

# Dimensional Descent

## Chapter 2921: Why Not?

Leonel sat cross legged in the void, leaning his head on a hand while his spear was in between his legs.

His gaze looked calm and somehow also reflected the world, and at some unknown point, his lip curled into a smirk.

'That was easier than I thought. That Elysium character is actually so retarded.'

The moment Leonel saw Elysium's arrogance, he knew that it could be taken advantage of. He had no idea how someone with such a temperament had made it so far. But as Leonel had said, Elysium mistook his patience for hardship.

Between the two of them, Leonel was the only one that had to teeter on life and death to make it this far. Elysium just sat cozily in the back of the Owlman family, waiting for his time to come.

Maybe he had done something, proven himself at some point, or taken on some of the burden. But it was destined to be nothing compared to Leonel.

And now Leonel had gotten exactly what he wanted.

Because the moment the Invalids appeared like this, they exposed their location to him.

Slowly, Leonel stood, his gaze blazing. He swept his spear out once, and a spark of light seemed to dance across it, lighting like a flame and flickering with wildness.

**BANG!**

Leonel shot out.

...

Soon, Leonel had appeared over an Incomplete World. He unceremoniously slashed out, cutting his way in.

The Regulator reacted fiercely, but in a blink of an eye, it was as though it had never been there at all.

He could sense the scent of Death in this world. It wasn't true Death, not like he had felt from Death Force before. But rather a kind of helpless indifference, one of someone whose life had hit rock bottom, and yet they had no intention of picking themselves up.

So this was what happened to Incomplete Worlds that couldn't fight off their Invalids.

It was almost decaying in plain sight, but what was interesting was that this decaying almost felt... stable.

Watching it, Leonel felt endlessly fascinating because it was like watching a cycle of Creation and Destruction where Destruction had won... and it was the first time he had ever laid his eyes on such a thing.

'What are Invalids...'

Leonel suddenly felt endlessly curious.

Invalids were just those that had failed to awaken their Ability Indexes.

No, it wasn't quite that... Invalids had Ability Indexes as well, but it was like their bodies weren't prepared to take it on, so their minds had to be cleared to make room.

Leonel suddenly felt enlightened. 'So that was it... Is that why Variant Invalids are so powerful? They're akin to Spirituals who managed to break free of their shackles, entering the Creation State and then finally riding a rocket to Godhood.'

Variant Invalids were Invalids that had managed to regain a consciousness after their former one had been lost, allowing them to evolve to a new level.

The trouble was that their consciousness was warped. It was grown from a state of endless hunger, of endless seeking for evolution and improvement.

At least that was what Leonel might have thought in the past, but seeing the state of this world, he had a different thought.

'Their consciousnesses are warped because they're not fundamentally creatures of Creation anymore. They're, contradictorily, creatures of Destruction... created through Destruction...'

Leonel felt waves of enlightenment hitting him.

At that moment, his True Destruction Sovereignty shed the restraints of the Silver Grade and entered the Gold Grade.

The world trembled around him and seemed like it might shatter at any moment.

And yet, he was still lost in a daze.

His Scarlet Star Force had birthed Destruction, but it was, in reality, the ultimate form of Creation.

So what kind of Destruction was he seeking?

Was he seeking a Destruction that was birthed from too much Creation?

Or was he seeking a Destruction that pursued it to the end to become Creation itself?

That was when Leonel understood something.

All this time, his Destruction Sovereignty and his Scarlet Star Force seemed to have been linked as one, but were they?

Why was he not a Fire Sovereign? But instead a Destruction Sovereign? And why was it that his Scarlet Star Force didn't truly show many characteristics of Destruction Sovereignty other than being personally destructive?

In these days, he had run into a lot of characters.

He had always been used to having superior Forces to those around him, not in terms of comprehension-though he was superior in that aspect as well-but rather in the quality of Force itself.

But now, he was running into characters that could firmly suppress his Scarlet Star Force.

It was quite funny. He didn't often use his Scarlet Star Force or their Innate Nodes, saving them as a trump card.

But now, they felt useless at that and he also felt that he should just take them out as soon as possible to try to end the battle ahead of time.

But what if he was approaching this the wrong way all along?

He already knew what he should do, but he was in a daze, trying to figure it out.

He had to create a cycle, forming a wheel between his Scarlet Star Force and his Destruction Sovereignty.

Down one path, his Scarlet Star Force would become the extreme of Creation, that would lead to the truest Destruction in his Destruction Sovereignty.

Down the other path, his Scarlet Star Force would reach past the extreme of Creation, entering a state of Destruction, while his Destruction Sovereignty would reach past the extreme of Destruction, becoming Creation.

It felt like a subtle difference, but it was akin to night and day for Leonel to see as far ahead as he could.

Because depending on the road he took...

He could lean into the truest state of Destruction in all facets.

Or the truest state of Creation in all facets.

'In that case... Why not both?'

BOOM!

## **Chapter 2922: Balance**

Leonel's body shuddered, and at that moment, his Destruction Sovereignty became layered in two, reaching beyond the Gold Grade and entering the Life Grade. Soaring past that, then entering a new Grade altogether.

One that Leonel could only call the Self Grade.

It was a road of his own choosing, one that allowed both paths of a Sovereignty to exist as one.

And as for why he could do that...

Wasn't it because he had two perfect and whole Scarlet Star Force Innate Nodes?

BOOM!

Fire Sovereignty poured out from Leonel in waves. His red-gold flames became a solid, striking gold without the slightest hints of impurities.

Once again, it was two complete forms.

The both of them soared upward, and a dazzling crown appeared above Leonel's head.

At that moment, Leonel had perfectly formed four Sovereignities, and yet unlike his Spear and Bow Force, they were in perfect balance with one another.

With one wave, he would create a world.

With another, he could wipe it out.

The world shook and quaked around him, and by this point, the strongest experts of the world had long been alerted that there was something wrong.

Leonel raised his head slowly, feeling the power coursing through his body.

He felt somewhat blotted, but in a particularly full kind of way, rather than a stuffed sort of way.

It was like he had reached the limit of his humanity, but hadn't gone even a step further. If he consumed any more, it was either he would need a breakthrough, or he would die and his soul would shatter and scatter like ash in the wind.

However, it was a feeling that made him feel endlessly comfortable, nonetheless.

This must be what it means to reach your truest limit.

To think that he would comprehend so much that his body simply couldn't handle it anymore.

Sensing the auras rushing toward him, Leonel laughed into the skies.

With a wave of his hand, all the flames in the world seemed to obey his command.

Across worlds, volcanoes erupted, scorching temperature descended, and even stars expanded as though they would all explode at any moment.

Leonel took a step forward.

"You... You actually dare to come here?"

A Variant Invalid appeared, old and wizened. To his back, armies of Invalids looked prepped and ready for battle. It seemed that despite how many they had sent out, they still had trillions more.

The number was truly astonishing, but what was even more astonishing was that there were several Ninth Dimensional existences among them, as though the limits of the Incomplete World didn't matter to them.

Leonel wasn't surprised by this. That was because he had already sensed that this world had been entirely warped by the Invalids.

The Regulator wasn't suppressing them here any longer because it was just fine with its Destruction. In another few thousand years, this Incomplete World would collapse beneath its own weight, and then all these Invalids would go to devour another.

They were a sickness that would spread wherever they went. Insatiable and violent in their tendencies.

That was the reality of the Invalids.

Leonel didn't even bother to speak to them.

A flame to shape in his hands like a whip. It slashed out once and thousands of Invalids died in droves, but in truth, it was just a casual flick of Leonel's wrist.

The whip curved in an arc and then suddenly went rigid as Leonel held out his arm. It concentrated into a radiant golden spear, emitting blinding runes that seemed to want to suppress the world and force it into obedience.

Leonel took a step forward, thrust out once.

The void creaked, and the world shuddered. Another drove of thousands fell.

In the skies, they formed into motes of light, and yet their companions only looked greedily at these motes as though they wanted to absorb them right then and there.

Leonel, however, saw a different sight entirely.

He could feel the push and pull of the world, a struggle that superseded what could be seen with the naked eye and existed on a plane that even the Gods couldn't fight on.

One that existed in the First Dimension.

It was the reality of a fight in the darkness, one between life and death, and creation and destruction.

The Invalids might represent Destruction, but when they died, what they left behind... wasn't it the truest kernel of creation?

It was the only Force in existence that could be freely consumed to strengthen oneself at no cost at all, or any backlash and hidden troubles.

In the past, Leonel had wondered why it was that Existence provided Ability Indexes. In all the powers of the world, it seemed to be the most out of place and the most inexplicable.

It could be entirely unrelated to your affinities, your Lineage Factors, or your preferences. You could be born into a family of spear wielders and yet be meant to use your fists for the rest of your life.

It wasn't until today that Leonel got his answer.

Balance.

Ability Indexes were Existence's way of reshuffling the board, stopping from one family or power from monopolizing everything, while also bringing a counterbalance to creation in the destruction path of the Invalids.

It was a single move that expended energy to regain a myriad of rewards in return. It was the kind of mindlessly cruel matter that only a lofty God above all could choose to do... all because, in the end, it would counterbalance the bad from becoming worse.

When Leonel understood this, he looked toward the Invalids in a different light.

Unfortunately, that wouldn't change his actions.

His moral compass had long since been set to a different cadence. He knew that for the greater good, Invalids had to exist and would continue to.

He just didn't give a damn.

All threats to his wife deserved death.

He suddenly grasped out with a hand, and his Path of Creation churned.

All at once, the motes of light surged toward him.

## **Chapter 2923: Creation**

Feeling the creation that came from it, Leonel took a breath, and it was like the entire world had been sucked into his body. He wasn't using the motes of light to strengthen himself, though he could have. Rather, he was using them to listen to the voice of Creation.

Right now, although he had two Destruction Sovereignties, it might even be more accurate to separate them, calling one Destruction Sovereignty, and the other... Creation Sovereignty. He knew well enough what Destruction Sovereignty could do, or so he thought. Usually, he just used it to amplify his attack power.

But what about Creation Sovereignty? Or on a deeper layer of complexity, Destruction Sovereignty following the path of Creation?

He could feel his Innate Nodes churning, their runes lighting up as his Fire Sovereignty rolled. It was truly the perfect conduit. Fire was an object that could bring wealth, fuel ingenuity, and maybe learning how to spark it was the most important discovery in human history.

But it was also destructive, relentless, fuelled by oxygen it could swallow everything in its path and burn worlds to the ground. In a lot of ways, it was the purest essence of chaos, wasting much of its power in crackling lights and erratic wisps of flickering flames.

Leonel looked up almost lazily, but the truth was that his mind was surrounded by insights, incorporating everything that he had learned in the last ten years and forming it all together in a single burst of potential. He thrust out with his spear again, but this time it looked simple and unadorned, hardly holding any strength or power at all.

But then his lips parted.

"Split."

It was a simple word of English when Leonel spoke it, and yet to the ears of the Invalids, it sounded as though he had just spoken the language of the Gods. It was cryptic and unassuming, and yet layered and profound.

It was impossible for them to hear the exact word he spoke, and even if a Dream Force expert tried to see through its mysteries, their soul might directly shatter. The simple thrust did exactly as Leonel said, splitting into an endless rain.

If thousands were dying before, then it could only be said that hundreds of thousands were dying with every stroke now. Leonel moved, formed, and every time he thrust, he spoke a word. It was like he was a child trying out a new toy.

With the Creation Path Destruction Sovereignty, he could exhibit as much as 20% of the power of the strike he had used to nearly kill Minerva. Before grasping this, even 1% would have been a pipe dream. No matter how hard he had tried over the years to exhibit King Alexandre's Ability Index. Although he had the Life Tablet, it could only help him access the ability, but helping him to progress through the tiers of control and power wasn't in its purview.

However, right now, he truly felt like the world was in his palm. If he used this method and his Divine Armor at the same time, what kind of power would he be able to exhibit?

The sea of Invalids was truly endless, but only a few of them were true threats as Variant Invalids. The rest were only normal Invalids, brainless and capable of being



mowed down like grass. Of course, such existences weren't meant to be so weak. Even normal Invalids had seemingly endless evolution potential and could always progress by devouring.

But Leonel seemed to be the perfect counter to them, his presence suffocating and his four Sovereignities ripping them apart one after another. Even wading through armies of billions upon billions, he was relentless. The Variant Invalids were all stunned, not quite knowing what to do. Some tried to close in and surround Leonel, but it seemed that they were either repelled away or directly killed every time.

The worst part was that their entire world seemed to have become the battlefield and there was nowhere to escape. It wasn't so easy to break through and out of an Incomplete world. It was the reason that most in Incomplete Worlds felt that their universes were infinite. That was because without the strength or understanding, it functionally was. Those of their worlds with the means to leave had already done so to unleash their carnage onto the world.

Who would have thought that Leonel would truly take this chance to come here and wipe them out? The horrifying part about him was that they wouldn't have even known that Leonel was here if not for his breakthrough. Didn't that mean that he could have just gone to their planets one by one and killed them all if not for this?

And yet, the fact they had all gathered up together seemed to be irrelevant. The laws of an Incomplete World were like paper. That was why their Regulators had no choice but to suppress powerful existences. But what happened when you were not only in a world with such fragile laws, but could also easily ignore its restrictions... and then suddenly gain the ability to speak your thoughts to reality, creating with every step you took?

What kind of devastation would that cause? One would assume that it would look a lot like a singular young man facing off against an army of trillions and cutting them down by the millions, moving unfettered and without care or restraint. How many years of accumulation had it taken them to form a world where they could live? Was it all going to be taken down in a single day?

Leonel didn't seem to feel their plight at all. In fact, his control was becoming more focused, more streamlined. At some point, instead of having to visualize exactly what he wanted to happen every time, he created Dreamscapes of them. Then, he used Dream Clone, an ability he hadn't in a long time, and built models of them.

In that instant, Leonel's efficiency skyrocketed, his gaze glowing. He was going to enjoy the downfall of the Owlans, this time even better than the last.

## **Chapter 2924: Zephy**

Leonel took a breath. Even with his increased rate of killing, it was still a heavy task to kill so many. Had he not had such a breakthrough, it would have been much easier because no one would have sensed him and he could have taken his time to go planet to planet. But since he had, there was no avoiding the large-scale battle.

'Such a shame.'

Leonel looked around and couldn't help but shake his head. This Invalid warped world was actually perfect for him to absorb. The Creation and Destruction aspects were exactly what he needed. But he couldn't.

This world was part of the formation of worlds. If he absorbed it, he would break the formation, and that wasn't what he wanted. It would affect him just as much as it would those that planned all of this out. He could only leave them.

As for whether he might get a chance in the future, that would have to depend on whether these things worked out.

'Next.'

After regaining his breath, Leonel's gaze flashed with a coldness. With the power he had just gained, he was even more confident in the next steps. He proceeded from world of Invalids to world of Invalids, unleashing a slaughter for the ages. He was no less than a reaper Death God. All along the way, the number of Invalids he absorbed likewise skyrocketed, and through this battle, he was actually becoming more and more powerful.

Leonel knew that this opportunity could only come once. He had no choice but to take advantage. In these Incomplete Worlds, the laws were so pliable in his hands that even Invalids that could give him a great deal of trouble in the outside worlds didn't stand a single chance. Although these Invalids had warped the world to fit their needs, there was ultimately a ceiling that an Incomplete World wouldn't allow you to break past, no matter what. Even these Invalids would face backlash.

When they tried to break beyond those limits, as expected, these Variant Invalids found themselves being attacked by their own Regulators, dying without Leonel having to do anything. But even when they made a conscious effort to stay beneath these limits, they were then crushed by Leonel, who didn't seem affected by them at all.

Of course, what they didn't know was that Leonel was affected by these limits. The problem for them was that he could extract much more worth within these limits than anyone else could. This was akin to how one only needed Impetus State Dream Force to access the Dream Plane in Incomplete Worlds, while you had to be in the Life State to do the same in the outside world.

In this case, Leonel's Creation abilities were like a tiger with wings in these Incomplete Worlds. He bent, twisted, and folded reality to his whims, and the Regulator didn't even resist. This allowed him to break laws of physics constantly, and accomplish spine-tingling and blood-curdling feats that could only leave the Invalids in despair.

In the end, he massacred one world after another, ignoring the matters of the outside world until he got to the last Incomplete World. Leonel was very tired in mind and in spirit by now. Luckily, the process had been much easier in these last few worlds because he could just sneak in silently.

But staring at this world in particular, he couldn't help but frown. Then, without hesitation, he turned and left. There was something in there he couldn't face, regardless of his advantages. He was confident in himself, but not foolish. This world in particular also felt very special. It surprisingly seemed to be on the verge of becoming a God Realm all on its own.

This was on an entirely different level than what Leonel had done to his current Incomplete Worlds. While they had the potential to become God Realms, they were at most equivalent to Mortal Realms right now, and in practice, they were still Incomplete Worlds, not Complete ones. However, this Incomplete World was the equivalent of a Demi-God World brought right to the brink. It was no different from a Complete World.

If Leonel stepped into it, there would be no telling if he'd have any advantages at all. If there were no advantages, and there was a world-shaking powerhouse on the inside, then he would just be a moth to a flame. In the end, he made the right decision.

That was because within this world, a man the Demoness had once called Zephy looked up, a light of curiosity in his eyes as though he had just sensed something vague and illusory, but had ultimately missed out. In the end, even he couldn't just casually see through the veil of a world. Maybe he could have done so if it was a normal Incomplete World, but Leonel had saved his own life by not crossing the barrier.

What would be extremely shocking to the man, though... was that while he couldn't see through the veil, Leonel had somehow sensed the danger without ever stepping foot inside. And unbeknownst to him, over 90% of his armies had been wiped out.

He had thought that he was being clever, sending out a trickle to wreak carnage on the Mortal Worlds while keeping the bulk of his fighting strength on the back line. What he didn't know was that his actions had revealed the exact locations of his worlds to Leonel.

While Leonel had known that there were Incomplete Worlds that had to make up the formation, the scope of his Dream Force and his abilities weren't nearly deep enough to find them all. In the end, this alliance had picked up a boulder, only to drop it onto their own foot. And even more unfortunately for them, Leonel was only just getting started. Because when Little Zephy learned of what happened to his worlds.

That was when the real games would begin. Leonel vanished into the distance, never once looking back.

## Chapter 2925: Solemnity

The Mortal Realms were thrown into complete chaos. The appearance of so many Invalids after such a long dormancy caught almost them all off guard...

With the exception of a few.

The Human Bubble. The Ma'at Bubble. And a certain Dwarven Bubble.

By extension, the Bubble of the Moonstones were also alerted. It wasn't exactly what Leonel wanted, but there were also some objective sacrifices he had to make if he truly wanted to align with the Spirituals.

In the end, all four Bubbles were protected by formations the moment they received Leonel's signal, wasting away their generations of Dream Pavilion points for this single moment, and precisely because they knew that there wasn't another choice to be made.

However, that didn't stop them from feeling shock and awe about the accuracy of Leonel's prediction. In the end, things had really ended up like this.

...

Lady Emberheart looked out, a solemn air pinched between her furrowed brows. Her husband was by her side, wearing a very similar expression. They could feel the bombardment of the formation that covered their world, and it left them feeling suffocated.

At this rate, the formation would only hold up for a few more months at most. In fact, they'd be lucky to get more than two.

There were simply too many Invalids, and they were led by exceptionally powerful Variant Invalids that struck fear into their own hearts as well.

If even a single one of those Variant Invalids made their way in, they'd have no choice but to call out the Ancestors.

But the issue was that even if they did so, they had no guarantee of winning. Even from so far away, they could sense the strength of these Invalids clearly.

Leonel said that everything would be resolved before it came to that, but they had a hard time believing it...

How could such a thing be resolved by a single young man?

Although Leonel had shared a method for the Spirituals to break free of their shackles with them, it had only been a few weeks since then. It was impossible to change their fate so quickly.

So, as of now, they could only stand helplessly. Hoping that Leonel's predictive skills were just as good as they had proven themselves to be until now.

...

Spector and Avlauren of the Dwarven Race stood with impressions that were just as solemn as the Emberheart couple. The Dwarven Race had hidden for so long, but they had never expected to suddenly stumble into such a problem.

At that moment, a valiant little Pixie walked in with a stormy momentum. The wind around her rampaged, thrumming with a contradictorily life-filled, violent aura.

She was as beautiful as a fairy, and looked quite like one as well, her wings flapping delicately as she walked through the air like it was flat ground.

She wasn't even five feet tall, and yet her aura seemed much larger than that, especially when one glanced at the halberd in her small palms.

It looked ridiculous in her hands. The halberd was over eight feet long, nearly double her height. And yet, while one's eyes told them one thing, their hearts spoke different words.

It was as though this young woman couldn't possibly wield any other weapon in this world. The halberd was made for her, and she for the halberd.

Spector and Lumielle were taken aback by the sudden appearance of their granddaughter. When they sensed her murderous aura, they looked at one another and smiled bitterly.

They opened their minds to explain when their expressions changed.

Creation State.

She had actually succeeded. An Eighth Dimensional existence with a Creation State Force. Just what sort of concept was this?

Maybe it would have been acceptable if she was a Demi-God genius, but she wasn't. She was born to the weakest of the Mortal Races aside from the Human Race themselves. And even then, the Dwarven Race had by far the weakest history of the

Races. At the very least, the Humans had once been monsters feared by even some Gods.

What Lumielle had accomplished was unprecedented, and they could only smile even more bitterly.

Wasn't all of this because of Leonel? If not for the Forgetful Orb, it would have taken Lumielle several more decades to reach this stage, if not centuries.

But now she was pissed off.

Because of their surprise, the old couple didn't get a chance to explain before their granddaughter spoke first.

"Why are we just standing here like caged rats? Open up the formation! Let me out!"

Her body was small, but both her tone and volume were enormous. She looked like she was ready to cleave everything in her path.

Seeing this, the old couple exhaled, feeling much better. They thought that she was about to blow her top about Aerin, but it seemed she either didn't know yet, or had found something else to be mad about.

"We cannot. They are too powerful. Just sit here and wait." Spector said sternly.

"Ridiculous!" Lumielle seemed to grow more enraged when she heard this.

"Calm down, Lumielle. Let us explain."

The Pixie's chest heaved, but eventually, she listened. Inwardly, she wanted to charge out already. She was tired of the Dwarven Race always taking the passive position.

"This is necessary. Not only are they too powerful, but there's a plan in place." They began to explain patiently.

"What kind of plan requires the Invalids to overrun our world?!"

The two smiled bitterly once again. Maybe they had truly spoiled their granddaughter too much, but it was hard not to. She was such a talent, and she was equally as hardworking. Or in this environment, she would have never made it so far, Forgetful Orb or not.

"Give us some time to explain," Avlauren said a bit bitterly. "Trust us, there's a good reason for all of this."

Lumielle eventually calmed enough to listen, and as she listened, her understanding deepened... but she soon had a solemn expression just like her grandparents did.

Was this really possible?

## Chapter 2926: Might

Leonel walked through the void, his steps slow and steady. He was unhurried, his mind churning.

He could see through this path forward from the very beginning. He knew that once things had reached this stage, they would eventually force the Invalids to take action. And there was a very good reason for that.

The Gods.

Or more accurately, in this case, Gods that had ascended from Mortal Races.

Under normal circumstances, the likes of the Void Race and others of their stature would be happy to ignore this situation for a while, allowing the Invalids to run rampant and clear out more Mortal Realms to allow Existence's burden to lessen and slow the approach of the Northern Star.

However, this wouldn't be so easy to do.

The God Realms had their own laws, and the Invalids were well known to be the enemies of Existence. They were hated even more than the Fawkes of the past.

Everyone was meant to take up arms to wipe out the Invalids. Something like using them just for the sake of convenience would be going against their own doctrines.

Of course, rules were dead, and the powerful decided everything. And that was where the Gods of the Mortal Races came into play.

How could these Existences just sit back and do nothing as their descendants were slaughtered?

They would certainly pressure the other God Races to make a decision on the matter, and even if the God Races dragged their feet, these Gods would be well within their right to take personal action. After all, it would no longer be breaking the rules of the God Courts.

Leonel understood this, and so did the Owlans, Fallen God Beasts, and most certainly the Variant Invalids who had been hiding away from the God Realms all this time.

So why did the Invalids take such action?

Obviously, this was part of their plan from the beginning. An opening up of a passage from the God Realm to the lower Realms on a large scale would only make it easier for them to succeed.

But this was also obviously a method of targeting Leonel.

The truth was that even if the Mortal Race Gods pressured the God Court to make a decision, it was still something that would take years.

With the assault of the Invalids, the Human Bubble would certainly be at the top of their list of targets, and it would likewise force Leonel to appear in a predictable region instead of just allowing him to run around unabated.

It wasn't the ideal time to take this action, but it also wasn't the worst either.

Even further, it was clear that the Fallen God Beasts, and the Owlans planned on relying on plausible deniability to excuse the coordination of their actions and the Invalids. Or, likely, from the very beginning, they had their own methods of keeping these things separate.

Leonel, however, didn't feel that it would take years. In fact, he felt that one year was still too much.

'This will end in three months...'

His original timeline was two months. However, because he couldn't wipe out all the Invalids left in the Incomplete Worlds, he had ended up in a bit of a precarious situation.

That would make the timeline he had to work with quite tight.

The formations would certainly last for at least two months, but three months was pushing it. There might have to be some sacrifices made.

However, Leonel pushed this thought down, his gaze still completely focused.

There was only one path out of this and he would have to thread it.

And while he was at it, he might as well lure out some scurrying rats and tie up some loose ends.

At that moment, Leonel appeared high above the Human Bubble, standing on its dimensional edges as though he was truly balancing himself upon a Bubble.



The invasion of the Invalids was already in full swing. It was clear that what Leonel had done to protect the coordinate of the Human Bubble hadn't been permanent, nor very effective against the strongest existences.

For the Invalids to make it here so fast, it could only mean that they had specifically targeted it.

And as expected, the number of Invalids and Variant Invalids here far outnumbered the amount he could have found anywhere else.

They numbered in the billions, and at this pace, let alone three months, the barrier would last a month total, and maybe an extra week after that at best, depending on how relentless they were.

Leonel watched all of this from above, the glow of the formation beneath his feet and his gaze flickering with a cold light.

He didn't take action immediately. First, he wanted to get a feel for not only the army but also how his new comprehensions interacted with the world around him.

The Inbetween Worlds and their Anarchic Force... would they clash or help his Destruction Sovereignty comprehensions? Was Anarchic Force a path of Creation, Destruction, or neither?

The answer seemed to obviously be Destruction, but Leonel's way of viewing the world was no longer so binary.

Even so, that was a secondary matter. Because after observing the army for a while, he realized that he was correct...

This wouldn't be easy at all.

These Invalids were truly powerful, and without the advantage of being in an Incomplete World, if he threw himself at this army, he'd be lucky to cut down a few hundred thousand before he died.

Leonel pursed his lips a bit, nodding. Then they curled into a sneer.

Without a sound, he sunk into the barrier, appearing in the Human Bubble for the first time in almost two years. Well, that was how long it had been to them. To him, it had already been more than 10 years.

With a step, he appeared around Godlen Territory. Now wasn't the time for reminiscing, unfortunately.

His own power, at least in its raw form, wasn't enough for this.

So it was a good thing he already knew what to do.

He would show the world the might of a God Armament Crafter.

...

Deep in the Inbetween World, the disturbance caught a ragged Flaura sat in silence.

At that moment, she looked up. Her violet eyes glowing.

## **Chapter 2927: Split**

Leonel strolled through the skies slowly. It looked as though he couldn't tell that there was a devastating danger waiting for him outside of the Human Bubble.

However, this slow, casual walk by Leonel went on for an entire month.

It looked as though he was just casually taking in the scenery, and it felt as though his feet had touched every inch of the world.

By this point, the world around him looked like fragile glass that could shatter with the touch of a single finger. The Invalids had caused great damage to the formation, so much so that it couldn't be hidden even from the eyes of normal individuals any longer.

However, even so, Leonel neither sped up nor slowed down his pace.

When the month was over, he strolled into the Dream Pavilion, still without any intention of meeting his brothers. It felt as though he had forgotten about their existences entirely, but only he knew just how focused he was right now.

Almost as though the rest of his body was on autopilot while his brain underwent countless deductions, Leonel slipped into the Dream Pavilion Exchange and then sold information about the location of an Incomplete World.

Then he walked out as though nothing at all had happened.

Once again, he began to walk around the world. But this time, his pace was much faster. With a single step, he crossed hundreds of kilometers as though they were only a foot apart.

His pace still seemed to be leisurely, but the result was entirely different.

From time to time, he would come to a stop at various natural phenomena... tall mountains, raging rivers, forests perpetually rolling in thunder and lightning, and even more fantastical sights that seemed to be right out of a fairy tale.

An entire month later, he returned to the Dream Pavilion to see that the coordinates he had given had been confirmed and a large sum of points had been returned to him. In fact, the number of points he received was more than ten times what he had paid for the Sea God Incomplete World.

Leonel smirked.

The verification process of Incomplete Worlds was not done in person, but rather confirmed by the Dream Pavilion itself. This was a rule put in place by the Creation God Beasts and it was one that those annoying higher-ups wouldn't easily change because it would ruin things for them as well.

Everything was done autonomously.

And of course, the location of the Incomplete World that Leonel had given was for the very one he didn't dare to step into.

As for what happened after, that would have nothing to do with him. He was sure that since the Variant Invalids dared to step into the God Realm, they were likewise confident in themselves and had plenty of trump cards to deal with this situation.

And deal with it, they must.

Because it seemed that in just a month, two figures had already bought the rights to this Incomplete World. Which also explained why he had made so much. Not only did he receive a bonus because the world was far more powerful than a normal Incomplete World, but he had also received a portion of the payment that these two entities had given, boosting the price even further.

It was far more than what Leonel needed. But it amused him nonetheless.

It seemed that he was no longer broke and could finally feed that wife of his.

'Ai. The life of a husband is truly hard.'

Leonel sensed a murderous intent coming from Aina and laughed heartily.

Without much more fanfare, he began to exchange for item after item, his mind working on an entirely different plane as though it had no limits at all.

With his now Middle Creation State Dream Force, he was already close to being able to withstand the full brunt of the Life Tablet's knowledge.

But since he hadn't attempted to do so, the space in his mind was even more exaggerated.

By the end of this second month, the Human Bubble looked like it might collapse at any moment, struggling and teetering on the edge.

But it was precisely in these days that Leonel began to appear at the corners of the world one step after another without the slightest hint of fatigue.

In fact, the more he moved, the more valiant his aura seemed to become.

Swirls of Auspicious Air were beginning to accumulate around him, and the fierceness in his eyes only grew with every passing second.

By the third day in his third expedition across the world, his body seemed to be as towering as a giant despite not having changed its size at all.

...

On the outside of the Human Bubble's formation, a certain Variant Invalid who was known as Sunshine stood.

He was three meters tall and had a shimmering bald head that reflected with bronze lights. But it was hard to tell if this was where his name came from... but then again, it certainly couldn't come from his bright and adoring personality.

His face was practically a brick wall of emotion, and it was only when it looked like the formation was about to collapse did he slowly seem to begin "waking" up.

His body coursed with golden lines of veins pumping across him.

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

The relentless barrage of the Invalids fell like Armageddon. By this point, all the humans had been alerted to what was happening, and Leonel's brothers and friends stared out solemnly, not knowing what was happening.

In these last two months, Leonel simply couldn't spare any time. If he wasted even a second, it was possible that he wouldn't make it.

And it was precisely because of that that the moment the barrier collapsed and an enormous, fragmented hole that looked like a fissure in reality appeared, that a new one rose up.

The entire world trembled and was suddenly split into twelve.

The bright skies darkened, and an unprecedented power descended upon the world.

## Chapter 2928: Thirteen Pieces

Joel and the others looked into the skies, only to find that Leonel was already there. He stood in the simplest clothes imaginable, without shoes or even a shirt. Nothing but a pair of sweats adorned his body, and yet it somehow didn't seem out of place. Instead, it felt natural and all-encompassing, almost as though these garbs were the most sacred in all of existence.

The skies blackened and lines of silver split it into twelve. The clouds vanished, and the blackness became dotted with sparkles of lights.

Soon, those sparks coalesced and began to form maybe the most beautiful sight they had ever seen in their lives.

The first, bright and imposing, formed a long chain of a body, curling into a point. It formed claws, and a carapace that looked as though it could within the wear and tear of ages.

Scorpius.

The second formed a balance in the air, one weighing a feather and the other a heart. Those that laid eyes on it trembled as though they could feel judgment being cast on them, their entire lives being seen through in a single breath.

Libra.

The third was a beautiful maiden, wielding a large leaf in one hand and a quiver of arrows in the other. She looked out of place, and yet so in tune with everything around her, embodying a childish naivete that was protected by the stars in the sky.

Virgo.

The first thing one saw when gazing upon the fourth was a valiant mane and a pair of bestial eyes. The aura of a King billowed out in waves, suffocating all those that saw it. Staring at it too long made a roar reverberate in your heart, and if you weren't careful, your flesh just might be rended to pieces.

Leo.

The fifth had a body not too dissimilar from Scorpius, but rather than being incisive and poisonous, this one exuded far more poise and patience, while hiding an even keener sharpness.

Cancer.

The sixth was a pair of warriors standing in the skies, backs pressed against one another. One wielded a bow and the other a spear and shield. They seemed to carry the momentum of an entire battlefield on their own, standing up to the masses and displaying a might of valiants that stood the test of time.

Gemini.

The seventh was the second beast. But rather than a mane and bestial eyes, the first thing one saw was a pair of horns that could pierce through the stormiest of clouds and disperse the heaviest of rains.

Taurus.

The eighth had a pair of horns as well, but the aura it exuded was entirely different. Rather than piercing, it was blunt and violent, willing to ram through every and anything, no matter the obstacle.

Aries.

The ninth was a pair of fish, both seemingly leaping over a dragon's gate, and both in perfect harmony with one another. They swam through the sea of stars and gave one the feeling of peace and prosperity.

Pisces.

The tenth was a valiant warrior, adorned in scales and wielding a trident. The mighty seas heeded his call, and the stars became his waves.

Aquarius.

The eleventh was mysterious in its existence and mythical in its temperament. Having the body of a goat and the tail of a merman, it seemed to exude endless wisdom.

Capricorn.

The twelfth and final exuded a similarly mythical air, a creature of dreams and a warrior of nightmares. It had the torso and intelligence of a man, and the body and fierceness of a purebred steed. It wielded a bow and arrow that seemed prepared to pierce across all things and devastate the world.

A single arrow could sunder the stars.

Sagittarius.

These twelve pieces of the skies were adorned by Constellations that hadn't appeared in generations, and at that moment, countless individuals in the Godlen City felt their bloodlines thrumming with life and vitality, and yet they felt waves of fatigue hitting them one after another.

In the end, they could only weakly look into the skies, their eyes sparkling with something much different.

In the middle of it all, Leonel stood proudly, his eyes still closed and his aura only steadily growing.

The amount of Auspicious Air around him doubled every second, and soon the entire world hummed.

At that moment, the World Spirits of the Human Bubble rose up.

It had to be remembered that the current Human Bubble was only named as such because it had been formed by the fusion of six. And then, on top of that, several Demon Bubbles were added to it as well.

As such, this Human Bubble had almost 10 World Spirits vying for supremacy.

And Leonel just felt that it was about time he brought them into one, and while he was at it...

He might as well wipe out an army of scum.

**BOOM!**

Leonel's eyes snapped open. His hair fluttered wildly, veins popping up all across his body.

That was when a 13th Constellation appeared.

Standing high in the skies, it was a man adorned in gorgeous armor formed of silver-blue starlight. He wielded a spear in one hand and a bow was strapped across his back.

With a valiant air, he seemed capable of suppressing all the others.

Leonel pressed two fingers together and drew them through the skies in a curved arc. A bow formed from his thoughts.

He reached out a second hand and plucked an arrow from Virgo's quiver.

At the same time, the bow from Gemini fused into his creation.

His aura skyrocketed once again and at that moment, he seemed to be more energy than man, his hair, his eyes, and even his limbs billowing out with a foggy, almost dust-like bronze energy.

His gaze descended and landed on the army of Invalids. At that moment, they didn't look like normal eyes at all but were rather like three brass-cast spheres, shimmering with dense lights.

He nocked Virgo's arrow and pulled back slowly. The further he pulled, the clearer a pair of halo bracelets around his wrists became.

At that moment, a Bow Force that shocked the world appeared.

## **Chapter 2929: PENG!**

Leonel felt like an explosion had suddenly gone off in his mind, but rather than pain, it felt like he was a blind man that could now finally see. Using the formation to finally be able to feel the full brunt of his own Force, his body roared with life and his cells shimmered like their own individual stars.

The halo bracelets around his arms solidified, and the world shuddered. The World Spirits, that had been somewhat fighting against Leonel's actions before, fell into complete silence and their fusion was completed without the slightest hindrance.

The halo bracelets, hovering around Leonel's wrists with a silent majesty, looked absolutely gorgeous. The sight was truly without equal. They were simple, just an unclosed, smooth loop of gold, pinching a bow in its one gap. It felt like one could reach out and pluck these weapons, completing the might of a true God.

At that moment, a crown appeared above Leonel's head. Bits and pieces of armor descended from the void, clasping themselves onto his body in woven tapestries of gold and gorgeous browns. All of this happened in an instant, but with Leonel's thinking speed, he had grasped it all in a single blink. And it was a change that made him quite shocked...

Because he wasn't the one who had created this armor.

It was like Existence was resonating with him, taking reference from all the most famous Bowmen to ever exist, and forming their armor for him. If it wasn't for the situation, Leonel wouldn't be able to help shouting out how cool the uniform was. Even so, his eyes glowed with a fierce light, as though his gaze carried the shimmering shine of blinding stars.



He was covered in milky brown leather armor embroidered with leaflets of gold. His arms were braced with golden braces, and his hands had been covered in gloves with small plate armor on the backs of his hands that almost looked like the scales of a dragon.

A brown cloak fluttered behind him and its hood covered his head, casting his face in a deep darkness that only allowed his violet irises to shimmer with just the same brightness out from within the blackness. The contrast of bright gold and warm browns made him look like an Emperor Archer, a God of the Bow that could strike down entire armies with just a single stroke.

And that was when a quiver took shape on his back. It was then that the world truly fell into silence. It just hovered there, not attached to him, and yet looming over everything. Despite having already drawn an arrow, Leonel still subconsciously reached back, taking an arrow from this quiver.

He suddenly came to an understanding he never had before.

Bow Force was the only one of the Forces stuck in an odd in-between state. That was because the Bow was actually pulled from two weapons, technically... not just one. In fact, if one wanted to be even more accurate, it seemed that the Bow was just the driving force, while it was the arrow that was the true weapon. This was only made more obvious when Leonel always applied his Bow Force to his arrows and not his actual bow. If he used it on his bow, the effect would be much weaker.

So... why was the Force known as Bow Force and not Arrow Force?

Under normal circumstances, Leonel might casually dismiss it. But over these last few years, he had listened to and translated more languages than he cared to count. Across languages, across cultures, across dialects... Bow Force was always Bow Force and nothing else.

The arrow from the quiver connected with Leonel's original arrow and an explosion of Force in a spiral of swirling gold took shape. The violence of the change caused the constellations in the sky to blink and waver. Leonel's gaze couldn't help but narrow, but his focus remained the same.

'It's called Bow Force because the bow is truly the center of everything. An archer focuses on control. To dictate life and death, even from worlds away.

'The arrow was never important. No... the arrow, from the very beginning, was just my heart, my will. It cannot be the Weapon Force because it is me.

'To fire and to never miss. To fire and for your enemies to guide themselves to death. To fire and to control worlds.

'All with nothing more than your own Will.

'This is the clearest form of Bow Force.'

Leonel's fingers released. The world remained silent. It was as though he had never attacked at all. And unlike the devastating strikes he levied against Minerva, the world remained perfectly intact, as though it couldn't sense this arrow at all...

As though this arrow truly only existed in Leonel's heart.

Unfortunately for the Invalids charging into the world, they weren't nearly so lucky. The single arrow wiped them out in droves. As though the God of Death had descended, one after another, they were devastated.

In a single sweep, over a million had died. It was a level of carnage that made little sense, and one that should have certainly not come from a Sixth Dimensional existence.

Leonel reached back once again, and the trembling of the constellations grew fiercer. However, his heart was as still as a calm lake. His Force Manipulation hadn't increased, but he felt that he had found a way to resolve the conflict in his Forces.

If the Bow was guided by his heart...

How dare it not listen to him?

A large spiral of golden Force appeared around this second arrow, growing so large that it looked as though he was about to shoot a lance rather than an arrow. With every breath, the arrow grew larger and larger, swelling as though pushing itself to the limit to what Leonel's heart could handle.

Veins of violet began to appear across it and Leonel suddenly felt a shocking synergy with his King's Might.

PENG!

## **Chapter 2930: Luck**

It was a sonorous, beautiful sound. It was just the twang of a bow, and yet it sounded more like the string of a harp.

Commander Sunshine was frozen in shock. Logically, he knew that the arrow wasn't coming toward him, and yet it felt that way nonetheless. In fact, his feelings were much

the same as everyone else's. The range of the arrow was clearly enormous, and yet it felt like each and every one of them was being targeted individually.

There was simply no escape.

Invalids began being wiped out one after another long before the arrow even descended. The shocking scene was enough to pull one's soul out of their bodies.

How could such a terrifying arrow exist?

It sucked up all the energy of the formation in the blink of an eye. Two months of work in exchange for two arrows. Leonel couldn't remember ever having such a power return on investment before. It was only made worse by the fact he had pretty much spent all of his accumulated points to finish setting up this formation as well.

It had to be remembered that Leonel originally made ten times more than what he paid for the Incomplete World in the past. Yet, all of that was gone for the sake of two arrows.

But they didn't disappoint in the slightest.

Not a single Invalid seemed capable of resisting. One after another, they were mowed down, most not even having the right to fight against the arrow directly and could only watch in horror as it passed by and their bodies crumbled to ash.

Commander Sunshine roared, his body's temperature rising to the point he looked like a burning sun, and yet he was also ironically the moth to the flame. The devastation was unending and unyielding. Even the Anarchic Force of the Inbetween Worlds couldn't seem to stop the arrows, and by the time they disappeared into the distance...

There were hardly a few thousand Invalids left.

On the ground, Leonel's brothers, who had been ready to fight out a battle of life and death for the sake of the human race, stood stunned. They had been working hard in these last near two years, and they had been given all sorts of resources by Leonel. In fact, they had even taken the risk to go to the outside world several times as well, tempering themselves in other worlds and exploring the dangers Existence had to offer.

And yet, they seemed to have only fallen even further behind.

"I think I hate that guy," James finally said, shaking his head. "What an annoying prick."

"Right?" Raj muttered. "Look at that ugly mug of his. I bet he thinks he looks so cool."

"Narcissistic asshat for sure," James confirmed. "Just look at that self-satisfied smile. Who does he think he is?"

"Right. What kind of lame uses a bow?" Franco jumped in. "That's a girl's weapon. Either that or a sissy's. Where's the shame?"

They all piled on one after another, even to the point the likes of Arnold spoke.

"Annoying..."

That was the only word the buff, military-cut brute said. Yet, they all looked at him weirdly.

Since when did Arnold have this in him?

Milan wrapped an arm around Arnold's shoulder.

"Hey, hey, hey. What was that? Sounds like you have something to get off your chest, friend."

Arnold seemed a bit embarrassed. He was the most stoic of them all, but even he had lost control of his emotions at this point.

"Don't you guys have something better to do than talk so much shit?" Leonel's voice echoed from above.

"Look at this bastard, flexing again. You don't get brownie points for being able to hear us from so far away," James spat.

"Oh mighty god, talking to us from above, we apologize for being so inferior," Milan jeered.

"Can't even spare the time to come down to interact with us poor little commoners. What a big shot."

High in the skies, Leonel smiled, but in reality, he was gassed. The reason he was still standing in the skies now was because if he went down now, he wasn't sure if he could go back up if the situation warranted it.

He had pushed his mind to the limit in these last two months, then he had to exert himself even further to not only summon such a strong Bow Force, but to likewise control such a large-scale formation. None of these things could come without a price, and it was exceptionally heavy.

His entire body felt drained.

But, at the same time, he felt that if he could find the time to replenish himself, the benefits would be likewise unimaginable. It was very rare for Leonel to run out of mental stamina. And before, that peculiar state of his cells all shining at once made him feel

unprecedented changes taking place, as though his foundation was being entirely reformed from the ground up.

At the same time, his mind was occupied by something else.

His Bow Force, when fully summoned, manifested an armor... was that a coincidence?

He looked up to the fading Morales family Constitution. A Weapon Force summoning an armor from the void. Leonel had never heard of such a thing before, and it couldn't help but remind him of a certain Constellation and Lineage Factor.

Just how much of this was planned by the Demoness?

Leonel took deep breaths, trying to calm his rushing heart rate, but at that moment, his expression suddenly changed.

He looked down.

By this point, the cracks to the Human Bubble were quickly mending beneath the increased power of the fused World Spirit. It was likely that after all of this settled down, the Human Bubble would even be on the verge of entering the Demi-God ranks.

However, it seemed that Leonel's luck wasn't so good.

In that moment, he sensed the appearance of a figure that made his gaze sharpen.

A Dream Asura.

Flaura.

## **Chapter 2931: A...**

Seeing this woman, Leonel almost couldn't help but chuckle. Her timing was, indeed, quite good. One could even call it quite shameless.

But then again, considering how much suffering he had put her through these last few years, she would probably do anything just to take a bite out of him.

Let alone this, she was willing to do far more.

Unfortunately, Leonel didn't see Goggles with her, which was a bit disappointing.

Having had this thought, he couldn't help but laugh to himself again. He was completely spent, but it seemed that he was happy that Flaura had delivered herself to him.

This sort of enemy was the most annoying when they were skulking around in the darkness. But now, she was here. So what if he was at the end of his rope? He would find a way to deal with her right here, right now. Once and for all.

Leonel took a shaky breath and felt his body whining and creaking as though an old engine running on fumes.

Even so, his back was straight.

He could feel it vaguely... this feeling of confidence was coming from his Bow Force. He had built it on unbridled, untouchable confidence. And it was precisely because of this that he had reacted in such a way.

'Guided by my heart, huh... It seems that this is a double-edged sword. While it is true that my arrows will be far stronger, and strike far truer... in the end, my heart yearns to be uncaring and approach all things with dauntless confidence.

'But it was precisely this mentality that I wanted to leave behind... a mentality that seems to want to worm its way back into my life...'

Leonel slowly clenched his fist and the bow in his hand shattered. The lingering Bow Force in the air still influenced him, a world-shaking power lingered in the air.

Down below, Flaura's expression was calm. Despite how haggard she looked, she almost casually stepped through the crack of the Human Bubble before it completely sealed up.

She looked around without much of an expression before looking up and meeting Leonel's gaze.

There didn't seem to be much of a reaction on her face at all. One wouldn't have thought that she had a bone-deep hatred for Leonel at all. It was instead like she was calmly observing the world around her, as though everything was already being controlled in the palm of her hands.

Leonel couldn't help but admit that at least in terms of bearing, this woman was bad. It was just too bad he had a hard time seeing her as anything other than shameless right now.

If not for the situation, would she even dare to appear before him right now?

Leonel's brothers seemed to realize the precariousness of it all as well, and their gazes turned serious.

Flaura was in the Ninth Dimension, they could feel that clearly. But more important than that, Leonel could sense that she had a Quasi Creation State Force that seemed to be on the verge of breaking through.

This should be something that truly infuriated Flaura. Because she was on the run, she had no choice but to ruin her foundation and continue to progress through the Dimensions without adequate preparation.

It had to be known that most of the Seventh Dimensional geniuses in the Demi-God Realms and above were only so because of purposeful suppression. If El'Rion wanted, he could have entered the Ninth Dimension before he was even ten years old, for example.

But now, thanks to Leonel, not only had she been kicked out of her family, but she had also ruined her future.

If she didn't get revenge...

Would she even still be a Dream Asura?

In these last few years, she had tried all sorts of things to bring down the Human Bubble and had spent quite a long time hanging around and near it.

She was lucky to at least have some decent Dream Force control herself, or else all of her plans and her location would have long been exposed before Leonel.

However, Leonel couldn't complain too much about this. It was also because this was possible that he could protect himself from his so-called grandmother. If not, he would have been firmly controlled by the Demoness long ago.

But now, Flaura wanted to put an end to it all. She would find a way to rebuild what she had lost, whether in wealth, status, or foundation, in the future.

Right now, however...

Leonel deserved nothing short of death.

Just when Leonel thought that she was going to attack, she pulled out a bottle of wine and took a large swig. The once elegant woman didn't seem to care about finding a nice, clear glass to use, and instead chugged it directly from the bottle.

After she was finished, she wiped away the lingering, fragrant crimson with the back of her hand. Her blood surged and her body expanded.

Holding a wine bottle in one hand, and a whip in another, she suddenly became over three meters tall.

Her body was covered in violet scales, and a pair of horns twisted into the skies. Her ragged clothing couldn't even accommodate the expansion of her size and were almost ripped to shreds. Tidbits of straps and rags here and there covered some of her decency, but still left barely anything to the imagination.

What did seem to accommodate her size, though, was the wine bottle that seemed to have almost doubled in size much like she had.

She took another long swig and her gaze flashed with contempt for the world, the first sign of emotion she had displayed since this all began.

"A Human... A Wise Star Order... A Fawkes... A Dream Asura..."

It turned out that what truly made Flaura react like this was because the moment she saw Leonel, she could actually sense hints of familiarity... familiarity that could only come from two people who shared the same Bloodline.

## **Chapter 2932: Only Path**

It could only be said that Flaura was even sharper than her brother. And as for her comments about the Fawkes, Leonel was already aware that she knew. It was just unfortunate for her that the world no longer believed her words anymore. So unless she could find concrete evidence, it wouldn't matter in the slightest.

And very soon... Leonel wouldn't even care if the world knew at all. Because soon, he would have offended so many that the difference between whether they knew or not simply wouldn't matter.

Leonel grasped at the air, his Innate Nodes churning and forming a spear that radiated a bright light.

At that moment, the strength of Innate Nodes shone through. Despite having been drained, he still had something to pull on.

But to Leonel's surprise, before he could take action, his brothers moved without a single word.

Leonel's expression changed. He had been so focused on other things that he didn't even notice their intentions. Though it also didn't help that his mind was completely spent. He truly hadn't had the energy to waste on other things.

Seeing them move without informing him, he understood immediately.



His brothers had their own pride, and though they had been joking before, all jokes had kernels of truth in them.

After some hesitation, Leonel slowly lowered his spear and took a shaky breath.

In that moment, they looked more like moths to a flame. However, they carried an undeniable determination.

Flaura's reaction was understandably disdainful. She didn't take Humans seriously at all. Other than Leonel and Aina, they had no one else.

As expected, her advantage was immediately crushing. But she couldn't help but narrow her eyes when she couldn't kill them immediately.

Wielding a whip in one hand and a wine bottle in the other, she drank and attacked all at once. A domain of snaking shadows filled the air and the world shuddered, space shaking beneath her might.

PA! PA! PA! PA! PA!

James' shields shattered one after another, but to his back, Drake held out a pair of pistols, firing continuously to support.

Arnold stood above, his palms falling like meteors. Leonel was actually stunned to see that he was only a step away from the Constellation Realm with his Universal Force, but he had been stuck there. He had always had great talent in Universal Force, but Leonel hadn't expected him to make it so far so quickly.

The skies were supported by a winding array of swords. Allan used his magnetic-like Ability Index to freely control an array of weapons. The swords seemed to only be one part. In fact, there were a total of nine, exuding an ancient aura that seemed both like and not like a Natural Force Art.

They all worked together, and soon, Flaura's own expression couldn't help but become serious.

She had come here to kill Leonel, but she had never expected that before she could even get close, she would be stopped by these few.

Soon, she realized that the situation wasn't good at all. If things continued like this, even if she could kill them all one by one, Leonel would have gained far too much time to recover.

In fact, when she sent a glance over, she noticed that Leonel was already gone. In his place, there was nothing more than a cube of jigsaw puzzles slowly pulsing with a silver-blue light.

He hadn't even stayed to watch the battle!

Flaura felt a billowing frustration rising up inside her. It was suffocating to the point she wanted to shriek to the skies.

Her head flung back and she took a large swig. The wine spilled over her lips and down her body.

At that moment, her violet hair flared out wildly, and when her gaze turned to the battlefield once again, they were filled with a true light of madness.

"All of you... DESERVE DEATH!"

They didn't respond.

James and Milan slammed their palms together at the same time, both forming an Energy Shield that overlapped over one another and then multiplied in strength several times over.

At that moment, Flaura's Whip Force was suppressed to the point it could hardly rise up anymore.

At the same time, her ankles were trapped by the earth, Chaotic Particle Force adding the weight of planets to her legs courtesy of Raj.

The others moved at once, Gil leaving streaks of lightning in the air. The pieces of metal on him were all accelerated forward at once at the hands of Allan and he landed a punch on Flaura's gut before she could react.

Lightning sparked and Flaura shivered, her body freezing for just a brief instant.

Franco and Drake unleashed a barrage in that brief instant, the former with fists and the latter with a sniper rifle. Drake had put away his pistols, pulling out a gun with a barrel as long as a meter and a violent black aura.

**BOOM!**

Flaura felt her bones shatter and blood flew from her mouth.

That was when Arnold attacked. The palm descended with an undying majesty and he seemed to recall the 13 constellations he had seen earlier and was about to undergo an unprecedented change. Unfortunately, he couldn't take that step in the end.

However, that didn't stop his strike from firmly grasping a level of power it had never touched before.

BANG!

Flaura fell to a knee. Unwillingness and helplessness on her face... but it was soon replaced by a malevolent rage. She deserved more, so much more.

But unfortunately, she had spent too many years scheming. How much effort had she ever put into her actual combat prowess? Almost none at all.

And even worse than that, was Leonel really the only one at the end of his rope? She had been on the run for two years. Her mind and body had long been brought to their limits.

Under this situation, even in the face of these supposed "Mortals"...

Her only path was death.

Joel appeared before her, his brown eyes carrying a frightening chill.

The blade of his polearm descended and pierced right through her chest.

## **Chapter 2933: True Destruction**

Flaura coughed up a mouthful of blood, falling to her knees. She never thought that things would end like this. From the very beginning, everything had been under her control, everything had gone exactly how she expected them to.

But she never thought that after meeting Leonel, she would be met with failure after failure. Even when she won a move against Leonel, it was as though he was capable of just taking it on the chin and moving on as though she hadn't done anything at all. It was the most unfortunate thing that she had ever seen.

Now, as her life faded away, she didn't even get to see Leonel. He had already left as though he felt that he never had to take action at all. It was the greatest form of humiliation she had ever experienced in her lifetime.

She was unwilling...

So very unwilling...

However, there didn't seem to be anything that she could do to stop her vision from dimming.

...

Leonel had entered the Segmented Cube not to ignore Flaura, but rather for the sake of using the pods to recover as quickly as possible.

He truly didn't know whether his brothers had the strength to win or not. The reason for that was because his mind was too spent to scan them, so he could only hope that they could hold on for 15 minutes.

Just a day. That was all he needed. And the pod could shrink down that time to a span of 15 minutes for him.

He threw away all other thoughts and focused entirely on his recovery, pulling out everything he had in terms of resources to replenish his body.

He could feel his cells greedily swallowing up everything they could, but at that moment, he truly felt like a bottomless pit. It was like his body had become a bottomless hole, and that was when Leonel remembered.

He had not just one Incomplete World, but two in his body right now. The idea of him being spent was vastly different for him compared to most people.

Just the fact he was fatigued meant that he had practically drained entire worlds of energy.

He knew that he had pushed himself hard these days, but it was only now that he had time to register just the kind of limits he had pushed himself past.

But at the same time, he found something else.

It felt like... his worlds were becoming more of a part of him?

As he drained them, and then replenished them, it was like the final barriers that existed between the two were being knocked down one after another, almost like a pair of shoes that was being broken in.

Leonel was a bit surprised when he saw this happening. He didn't expect that there would be such a thing.

But now that he thought about it, he had only been using these worlds passively. He had only taken energy from them this time because he was desperate. But usually, the Force of a true Mortal World, and certainly of a Demi-God World or better, would be better.

If one had to choose between taking the energy of an Incomplete World and a Complete one, the answer was obvious.

Leonel valued the Incomplete World far more for the extra sturdy foundation they could give him in breaking through the Dimensions, and also helping him to display more of the strength of his Forces.

But he had neglected the fact that this wasn't all the technique was supposed to be for. It was truly meant to be the foundation to create a World of Destruction, not much unlike the Shadow World or even the Dream Plane. But in this context, it would be entirely under Leonel's control and he wouldn't have to fight others for jurisdiction over it.

In a lot of ways, this could be considered to be even more powerful than a Domain, and its potential was likely even beyond that of an Idol.

It was just that Leonel hadn't been able to see how truly special this ability was until it finally started to integrate with him properly.

As he felt the Incomplete Worlds truly becoming his own, his body began to phase in and out of existence as though it was passing through layers of reality to enter the Destruction World.

Leonel suddenly saw visions of an endless flat plane. The skies were black and the ground was a dull, cracked, rusted bronze color.

The air felt stuffy and smelled of sulfur, and wisps of a dangerous aura lurked around as though prepared to pounce at any time.

'Destruction World?'

The moment Leonel had the thought, he looked up to find ten Stars slowly orbiting one another and rotating on their own as well.

Their addition made the world seem more fantastical and almost unreal, especially as they shimmered against the backdrop of endless darkness.

Leonel clenched a fist and a wisp of Destruction passed by him. It didn't harm him in the slightest, and yet it still made his soul quake.

Dangerous...

It was the most dangerous aura he had ever felt.

Was this true Destruction? Why was it that he hadn't sensed such a thing before?

That was when Leonel understood.

All Sovereignties had a Path, but what was the Path of his Destruction Sovereignty? Before his recent breakthrough, it had been built from his Scarlet Star Force Innate Node... But was that true Sovereignty?

Of course not. He had learned long ago that his Scarlet Star Force wasn't the embodiment of Destruction, but was rather Creation taken to an absolute extreme.

Even so, it was a completely different sort of Destruction.

This energy... this destructive wisp he had just sensed...

That was true Destruction.

And it could wipe out anything in its path.

Just as Leonel was lost in thought, his mind shuddered and his eyes widened. He left the pod before he was fully recovered and rushed out of the Segmented Cube, his heart hammering out of his chest.

## **Chapter 2934: Not Very Nice**

Leonel rushed out, only to find a scene that left him floored. His heart sank to the bottom of an endless abyss, beating so fast that it thrummed like thunder in the air.

The bodies of his brothers lay scattered, splintered, and strewn across distances hundreds of kilometers apart.

Deep trenches and collapsed mountains lay in their wake, and looking at them now, it was hard to tell if they were even dead or alive. They were missing many limbs, their blood formed long lines in the dirt and grass, and their consciousnesses seemed to have long since collapsed.

Even if they weren't dead, it seemed that they weren't far off from it. What happened? He had only been gone for a few minutes at worst, and he had given his everything to recovering.

Even if his brothers weren't a match for Flaure, things shouldn't have ended this way. They most certainly should have been able to hold out, or else he wouldn't have dared to even step foot into the Segmented Cube in the first place.

His worry before had been because he hated the lack of control he had over the situation, but it wasn't to the point of feeling despair for them.

But now...

Leonel's head turned, and he looked toward where he sensed Flaura, but his pupils trembled.

She stood with a broken blade in her chest. In one hand, there was a whip, and in the other, there was a broken wine bottle.

It looked as though she was finished, and yet she continued to stand there as though she could continue to do so into infinity.

That was when she looked up.

The first thing Leonel saw were her eyes, and almost the same instant he did, he felt as though a blade was running through his chest instead.

Because he would never forget those eyes.

Those weren't Flaura's eyes.

Those were the eyes he had seen when he had to watch his wife be brutally ripped to shreds right in front of his face.

Those were the eyes of the Demoness.

Leonel's fury suddenly reached a towering peak. He forgot about his shock and trepidation, a violent air rippling around him.

His body cracked like fragmented glass, veins of crimson red appearing in the fissures. At that moment, the faint redness that had always been hidden in his eyes spilled over.

It was only now that Leonel understood what that energy was.

It had been there ever since he almost failed to awaken his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor, back when he still called it that. His failure had caused a wisp of redness to appear in the midst of a beautiful violet. Every time he was enraged, it flared up as though it wouldn't be calm until the world was razed to the ground.

From the very beginning, it should have been obvious to him what it was.

It could have only ever been one thing.

The truest essence of Destruction.

**BANG!**

The world around Leonel shattered.

The fissures of crimson concentrated across his body like they were the glue holding him together. His eyes were painted red, and he grabbed at the air, forming a spear from nothing.

At that moment, his usual golden-red spear became suffused with a dark gold instead, an eerie blackness coming with it.

Its blade was also nowhere near as smooth. It looked instead like a fissure in space, jagged and irregular in its patterns.

Leonel's heart boiled over with fury.

[Star Fusion: King's Might].

A dark violent color wrapped around his spear, and as though a blackened purple nebula had exploded from inside of him, the world was painted in magenta.

Leonel took a step forward, and just as easily as it had with his bow, his spear blade was suddenly guided by his heart.

And this time, he didn't hold back his King's Might in the slightest. The violence in his chest was all concentrated into a single point. Everywhere it passed, it ripped everything to shreds. Before an attack of this level, even the likes of Minerva would lose her life to a single stroke.

And yet, wielding Flaura's body, the Demoness just continued to smile.

She reached out with the broken wine bottle as though wanting to use it as a weapon. But then she only flicked her wrist.

A droplet of liquid came out from it and soared forward, colliding with the tip of Leonel's spear perfectly.

In that brief instant, Leonel felt as though he was facing against an entire ocean rather than a droplet of wine. The power was relentless and endless in its pursuit, whittling away at his powers of destruction with the most brute force method: quantity.

He felt a shuddering impact in his wrist, and his body quaked. He was sent flying backward even faster than he came, his Star Fusion almost blinking out entirely.

Leonel coughed up a mouthful of blood and rammed into a mountain. It collapsed onto him, and the Human Bubble shook as though it would fall apart at the seams.

His fury hadn't abated in the slightest. If anything, he could feel more and more wisps of Destruction coming from his Destruction World, and soon, the mountain began to crumble to ash.



He roared into the skies, and they changed color, being painted in red.

"That's not a very nice way to greet your grandmother," Flaura said in a sweet voice that could melt bones. "You don't want to talk to me first, Little Lion? I have plenty of stories and wisdom to share with you. Don't you think you should take this opportunity to learn from your elder?"

Little Lion?

Leonel's mind went blank.

No, not blank, but it seemed as though every aspect of his mind had been consumed by the want to destroy everything.

Flames billowed out from him, and a crown of blackness appeared above his head.

How dare she call him by the same name his mother did?

Even if it was a wisp of a soul, he would do everything he could to kill this woman.

## **Chapter 2935: I. Want. You. Dead.**

The red and violet in Leonel's eyes mixed into a single, uniform color that swirled like a nebula. When he roared, the skies shook and quaked.

At that moment, hundreds of Fallen God Beast corpses appeared around Leonel.

He grabbed at the air and souls, barely lingering and holding on, were ripped out of their bodies.

He held his spear out and the fierceness of his aura grew several times over.

At that moment, Leonel seemed to have returned to a state he had long since forgotten, a state of boundless fury, a state of uncaring lust for battle and blood that painted the skies above and shattered the earth below.

Assimilate.

The hundreds of souls surged into Leonel's spear and its aura grew again and again. Every split second seemed to come with a doubling of strength.

The world split at the seams, the healed fractures shattering once again.

The mountain that had collapsed around Leonel fell into a rain of ash and he burst into the skies in a pillar of blackened violet. Runes that exuded the air of untold majesty and ancient ancestry swirled on its surface.

And then focused.

The pillar shattered, its energy surging into Leonel's spear.

At that moment, a pair of dark gold halo-bracelets appeared around Leonel's wrists. Rather than shimmering with the beautiful gold of a Sovereignty, it had become a dense dark gold instead, thrumming with darkness and violence.

Then a rush of wind passed by and the world fell into silence.

The fissures remained on the world, but they no longer quaked.

Even Leonel's hair had settled down. The only changes were to the pulsing crimson cracks that scattered across his body.

When his eyes focused, the cracks coming out the side of his eyes extended and glowed with a fiercer light.

Then, he moved.

His spear thrust through the skies and his fury seemed to have been suppressed into the depths of his heart and then concentrated into his blade.

Until now, his spear had always been gorgeous.

He started as a man who could only be said to be crude in the way of the spear, but he had grown into an elite that caused the hearts of those who witnessed his blade dance to shudder with awe.

But now, he seemed to have reverted to a realm of absolute simplicity. His blade would cut through any and all.

The spear was the king weapon of the battlefield, invincible within its range and powerful in its stance.

When the Demoness controlling Flaura's body saw this blade and felt the prowess of this Spear Force that had finally been unleashed into the world, she no longer raised the broken wine bottle, instead flicking her other wrist.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

The sounds of the collisions were dull and for a moment, it looked like a pair of mortals were duking it out in the middle of a deserted land.

One had a smile on their face and the other had a gaze of striking indifference, burying a cold, heartless fury in his depths.

Leonel unleashed absolutely everything, his spear simple and to the point, but swift and violent.

His Divine Armor, his ten Stars, his King's Might all came out in wave after wave, a cascade of Universal Force falling toward him from the skies above.

His Sovereignities wove in and out of one another, violent wisps of Destruction pulsing with an equally violent tendency.

Even the Demoness wasn't directly confronting it. Instead, she was using tricks and Force Manipulation of impossible quality to divert it all.

Fighting against her felt like battling against the relentless waves of the ocean, as though his every strike was being met by hundreds, thousands at a time.

However, he was absolutely relentless. It was as though he didn't know fatigue and with every strike he levied, his stroke became purer and the sharpness of his heart grew more pronounced.

His spear blade suddenly slipped out of its simplicity, covering the skies in twinkling jagged blades that looked like silver-black rips in space.

When simplicity reached its extreme, it could easily become complexity once again.

Leonel's spear seemed to evolve once again, every strike carrying with it waves of Auspicious Air. It was as though he wasn't just eliciting concepts as simple as Swiftness or Heaviness any longer, but rather like every stroke contained an entire world.

The harshness of a snowy plain.

The vision of a mountain soaked in flames.

Meteors falling from the skies and the death of stars.

Every time he thrust out, the complexity of his spear grew until it even seemed to embody life and death.

He focused so much on the woman before him that the rest of the world seemed to fade away.

He wanted her dead maybe more than he had wanted anything else in his life.

This was the woman who took his father away from him, who left his mother without a husband. She had forced his wife to a dead end, pushing her to a death that could only be reversed with the help of his future self. She had treated his life like a puppet on her strings, controlling his entire family line.

The relationship between his father and uncle, the life of his grandfather, the very own twists and turns in his life.

Every time he thought of one of these things his spear seemed to become sharper and more radiant. And every time, she carried the same twinkling eyes and gorgeous smile. Almost as though he was doing her proud rather than infuriating her.

"I. Want. You. Dead."

Leonel's voice carried an abyssal hatred that sounded like the rumbling of a demon in the darkest depths.

His Spear Force burst forth and out from the void, a skin-tight bodysuit took shape. Countless tiny scales reflected on its surface, however Leonel didn't feel like it had elevated his defense much at all. Instead, it made his body feel as light as a feather and as resilient as a boulder.

He wielded the spear. Everything in his range was his Absolute Domain.

He didn't need defense.

His battle intent erupted.

## **Chapter 2936: Blinding**

Leonel took a step forward and the earth shattered. A mountain appeared high in the skies above him as he struck out. The laws of reality bent and twisted, and it seemed that for a moment that it wasn't his spear descending, but the mountain behind him.

The Demoness caused Flaura's wrist to flick out again, and then again. She was as steady and unmoving as a titanic ship in raging waves. Every one of her movements flowed like water, but Leonel seemed to be improving at breakneck speeds. His heart shone forth like a guiding beacon and he had never wanted anything more in his life.

His spear underwent a myriad of changes, even warping time and space around it. However, these warps in time didn't seem to affect the Demoness at all. She stepped

through blades that appeared to her back, slid out of the way of blades that pincered her from the sides, and stepped through attacks from her front with a flick of her wrist.

Everything was seamless, everything was unhurried, everything was almost...

Careless.

And it was exactly this that pissed Leonel off all the more. Even when she was playing with the lives of people, she didn't seem to care in the slightest, as though it was all just another game to her. The more he felt that way, the deeper the cold settled in, and the hotter his Innate Nodes burned.

His Scarlet Star Force seemed to catch fire and the roar of beasts came from his body.

Again, again and again, he unleashed strikes that would make even Ancestors of Demi-Gods feel trepidation and seriousness, each one landing like a clap of thunder. Above every strike, the dome of the sky would shatter like fragile glass, and below it, craters the size of meteors would appear.

And every time, Leonel's power only seemed to grow sharper, swifter, more violent.

Every strike carried the roar of a thousand beasts spearheaded by the heart of a man infuriated enough to want to watch the world burn to the ground. Even as his body was being spent to its last drop, he didn't seem to care in the slightest, pulling on more and more until he saw a sea of blood red.

His heartbeat echoed like the shattering of the sound barrier, every ripple causing space to collapse. The World Spirit hurried to repair everything after him, but it wasn't long before it was shredded apart once again. He dug deeper and deeper until something suddenly snapped.

The crimson fissures across his body grew a size and the roars coming from his spear became twisted and demented. At that moment, the black crown above his head pulsed with a dense air of death, and deep in his Destruction World, a pair of eyes seemed to appear out of nowhere.

They were as deep and cool as an abyss, as unfathomable a pool of nothingness as the end of one's life. There was nothing but despair and hopelessness to be seen reflected back from it, and Leonel was only able to be reminded of a single thing when he looked into their depths...

Void Beast.

His heart suddenly ruptured and a rain of blood fell from his body. He coughed up a mouthful of blood and his spear blade wavered for just a moment. There was just the slightest flicker in the eyes of the Demoness, but as though understanding something,

her smile never faded and her calm returned to much the same state it had always been in... Almost like someone who was surprised by the result, but felt that the outcome was close enough to her initial goals regardless.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

With sheer will, Leonel shrugged off everything, even pain was nothing more than a distant memory of the past as he shed it through Dream Sense. He forcefully reined in control of his body, keeping it together and his heart beating regardless of the lacerations running through it.

With blood seeping through his teeth, down the corners of his mouth and along his chin, he seemed to have come to exude a savage air from ancient times. And deep in the reflection of his eyes, a pair of eyes that didn't seem to be his own shone out into the world.

He erupted with three spear strikes, a dense blackened red aura coming out from him in waves.

The first attack splintered the whip.

The second attack shattered its body.

The third pierced through its handle and destroyed it from the inside out, causing an explosion of Force to burst out from Flaura's palm.

There should have been a rain of blood and bone, but somehow she seemed to be just fine. And yet, Leonel almost didn't notice as he continued a relentless barrage. The Demoness began to control Flaura's body to retreat step after step. Leonel seemed capable of cutting through every and anything. Worse than the Borne Banes, it was like he was created for nothing short of Destruction.

Every step he took turned the ground beneath him to ash. Every stride across the skies caused the clouds above him to become greyed and worn. The world seemed to wither around him, and in his relentless barrage, he forgot any and everything but the woman before him.

With a swipe of his spear, the broken wine bottle was shattered to pieces.

With another swipe, an arm was sent flying into the skies.

With another, the tendons of her knees were cut and she fell to the ground.

With yet another, a blade was drawn across her neck.

Leonel forgot it all, every strike still coming fiercer and fiercer, his blood overheating to the point it became a crimson vapor emitting from his pores. Even his heart seemed to only be pumping half gas, half liquid.

His spear pierced into her mouth and shredded her tongue to pieces and a hole out the back of her skull. He pulled back then drew a line right across those infuriating eyes, blinding them forever.

## **Chapter 2937: Trap**

The roars of the beasts were relentless, and the echo of Leonel's heartbeat even more so.

It wasn't enough, it wasn't enough.

He wanted her dead, truly dead. But he could still feel that arrogant pair of eyes, that annoying smile, that chuckle that seemed to say that she had everything under control.

It was so infuriating, it was so...

Leonel's mind swam and his heart seemed to have run to the end of its rope. He trembled once and then fell backward, his gaze dimming.

He had run into his limits and then pushed past them again and again, all before he had even managed to fully recover from the first time.

He simply didn't have the energy to do anything else.

He collapsed with a thud and the pair of eyes in his Destruction World slowly vanished.

The fissures across Leonel's body began to fade... but only in part. If before they looked like glowing lines of jagged red, they were instead more like true wounds, bubbling as though they were infected, when in reality it was because his blood was still truly running so hot. Even his blood itself was evaporating into the air.

His consciousness faded and he ran to the truest ends of his limit.

The last thought he had was that not only was this not nearly as satisfying as he wanted it to be...

Something was telling him that he had played right into her hands.

What he didn't know was that years ago, the Demoness had visited a certain Emperor of the Variant Invalids to stop him from killing Flaura... just so that she could have this very moment.

As for what her purpose was, only she knew. Even Leonel was completely in the dark, brewing in his frustration and fury without anywhere to vent it.

The death of Flaura meant absolutely nothing to him.

He just wanted her death... just her...

\*\*

Zephyrion's gaze flashed like lightning.

Two months ago, he had sensed someone come to this Incomplete World. He had originally thought that he had seen wrongly. But he still felt that the odds of him making such a mistake were far too low. With his skill, how could he possibly be easily mistaken by something?

Unfortunately, the person never actually stepped foot into the world, so it was impossible to find their trail because Zephyrion himself didn't dare to step out of the world until the time was right and proper. He couldn't reveal his tail too soon and had to bide his time.

However, he had already thought of the potential worst-case scenario and had been prepared for it. So when the time actually came, he could only sigh.

...

Outside the Variant Invalid Bubble, there was a peculiar duo. At least, they were peculiar in terms of what someone like Leonel was used to seeing. But if they were to appear on the God Plane, the shock that they would bring wasn't small in the slightest.

The pair was humanoid, but that was about the only thing human-like about them.

Their bodies were formed of thick, green vines that formed tight knots and bundles that looked almost like muscle fibers running through their bodies. They were especially tall and lanky, the shorter one between the two still standing at over four meters tall, while the other was almost five meters tall.

Their clothing seemed to be bark dotted around their private regions, and faces looked like they had been carved out of ancient brown wood.

What was most spectacular about them had to be their eyes. They were delicate orbs of a dark shade of gold. Though it wasn't quite dark gold, it wasn't quite gold either. They



were like polished brass balls, but not refined down to a high grit, leaving some murkiness behind.

However, it was precisely because of this that they held some vicissitudes of ancientness and untold wisdom.

These two were a part of a Race of powerful Gods...

The Sylvan Race.

They were known for their vitality and their wisdom. Even in comparison to the Void Race that seemed to be able to endlessly regenerate, they were on another level.

And in terms of all the creatures in existence...

They were known to be the most intelligent.

When they saw the Incomplete World before them, they realized that it was shocking immediately.

"You've seen the problem, Bracken?"

The female Sylvan spoke lightly.

"This Incomplete World should be worth thousands of times what we paid."

If the world heard these words, they would be shocked beyond compare. It had to be known that Leonel had already made an outrageous amount of money just for selling the information, enough that he was even able to lay a formation that changed the landscape of the entire Human Bubble.

And yet, according to Bracken, it was still not even a single percent of what he should have received.

The female, Willowyn, nodded in agreement without any pushback.

"There should be great danger inside, causing the price to be lowered. The Dream Pavilions automate everything, it should be able to calculate this as well."

"How could the person who found this Incomplete World possibly sell such information so casually?"

"There are only really two explanations."

"Both of which have the same ending."

"It's a trap."

"Either it's a trap for us."

"Or it's a trap for whoever's on the inside."

The two spoke seamlessly and without a care. They flowed from one deduction to the next without the slightest hiccup as though they were looking back in time rather than trying to deduce something that they hadn't been a first-party witness to.

"What would you like to do about it?" Willowyn asked.

"My assumption is that whoever is inside is likely responsible for the evolution of this Incomplete World. In which case, there's a very short list of who could possibly do this."

"Mm. Either the Fallen God Beast and Owlman Alliance."

"One of the God Races."

"Or the Variant Invalids."

## **Chapter 2938: A Pair of Eyes**

"It's unlikely to be one of the God Races. The God Realm has been in too great a state of peace for this to happen."

"That leaves two."

The two didn't even discuss the original conclusion because they already implicitly understood the logic.

They were known as the wisest of all the Races in Existence, so they obviously had an understanding of the situation of the God Realm that few could match.

They had already concluded that this was a trap. So if it was really related to one of the God Races, that would mean that a relationship between two factions should have deteriorated to the point of bloodshed.

But there were simply no grudges that were this bad yet.

Of course, the Pluto Race was being suppressed by many, but they were still firmly the top dog of the God Realm. It didn't make sense to expect anyone to take such drastic measures to deal a blow to a competitor in this way.

Obviously, they had also tacitly come to understand that this was more of a trap for whoever was on the inside than whoever was on their way here.

"We do not have enough information about the happenings in the lower Realms to make a proper conclusion."

"Agreed."

"Would you like to investigate?"

"Regardless of what the answer is, this world is too valuable and there has already been a second buyer of this information, most likely another God Race as well. It is doubtful that a Demi-God Race would have enough liquidity to take such a risk."

"It may potentially be a risk for us as well. If it is the Alliance, then it can be handled to some extent, but it will still be troublesome. If it is the Variant Invalids... it will be many times more difficult."

"I will go to gather more information about the happenings of this world. You remain here, observe the situation and see what happens when the second of the Gods arrives."

Willowyn nodded and didn't say anything else as Bracken vanished into the distance.

...

Willowyn truly had the patience of an ancient tree. Let alone moving, she didn't even seem to be breathing at all. She just stood in the vast, empty void in silence, her hands clasped behind her back and her head slightly lowered. It wasn't until a long while later, days even, that she slowly raised her head.

Her dull golden eyes seemed to pierce through the void and she landed on a particular pair of figures in the far-off distance.

...

The pair were humanoid much like the Sylvans, though this wasn't a surprise. What was a surprise was that they both had the heads of lions.

The Beastman Race.

They were a savage Race of humanoids known for their overbearing physical strength. In fact, in terms of physical prowess, they were only weaker than the Plutos.

Their endurance was practically everlasting and it was said that their battlelust could burn even the Stars.

It was rare just in general for them to participate in such things. In this way, they were a lot like the Barbarian Race, focusing on battle rather than external matters like collecting Incomplete Worlds.

But then again, what Race and organization didn't need money to function? Even the Beastmen were no different, and as such, maybe it wasn't too surprising that they'd make a move this time.

It couldn't have been better in Willowyn's opinion. These brutes would almost certainly take the bait, and the uses of their souls weren't nearly as refined.

Though, they did have special abilities like the Rapax that could protect them.

The Rapax were capable of innately hiding away from Internal Sight, but the Beastmen were on another level entirely. They were immune to mental manipulation and the tricks of Dream Force.

This strength came not just out of nowhere, but rather because of their battle prowess.

Beastmen were able to channel their emotions into a Battlelust Lineage Factor. This allowed them control over their states of mind that made it almost impossible for outsiders to shake them.

However, that didn't make them any more intelligent.

That said, the only reason Willowyn was able to spy on them without being seen was because of the special ability of her own Race.

The Sylvans had powerful senses, but they didn't rely on Internal Sight or the Dream Plane. Instead, the longer they spent rooted in place, the further their Natural Domain could spread. As though a tree spreading their canopy through the world, they could make a region into their own personal forest... whether the enemies noticed or not.

Both Beastmen stood boldly in the void, their chests rippling with dense hair and dancing, vascular muscles. Their manes were braided down the length of their heads and jaws, and then adorned with various trinkets that seemed to be spoils of battle. The combination made them look particularly tribal.

However, what neither Willowyn nor the Beastmen expected was that before the latter could take the vanguard and enter, the world would lose its color.

The change didn't come from the Incomplete World, but rather the entirety of Existence itself.

At that moment, it seemed as though a pair of looming eyes had appeared over every horizon. No matter where you looked, so long as it was into the distance, it would strike fear into one's very heart. Even the Sylvans and Beastmen were no different.

They had felt this before...

It was the feeling of staring at a Void Beast.

Their hearts sunk to the bottom of an abyss and sweat coated their bodies. Many who looked at this scene with far too much ferocity and carelessness fainted. If not for the fact that the sight was mostly illusory, they would have directly lost their lives without the slightest suspense.

The image persisted for a short while before it slowly faded...

However, even though it was only a short while, it sent the entire God Realm into a wild upheaval.

The appearance of those eyes could only mean one thing.

The Northern Star Lineage Factor had once again birthed a Void Beast.

Dream Force experts of all shapes and creeds raised their methods to the limits as they scoured Existence for this person. Even the Dharmas moved out.

But what they didn't expect was that it would be far easier than any of them could ever expect.

They all found him at once.

A boy, beaten and broken, laying in a pool of his own blood in a mere Mortal Realm.

Leonel Morales.

## **Chapter 2939: Die**

Existence seemed to be set ablaze. If there were any existences that they hated with an absolute passion, the first was likely to be the Variant Invalids, and it was then a race for second between the Fawkes and the remnants of the God Beasts of Creation and Destruction.

It could be said, then, that the humans firmly occupied two of those top three spots, a great irony for a supposedly weak Race. And yet, no one knew who this young man

was... or so they thought until a great deal of information began to be disseminated in full force.

The abilities of these monstrous Dream Force experts could only be said to be frightening. If Leonel had the abilities to ignore space, transporting his mind across countless light years to appear in a location where his name had been mentioned, then these existences could ignore even time itself.

It was a matter of great ease for them to watch all of Leonel's deeds as though it was nothing more than a snap of the finger.

Going through the past, combing through the locations he had made his imprint, and watching them all again as though they had been spectators nearby all the while came as easily to them as flipping over a hand. And when the target was an existence that would normally never even appear on their radar, it was even more shockingly easy than normal.

That was when they began to piece together things that no existence otherwise could have, things that Leonel had hidden so perfectly all along, shocking matters that left them furrowing their brows.

But what was most shocking to these existences was that there were actually some things that they couldn't see. Anything related to Anastasia seemed to be wiped clean.

Anastasia was a World Spirit of a true God Realm, and she had been created by the hands of the Minerva. While she might have her faults and flaws, she was still an existence that couldn't be underestimated. If any one of them entered her world, then even these shocking existences could only bow their heads.

If this was all, maybe it would still be acceptable, but it felt that after Leonel got the Life Tablet, they were looking at his life through a peephole. There were some things that were out of their range to see, and things beyond the foreground that felt obscured.

However, it was also precisely because of this that the time Leonel spent without the Life Tablet was all the more blatant.

When they saw the action of Leonel toying with the Owlans, they realized the gravity of the situation. This human was the reason for the current ongoing war.

They couldn't see how Leonel had managed to get the Life Tablet back because it was too tied with Anastasia. However, that didn't mean that they couldn't put the pieces together themselves.

They found Leonel's ties with the Dwarven Race, then beyond that his ties with the Spirituals.

They found his relationship with the Sea God Incomplete World and felt even more shock when they realized that it was no longer there.

Unfortunately, by this point, everything was so obscured that they weren't exactly sure of what happened. But what they did know was that Leonel's battle prowess had taken an enormous leap forward the moment he appeared.

Everything felt too shocking to accept.

These were all things that they felt the youngsters of their Race could do as well, but they had been born to a God Race, and if what they knew about Leonel was correct, then he didn't even know anything about this world until he was mere days from his 18th birthday.

He was still several years from 30. Didn't that mean that he was functionally not even 10 years old? If they put that into context, it was even more difficult to accept. Though, to be fair, they had no idea that Leonel had experienced ten years in a Zone, but even if they had, would it change much?

To these existences, 10 years might as well have been a blink of an eye. Plus, which of their youths hadn't also experienced time dilation in some way, shape, or form? Time dilation was probably the reason that the Pluto were even still standing now.

And yet, the more they learned, the more unacceptable they felt that it was, especially in the thoughts of the Void Race.

Leonel was someone that had already infuriated Shan'Rae, but they had completely disregarded this matter. Why would they care about the grudges of children? Though, if Shan'Rae ended up losing her life, it would certainly be a different matter entirely.

That aside, it was clear that the situation was much different now, and much more difficult to ignore.

Despite the fact that there were no God Races that specialized in Dream Force any longer, all of them had at least one behemoth capable of scrolling through time with their Dream Force in this way. And when they reported their findings, the turmoil in Existence only grew.

Leonel's current location might as well have been an open book to them, and discussions about what to do in this situation were abound.

The moment Leonel woke up, it would certainly be far more difficult to find him.

There was a second location that was difficult for these old fogies to read, and that was in the Inbetween Worlds.

There was a very good reason for that: Anarchic Force.

The Void Beast wielded this Force and was the natural embodiment of nothingness. It was likely that had Leonel been awake, none of this would be possible. If they didn't hurry, it would be impossible to say if the situation would change or not.

There were also concerns about potential remnants making a move. No one believed that the Envoys had truly entirely been wiped out, so wouldn't they take action?

However, everyone had come to a single conclusion.

Leonel had to die.

## **Chapter 2940: Because Of.**

El'Rion sat in silent meditation. The world around him could only be described as fantastical, not because it was beautiful or sinister, but because it truly made one question life by making one feel exceptionally small. The room felt like a space filled with mirrors and spatial fissures. Bits and pieces of reality were strewn about, and by reaching out and plucking one, one could end up in just one of what felt like trillions of worlds. Small. Insignificant. A mere speck of dust...

These were the feelings that this room elicited, and it was precisely this sort of room that the elites of the Pluto Race trained in. For El'Rion, given his standing, he had been granted such treatment long ago. But with the decline of the Pluto Race, at least until recently, very few other than the oldest of monsters were given the right to frequent this place.

Of course, the reason that this was only until recently was because things had changed the moment the Idol Battlefield had appeared. If there was one thing the Pluto Race was exceptional at, it was seizing an opportunity. There was a reason that they had reigned since the fall of the God Beasts. Their decline had little to do with outside interference and entirely to do with a matter far more difficult to combat...

The Cycle of Life.

No one could remain alive forever, and much the same, no family or organization could ever exist into perpetuity. The Pluto were declining for no other reason than the fact they had already been the strongest for too long. With the ebbs and flows of Time, those that were once on top were bound to fall as well, ushering a new age that came in behind them. Before, it had been the God Beasts, and now it seemed that it would be their turn...



Or it would have had it not been for the appearance of the Idol Battlefield. With its appearance, the chance for the Pluto to rise again had appeared before them, and as a result, they had already gone all out. El'Rion had already been experiencing excellent treatment, but even his own had been elevated in recent months. The Pluto took out everything they planned to hold in reserve and pushed all their chips to the middle of the table.

It was under these circumstances that the storm that had taken hold of Existence also reached the Pluto.

El'Rion opened his eyes, sensing the disturbance long before it came to him. If the Dream Force experts could ignore time, then the Pluto were the one and only Race that passed down an Inheritance of time, and the only ones since the beginning of Existence itself to have a Lineage Factor related to the rare Force.

Time Force affinities always appeared through Ability Indexes, as though it was a gift granted by Existence. For others, they could only gain some control over Time by increasing their Forces to a certain level, but even then, it would always be auxiliary and almost perfunctory in a way. Only the Pluto broke this rule, and they were the only example of it being broken.

So, El'Rion sensed the commotion even before it truly came, and as expected, someone came to alert him not long afterward.

Soon, El'Rion found himself in a meeting that was far above his station. He knew the real reason he was here. It wasn't because his father was their leader or that his grandfather was the strongest of the Pluto. It was ironically because he was the only one among them all to have contact with the boy that set the world ablaze.

"... Yes, I knew."

El'Rion answered the millionth question, but this time the reaction was quite fierce. Of course, the question had been whether or not he knew that Leonel was the one to set up the Void Race. Back then, El'Rion had already pieced it together. The Void Race wasn't the only one being used, but the Pluto had been being used by Leonel as well. It was just that the big shots of other God Races couldn't see this because unlike Leonel, El'Rion had protection against such probing. When they went back into Leonel's memories, it was like El'Rion had been edited out of them all.

"Why did you say nothing?"

A Pluto that seemed to be the size of a planet spoke. None of them were truly enraged; they just looked at El'Rion questioningly. This seemed like quite an important matter.

"I didn't believe it was important enough to inform the elders about. It is also my personal grudge to repay."

The elders didn't mind the first part. Maybe only the Pluto Race could feel that it wasn't a big deal that the Void Race had been played like this and forced into a war by a human. Although they were declining, there wasn't a single Race that would dare to openly provoke the Pluto. The reason they were said to be declining was that the middle range of their experts was beginning to lag behind, while the current generation was even worse. However, the old monsters who held up the skies were still very much there. Until they died, no one would dare to have thoughts about a full-scale offensive. That said, the second part intrigued them.

They knew that El'Rion already had the strength to kill this boy; he had had the strength long ago. So what kind of revenge was he seeking?

El'Rion shook his head.

"My starting point and his are different. Acting against him now wouldn't change that I suffered a loss at his hands. But I also know that I am not as intelligent as he is either.

"So, I can only settle the score with my fists when he has had ample opportunity to catch up."

The elders fell into silence and didn't reply for a long while... until it was El'Rion's father who spoke.

"There is news that will soon bring this commotion to another level."

El'Rion frowned because he heard a hint of solemnity in his father's voice, something that was impossibly rare.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The Idol Battlefield has descended because of the boy."