him as well.

It could be said that regardless of whether it was Leonel or Elysium, the both of them would lose a lot the moment this world was destroyed.

And yet, this was still the choice that Leonel chose to take. He would rather take this path than use the blood of that woman.

He had sworn it before and he would never hesitate to say it again.

Until she died beneath the palm of his hands, he would never use his Dream Asura Lineage Factor again.

And that was the dividing the line between these two men.

On one side, there was a man blinded by his arrogance and still unwilling to give up, even now.

And on the other there was a man staunch in his convictions and resilient in his thoughts.

Between the two of them... who really was the stupid one?

Chapter 2917: Gruesome

Elysium didn't say a single word. He just stood there, and his expression had already returned to calm. It was just unfortunate that the changes to the world never seemed to stop, so no matter what his face looked like, it was worthless.

Just like Leonel had said.

He was an open book.

Then, to Leonel's surprise, Elysium vanished without a word. He might have thought that it was for an attempted attack if it wasn't for the fact that he also took Minerva with him.

Even after several moments, there were no other movements, and even the change to the world slowly faded away.

'It seems I've made a powerful enemy again.'

Leonel said these words almost carelessly, as though he didn't care.

In truth, he knew that Elysium might try it if it hadn't been for his Dream Force Breakthrough. But after that, it had become several times more difficult to outmaneuver Leonel.

This was because Elysium's main Force certainly wasn't Dream Force, and though his Dream Force was definitely in the Creation State as well, it wasn't his Sovereignty. The combination of his Dimension and his constitution made his Dream Force extend far further than Leonel's did. But in the end, Leonel was confident in bridging that gap with his Wise Star and Sea Order status.

It wouldn't be enough to overwhelm them, or even truly be equal, but it would be enough for him to protect himself long enough to destroy this world.

When he realized that, Elysium reacted as only a man so arrogant would.

Rather than trying to threaten or persuade Leonel, he directly left. That was because he felt that Leonel should know himself the kind of enemy he had just made. There was no need to inform him that was that was arrogance of the Minerva Race Head.

If before he had been fine with giving Leonel a path to live, when the time was ripe, Leonel would be the first head he took.

Leonel's lip curled into a sneer, but soon afterward, his Bow Force dispersed and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. He couldn't help but glare at the fading halo-like bracelets.

To think that his own Forces would still be so unruly.

'I truly think the only way to fix this is to find two separate Incomplete Worlds that can accommodate them. Only that way will they not clash and I can finally use them again.'

'But finding Worlds perfect for Weapon Forces...'

Leonel sighed. That was far too difficult.

Weapon Forces were created by humanoids as a method of self-protection. They weren't like other Forces and you wouldn't necessarily be blessed with an affinity either.

Rather, what people mistook for Weapon Force affinities were other lesser Forces that you happened to have an appropriate combination of affinities for.

These were Forces like Sharpness or Swiftiness, and they were precisely the building block Forces that Drake was currently using to try to create his Gun Force.

This was to say that finding an Incomplete World for his Bow and Spear would be nigh impossible.

He would have to completely reshape an Incomplete World instead. Or, he would have to find an Incomplete World with a tribe or Race of people with particular affinities and then make them the dominant Race. But whether that was possible with his current skill was hard to say. It felt like that would take more than he had.

And just finding the Incomplete Worlds themselves would be a tall task.

Leonel coughed up another mouthful of blood, feeling annoyed by the weakness of his body, but not being able to do much about it.

'If there's a next Incomplete World I need to focus on, it should certainly be for my Vital Star Force. It's the one Force I have the least affinity for and I need all the help I can get.'

Vital Star Force had been the last of Leonel's Forces to reach the Quasi Creation State, and it was the most slow-going.

Incomplete Worlds focused on Life Force were also rare, as would be the case for all high level Forces.

However, it would certainly be far easier than doing the same with Weapon Forces.

'One step at a time.'

Leonel thought this as his eyes flashed with a cold light.

It should be that the Fallen God Beasts were sufficiently infuriated now. And now, Elysium was aware that he was aware of their plan.

The level of hatred they would have toward him would certainly be at an all-time high now, and almost all of his pieces had been perfectly set on the board.

In the end, arrogant or not, he'd be the one who got the last life.

"Oop, better run."

Leonel went from a frigid cold to a spry rabbit in the blink of an eye. Barely minutes after he had vanished, red-gold feathers fell from the skies as an Ancestor Celestial Ember appeared.

Nova looked down with narrowed eyes. The carnage was palpable, but... Blood. She could see it, and Leonel hadn't bothered to clean it up.

The life signatures of nine distinct existences were down there. And now all of them were gone.

Just the fact that Leonel could draw blood from all nine of them was something that was shocking enough, but what did it mean that they were gone now...

They were dead.

It was a thought Nova didn't want to believe, but it was one she had to.

A single human boy had fought nine elders of their Fallen God Beast lineage alone and actually won?

No, it even seemed that he had another battle afterward with an... Owlman? Minerva? And he seemed to have won that battle as well.

Nova drew a line across the skies with her wing and the volatile space in the region seemed to retrace a particularly valiant arrow, one that made her pupils constrict into fiery pinholes.

She flapped her wings once and soared across the world.

"Leonel Morales. You will die a gruesome death."

It was a gentle voice, but it shook the world.

Chapter 2918: Unbeatable

Leonel heard the voice, and he burst into a laughter, uncaring for the state of his body. Every rumbling chuckle seems to cause another rain of blood to fall from him, but he was at complete peace even with his body being ravaged to this extent.

That interaction with Elysium had truly pissed him off. Even making him back off like that wasn't enough, because it was clear the man was still as arrogant as ever.

The only way Leonel would feel satisfied is if he truly made them suffer.

All of them.

The Variant Invalids tried to steal his wife right from under his nose.

The Celestial Embers had cooperated with the Owlans to try to steal his Life Tablet and Anastasia.

Minerva had tried to kill him more than once, humiliating him several times, and in the end, he could only let her get away because he didn't have the strength to stop Elysium.

The frustration was boiling over to the point he had almost returned to his old ways.

But it was fine.

If he couldn't crush them with his fists, then he would take advantage with his blade when he could, and then crush them with his mind.

His laughter echoed throughout the world, and yet the Celestial Ember that was able to cross an entire world with just a single flap of her wings couldn't seem to find him at all. It was like he had truly vanished.

...

At that moment, in another corner of the battlefield, a familiar Void Race member appeared in a cosmic swirl of black and violet. She frowned, her senses spreading, and almost instantly, she retreated into the portal again.

The fury of Nova was palpable, and it had spread across the entire world. As arrogant as Shan'Rae was, she knew that she was no match for an Ancestor level character.

Ironically, the moment she stepped into the world, he had been forced to vanish once again.

...

Leonel crossed the voice, his body shuddering.

Soon, he found a simple and plain Complete World and fell into it. He buried himself deep underground and then entered the Segmented Cube.

He fell like a flopping fish and gasped for breath.

'Son of a bitch, that really almost killed me.'

Leonel slowly took his time to catch his breath, but in the end, he chose to just activate [Instant Recovery]. He wasn't sure if it would work, but it was better to find out now than another time. After all, he was completely safe within the Segmented Cube, and since the world was entirely under Anastasia's control, he didn't need to worry about being sensed by others.

To Leonel's surprise, it really did still work.

Almost shockingly well.

'What?'

Leonel shot up as curtains of gold fell onto him. He was stunned.

This was the first time he had used [Instant Recovery] since coming to wider Existence. But looking at it not, he felt that it was on a completely different level.

Was it because he had devoured the Golden Tiger Lineage Factor? Or was it because of the mutated path he was taking?

'No, it's all more complicated than that.'

As far as Leonel could tell, there was a second important factor, and that was the Complete Worlds themselves.

He had always thought that [Instant Recovery] was pulling from himself, but that only seemed to be part of the case. The reason there were always such phenomena in the outside world was precisely because it was communicating with the outside world as well.

It seemed that just now, not only had [Instant Recovery] perfectly healed him, but his body had increased to a proportional amount.

If Leonel was correct, then this was a normal function of [Instant Recovery] when used in an Incomplete World. But because he had swallowed the Lineage Factors and turned them into his body potential, the effect was multiplicative. As a result, the improvement to his constitution might have been small, but it was still noticeable.

It was enough that even if he didn't have the Control Ability Index, he would have still noticed. Even someone who had only recently begun to take their training seriously would notice.

'An entire percentage point? Can I replicate that? Is it because my state of injury was just that bad? Or is it something else?'

Leonel looked deeper and found that he had actually moved along in the stages of progress that Aina had mentioned all that time ago.

Right now, he had reached 30% integration. As Aina had said back then, to push it past 30%, they needed to take drastic measure, forming a feedback loop between his body, brain, Ethereal Glabella and Soul.

But just now, it felt like [Instant Recovery] had done that all on its own.

Leonel suddenly wanted to run and tell his wife, but he couldn't do that. She was in the middle of having a breakthrough of her own.

'That much is fine. I don't need a huge boost in my strength right now. Now that I'm certain that [Instant Recovery] holds a secret to elevating my body to a new level, I can do it any time. Right now, my mind is more important, and this is just secondary.

'That said...'

Leonel did a few more tests, trying to figure something out.

Then he had a thought.

If [Instant Recovery] still worked, then the Dark Northern Lineage Factor reciprocal, their life steal ability, should likewise work.

'Hm...'

Leonel walked to one of the many Fallen God Beast corpses he had accumulated and placed a hand on one. Then, he used [Life Steal].

His eyes opened wide immediately as he felt the changes to his body.

'Holy shit...'

Once again, there was a feedback between the world and the technique that amplified their abilities. And, on top of that, the amplification only seemed to increase because of the modifications he had made to the Lineage Factor.

'If only I could use these techniques openly... I would be an unbeatable monster...'

Chapter 2919: Couldn't Afford

Leonel realized something shocking. The same bodily improvements that [Instant Recovery] allowed him appeared in [Life Steal], but it was even more straightforward. In fact, it felt more complex than that.

He could even feel that he could make changes to his Divine Armor through this method, using the blood of stronger beasts to strengthen it further and make it run smoother.

These elder beasts would have been impossible to kill without his Divine Armor, but it seemed that now he could accept the fruits of his labor.

'Not quite. It's more complex than that. If I absorb the blood of a Celestial Ember, I would throw the balance off. I would need to use it on all four at the same time, but I can't do that since I can only cast the technique once...'

It seemed that, once again, he would need to wait for his wife. Only her Blood Sovereignty could help him get past this barrier.

However, if he ignored his Divine Armor for the moment, he could directly improve his body. It felt like a soothing tonic was running right through him.

'Hm? I can do that too?'

Leonel's gaze flickered. He realized that he could pass on this refined energy to his Incomplete Worlds. And then, when he needed them, he could take them out.

Didn't that mean that he could secure healing for himself in a stealthy way? Did he find a method to use it in public?

But once again, Leonel was disappointed. There were two problems with this approach.

The first issue was the fact that his worlds were technically worlds of Destruction now. No, more accurately, they were fueling and amplifying his Destruction World into a real world.

The aspects of Destruction were still there, so over time, the energy was depleted and crushed.

He could store the energy inside the Incomplete Worlds themselves, that seemed to be just fine, but then it would be no different from storing it in a spatial ring or something of the sort.

The moment he took it out, the aura of the [Life Steal] technique would leak and then it would make no difference that he hadn't used it directly.

If he could store it in his Destruction World itself, it would have been a direct link and he would never need to take it out of his body to use it.

'So many issues everywhere. Maybe I should really take a look at those Life Tablet techniques again to see if I can find a technique that won't get me killed.'

Leonel chuckled to himself and stretched his back out.

He had rested for more than enough. Well, if enough could be counted in a couple minutes at best.

It was time to get back to work.

As for the matters surrounding the Life Tablet, he didn't have time to consider it.

As for what questions people might have about his recovery, didn't he have Anastasia as the perfect cover? Let them assume the pods had warped time for him and given him enough time to recover.

'It seems that I've still been too nice until now.'

**

Leonel ripped a fist through the post of an Owlman.

Without another word, he turned and left.

That was already his seventh Owlman level elder killed. He seemed to have completely forgotten about his grudge with the Void Race and was just unleashing unholy hell on the so-called new age Minerva.

Everywhere passed, there was only blood left in his wake. He didn't even bother to count those beneath the elder level any longer.

He moved unhindered, and if before the elders could only pressure him together, now they had a hard time doing so at all.

News of Leonel's carnage spread, but by the time anyone strong enough to stop him came, he had already left through the void to unleash another rampage on another world.

The number of elders they were losing was starting to hurt their bottom line.

There was no denying it. If too many of these old monsters died, then even if they succeeded in rising to the God Realm, it wouldn't matter at all. That's because without enough of a foundation, what good would it be? They would just be massacred.

Although these elders weren't their true trump cards, much of their potential would be unearthed by returning to God Realms as well. By then, they wouldn't be a strong enough deterrent force to stop the Gods from launching another war against them, and this was what they least wanted to see.

However, no matter what they did, it didn't seem to matter. It was as though they couldn't catch traces of Leonel anymore. Even the Peak Creation State experts they sent couldn't do anything.

After Leonel's Dream Force breakthrough, only the like of Elysium and the other monsters of the Fallen God Beasts could possibly catch him unawares.

But what was even worse was that it seemed that Leonel only seemed to be getting stronger with every exchange.

The battles became shorter and shorter.

Soon, they weren't even getting information about battles anymore. They were only confirming deaths by disappearances.

And worse than that, they had confirmed that Leonel almost certainly had a method of traveling between worlds exceptionally quickly, but that left them stunned. They had sealed all these worlds, and the only thing that should be capable of this was Spatial Force.

And yet...

...

Elysium sat in silence, his expression the same picture of indifference. He listened to the reports one another without a word.

At this rate, someone of his caliber would really have to step out... The problem was that the Fallen God Beasts didn't have the mastery over Dream Force necessary to counter Leonel's escapes.

But where would he put his face if he had to act again, and what would they do about Leonel's threat to destroy the worlds?

In the end, it looked like he had gone and provoked someone he couldn't afford to.

Chapter 2920: My Path

Elysium would never think such thoughts, of course. He even felt that Leonel's actions were very stupid and only proved that he was far too weak. Why else would he be throwing such a tantrum?

In Elysium's opinion, Leonel had certainly felt threatened by his leaving without a word, and this was how he was venting his hatred. It was made only clearer by the fact he was only targeting the Owlans now, when before he had been slaughtering the Fallen God Beasts.

Maybe knowing that he was going to die anyway, he decided to try to deal the Owlans a blow in any way he could.

It was working, because unfortunately there was little Elysium could do. Even if he went, they would just end up in the same stalemate. Then would he have to leave without a word again? And then what?

The easy way to deal with this was to force Leonel's hand by targeting the Human Bubble. But he had received reports that it was being protected by a formation exchanged for from the Dream Pavilion. Its level of strength wasn't something that could be underestimated, and it would likely take someone as strong as him personally moving to even begin to harm it. And even then, by his calculations, it would take him several days to shatter his way through.

There didn't seem to be a road to turn to.

Even if he was willing to swallow his pride and go, what kind of carnage could Leonel unleash in three days? Did he even care about the humans that much? No one had ever seen him care very much for anyone other than his wife and his own personal interests.

And in the case that he did care for them, what was he going to do? Hold them hostage?

He certainly couldn't kill them all, or else what would he do if Leonel lost himself in fury and truly did destroy one of their worlds?

At this point, the trouble was rooted in something Elysium had tried to ignore.

How could an ant have the power to destroy a Demi-God World? He had tried to convince himself that it was some sort of external method, but in the end he had landed on it being a special sacrificial technique Leonel had exchanged for in the Life Tablet.

It seemed that even Elysium couldn't quite feel what it was that Leonel had been about to bring out. That was because this time, Leonel had even less control over forming it. The erratic energy was so disjointed and fragmented that even Elysium couldn't entirely see through it. Though, Dream Force also wasn't his strongest Force.

In the end, it seemed that there was only one path to take.

This couldn't continue. There seemed to be only one path that could be taken.

"Zyphyrion. You will have to start pulling some weight." Elysium spoke indifferently.

**

Minerva sat in silence. There was some trembling in her hands, but as the hours slowly passed, they became steadier and steadier.

At some point, her mother had appeared by her side.

These days, the return of her parents felt so surreal that she didn't know how to react. She felt that it should have been the best day of her life, and yet she just felt so distant from it all. She had hardly looked at their faces. They were still the same vague, foggy images she recalled from her childhood. Whatever that barrier was, she couldn't seem to break it down.

Maybe it was resentment toward them leaving her behind to suffer so much these years, or maybe it was because she had grown too used to not depending on anyone else.

However, she still couldn't help but feel some comfort as her elegant mother sat there in silence, saying nothing at all.

Days later, Minerva seemed to have fully calmed down, her body steady and her gaze deep and unfathomable.

Her mother, watching to the side, nodded to herself. Losses were inevitable on the road forward. It was how you took them that mattered most.

With this, Minerva's mind had been tempered once again.

But then again, maybe this wasn't a surprise. How many times had she been pushed into the corner without them here? If she was going to collapse, she would have done so long ago.

"This is the way," she said lightly. "It is just unfortunate that you did not learn it from us. I can only apologize for that."

Minerva didn't respond, sitting in silence.

"It's okay to hate," her mother continued. "To hate us, or to hate him."

"I don't hate him," Minerva suddenly spoke, "not anymore."

The "him" she spoke of was obviously Leonel.

Her mother was taken aback by the clarification, and didn't know what to say that she spoke out for her enemy, but not her own parents.

But what Minerva said next shocked her even more.

"In fact, I think I might love him."

Silence fell over the room and at this point, Minerva's mother, who had experienced millennia of life, didn't even know what to say to such a thing. This was the first time she had heard of a woman falling in love in such a way.

"But I still must kill him." Minerva continued, just as indifferently. "He is the only man to truly defeat me in all aspects, but I'm destined to not be with him, both because of his own feelings and my own ambitions. I long severed the path of love. It is not for me... In any sense of the word."

**

As the mother and daughter spoke, a deep, churning undercurrent was beginning to swell.

The skies were overturned as several Incomplete Worlds began to tremble.

Soon, armies of Invalids began to move out, churning through the skies.

The movement was so large that it was impossible to miss.

For the first time in nine generations, an Invalid Tide had been triggered and the whole of the Mortal Realm was alerted.