

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2961: Feel Good

Leonel walked forward slowly, but his steps seemed to take him across the cosmos. When he entered the range of the Spiritual's home, he slowed down.

The region was exceptionally quiet. It should have been ravaged by enemies from all sides, but it looked as though nothing happening in the outside world had anything to do with them. In fact, it was like they were completely at peace.

Leonel didn't react much to this information. He seemed calm and indifferent, his thoughts smooth and his breathing even.

He took a step forward and entered the bubble. He didn't do anything special, simply walking high in the skies as though nothing could affect him. In that moment, he seemed to be just as much at peace as the world around him.

Down below, there were Spiritual children talking and laughing, couples lost in their romance, and some of the elderly who were enjoying their old age. It was a true paradise. They lived in harmony with nature, and there didn't seem to be any worries on their hearts.

Leonel walked around and tried to find the dark side of things, but it truly seemed as though the Ma'at Bubble had no such thing. If he didn't know better, he would have thought that this was the true God Realm, the place that everyone should want to ascend to.

As he experienced these things, he grew calmer and calmer. He thought about the situation the Human Bubble was in, teetering on life and death. He thought about how his life in the Incomplete Bubble had been thrown on its head and toward greater and greater chaos. He thought about how the Dwarven Bubble had just been seconds away from collapsing entirely.

Indeed. Compared to those situations, the land of the Spirituals was truly impossibly peaceful.

Leonel's thoughts turned back to the realizations he had made about himself, how deep inside, he did want to do the right things. It was how he was raised, and it was the type of person he was.

It was funny. Maybe because his father was worried about the influence of the Demoness, he had always gone out of his way to teach Leonel the importance of morality and doing things the right way... even though his father himself wasn't really a man who followed his own teachings.

Before he was married, his father was a womanizer who left broken hearts in his wake. When he was in his prime, he casually killed when he felt like it and destroyed anyone who offended him. The blood on his hands could fill oceans, and he never thought twice about it.

But love had taught him a different way to live life, whether that be for his wife or for his son.

As such, Leonel had grown up in a completely different way. He had become a man who, while pulled by his Forces in all sorts of directions, had a bottom line. He still remembered when he crossed that bottom line before. He had looked back on that past with indifference, but now he could feel the hints of guilt rooting themselves in his heart.

Looking at how peaceful the Spiritual Bubble was, and how much pain and agony he had to go through in comparison, he felt his heart touching that bottom line again.

How good would it feel to just destroy all of their lives? How much satisfaction would that bring him? How much would it settle down this raging, burning, fiery intent in his chest?

Wouldn't it feel good?

For every smile he saw, those thoughts only seemed to bang against the cage of his mind and his heart all the more. It was a violent change that seemed to want to grip and take control of him.

And yet, he seemed to bask in it calmly. His eyes never flickered or changed, his killing intent was restrained and unnoticeable, and even as he walked from city to city, he not only didn't kill a single person, but he only seemed to grow calmer.

By the time he had strolled to the central castle of the Ma'at Bubble, a place he had just been a couple of months ago, his aura was so restrained that even if one looked at him, it would feel as though they were looking right through him toward something behind. Even if someone swept their Internal Sight over, there would be absolutely nothing to see, as though everything that was him had been stripped away from the world.

He had made such a mistake once before. He wouldn't make it again. While it would give him some satisfaction to destroy the Ma'at Bubble, it was precisely because he had once destroyed the Beast Domain and Nomad Domain of the Dimensional Verse that he had restrained himself from doing so.

Only by basking in this feeling and still choosing to take the path most wouldn't, would he really feel like he had settled that piece of him down and reconciled with it.

As he stepped forward, the doors to the Ma'at Palace opened on their own. The world listened to the call and intention of his heart, and he stood calmly atop it all. Even as he strolled in, no one seemed to notice him until it was far too late.

He stood in the depths of Ma'at territory, staring high into the skies as though he had reached some sort of enlightenment. The rage in his heart was blown away by a gentle wind. He stood before the throne of the Ma'at Spirituals, a place that was sacred beyond compare. He looked down from the skylight above and gazed at the gaudy display. Then, he suddenly vanished, disappearing from the world entirely.

In the place he had just stood, there were a pair of footprints that had seared into the ground, the only sign that Leonel had been there before. By the time the Spirituals sensed something and came rushing in, he was long gone.

Chapter 2962: Violet Winds

Lady Emberheart burst into the throne room, her heart beating out of her chest and cold sweat running down her back. She gripped her ribbon tightly as though prepared for the fight of her life.

Soon afterward, a pair of elders followed her. These two were none other than the Ancestors of the Ma'at. Though their reaction wasn't as fierce as Lady Emberheart's, the seriousness in the pinch of their brows couldn't be underestimated in the slightest.

But when they burst in, they found that nothing at all was waiting for them. Their hearts seized as they felt that there was no way they had misinterpreted those sorts of signs. Someone powerful had been here, so where did they go? Or more importantly, what had they done while they weren't paying attention?

Their hearts leapt into their throats as they looked around, checking every tile until they spotted a pair of footprints.

Their hearts beat fast, nearly rushing out of their bodies. Sweat poured off of them in waterfalls.

The throne room of the Spirituals was an exceptionally sacred place. Not many knew, but no one sat on this throne, not even Lord Emberheart. The reason was that this Throne wasn't made for them.

Generations ago, before the Spirituals branched off from the Human Race, they were just known to be more talented forms of humans. They were still born as souls, but the

difference was that just as they were about to be birthed, their mothers would have to consume a great deal of resources to form fleshly bodies for them.

The difference between that time and now was that Spirituals were fully born as souls and then constructed their own bodies themselves.

It was thanks to this that the connection between Spirituals and humans was hidden. Most didn't know if one was born a Spiritual or not because the entire process was hidden within their mother's wombs. Often, even the mother wouldn't be aware of what was happening until she approached her due date and began to inexplicably lose weight in an unhealthy fashion.

Of course, this loss of weight was a result of her baby stripping her of the resources it needed to construct its body.

For a long time, the Human Race thought that these babies were just supremely talented geniuses that needed more support to be born. And technically, they weren't wrong.

It wasn't until a large enough population of these meta-humans began to be born that everyone began to research into this matter and realized the uniqueness of the Spirituals.

It was then that a conclusion was made.

This was the Human Race's Path to the God Realm.

All God Races were unique in the path they took to become God Races. Their mutations and quirks weren't always like that, but had instead grown over time.

If one looked at Spirituals, the Cloud Race, or the Nomad Race, one would notice that many of them looked quite a lot like humans with some differences here and there. It was only the Rapax that deviated along a completely different path, and they were a rare instance of this.

The closer one was to the realm of the Gods, the less... "Human" they would seem, which was why the term Humanoid was formed in the cosmos.

The Pluto had bluish grey skin, the scales of Dragons, and blood as heavy as worlds.

The Void Race were practically entire universes in and of themselves, storing planets, stars, and galaxies in their bodies.

The Sylvan had practically stripped themselves of all humanity aside from their faces and their hearts.

The Beastmen didn't even have human heads anymore.

The closer toward God, the further from Humanity. Maybe this was even part of the reason why it was so easy to detest humans. On the one hand, it reminded them of their former weakness, and on the other, it was a glimpse at what they had lost.

When Humans also managed to become powerful, that was all the more unacceptable.

So, what did this have to do with the Throne?

The reason the Spirituals were able to separate from the Human Race successfully wasn't just due to their own internal racism and feelings of superiority, though that did play a part. It was also, in part, an act of kindness on the Infinity Beasts' part.

They had used the Human Race to achieve their own goals, and they knew that once they were gone, the Human Race might truly be finished. As such, they made a way out for the Human Race...

What many didn't know was that the prophecies of the tablets didn't come until long after they were first created...

And, some legends said that they weren't written by the Infinity Beasts at all. In fact, the Life Grade Legacy Tablet told of a blade that crossed through space and time, carving itself into the indestructible metals that formed the Tablet.

The Violet Winds Rise North.

It was said that once this person appeared, the Spirituals would likewise return to the Human Race. Then, this Violet Wind would point his blade northward toward what could only be one thing...

The Northern Star.

This Throne was a reminder of that. It was always pointed North, and if one sat on it and looked at the skylight above, it would be possible to stare right into the maw of the approaching Northern Star.

It was an ownerless Throne, one that should be impossible even to approach. Even for them, the aura of the Throne was so great that they were still over two hundred meters from it and couldn't approach closer even if they tried.

And yet...

There was a pair of footprints right before the throne, burning into a metal that should have been indestructible to Mortals and Demi-Gods alike.

And these pair of feet were pointed south.

Something about that sight made their hearts turn to ash, a guilty, clawing feeling gnawing at their hearts and their souls.

Just what... Just what had they done?

Chapter 2963: True Peace

Lady Emberheart was having a hard time calming the harsh beating of her heart. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't seem to take her eyes off the pair of footprints as though they were being seared into her ground as well as her thoughts.

Somehow, even without laying eyes on him, she knew exactly who had been here. But if she was correct, this was terrible. Worse than she could even imagine.

It was clear that the two Ancestors by her side had realized the same thing, and seemed to only now understand just how close to death they had been.

The killing intent permeating through the air was suffocating. Maybe under usual circumstances, they might be able to approach at least 100 meters. But now, even double that was difficult.

It was like they were teetering on the edge of a blade, and they had been let off in the face of a storm. They had just been one thought away from their peaceful lives being destroyed down to the very last of them.

If Leonel had come here, there was only one explanation: he had either defeated or maybe even killed a God.

Willowyn alone had been able to solve their predicament. That was why there were no Invalids in this region, or any Spiritual Bubble for that matter.

What did it mean for Leonel to be able to defeat her?

Now, they found themselves standing on pins and needles... just wondering when the other foot was going to drop.

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Leonel sat before his workbench, his mind calm. In the end, he had ended up visiting the Spirituals before he could even start on modifying the enormous spatial key, and that was because he really couldn't hold back his fury.

In the end, he took it to be an opportunity.

Those moments after his father's death were probably the largest stain on his life. He had taken actions that his father would look down in disappointment at him for.

Now, while he couldn't say that he had fixed those errors, what he could say was that he now had the confidence to never take such a path again.

He felt that he was more in tune with his Dream Force Path now, more than he had ever been before.

In the past, he was constantly fighting it, pushing against his very own nature. But now he realized that this path of Dream Force wasn't fighting against his nature at all... it was not only the man he wanted to be, but the man he was most suited to being.

Seeing his previous path of confidence as a marker of his future self was looking at it too simply. It wasn't just that his arrogance and overall furious temper was a product of his future self, but rather everything that his future self had experienced.

Despite being so powerful, he had lost his father, his mother, his wife, his brothers, his friends.

Becoming callous to everything, pretending as though the world was beneath him and there was nothing at all to gain from it was precisely the only thing that could have possibly allowed him to trudge on for so long.

Allowing himself to sink back into the endless rage would only push him further toward that path. It would have brought him right back to that pathetic state, forever entangled with what he had lost in the past, but forgetting about what he could protect into the future.

Right now, his mother was still alive, his brothers were still here, his wife was by his side.

If he couldn't embrace that now... in the future it would be too late to do so.

So he went to the Spirituals Bubble and basked in their warmth and happiness even though he was feeling the exact opposite...

And then he had completely let them off.

As he left, he likewise left a weight on his shoulders. He felt calmer than he ever had, and he couldn't help but recall that state of tranquility he had entered when he first heard Mo"Lexi's name.

That state of tranquility had allowed him to break free of the Demoness' hold, and his soul, which had been entrenched in rivers of blood, broke free from their chains as well.

Although his Dream Force didn't break through and enter the Peak Creation State, he felt that its foundation had grown both denser and wider. It thickened and he felt that it stretched further than it ever had before.

Now, when he sat down before his workbench, allowing his fingers to glide across the wells that stood before him, he was truly calm.

He could feel true peace.

"Let's go, Tolliver."

BLOOP

There was a surge and a tsunami-like wave of silver and gold liquid rushed forward.

The key was formed of two halves, and as far as Leonel saw it, this was a flaw as well. The moment the two halves were fused, and the reason they had to be kept separate, was because the moment they touched, the treasure would activate.

In Leonel's eyes, this was a clear and obvious lack of control, and an even more obviously janky solution to what should have otherwise been an extremely elegant treasure.

It reminded him a lot of what the Minerva had put Anastasia through. The reason the Sylvans had to take such a roundabout path was because they couldn't properly control the World Spirit hidden in this treasure. They could only suppress it and then channel its power outward.

With every step in Crafting that Leonel took, he had Anastasia in mind. That was because ever since he realized that her thought processes were flawed, he wanted to fix the mistakes the Minerva had left behind.

In terms of research into this particular field, while he didn't dare to say that he was truly number one in this regard, with his current skill he wasn't far off.

But unlike with Anastasia, he didn't care about this World Spirit's quality of life. So his range of options was much wider.

Chapter 2964: Superfluous

Half a month later, Leonel opened his eyes, a newfound sharpness gleaming in them. With a wave of his hand, a hovering key fell into his palm, now whole and perfect. A swirl of ash appeared in his hands, and the key vanished, entering his Destruction World. With a step, he too vanished. It was about time he unleashed some real carnage.

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Leonel appeared high above the skies of the Dwarven Race. News that the army had been destroyed had likely already circulated, so he had come back to ensure that their side was still holding up. However, he found no army waiting for him. He scanned the region, his eyes narrowing.

"Interesting."

Leonel took a step and vanished into the void once again.

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Leonel's steps were slow and deliberate. This time, he didn't seem to be speeding himself up with spatial laws at all. Rather, he was calm, collected, and indifferent to everything. He strolled through the world as though he wasn't the most wanted criminal in Existence. His almost frank casualness was ingrained into the minds of all those who saw him.

It had been a while since he was such a wanted man. He still remembered when Shield Cross Stars wanted to hunt him down. But in truth, he had never really experienced what that felt like. They didn't have the ability to lock onto him from countless light-years away, and so he didn't even have to disguise himself to slip from their jurisdiction. He literally just had to enter a new star system.

This time, escape wasn't nearly so easy. There was likely not a single region in all of Existence that could house him. If his Dream Force didn't become powerful enough, any Ancestor-level figure with a Dream Force Dharma could find him with enough time unless he kept constant guard and vigilance or spent the rest of his life in the Segmented Cube.

But right now, he wasn't even bothering to hide himself. Not only that, but he was in the Demi-God Realm, where even Gods were far less suppressed than they would be otherwise. In fact, even his aura was leaking out in waves.

Everywhere he passed by, the flowers and plants wilted, the ground seemed to be sucked of all its moisture, and space trembled and cracked. But Leonel himself didn't seem to be infuriated.

He was so calm that it was frightening, so calm that there was nothing more than a tranquil lake in the depths of his eyes, so calm that his emotions were unreadable even by the most powerful of Dream Force experts.

Leonel looked up.

At that moment, the skies seemed to be filled to the brim with Void Race experts. Their momentum was frightening, and just their presence alone seemed to swallow the skies into an infinite blackhole, expansive and never-ending.

Leonel glanced away, seemingly not caring. There was no one special in the group, no one worth caring about. A few of them had the auras of real Gods, but when compared to the likes of Willowyn, Bracken, or even Minerva and Elysium, they were pathetically weak.

It felt like a shame he even had to deal with them.

But deal with them he would.

Just as they seemed about to speak, a large dark gold key appeared in Leonel's hands. He didn't even glance at the skies as he swiped out with it a single time.

In that moment, the world seemed to split in two by a blade of ash.

The frontline Void Race members only had time to change their expressions before they froze.

One after another, the army collapsed.

Leonel continued to walk into the distance, his gait just as steady as before. It wasn't until long after he had already left the region that the frozen army collapsed.

First, they split in two at their waists. Then, as though they were erased by the laws of the world themselves, they crumbled to ash, floating into the wind like meaningless drivel.

Leonel himself never looked back a single time. Calm and collected, he faced off against the world. His steps might have been slow, but they seemed to grow heavier and heavier with every move that he made, and the depths of the calm lake of violet in his eyes only grew deeper with every passing second.

Another Void Race army appeared, and another was cut down.

Then another appeared moments later, and they were slaughtered as well.

Leonel could tell what they were doing. They were sacrificing themselves to make sure he stayed here, trying to delay him to ensure that Shan'Rae would have the time she needed to arrive.

What they didn't know was that Leonel had come here precisely to kill Shan'Rae.

The deaths of the two Sylvans weren't enough to satisfy him. He wanted the God Realm to fear him, to think twice about sending anyone down here at all. He wanted to suffocate them and infuriate them to the point they couldn't even raise their heads before a little human like him.

BANG!

The air exploded, and a valiant woman whose skin painted the sights of the cosmos appeared. On her head, a foggy, dreamlike blackness whipped around wildly like hair, and her gaze, a depth of endless white, was sharp and menacing.

When she locked eyes with Leonel, her killing intent exploded. It seemed that she hadn't even noticed that all her armies had been wiped out. Or, maybe... she simply didn't care.

She waved a hand, and a scythe appeared in it. It had a blade that looked like a jagged cut in space rather than one that had been forged by the hands of living beings. And it was almost comically large.

She alone stood at three meters tall, but the polearm of her scythe was double that, and its curved blade was at least that long.

"DIE!"

She didn't say any superfluous words. She felt that this human had lived long enough.

Leonel calmly met her gaze and then stamped his key into the ground.

The world seemed to quake at that moment.

Chapter 2965: Indifferent

The moment the key stamped into the ground, it was as though the skies were overturned. A rush of gold spread out in all directions, and it felt like the two were instantly cut off from the rest of the world, enveloped by a dome of dark gold.

With a rush of violent air, the two were transported to a land with soil dyed with blood and skies as black as ink.

Shan'Rae's slash continued and seemed to want to cut this world in two, but Leonel calmly stretched out a hand, tattoos erupting around his body as a spear that roared with the echoing Will of hundreds of Fallen God Beasts appeared in his hand.

With a single tremble, rather than the tear in space caused by the scythe closing, it ripped apart even more violently and became so chaotic that Shan'Rae felt as though her weapon was slipping out of her control. Her Scythe Force slipped away from her, and her wrists nearly shattered beneath the impact.

Leonel took a step and seemed to walk through the rift in space as though it wasn't even there, as though he thrived in the chaos and destruction.

Before Shan'Rae could react, his spear was at her chest.

It pierced right through, and she coughed up a mouthful of blood, her eyes widening in shock.

"I didn't expect... that the Void Race would be so pathetic."

Leonel's voice sounded almost apathetic. He stared into Shan'Rae's eyes, and she felt her pierced heart shudder, a process that only caused her to cough up another mouthful of blood.

She stood far taller than Leonel, and yet at that moment, it didn't seem to matter in the slightest. She was the child, and he was the towering mountain. His presence alone in her senses felt as large as multiple worlds, as though this world and its will were his own...

And that was precisely the case.

Shan'Rae snapped back to attention, realizing that her mind had actually been slipping away from her. Her gaze sharpened, and she regained her focus.

Blackhole Force rippled off of her in waves, and space folded and waned. At that moment, Leonel felt as though his spear, which was in Shan'Rae's chest, felt worlds away from the meaty flesh of her heart. And just like that, Shan'Rae slipped away.

Leonel indifferently lowered his spear, pointing it toward the ground.

Shan'Rae's wounds healed as she swung her scythe. Despite being over five meters from Leonel, the scythe's curved blade still wrapped around his body, looking to cut his neck off his shoulders from his back.

At the same time, he could feel the myriad of changes in space. Even in his Destruction World, although Shan'Rae was having a harder time than usual, she could still control space willfully.

This should be the Lineage Factor of the Void Race. They were the center of their own universe, and this allowed them to control space as though it was an extension of their limbs. They didn't even need to summon Spatial Force; they could fold, bend, warp, and shatter it with just their will alone.

Just now, Shan'Rae had put up barriers of space in her own heart to make it seem as though Leonel's blade, which had been lodged in her chest, was actually dozens of kilometers away from the flesh of her heart. Like that, she slipped away before Leonel could shatter the rest of her inner organs.

This was a level of spatial control that Leonel had simply never met before. It made those White Spectral Tigers look like something worse than amateurs. They were practically children playing in a schoolyard's sandbox.

The moment Shan'Rae activated her Lineage Factor, even if it was in passing, it proved that she was taking Leonel seriously. Because until now... this was the first time since she had come to the Demi-God Realm that she cared to do so.

And it was exactly like that her scythe appeared behind Leonel in a flash. Space didn't seem to matter to her, and acceleration was even more unnecessary. It seemed like the moment she moved, her weapon was already in place to deal a death blow.

It was clear that not only was Shan'Rae far more adept in combat than Willowyn, but because they were in a Demi-God Realm and not a Mortal Realm like before, she was also experiencing less suppression than the latter and could bring out more of her true strength.

Unfortunately... Leonel didn't care.

Just as the scythe was about to take his head off, a finger lightly raised and tapped down on the polearm of his spear.

Once again, space grew so volatile that Shan'Rae's scythe was almost entirely ripped out of her control. At first, there was a clear line between herself and Leonel's neck. But suddenly that space became a wild net of winding paths, and before she realized what happened, she missed, her scythe soaring over Leonel's head and not even taking a piece of his hair.

Having cut through nothing, Shan'Rae stumbled back a half step. It wasn't a good feeling to pull all your strength into a move, only to have the chair ripped out from under you.

She recovered quickly, and it was just a minor step, and yet, in a battle of experts, that was truly all that was needed.

Leonel appeared before her. She had yet to fully regain her balance, and it was clear that he had moved first because he knew this would happen.

Shock melted across her face as she found herself staring at her own headless corpse.

She had... lost her head??

Leonel's wrist flickered, and his spear cut across the world hundreds of times in an instant.

The world fell silent before there was an explosion of blades.

In less than a breath, Shan'Rae's body was severed into just as many pieces, collapsing into a rain of blood that fell like heavy meteors.

Leonel watched from start to end... completely indifferent.

Chapter 2966: Destruction Sovereignty

Leonel continued to watch, his mind calm. He didn't feel any sense of satisfaction killing Shan'Rae. He had long since forgotten his grievances with this woman as it seemed so very insignificant in the grand scheme.

But even if he had still taken such grievances seriously, he still wouldn't feel pride toward such a thing. He had never seen himself as beneath the Gods, so why would he feel pride about being on par or surpassing them?

In truth, he couldn't ever remember feeling pride after a victory. Maybe satisfaction, maybe he liked the feeling... but pride? The only person who could have made him feel pride after defeating him was already dead.

As for how he had defeated Shan'Rae, it was quite simple. After he learned of what the Lineage Factor and abilities of the Void Race were from the Life Tablet, he already understood exactly how to defeat them.

Their control over space was truly second to none. With a thought, they could cross worlds, shrink a city to the size of a palm, or even call the skies down to them. They could use it fluidly to attack, defend, or move. Space was akin to an extension of their very being, a resonance of their senses.

It could even be said that when a member of the Void Race stepped into a region, their bodies were already manipulating the space.

Their bodies were similar to planets but on another level entirely. Their weight was obscene, and they carried all the heft of every one of the worlds that they had ever absorbed.

Because of this, space naturally warped and bent around them. And from birth, the members of the Void Race were taught how to coddle this space and make it their own. That was why a world wasn't destroyed every time a member of the True Void Race took a step, and it was also why the space around them was so easily controlled as well. It might as well have been called weight manipulation rather than spatial manipulation.

All of that said, the difference didn't particularly matter to Leonel, because whether it was true spatial manipulation or not, the counter was the exact same.

Leonel didn't need to stifle or stop their spatial manipulation. In fact, he could allow them to enhance it as much as they wanted, and he wouldn't even bother to stop them or feel fear.

The reason for that was because this level of spatial manipulation required a great deal of control and expert fine-tuning. So, when something that required so much control was thrown in a land of chaos...

How could they still control it so well?

In Leonel's Destruction World, it fed on and basked in chaos and Destruction. When Shan'Rae split open space, it didn't grow weaker, it grew stronger. But when Shan'Rae tried to keep the Destruction to a limited level, she found her attacks quickly veering out of her control.

But that was only a small part of it.

At the same time she was fighting back against this, the volatile space became harder for her to read. The chaos was too much, and she didn't have the mental capacity to both consider her control and peer through what was fake to find what was real.

As though that wasn't bad enough, it was then that Leonel's Dream Force took shape as well, manipulating those lines of chaos and making her choose between paths that were favorable to him, and making it far more difficult to see through the paths that were unfavorable.

As a result of this, when Shan'Rae thought she was leaping through space to cut off Leonel's head, she was actually cutting across the space above Leonel's head instead.

All of this was already enough to play such a Spatial Force expert to death, and yet that still wasn't the last of Leonel's actions.

That was because the last line of defense was a Natural Force Art.

Constructing and creating teleportation platforms was notoriously difficult. That was because, once again, controlling space was a tall order, but controlling space across large distances, and even across Realms of different Grades, was even more difficult. There was a reason the Owlans couldn't just provide one teleportation platform that went from the Mortal Realms to the Demi-God Realms back during the Gathering of Minds. And there was also a reason most couldn't just teleport right to the Human Bubble now despite already having its coordinates.

But Leonel happened to also be one of the best Crafters in all of existence.

And that was where the true fearsomeness of his Destruction World began to show itself.

He had faintly noticed before that his Destruction Sovereignty didn't have to be tied to a particular Force, and he wondered why that was.

He was starting to get the picture now, but ironically, before he tried it out on his Forces, he tried it out on his Force Arts first.

He created a Natural Force Art aligned with the space of this region, and then baptized it in his Destruction Sovereignty. And that had had precisely the effects he thought it would.

The original Natural Force Art would have allowed him the ability to manipulate space freely and smoothly...

But his Chaotic Natural Force Art allowed him the ability to manipulate how others saw and interacted with the space.

He realized now that his Destruction Sovereignty was actually a path that was unprecedented.

If normal Force Manipulation tended toward Order, surging toward the First Dimension...

Then what about Force Manipulation tinted by Destruction Sovereignty?

Leonel rested his spear on his shoulder, and the muscles and veins of his body rippled.

At that moment, the bits and pieces of Shan'Rae's body shuddered, and her head, which had flown high into the skies, echoed out with a banshee-like screech.

This time, she was truly infuriated.

Her Ability Index activated, and to Leonel's slight surprise, he couldn't suppress it like he had with Willowyn's.

BOOM!

"DEATH COUNTER!"

Chapter 2967: Death Lord

Leonel looked forward without a word. Death Counter... sounded interesting. It reminded him a lot of his own Dream Counter. But the difference was that Dream Counter only activated when he was about to die and his real body wouldn't react in time. As such, it triggered a reflexive response. But this Death Counter... well, for all intents and purposes, Shan'Rae was dead. And then she reversed it.

These were two wholly different things. And Leonel also couldn't be bothered to remember the last time he had to use Dream Counter in the first place because... it had been too long since he needed to rely on such a thing.

Still, that didn't stop him from admitting that this method was far more profound. One delayed or stopped death, and the other completely reversed it. They were on two completely different levels, but that much should have been obvious by the fact Shan'Rae's Ability Index couldn't be stopped by his world.

'So that's what it is, huh?'

Leonel used the Life Tablet to take a look and he saw what Shan'Rae's Ability Index was in an instant.

It was an Ability that gave her Death Force affinity, one known as Death Lord. It quite literally allowed her to lord over death. But what was odd about this ability was that one had to become intimately familiar with death first.

Meaning... Leonel seemed to have helped Shan'Rae out. If he hadn't been in such a foul mood these past recent days, he certainly would have laughed. It was too amusing.

Shan'Rae had probably never truly faced death in her life. So as a result, she was only capable of superficially using Death Force. In the end, she mostly ignored her Ability Index and relied on her Lineage Factor and her Blackhole Force.

This was a smart choice. Death Force was in a weird category of its own, much like Life Force, and it was difficult to use without a medium. As such, Death Force affinity alone was difficult to use. Unless it was something like Vital Star Force, which combined Star

Force and Life Force, or Blood Force, which allowed one to use Life Force freely while having Blood as a medium, it was too hard.

Shan'Rae's choice, for all intents and purposes, was actually quite intelligent and it made sense.

However, all Leonel could see was a coward.

There was no way that the Void Race didn't know how to activate the full scope of her Ability Index. The fact that she hadn't meant that she was too scared to, even though she was aware that it would be a huge power boost for her.

To be born into the world, to have everything at your fingertips, and to still be unwilling to maximize those opportunities...

Leonel couldn't do much else other than look down on her.

"Pathetic."

It was just a single word, yet it seemed to blast through all of Shan'Rae's momentum. She had just been about to reach her peak, and yet when Leonel said this and looked her right in the eyes, despite not explaining anything, it felt like she had seen his own meaning from his face alone.

Her eyes turned a furious shade of red, turning from orbs of white to orbs of crimson. The black fog that formed her hair gained tendrils of red as well, and one after another, planets imploded and stars blasted apart across her body.

Every time this happened, her power skyrocketed to another measure, and Leonel knew without even having to think much that this was a similar ability to his Star Fusion and his Divine Armor. It felt more profound, though... a common theme in this situation, it seemed.

At that moment, Shan'Rae's Death Force and Blackhole Force layered atop of one another. Death began to listen to her not much unlike space in the region. She didn't even need to think; it just moved to her will.

Just like that, her strength reached another level entirely.

Leonel looked forward, took a breath, and exhaled a single line.

"[Star Fusion]... [King's Might]."

BANG!

He moved, and his spear erupted with him. The Mage Core Tree fluttering beautifully in the reflective mirror of his halo shuddered, and Force Arts began to appear one after another in the way of his spear.

His blade pierced right through them and met Shan'Rae's scythe.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

The two vanished and erupted with a great amount of power. Their skills weren't visible to the naked eye, their bodies akin to wisps of wind in a violent hurricane.

The only proof that they were still continuing to fight at all were the resonating clashes that boomed across the air. Ironically, if not for the golden key that Leonel had laid, this Demi-God World would have already begun to fall apart at its seams, the strength far too menacing and overpowering for it to be withstood.

At that moment, Leonel's Earth Force moved and the crimson soil that was beneath their feet shifted as well.

With a thought, mountain ranges and valleys began to appear one after another. And as they did so, the strength that Leonel was capable of displaying was increasing with every passing second.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Shan'Rae's expression sharpened. She realized at that moment that Leonel's understanding of formations and Force Arts was more profound than anyone she had ever faced in the younger generation. He was actually changing the landscape around them to help Force flood more smoothly to his spear and restricting her at the same time. She could even feel that while her control over Death Force was increasing by leaps and bounds with every second, Leonel was weakening it by the same measure.

In just a few minutes, she had already gone from the Unfurled State to the Higher Impetus State... Peak Impetus State...

And yet, it felt like she was still wielding the very same power.

The Force within her thrummed, and stars shone in her eyes.

Chapter 2968: Meaningless

A twin pair of wings that looked like cracked space and severed reality appeared on Shan'Rae's back. At the same time, her scythe shrank but became more deadly all at

once. Her attacks became swifter, space began to suppress and form a Domain around Leonel, all while the scent of death lingered more and more fiercely.

Leonel indifferently countered everything, his spear moving with the fluidity of a swordfish in the sea. Every strike was firm and precise, and while the air seemed to implode where their blades collided, Leonel was never the reason. His blade was controlled too precisely, too perfectly.

"[Resonate Hum]." Shan'Rae's voice echoed as a pair of silvery-black spinning cyclones appeared behind her wings.

Large amounts of Force began to hammer toward her as though they couldn't rush forward fast enough, and Leonel was even beginning to sense the barrier the golden key had put up wavering as it was forced to allow this Force in.

At the same time, he felt that every time the air exploded, Shan'Rae took that borrowed force, fed it into those silvery-black cyclones, and then fed it into her own attack.

The longer the battle went on, the more energy she gathered, and the more her strength increased.

It was such a profound level of spatial control that even Leonel felt impressed. If things continued like this, he would find that even if his will wanted to continue, his arms would no longer be able to hold themselves up.

He wasn't surprised in the slightest.

The Void Race's heritage should be deeper than any he had ever come in contact with. Whatever abilities they had would certainly be amplified to the greatest extent with their techniques, and this [Resonate Hum] was just one of them.

Her power continued to increase, and Leonel found his wrists shaking and quaking so much that he was having a hard time maintaining his control. If he took the time to re-establish his hold, by then, Shan'Rae's next attack would come. But if he didn't take time to stabilize his blade, then his next attack would be duller and less precise.

The scythe's strikes came in a relentless avalanche. It was clear that Shan'Rae had already realized that she was no match for Leonel in terms of weapon control and skill. So she abandoned any thought of trying to compete with him in that realm, instead choosing the most violent and brute force approach she could.

And at this point, with the strength of her body and the potency of her Forces, it was working.

Until Leonel's gaze suddenly sharpened.

Swift.

His spear's speed suddenly doubled, and the world whined and shook.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Shan'Rae took three quick steps back, but she didn't feel perturbed, the cyclones behind her spinning faster. At the same time, she flapped her wings, sending a storm of miniature scythes of cracked space and shattering reality right at Leonel.

Leonel took a hand off his spear and faced a palm to the skies.

At that moment, those miniature scythes all expanded wildly and collapsed out of Shan'Rae's control. They touched one another and began to explode one after another.

The shocking change caught Shan'Rae in their death spin, and she lost sight of what was happening around her for a moment. However, her reactions were still quick.

The moment she sensed that something had gone awry, her flapping wings wrapped around her body and suddenly violently expanded. Then, a second pair of wings, for a total of four, took shape and spun like blades. Soon, it looked as though she was being protected by mirrors of reflective space, all while attacking with that very same space.

Leonel appeared right through the mess at the same time, and his eyes narrowed when he saw Shan'Rae's defenses.

As expected, her combat experience was on another level compared to Willowyn. However, she was still far too much of a coward.

The wings were connected right to Shan'Rae's body, so getting them to be stripped from her control was impossible. But that didn't matter.

All space here was his space.

His spear rotated once and swatted one of the rotating wings out of the way. He sensed his spear crack, but he was entirely indifferent to it all.

With another step, he thrust forward.

"One spear to connect the earth and the skies."

The moment Leonel spoke these words, all of the blood seemed to drain from his face at once, but the calmness in his eyes was eerie to the point of forcing one's heart to shake and tremble.

Despite being hidden away between folds and layers of space, Shan'Rae could feel all of this impossibly clearly, so much so that it felt as though those pair of eyes were looking right toward her.

And then, to her shock, Leonel's presence completely vanished from her Internal Sight. And when she tried to use space to lock down his location, she couldn't find him either.

Her expression changed and she hesitated, not sure whether to pull down her defenses or to keep them up to weather the storm.

However, that was when it struck her.

He hadn't disappeared.

He was everywhere.

He was everything.

One spear to connect the earth and the skies...

The line didn't represent a growth in his blade. It encompassed the artistic concept of a single attack being capable of going anywhere, doing anything. A single two-meter-long spear could touch both the Earth and the Heavens at the very same time.

What did that represent?

It meant that her defenses, her senses, her readiness...

Were all meaningless.

BANG!

A single spear pierced through the top of Shan'Rae's head and cut her body in two.

Her heart would have leapt into her throat, had it not been for the fact it was now cut in two as well.

Leonel landed on the ground, huffing for breath and blood leaking out of the corners of his lips.

He raised a hand to his throat and pulled his fingers back to look at the crimson liquid dripping from it.

He coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Chapter 2969: Carnage

Leonel looked at the line of blood dripping down his fingers. He had the ultimate advantage, and yet he had still ended up suffering a blow like this. Any deeper, and the blow would have cut his windpipe. Of course, even if it had cut through half his neck, with his current vitality, that still wouldn't be enough to kill him. He had been eaten alive before, it was far more difficult to kill him than it would be for a normal human. That was probably also part of why it had been so long since he had used Dream Counter.

At the same time, it made him realize that the Void Race truly weren't to be looked down upon.

If Shan'Rae wasn't such a coward and had faced death at an earlier date, she would have been far more in tune with her Death Lord Ability Index, and in the end, it would have been enough for her to be a true monster. At that point, Leonel wouldn't have been able to hold back in his battle against her at all. He would have truly had to go all out, and it was hard to say if he would be able to come out on top in this situation.

However, now, that no longer mattered. Since her character was so lacking, he would just have to reform it into something completely different.

Leonel took a step forward and reached out a hand. His Dream Force surged and the world around him churned.

He could feel a great pull on his soul, a level of weight he had never experienced before.

Leonel was used to his King's Might Lineage Factor working even against those several Dimensions above him. But this was the first time he had felt such a struggle while using it against someone who was at the same Dimension as himself.

Shan'Rae's weight seemed to be transferred over to her soul itself. It wasn't just her body that weighed as heavy as universes, but her soul as well. Pulling it out felt like he was grabbing at stars and galaxies, his muscles flexing and his veins popping as he attempted to exert himself.

The two wooden rings on Leonel's fingers pumped with vitality, a roaring might coming from them.

"[Arise]!"

Leonel's voice boomed, the diamond on his forehead pulsing with light as the laws of the world twisted around him. The Mage Core tree in the halo that floated behind him

whipped about wildly in an ephemeral wind, swaying back and forth as though responding to a powerful call of energy.

After all that effort, Leonel could finally see Shan'Rae's soul peek outside of her body. As though wrapped in countless chains, it pulled back, but Leonel's focus was on an entirely different level.

Someone who was alive couldn't shake his resolve, and someone who was dead didn't even have the right to fight back against him.

As he pulled, the golden key began to quake violently, fissures and cracks appearing around the Domain that it had created. Leonel could even hear the sorrowful, mournful cry of the World Spirit hidden within. It felt like its life was quickly approaching an end. If Leonel continued to push, there would simply be no going back.

That was when Leonel waved his other hand.

The Segmented Cube flashed out and appeared above the Golden Key. A link was formed between Anastasia and it, and suddenly it gained all the support it needed.

The quaking and quivering stabilized as blood vessels popped in Leonel's gaze.

He had already decided. Shan'Rae's soul was his, and whether it was her Ancestors or her own personal talent, neither would be able to stop him.

BANG!

ROAR!

Leonel ripped Shan'Rae's soul out of her body, and there was suddenly a huge drain of Dream Force that was ripped out of his own. He was almost sucked dry in an instant and had no choice but to pull out his Ten Stars, revolving his three Dream Force Stars to their fullest extent.

Dream Force from the Second Dimension poured into Leonel's body in droves, forcing Shan'Rae's soul to solidify.

Her body was quickly wrapped in layers upon layers of stifling aura. The universes that dotted her body shimmered with violet before they were quickly hidden beneath a valiant violet armor.

"My King!"

She roared, her voice echoing with such fearsomeness that it seemed that the world might collapse at any moment.

Leonel, coated in sweat and blood that fell from his neck and lips, looked down with an indifferent expression.

He realized now that the weight of resurrecting Shan'Rae wasn't just a matter of her weight and that of her soul, but rather also the heft of her Ability Index.

The Death Lord Ability Index was ranked shockingly high in the Life Tablet. Before she awakened it, it was only at the Gold Grade. But now, it was in the Life Grade. It was the highest form of Ability Index that one could receive.

But what was interesting about this was that now, Shan'Rae felt even more in tune with that power. That was because if awakening this Ability Index required experiencing death... then what did it mean to use it while you were truly dead?

Leonel had thought that after awakening Shan'Rae like this, he would have to put in a great deal of effort to find the resources he needed so as to not waste her. After all, if he was careless, she would disappear within 24 hours.

However, he could sense that Shan'Rae was resisting this 24-hour time limit due to the existence of her Ability Index alone.

Even if he didn't find something he could use for [Assimilate] and [Breathe] to work on her, she could last several days on her own. In fact, it should be several weeks.

'In that case, let's not waste any time.'

Until now, in all these battles, Leonel hadn't brought out his King Summons to battle with him.

But now, it was about time he unleashed true carnage.

Chapter 2970: Yet To

"What happened?"

Elysium's eyes opened slowly, a hidden sharpness within them.

"This..."

The elders looked toward one another. When they had received the report, they didn't believe it either. But this matter... they didn't know how to deal with it, and things were also far past the point where it could be brushed off.

"Patriarch, the situation is bad. We don't know how, but it seems like Shan'Rae has gained the ability to appear in different worlds seamlessly. She's moving too fast for us to keep up, and the carnage she's unleashing is tenfold what it has been in the past."

It had to be remembered that unlike Leonel, Shan'Rae could only slowly move from one world to another. That was because she didn't have the ability or the senses to travel through the void. That was true of most people.

With his evolved Wise Star Order status, this was nothing more than a breeze for Leonel. This was why he was able to go from world to world so quickly even with the teleportation channels shut down and space locked.

This measure had obviously been done as a counter to the Void Race, who were a race of Spatial Force users. But it had also helped them to counter anyone who might want to take advantage of things in the shadows.

But somehow, Leonel had been able to ignore this matter with ease.

Even so, back then, that was still acceptable because they all knew that Leonel had to rely on them to get out of his predicament as well. Plus, Leonel had been killing both sides with equal fervor, and truthfully, the amount of disaster he could cause on his own was very much limited.

But the consequences of Shan'Rae being able to do the same thing... This was a matter that could no longer be as easily ignored.

They all had the same thought.

Could it be that Shan'Rae had finally succeeded in killing Leonel? That seemed to be the only explanation for all of this.

If the Void Race had sent someone with such an ability, why would they possibly wait so long?

That seemed to point to the idea that Shan'Rae had killed Leonel and taken whatever treasure or ability he had and was now replicating his feats.

Elysium's focus seemed to concentrate on his brows.

"What has happened?"

"She's gathering up armies of the Void Race and cutting down everything in her path. Somehow, she's also able to seamlessly travel with them all."

"... The Segmented Cube..."

Elysium's gaze became sharper.

Everything seemed to point to the fact that Shan'Rae had benefited from Leonel.

Even amongst the Gods, treasures that could carry so many living beings were too rare, impossibly rare.

The problem wasn't just having a spatial device that could carry the living, that was its own challenge and difficult to replicate. It also wasn't just the number either, though the more living beings you wanted to hold, the more difficult it would become as well.

The main issue was the quality of the being!

Creating a spatial device to carry a little puppy from Third Dimensional Earth was as easy as breathing for many Crafters of adequate skill. Creating one for a human of Third Dimensional Earth was still easy, though a little bit more difficult.

If it was a Fourth Dimensional existence, the difficulty would increase exponentially. If it was a Ninth Dimensional existence, it was already difficult enough that maybe only God Armament Crafters would be capable of such a thing.

However, that was only one layer of this issue.

It also depended on Force Manipulation. Someone with an Impetus State Force versus someone with a Creation State Force would be far easier to house.

And then, the final nail in the coffin was the strength of Constitution...

Storing Mortals was an easy task compared to storing Gods.

There were only a handful of treasures in all of existence that could manage to even carry a few hundred such existences. To be doing it on a scale of millions like was being reported here...

There were probably only two or three.

And none of them were on the same level as the Segmented Cube.

If Shan'Rae managed to take everything that Leonel owned, and she had the backing of the Void Race, this War was practically over.

Elysium really didn't want to have to kill Shan'Rae. That sort of enmity wasn't something that their newly risen Minerva Race could possibly bear.

All this time, they had been hoping to stall her, letting her nibble at their edges while hiding the true core of their power.

But once again, Leonel had ruined all of their plans. And this time, he had done it by being far too useless.

Why couldn't he hide? Why couldn't he bide his time? With the attention of so many people split, and with his intelligence, couldn't he just patiently wait a few more months? That was all they needed.

But now, they would be forced to take drastic actions, and what would have been a surefire win had become layered in difficulty and unlikelihood.

Elysium's gaze flashed with rage, but he quickly calmed down.

They needed a new plan.

"Summon everyone," he said slowly, his gaze focusing once more.

"This will be our final push. Either we live here, or we die here."

...

What they didn't know was that Leonel was very much alive. Though, to be fair to them, even the Void Race members that were recruited by Shan'Rae to enter "her" Segmented Cube had no idea that Shan'Rae wasn't the one in charge at all.

And, what they also didn't know was that after unleashing a killing spree with his new army of Void Race members, Leonel had vanished from the Demi-God Realms once again.

As for what his target this time was, it was none other than the Nomad Race.

There were very few things that could be hidden from him. By this point, he could see the net of secrets and web of lies being spun before him.

There was another layer of hidden powers at work here, and if they thought they could just hide in the shadows and reap the benefits...

They had yet to meet him, Leonel Morales.

Chapter 2971: Palm

The Void Race descended on the Nomads. It was such a lopsided affair that it could hardly be called a war. Even hundreds of Nomads weren't a match for a single Void Race member, so how could these worlds match up to such a large number of them?

The world that had challenged him to Challenge Sequence, the very same one being puppeted by Flaurea, found themselves being burnt to the ground, unable to withstand the change.

They had just been "fighting" against Invalids, or more accurately, pretending to do so, but now they were being crushed.

And the reason for all of this hadn't even shown himself. Leonel just sat in the Segmented Cube in silent meditation, letting Shan'Rae handle it all by herself.

There was no way that he could control an army of so many Gods on his own. Getting Shan'Rae alone was difficult enough.

Of course, these Void Race members couldn't possibly match up to Shan'Rae. But the issue was that there were too many of them, and they still had the same protections as Shan'Rae.

Then there was also the matter of weight on his soul.

He had never had such trouble before, but after gaining three God Race Summons, and a Variant Invalid with great power, Leonel began to realize that there was indeed stress involved in supporting so many Summons at once.

Of course, he was still a long distance away from feeling that he had to calm down and slow it down. He felt that he could easily withstand two or three dozen Shan'Rae's. But it was also a wake-up call nonetheless.

As such, he could only use Shan'Rae as a proxy to control these Void Race members, but he didn't lose out in the slightest. Shan'Rae's prestige was so high that they didn't even hesitate to follow her orders, and that was mostly because this was what Shan'Rae should have been doing from the very beginning anyway, but she had been too obsessed with finding and killing Leonel.

But now that they thought she had succeeded, it only made sense that she would begin to do her duty properly.

Of course, this didn't mean that the world thought that Leonel was already dead. The truth of the matter was that the only ones that Leonel would have hoped to trick knew very well that he was alive. People like the Demoness, and those Ancestor Gods of the God Race, couldn't possibly fall for such a cheap trick.

But he didn't need to trick them anyway.

He was working here, so these were the people that he wanted to fool. As for anything else, he would take those things one step at a time and by the time they were ready to deal with him... he would be more than ready to deal with them.

'The Owlans and Fallen God Beasts should have definitely made their moves by now. Soon, the God Realm will definitely send down more people for the sake of hunting me down. This will inevitably lead to a clash of misunderstandings and in the end...'

The Nomad Race bubble was burnt to the ground, but nothing happened. Even after scouring the entire world with Anastasia as a proxy, Leonel wasn't able to find what he needed.

The Nomad Race had Northern Star Lineage Factors in the midst, he was certain of that. There was an entire tangled web between them, the Dream Asuras, and maybe even more Demi-Gods.

Leonel had yet to untangle that entire web, but what he was certain of was the fact that if they wanted to keep sitting on the sidelines... He wouldn't allow them to.

Since this world didn't have what he needed, it would have to come from the next.

Leonel raised the scythes of the Void Race and charged into the next world.

...

News of what was happening to the Nomads had no way of spreading out, and it was ironically due to the very actions of the Owlans and their crew. Because there was so much chaos in the Mortal Realms now, no one knew what was being caused by the Invalids versus what was being caused by the Void Race.

Of course, Leonel didn't just indiscriminately target those of the Nomad Race. That would just be repeating the same mistakes that he had made in the past.

Instead, what he was doing was focusing on the members of the Nomads that were precisely a part of these plans. Every time he attacked one, while he didn't find information on exactly what he needed, he still managed to find several connections to others.

Like this, he had Shan'Rae march through the void, attacking these worlds so swiftly that they couldn't even react. Some battles despite the size of the worlds didn't even last more than a few minutes. The difference between Mortals and Gods was simply impossibly large.

It became clear to Leonel after dealing with the Spirituals that Races were divided into many thoughts and philosophies of their own. The Ma'at Bubble was the pinnacle of the Spirituals, but there were many other Spiritual Races with far weaker lineages and bearings.

As such, he knew that it was impossible to try and blame the entire Race, it would be nothing more than foolishness.

But he was still shocked to see just how deeply this ran. Even after destroying a dozen worlds, it seemed that the rabbit hole only became deeper and deeper, and the web spread further and wider.

Eventually, it would be impossible to hide what he was doing. These existences lurking in the dark would never allow him to run so rampant for so long. They definitely had their own plans.

And soon, that other foot dropped.

A mighty existence descended from above. The palm alone seemed to blot out the skies and the world shuddered beneath its presence. Everything about it was suffocating to an extreme.

And yet, when it appeared, Leonel's lip curled into a sneer.

It was about damn time.

BOOM!

Chapter 2972: Break Through

Leonel reclined in the Segmented Cube and watched the events unfold. He didn't even make a move. All he did was tell Shan'Rae to prepare to escape, and that was all.

The instant the palm appeared high above and began to press down, it was like the world was being compressed. An imprint perfectly formed to the hand had already appeared on the ground even while the palm was still among the clouds. It was the greatest form of energy control that Leonel had ever seen.

And then the destruction was wrought.

The hand was still several kilometers high above when the first of the Void Race members could no longer handle it and exploded into rains of blood.

Leonel smiled from within the Segmented Cube, almost carelessly collecting the blood for the sake of his wife and never looking back even a single time.

When the palm was a kilometer above, he signaled for Shan'Rae, who had been "fighting" against it, to run. Then, the Segmented Cube entered its shuttle form and shot into the distance.

BOOM!

Behind them, the world collapsed and over half of the Void Race army crumbled.

Leonel almost couldn't stop himself from laughing. This was excellent, almost too good. He had already expected for this to happen, but for some reason, unlike his usual cold indifference when his calculations bore fruit... he just felt happy this time.

He realized what it was soon after.

His heart was lighter. Although he had just been through a lot, he hadn't lost anyone. If anything, there was just more pressure on his shoulders, and it was a weight that he had to bear alone.

He didn't realize it in the past, but this weight almost always had an effect on his mood, and that was because there was some cognitive dissonance going on in his mind.

If he was really so confident about everything, then why did he feel pressure? Why did he feel the weight at all? Shouldn't he be casual and unbothered by everything?

He often pretended that he was unbothered, but was this truly the case?

The obvious answer was no. He felt that weight every time; it was just that he put up a facade, a barrier to protect himself, a false seed ingrained into his very mind that made him feel more superior than he really experienced on the inside.

But now, he truly felt like himself. He truly felt like Leonel Morales, the man his father had raised him to be and the man he was meant to be.

There had been some gloom, some rage about his so-called grandmother, and fury toward the actions of the Gods, all of whom were obsessed with suppressing a "little" human like him.

But he realized that those thoughts of rage were no longer as permanent as they were in the past, and now that he was beginning his revenge, it felt so sweet, so holy.

He had never felt so good in his life.

Well, maybe that wasn't true. He had certainly felt at least as good on his wedding night... if a single night could have encompassed the weeks they spent going at it.

Those thoughts caused Leonel's mind to wander, and he shifted in his seat. He needed to focus, or else he just might go and disturb his wife right here and now.

He had gone ten years without touching her, that was agony.

Of course, they had made up for lost time since then, but not entirely. There was too much going on, and it was impossible to account for it all in a short time. So their romps had to be cut short.

Now, Leonel seemed free enough to think of those things again.

'Ah... maybe a little bit won't hurt.'

As Shan'Rae ran for her life, Leonel sneaked off to his wife to ruin her secluded bout of meditation. Surely she wouldn't mind.

...

As Leonel was more focused on emptying another part of himself, the world was truly in chaos.

The descent of that palm might not have been obvious to others, but Leonel knew exactly where it had come from.

The God Realm.

And he also knew who else couldn't possibly have this escape their attention.

Also the God Realm.

The moment a God took action on lesser Realms, it would be sensed. But it was clear that Leonel had pushed this God into a corner. They had had no choice but to act, or all of their plans would have been ruined.

But now that they had been exposed, there was nowhere left for them to hide, and they could only begin their own battle on the God Realm.

At the same time as all of this was going on, organizations hidden in the darkness of the Mortal and Demi-God Realms had no choice but to take action as well. All of their plans had been moved up just like the Owlans' and Fallen God Beasts' plans had been.

All the while, the God Races sent several squadrons of people downward, all with one goal: to eliminate Leonel.

However, what they didn't expect was that when they descended, rather than finding themselves in a battle with Leonel, they found themselves in an even more heated battle with the Owlans.

Because of Leonel's attacks with Shan'Rae on their people, the Alliance had been thrown into chaos. When they saw so many Gods taking action, battle sparked practically immediately. There was simply no escaping it.

As such, the storm seemed to only be growing larger and larger while Leonel was having fun annoying his wife.

...

"... Mm... I was just about to break through!"

"Break through something else..." Leonel murmured without thinking very much.

He suddenly felt a hand slide down his back in response.

"Hey! Hey! That's not what I meant!" Leonel jumped in horror.

Aina's giggles echoed.

"Heh, you think you're a comedian, huh?"

Leonel grinned evilly and flipped his wife around.

Aina was shocked as she thought Leonel was about to do something insane.

She sighed a breath of relief and then moaned when he slid into the right hole.

But then her eyes widened and her legs curled when a thumb slid in where it shouldn't.

Her entire world was overturned, and her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

Chapter 2973: Embarrassing Breakthrough

Leonel sprinted away at his fastest possible speed, dodging through trees, twisting around branches, and leaping over mountains.

"Get back here!"

Leonel made a yikes expression as he dove over a valley that appeared beneath his feet. He landed on the other side and accelerated again, becoming a beam of light that raced into the distance.

The moment he hit the ocean waters, he left a trail in his wake, a deep trench splitting the waters behind him.

"LEONEL MORALES, YOU GET BACK OVER HERE!"

Leonel sensed his hair stand on end and his Divine Armor took shape. He accelerated again, but feeling as though it wasn't enough, he took out a bow and arrow and loosed it.

Space split and he ran in behind it, his speed hitting an all-new gear as a hand appeared just behind him, barely missing his hair with a swipe at the air.

Leonel sucked in a cold breath, but he couldn't help but look down. Running this hard while you were naked was really difficult. He had no idea how the Greeks had done it. One wrong slap against his thigh and he would be keeling over in pain.

BANG!

Just as he was a bit distracted, a palm appeared before him. One caught the arrow out of the air, and the other slammed against his chest.

Leonel felt his ribcage bend and whine as though it might crack at any moment. He was sent flying back, his feet flailing in the air as he landed in the trench of water he had created, only for the waves to swallow him up.

Before he could escape down below, another hand reached down and picked him out of it.

Leonel coughed, looking at the beauty before him with an innocent expression.

"Oh, wife. Was that you calling me just now? I could have sworn it was an enemy. I was just trying my best to run to you so that we could fight them together. How embarrassing."

At this moment, Aina's golden eyes were shining so bright that it was difficult to even look at her directly. Her hair emitted a mass of bloody energy and Leonel even felt his pores dilate as though his own blood might start pooling out of his own body any time now.

"You have a lot of nerve."

Aina spoke through gritted teeth.

An enemy? This was the Segmented Cube. Even if there was an enemy here, Anastasia would be able to kill most of them with a wave of the hand. Who would believe his foolishness?

Plus... he was coming to look for her. This was even more ridiculous because they had just been together. This Leonel was truly becoming more and more dishonest.

Leonel coughed. "Wife, is there a need to be so angry? I seem to recall that someone liked it very much."

Aina's face turned entirely red and she looked like she just might choke-slam Leonel the moment she got the chance.

However, though she was serious, Leonel couldn't help but look down at her reddened chest. As naked as he was, so was she. Watching those plump mounds ripple and rebound like that, he felt like he just might have to go for round two.

Leonel smiled and swept Aina into his arms.

"Don't worry, I won't tell anyone how much of a deviant my wife is. I'm a man of character, of morality, an upstanding citizen."

Aina rolled her eyes, but in the end, she couldn't help but laugh. There was something funny about someone who had just stuck a thumb in her ass talk about morality.

But she had a hard time reprimanding him for it either, because his display back then was probably even more embarrassing than those days she couldn't remember of their honeymoon.

She had always been quite sensitive, but this was also a bit ridiculous.

"Hehe, didn't I tell you that-"

"Shut up or I'll cut it off."

Leonel coughed, the last of his words being cut off before he could say anything.

"Yes, wife. Anything for you, wife."

"If it's anything for me, then let's do it again." Aina's eyes sparkled, a mischievous light in them.

Leonel's gaze sharpened as though he had just met a worthy adversary.

This wife of his always seemed to be on her last legs when they took things so far, but this time, just when he had thought that he had conquered her, she ended up chasing him down across the Segmented Cube's World.

This time, it seemed that he would have to well and truly teach her a lesson. She had too much energy.

Of course, there was another reason that Aina was so embarrassed by all of this, and that was because in that moment, she had broken through the final line of defense and finally comprehended what she needed to in order to complete her next Rebirth.

For it to take such a situation, and yet she couldn't accomplish her own breakthrough on her own, she didn't even know what to say.

However, this was a matter that she just might very well have to take to the grave. She couldn't allow Leonel to have this information.

"For every finger you stick in there, I'm sticking two in you," Aina suddenly said.

Leonel was speechless. Didn't she just say that she wanted to go again? It seemed that she wanted to keep things vanilla.

Inwardly, though, he chuckled.

Her mouth was saying one thing. Her soul was saying something completely different.

Round two began, and just when Aina was feeling disappointed thinking that Leonel really took her too literally, it came when she least expected it.

She completely forgot what happened afterward, her thoughts lost in a whirlwind. The changes in the outside world seemed to have nothing to do with them, when the reality of it all was that it was precisely because of them that things had reached this stage in the first place.

The God Realm seemed to implode with conflict.

Chapter 2974: Time

In a world of smokey whiteness, a Nomad giant stood, his expression furious. He must have been at least 20 meters tall, and it made all the peaks and crevices of his ugly expression all the more obvious.

He knew that the moment he attacked, there was no going back. But he also couldn't allow his people to be wiped out to the last man like that. So the moment he did take action, he had already signaled to everybody else. This bloody war would have to start now.

Just like Leonel had thought, there was simply no way that everyone would be so casual about the actions of the Gods... in particular, those in favor of the culling. They too had become Gods, wading through piles and miles of corpses just for the chance to sit at this height and then what... to watch as their people were massacred year after

year just so that those at the top could continue to sit pretty and unperturbed? How could they be willing?

Of course, this was just the surface reason for all of this as there was a secondary reason for it all as well... Though, for many, this "secondary" reason was likely to be the main reason. If their people were wiped out, who would worship their Dharmas and Idols? Who would give them strength and power through the Dimensions?

In a way, it seemed like the Gods were just acting for the greater good of humanity and Existence at large, but in truth, they were killing two birds with a single stone. On the one hand, they were lessening the load on Existence by killing the useless. But on the other, they were also weakening the influence of the Gods that had risen up from the Mortal Realms and would eventually have all the right to target the Gods that rose up from the Demi-God Worlds as well.

This was the cycle of life and the impact of greed. The turnover among Gods wasn't high in the normal sense, but it was well known that no reign could last forever.

The Pluto were already on the verge of reaching the end of their rope. Before them, the God Beasts of Destruction and Creation fell. And before them, the Celestial Terras, or the Primordial Terrors, fell before even them.

History didn't seem to reach back far enough to know if there was an existence that came before even the Primordial Terrors. This was also part of the reason that they had the word Primordial in their names, representing the beginning and origin... but even if there was something that came before them, who was to say that this was ridiculous or not?

This was simply the way of the world and it was something that nothing could escape. It was just that this time, these Gods had a convenient method of slowing this process down and stopping others from rising up. They crushed the Fawkes before they could rise up and become the next overlords, and now they were even preemptively doing the same with Mortal Races, all under the guise of helping Existence as a whole.

It could be said that much of the internal conflict amongst those of Existence right now was triggered precisely by this, and there was simply no escaping responsibility for it all.

However... morality and uprightness wasn't something that could move these large game players. They were just obsessed with cornering off their own piece of the world, allowing themselves to gain the most while they were still here.

The God that had acted this time was known as Solaraan. He was a mighty man born three generations ago. Legends of him were still told to the Nomad Race even now, however, that didn't stop the apprehension on his face from showing. He knew that a bloody culling was coming.

"Lord Zoltene. It is time."

Solaraan spoke solemnly and a man whose name that Leonel had heard many times before rose up.

"It seems that it is..."

The voice was ancient beyond compare and filled with the vicissitudes of life. He only spoke once, but his voice echoed through the foggy land without stop or repair. Space rippled and shook before settling down.

It had to be understood that the lands of the God Realm were on an entirely different level. If Leonel stepped foot into this Realm now, it would feel like he had returned to his days in the Void Palace where he couldn't even cause a crack in the earth. And yet, with just a casual voice, this Zoltene the Almighty was capable of causing such a thing.

In the fog, a throne obscured by the greyish white seemed to appear. No... it had always been there, but it was more like most didn't have the ability to see through it until the behemoth sitting on it allowed it to happen. He stood to his feet slowly, and he dwarfed Solaraan by almost double.

Space continued to shudder as several senses appeared in the region. But what was shocking was that rather than it solely being due to Solaraan's interference with the Mortal Realm, it seemed that many more had appeared because they sensed Zoltene's awakening.

It seemed that even compared to breaking such an ironclad rule, Zoltene was seen as the far more dangerous party.

"I would advise that you all return," Zoltene said lightly. "Unless you come with your true bodies, you have no right to speak to me. And even in the case that you do..."

Zoltene reached out and an Ancestor God let out a horrible scream. The skies became colored with a crimson-gold as rain fell down from above.

"... I would still advise you all that you be cautious..."

In that moment, all of the senses vanished at once, and in their place, several more auras appeared instead. But this time, they were existences that Zoltene didn't have any antagonism toward.

If Leonel had been here, he would immediately recognize two auras...

Goddess Evergreen.

And...

The Demoness.

Chapter 2975: Masochist

"You had a breakthrough?" Leonel asked.

Aina blushed down to her collarbone. She had tried to be subtle about it, but Leonel had still seen through her instantly. What happened to all that nonsense she read about husbands being dopes? How'd she get stuck with the husband that picked up on every little detail? Here, women were complaining that their haircuts weren't noticed, and now she had Sherlock Holmes over here picking up on her slightest emotions.

She reached out and pinched Leonel's waist, causing him to jump with fright. He couldn't help but be speechless. What had he done this time?

"Get me the blood already," she said in a huff before vanishing in a twirl of blood.

'Oh? What an interesting movement technique. She turned her entire body into blood... but it looks like she destroyed herself first... how... masochistic...'

Aina didn't even seem to register the pain at all, but Leonel couldn't help but cringe for his wife. In order to activate that sort of technique, she would have needed to grind her flesh and bone into a liquefied mist. Of course, it all happened in an instant... but an instant to warriors of their caliber and an instant to normal humans were two different concepts.

With Aina's thinking speed, especially since she was the one actually controlling the technique, she should have felt every single little second of it. And yet, she did it without hesitation to escape in such a needless situation.

On the one hand, that made him realize just how mentally tough his wife was. But on the other, he couldn't help but feel for her. She had definitely gone through a lot on her own and in ways that he couldn't see.

He still remembered how she had once had a habit of curling herself up into a ball in bed and fracturing her own bones again and again. There was no way that she hadn't sensed that pain, and it seemed that all of that had helped her reach this state. Blood Sovereigns clearly had a strength that relied on their powerful masochistic tendencies, and Leonel couldn't help but wonder if Aina's own masochistic tendencies came from her Force, much like he had been controlled by his own for so long...

Then it clicked for him.

Is that why she was so embarrassed?

Leonel laughed and shook his head.

His path was one where he broke free of the constraints of his Force and the foundation given to him by his birth, his parents, his blood. However, Aina's path was the opposite of this.

Aina had always relied on her affinities, she had always honed just a small number of abilities, doing everything she could to reach perfection in them. In fact, she had even been the one granted the technique from the Gathering of Kingdoms Stele to continue following down the path of real humans, keeping her soul fused with her body. Leonel, on the other hand, had put in a lot of work to separate from his Forces and their influences. It was only in this way that he had been able to progress and also break away from the influence of the Demoness. He had even separated his soul from his body unlike Aina.

For Aina to have such a breakthrough while seeping into her own masochistic tendencies was amusing, though Leonel could see why she would be embarrassed about it.

Leonel chuckled, rubbing his hands together. What a great boon this was. With this, he could definitely take that final step and put more than a thumb in. For once, the world was actually helping him out a little bit.

"Anastasia! Prepare the blood!"

...

Aina needed a great amount of blood to finish her breakthrough, but she had yet to take that final step. Neither of them had been too obsessive about it because they also realized that Aina wasn't quite ready yet.

However, Leonel had still been gathering up a large amount of blood just for her. And thanks to a certain Nomad God, he had finally been able to take that final step and gather the rest of what he needed. Of course, he also had a practical ocean's worth of blood thanks to Shan'Rae as well. After all, he was in control of her soul, not her body. Her body itself still had more blood in it than he could imagine. The body of a Void Race member was truly a treasure. It wasn't just their skin that was a universe of its own, but their insides as well. Their Nodal Pathways might as well have been starry star paths, roads of infinite length and even more shocking depths.

Their blood vessels were even more exaggerated. Their bodies alone could be considered a Lineage Factor in and of themselves, and it would likely be fair to consider them like this as well.

However, just Shan'Rae alone wasn't enough for what Aina needed. Which was why they were lucky to have the corpses of so many dead Void Race members to take advantage of at the same time.

Leonel appeared before Aina with his arms crossed about his chest. His playful expression vanished and he looked ahead with the utmost seriousness.

By now, she had already vanished into layer after layer of bloody roses. By this point, the blood rose was so large that it covered at least a quarter of the surface of the ocean. If this thing was in the outside world, it could be seen from thousands of kilometers away with ease, so large that even after days of walking toward it, it would feel like you hadn't made any progress at all.

It was already shocking enough that Aina could even control this amount of blood in the first place, but to control it so perfectly, smoothly, and even to the point that the waters of the ocean had become perfectly still... It was a level of control that was on another level.

And she had yet to make her breakthrough.

Chapter 2976: So Badly?

Leonel watched in silence. The longer he stared at the bloody roses, the more he felt something stirring inside him. Or maybe... it was something on his finger.

The two pairs of Sylvan Hearts that he had taken were making their presence known and they seemed to be moved by this display. Leonel couldn't help but wonder if he should give them to Aina, but in the end, he shook his head. That didn't make much sense.

For one, she didn't have the same Lineage Factor as him. And second, she didn't need the boost to Life Force affinity because even compared to these two Sylvans that he had killed, she was probably still on a level all to herself. Leonel had yet to run into a character with a stronger Life Force affinity than his wife, and it would probably take going to the God Realm to find one.

Even so, he was fascinated by the movements of the Sylvan Heart. It certainly had its own reasons for reacting like this, and soon he seemed to understand.

'The bark...' Blood Force was attractive to Life Force because it was the best vessel for Life Force. Alone, there wasn't much that Life Force could do, but when it was attached to Blood Force, it gained a conduit to exert a great deal of power.

The bark of the Sylvan Race was similar, but it seemed to be a level inferior to Blood Force. However, as a tradeoff, it was likewise easier to control. Blood Force was ultimately a liquid, but Sylvan Bark was a solid; it could be used as a whip, and it was an extension of a Sylvan's body, naturally making it easier to control. The Sylvan Bark should be excited to see this Blood Force because they could do quite a lot together.

However, it would only be a hindrance to Aina. As for Leonel, he had no interest in such things either. He only wanted the Sylvan Hearts as a boost to his vitality; he had yet to even use them to attack.

But then he had an idea.

'Aina can make blood clones... I wonder... if we attached Sylvan Hearts to those blood clones, they would be far more powerful... now wouldn't they?'

Leonel's gaze flickered.

He had already decided to move down the route of quality over quantity for his Summons. The value of Shan'Rae alone was far beyond any of his others. Though, to be fair to them, Leonel had yet to truly use them in battle because it wasn't time yet.

But, if he could mass-produce Sylvan Bark, then the blood clones that Aina created would have an extra layer of strength to them. Aina's blood clones had two main weaknesses. The first was that they had to be within a certain range of the one whose blood they were created from, and second, they were weak and had basically no power at all. Well, the blood clones that she created from herself didn't have such weaknesses, but that was a separate matter.

'It's a decent idea, but not worth putting so much effort into for now. It would be hard to scale, and I'm not sure if Sylvan Bark would grow without the presence of Sylvan Heart. I'll need more of those idiots to throw themselves to their deaths before I can 100% confirm this.'

BOOM!

A vast chasm suddenly appeared beneath the enormous blood rose and Leonel was forced back. It looked as though all the water in this quarter of the ocean, and another quarter more in the perimeter, had all vanished in the blink of an eye. The blood rose began to shrink, but the chasm didn't close as though a mysterious energy was keeping the sides from crashing in.

From this vantage point, Leonel could see clear to the bottom of the ocean. The amount of strength it took to do this was simply unfathomable. This deep into the ocean, the water had to be at least thousands of kilometers deep, and that was being conservative.

Soon, the blood roses had shrunk to the point that the vague silhouette of a humanoid figure could be seen on the inside... and then the water returned. It didn't fill the chasm immediately. Instead, it began to rain down from above. It started light, but then it began to pound. Every drop weighed as heavy as a hammer, and they seemed to only be coming faster and faster.

'Shit...'

Leonel looked up to see a pillar of water descending from the skies.

'Run.'

He turned back and high-tailed it out of there. Getting crushed by that amount of water would probably shatter every bone in his body if he didn't put up some form of protection, but he also didn't want to disturb his wife's breakthrough. Running was the only option.

BOOM!

The world shook and the Segmented Cube seemed to creak and whine at its edges. It was the first time Leonel had ever seen anything influence this world so much. He turned back to find the waters raging. Tsunamis rose and fell, swallowing one another and at other times, spitting one another out. And yet, the water immediately beneath Aina remained as calm as a summer lake's.

Her hair was a dulled, bloody red, even down to her pubes below. Her skin sparkled beneath the misty waters, but then her pores opened up and beads of bloody sweat appeared, only to evaporate into the air with an exhale. This bloody vapor suddenly sparked, arcs of black lightning flashing through them in a violent wisp.

FLAP.

A pair of bloody red wings appeared from the small of her back, stretching out ten meters in both directions. Feathers fluttered through the air, separating and raining down. But every time those crimson feathers touched the water, a ripple of gorgeous red light would spread out. When she took another breath, the world shuddered.

She opened her eyes and slowly, the phenomena vanished once after another. The only thing that remained constant were her golden eyes, but even they had flashes of black lightning within. Soon, her hair had returned to a deep black, her feet elegantly dangling from the air as small ripples of water spread out below.

'Damn...' Leonel thought to himself. '... My wife is kind of badass.'

...

In a hidden world, yet another storm began to brew as a woman with otherworldly beauty opened her eyes.

She looked over toward a young man who was seated not far, but he seemed to have opened his eyes long ago, staring at her with a hint of fanaticism, but restrained ego.

"It seems that it's time," she said lightly. "There will be no better chance."

She rose to her feet, walking out slowly.

"This will work," the young man said. "But by then, you'll have to keep your promise."

The woman looked toward him. Then, she unexpectedly smiled. The young man was taken aback. She had never seen this woman do such a thing, and it shook him down to his very core.

"Do you really want me so badly?"

"YES!" he said without hesitation.

"Mm... If you could have killed that man, then maybe. Unfortunately, no one else has the opportunity to do so... And his son is yet to give me the same level of pressure..."

The young man's expression changed several times, but he grit his teeth, following after.

These two were none other than Goggles and the Scorned Queen Beauty.

- Chapter 2977: Immortality

Chapter 2977: Immortality

Leonel couldn't stop staring at Aina. Now probably wasn't the time... but he honestly wondered if it would be possible to make time. She truly looked too perfect, too great, too...

Aina's eyes suddenly regained their focus, and she looked at Leonel. With a happy smile, she vanished and appeared before him in a blink. She was so fast that if his Dream Force wasn't so powerful already, there was simply no way that he'd be able to track her. And yet, even in that case, he had still almost lost her.

When he replayed the sequence in his mind, he realized why that was. It was because she had truly vanished. She quite literally erased herself from existence in one place and then rebirthed herself in another. It was the most shocking technique that Leonel had ever seen, and he was the man who had faced off against an Envoy all on his own.

He was very rarely impressed by anything, but this...

At the same time, the fact that Aina could do this was yet another testament to how much work she had put in. As masochistic as the earlier movement technique was, this was on another level entirely. It could be said that in a sense, she had literally just killed herself. Then, she coopted the Life Force energy in a new region to reconstruct her very being.

If this was what she meant by forming her own world of Blood, then it was too exaggerated. This was something even more shocking than what a Spatial Force user could ever be capable of.

The more Leonel thought about it, the more shocked he became. That was because moments later, he realized something else.

The First Dimension held the Impetus of Creation, and the Second held the Impetus of Life. One sparked the ability for the world to create, and the second sparked the ability for that creation to actually become life, thus leading to the Third Dimension where the first true beings existed.

Aina had such a mastery over Life that she was freely killing and recreating herself. Whenever she "killed" herself, she vanished from the Third Dimension, reappeared in the First, and then crossed unfathomable distances in an instant to once again appear in the Third.

It was a movement technique with no rhyme or reason, and it could hardly be followed at all.

That was when Leonel understood that if not for his connection with Aina allowing him to know that she was still alive, and thus couldn't possibly be dead, he wouldn't have been able to track her at all.

If he had been her enemy...

He would already be dead. No, it could be said that if he wasn't her husband, and their souls weren't bound, she could literally kill him whenever she wanted.

It seemed that Blood Sovereigns were far more shocking existences than he had ever given them credit for. The kind of applications he could think of for this ability alone were shocking. At this point... was it even possible to kill Aina? It seemed that she had gained a sort of permanence in reality, the kind that only Ninth Dimensional experts should have, and yet it seemed far more profound.

At the very least, Aina wouldn't need years or centuries to reconstruct her body. Unless someone had the strength to override even the influence of the First Dimension, it would be impossible to kill her. Not only that, but her stamina was effectively endless.

The only way to defeat her was to exhaust her mental state or make her give up on her own. Other than that, you'd have to invite someone with not just a Dharma, but an Idol to kill her.

Even in this case, a Dharma alone wasn't enough.

A Dharma was considered to be an embryonic Idol, it was the kernel of belief someone had in themselves, the quintessence of their ego and their practice until that point. But it wasn't until a Dharma became an Idol that it could surpass the influence of the First Dimension. Or, more accurately, it was only then that a person could take a piece of the world to truly be in charge of themselves.

When facing such an expert, even Aina's abilities would be meaningless because they could just cut off her connection to the First Dimension and take her life like that. After all, wherever an Idol was, all Dimensions from the First to the Ninth were under the purview of this God.

After coming to this conclusion, Leonel was the happiest of the two of them. He gripped his wife's hips with both hands and almost tossed her high into the air. A happy smile spread across his face, a grin that could have lit up the world if he cared for anyone other than this woman to see him.

If things were like this, would he even need to worry about his wife?

This wasn't even her strongest state. If she summoned her Manifestation, then it could be said that she would have a Quasi Dharma to rely on. In that situation, even a God with an Idol would have trouble stopping her from resurrecting if she wanted to do so.

At that point, one would have to be a God with an Idol crafted with Dream Force. Only that way could you target Aina's soul...

But as soon as Leonel had this thought, he realized that even that would be useless.

That was because Aina's soul wasn't like that of others... It was fused with her body! She had taken the purest human path.

It could be said that unless it was by old age, there was simply no one capable of taking his wife's life unless she, herself, wanted to die. However, with the support of Leonel's soul, and the affinity he could grant her with his own Dream Force, not to mention her Clairvoyance and perfect understanding of herself, how could anyone easily mess with his wife's mental state?

Chapter 2978: Mental State

Leonel put Aina down and hugged her tightly. At that moment, silently, a burden that he had been holding onto for a long while was put down. He didn't even sense that his wife was naked, and there wasn't the slightest bit of lewd thoughts in his mind anymore.

The last lingering influence of his future self vanished like wisps in the air, and all of the guilt that wasn't his own to bear disappeared along with it.

He would never again be faced with losing his wife in this life.

He held onto her tightly, listening to her breathing, feeling the beat of her heart, the warmth of her skin.

Aina could feel Leonel's emotion and her eyes couldn't help but tear up. She silently laid on his chest, her breathing even and at peace.

She could also sense that the last lingering darkness in Leonel's heart had vanished.

Leonel's mental state was contradictory a lot of the time, but this was just how the human mind worked. He loved his father, but he had never felt as much guilt toward his death as compared to Aina's. That was because his father was his idol, a man he felt was above all things. If his father died, it was because he wanted to.

That idolization was a double-edged sword.

On the one hand, it made Leonel take his death hard, so much so that he had practically become an entirely different person.

But on the other hand, it helped him avoid the fate of falling into an endless pit of despair, facing off guilt because he hadn't been able to help his father in those final moments.

Sure, there were some feelings of inadequacy, but they were ultimately drowned out by that feeling of despair and unwillingness.

Aina, however... she was his other half, his woman, his first and only love, his wife...

Her death was different to him. Protecting her was his responsibility and no one else's. Failing to do so had always hit him hard.

Leonel took a deep breath, breathing in his wife's scent and feeling his heart hit a rhythm of complete peace.

At that moment, his Spear and Bow Forces seemed to have been suppressed by something. His mental state evolved, and deep within him, a figure sitting within a clear lake trembled slightly.

A bow appeared on this figure's back and a spear across its lap. With his eyes still closed, the clear waters around him rippled as though waiting for something, but not being too eager to take action.

He, too, was at true peace.

This figure was the very same that had once been wreathed in chains and suffocated by seas of blood. But after Leonel had seen Mo"Lexi's painting, he had been able to walk out of it.

In truth, this figure was the manifestation of the Dream Asuras mysterious Lineage Factor.

The Dream Asuras had two Lineage Factors, one of which was publicly known, but a second was so rare that it only awoke once a generation. Only a single person from the main line would be able to allow this Lineage Factor to see the light of day.

However, this Lineage Factor was hidden so deeply within Leonel, by Leonel's own hand at that, that even the Life Tablet was unable to sense it.

Still, it was this very Lineage Factor that, even while immersed in shrouds of darkness, was able to silently resolve the largest issue that Leonel had faced until today.

From this day forth...

His Weapon Forces would never clash again.

Leonel kissed Aina, and his happiness almost fluttered out of his heart and into the world around him.

Aina didn't know if it was an illusion, but she could see dancing violet butterflies and fluttering violet fairies. They left delicate swirls of violet winds in their wake, making the atmosphere seem far more gorgeous now than it should have.

Maybe if she could focus on them, she would be able to tell with certainty. But the reality was that she cared too much for the man standing right before her to care to give them a glance.

Leonel didn't seem to care for them either. He looked down into his wife's eyes, their violet hue containing all the love in the world.

"Hey, beautiful, want to take over the world with me?"

Aina blinked. "Can you put a baby inside me instead?"

Leonel was stunned for a moment before he laughed uproariously. His laughter boomed across the Segmented Cube's world.

"I'm going to just hide behind you from now on," Leonel said with a grin. "You'll be my vanguard; I'll be a nice and obedient house husband."

Aina smiled. "Yes. I'll fight, you take care of the babies."

"Yes, ma'am!"

Leonel took Aina's hand and they stepped out of the Segmented Cube. They found that Shan'Rae was still on the run. Leonel had only told her to run, so even though the danger was gone, she had just kept going and Leonel had just somewhat forgotten about her.

"My King!" Shan'Rae rushed into a bow.

Aina blinked, feeling a great pressure coming from Shan'Rae. It seemed that while she was away... Leonel had done quite a great deal.

"Let's go."

"Where are we going this time?" Aina asked.

"Well, it would be a shame if we left them hanging like this. They think that I'm dead, how could I let them worry like this?"

Aina blinked before she covered her mouth in a laugh.

With a wave of her hand, she was once more wearing a valiant military outfit. A shuddering red aura perpetually hung around her, shredding the air to pieces, and yet mending it in the same breath.

The shuttle surged forward and rushed again. Under Shan'Rae's control, they appeared in the Demi-God Realm once again, and they immediately felt the weight of the pressure around them.

The scent of blood was so thick that it reached even this location.

When Leonel saw it, he grinned. He knew that his plan had worked.

It was absolute chaos.

Chapter 2979: Revenge

Leonel could see everything reflected in his mind. Ever since he reached this calm state of tranquility, while his Dream Force didn't improve, it felt like its effectiveness had reached a new level entirely. The entire world was his oyster and fit into the very palm of his hands. Nothing could stop him.

But it was precisely because of this that he was overwhelmed at first. He didn't quite know where to start. He felt a calmness now that he had never had in his life before, but he also knew that his situation hadn't changed much. He, the Human Race, and his wife were all now in a situation of life and death, and if he didn't handle this right, they would all be wiped out.

He had been lucky enough that no one had gone back to target the Human Bubble, but that was also because he was causing too much trouble on his own in these front lines. Now, the question was how to keep his foot on the pedal in this situation... or did he even need to do anything at all?

More Gods were descending from the God Realm, the Owlans had brought out their real guns, the Beastman Race seemed to still be trying to pull one over on the Invalids, but they seemed to have also suffered quite a deal of losses as a result of their greed.

It was all difficult to fathom in a single spurt.

When he did see it all though, Leonel almost couldn't help but laugh.

Wasn't he too good at sowing chaos? All he had done was pull a few tricks here and there, but the world looked like it was about to crumble.

However, he also knew that he couldn't take full credit for this. After all, this powder keg had been ready to blow for who knew how long?

"There's only one player in this arena who still hasn't made themselves known... Aren't you all a little too comfortable?"

A sneer spread across Leonel's face.

"Wife, how would you feel about getting some revenge-"

SHIIING!

Leonel had hardly finished speaking when a two-meter-long battle ax appeared in Aina's hand. Her eyes blazed and she looked around as though fiendishly searching for the target Leonel was speaking about.

Leonel was speechless for a moment before he erupted into another fit of laughter. He took his wife's hand and took a step.

Hours later, when they appeared once more, they were standing above a world made almost entirely of rock. There were some rivers that moved here and there, but the vast majority of the region was wreathed in rocky constructions. Tall mountains, jagged valleys, dried-up waterbeds...

And yet, it didn't feel like a land of death at all. Instead, there was an odd harmony to it all.

"There's... only one kind of Force here... No... it's multiple kinds, but just of a single path. Earth."

Leonel's gaze flickered.

This world was exceptionally well hidden. If not for his current capabilities, and the fact he knew that these worlds were all acting in a formation together, he would have never been able to find it.

It was only after stepping foot into it, though, that he understood just why that was.

This was the highest application of Earth Force that Leonel had ever seen.

He knew that Earth Force was an anchor for Forces. Without Earth Force, worlds would be barren of Force and all the energy in the world would be evenly distributed across the cosmos. While this sounded great, in practice it was a nightmare.

There was so much more empty space than there was land in the cosmos. If all the Forces in the world were suddenly evenly distributed, then it would make using Force countless times more difficult.

Ironically, this world was using precisely that principle to stay hidden. It was using Earth Force as a reverse anchor, distributing the Force that should have been part of it into the surroundings and making the world itself give off a signature a lot more like empty space than a real world.

And at the same time, the high concentration of Earth Force in this region was likewise perfect for the creatures that called this place home.

The Celestial Terras.

Leonel couldn't help but be impressed. If the cities of the Owlans had impressed him before because of their almost feng shui-like use of Natural Force Arts with their buildings, this was on another level entirely.

In fact, it could be said that Leonel hadn't personally found this world at all. It was just that after his Dream Force improved, he was able to personally analyze the formation of

worlds and realized there was an empty spot where there otherwise should have been a node.

As such, he deduced that there had to be a hidden world in precisely this location, and since the Celestial Terras were the only Race he hadn't managed to find just yet, he concluded that this could only be their world.

And he was correct.

Maybe too correct.

Because the moment he appeared, the entire world began to rumble and quake. Locations that Leonel could have sworn had only been mountains before rose up and became creatures so large that their blinks could kick up hurricanes.

It was the first time that Leonel had ever seen such a thing, and it truly shocked him to his core.

However, he couldn't help but grin.

"See that, wife? Don't say that I've never done anything for you."

Leonel gave her a pat on the butt as though encouraging a player onto the field.

Aina rolled her eyes speechlessly, but when she made eye contact with all these powerful sparring partners, her eyes couldn't help but light up like lanterns.

Her fighting intent blazed and she suddenly raised her battle ax high into the air.

Leonel chuckled and almost casually took out a bow to play with. If he was alone, he wouldn't dare to come here.

But now... things were different.

Chapter 2980: Damn

The Celestial Terras didn't get to say anything. Leonel could see a dullness in their eyes, an unhurried, almost lackadaisical style that came from years of not fighting. It was like their entire race was covered in a shell and sealed away.

However, he could see that hidden deep within that dullness was something exceptionally frightening, something so frightening that even with Aina's strength, had they already awakened to it, he still wouldn't dare to come here.

This was a truly frightening race... Which was why it was also a shame that they were just sitting on the sidelines right now.

"Why not come out and have some fun?"

Leonel's own battle intent blazed. A halo appeared to his back, tattoos appeared across his body, and the clouds above rolled and tumbled.

Without Water Force, the clouds could only be said to be clouds of soot and dirt, but it was also because of that that they responded to Leonel's call much more fiercely than anything else could have.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Swift. Swift. Swift.

Leonel's arrows whistled forward so quickly that they seemed to teleport. They passed by Aina's cheeks and neck, but she continued to raise up her ax as though she hadn't sensed anything at all.

The combination of husband and wife had always been lethal. They both had absolute trust in one another, and it never wavered.

However, since then, many things had changed.

First, they truly got married, allowing their souls to merge. Let alone predicting one another's movements and calculating them, they could feel them, and even express them before their partner got a chance to.

Second, Aina had changed as well. In the past, she used to doubt and worry about every little thing that Leonel did because it filled her with fear. She didn't want to lose him; she couldn't stand the idea of him not being by her side.

But after their escapades in the Golden City, that had changed as well. She no longer worried about losing Leonel because she had trust that he would never lose to anything... that he would never allow anyone to come between them being together. She had more confidence in him now than anyone else, even herself... even her Clairvoyance.

And third, by the same token, Leonel had also undergone his own sort of metamorphosis. Now, he had absolute trust in Aina's abilities as well, and he was confident that even if a mistake did happen and she did die... She had the ability to bring herself back.

When these three pillars came together to form a sturdy foundation, they seemed to have reached a new level of cooperation entirely.

When one closed their eyes, it didn't feel as though there were two separate people fighting at all. Rather, it felt like the two had formed a monolith.

Their Forces began to pass through one another with great ease. Aina could feel the sharpness of an archer, and Leonel could feel the fluidity and changes in Aina's battle ax style.

Leonel's arrows zipped by and tore several holes in the gathering of Force that the Celestial Terra was trying to form. In the instant he released them, he used his own Earth Force and King's Might to take control.

It had to be remembered that Leonel's breakthrough in Earth Force taught him how to control it by force, ripping it out of the hands of the World Spirits that commanded it and making it his own. This was what allowed him to take Earth Force that was usually well known for its difficulty to control, and make it as fluid as any one of his other Forces.

If he could take control from World Spirits... A Celestial Terra without real fighting intent stood no chance against him as well.

All three arrows ripped through the enormous eye of the Celestial Terra, blinding it on one side. It unleashed a roar, but this only lasted for a small instant before Aina's ax descended.

The creature was far too large, and Aina was far too small in comparison to it. The moment it was blinded, Aina attacked outside of its periphery, and because of the streak of Earth Force control that Leonel had sent through his arrows, the Celestial Terra's Internal Sight missed it.

SHIIING!

Leonel expected the Celestial Terra to be crippled, to maybe lose another eye, or maybe suffer bad enough brain damage that it had to retreat.

What he didn't expect was what actually happened.

The moment the Celestial Terra lost track of Aina, it was over. The strongest Blade strike that Leonel had ever seen personally descended. It cut down the body of the Celestial Terra and the world seemed to split in two.

Silence fell, and the Ancestor Celestial Terra trembled once before falling into two halves.

Leonel had a fourth arrow nocked, but he couldn't help but blink a few times to make sure that his eyes were seeing right.

It had to be remembered that before, Aina had struggled with a Celestial Terra. And he had ended up in an all-out battle with a Seventh Dimensional one. These creatures were exceptionally powerful, and even though they had lost much of their strength as Fallen Gods, they were an existence that couldn't be easily dealt with.

But Aina... had cut one in half, shell and all. And this one was not only the same level of talent as the Seventh Dimensional one that Leonel had fought back then, but it was also an Ancestor of the Ninth Dimension. The power of the two couldn't even be properly compared.

She stood in the skies and howls of rage filled it. But she only took a deep breath, causing a swarm of bronze-brown blood to fly toward her. As it was pulled into her control, the bronze-brown became a rusty, red-gold-ish color, and then became perfectly crimson.

"Well... damn..."

Leonel muttered for a moment before releasing his fourth arrow. Since this was the case... They could really cause some damage.

At that moment, the ground trembled and Leonel's arrow soared toward that precise location. But before it could land, it was shattered by a mysterious force.

"It seems they're more deeply hidden than I thought..."