

# Dimensional Descent

## Chapter 2981: Respect

Leonel's lip curled. When he came here, he already expected this.

"Wife, it seems we've got competition."

Aina didn't reply, but her eyes blazed with battle intent.

"We'll kill one of them then swagger off," Leonel said as though it was just a matter of fact.

Aina didn't reply again, but her movement was all the acknowledgment that Leonel needed. With a roaring moment, she took a step. The world shook and Life Force seemed to pierce through the waves of Earth.

Leonel raised his hand and the skies trembled along with it. Wisps of Bow Force pulsed, and although it didn't take full form, space shuddered nonetheless. He drew a finger across the air and formed an arrow. It only carried small wisps of Bow Force, and yet that small change was enough for the world to nearly splinter beneath its presence.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Leonel's speed suddenly accelerated, his arms leaving blurs in the air as he drew arrow after arrow. In that moment, it looked more like there were dozens of clones of him all acting at once. His arrows took beautiful arcs through the air, piercing right through shields of Force, and gathering it together as though it was its own to control.

That was when the Celestial Terra that was rising out of the ground felt that something was off, and its expression couldn't help but become a hint more serious.

The curving arcs of Leonel's arrows actually carried a particular rhythm to them, rising through the air, drawing lines across the skies, and forming a hidden formation of sorts that caused them all to link together and form a net of Natural Force Arts that made them far more powerful than they seemed initially.

It was a Bow Dance, but this time on a completely different level. In fact, it was a Bow Dance that Leonel was able to complete in just a single instant of time.

**BOOM!**

The arrows that were curving along their own unique paths suddenly pulsed together and blinked out of existence.

When they returned, there wasn't a torrent of arrows, but rather just one enormous one, so thick that it could block out an entire eyeball of the already impossible-to-fathom Celestial Terras.

All the Celestial Terras that it wasn't aimed for were blown back, and the one rising out of the ground felt that it had just been locked onto by a God of Death. It was something that it had never experienced before in its long life... But it was already too late to dodge.

All the wisps of Bow Force in the arrow came together and suddenly solidified, forming a gorgeous silver arrow peppered with dense golden runes that looked like an ancient weapon all on its own.

PCHU!

The arrow drove into the Celestial Terra's eye. In those last few moments, it had tried to dodge, but it was in one part still lagging behind after just being awakened, and another part too unskilled to understand the profundity of Leonel's attack.

Its body shuddered and it stumbled, only to be startled awake by an even more frightening killing intent that came in right after it.

The blood flowing from its eyes was suddenly ripped out of its control as Aina peeled her battle ax back. It swung in a wide, gorgeous arc of red and gold, and along with it, rivers of blood were pulled back as well. And then she swung forward.

The blood had already retreated around her, becoming a scythe that expanded her blade until it ran kilometers of distance. And yet, it didn't slow the arc of her swing in the slightest.

The Celestial Terra didn't even register what happened. In one moment, it was trying to rouse itself awake, and in the next moment... it froze. Its body shuddered and then it collapsed in two pieces, unable to fight back for even an instant.

Furious howls began to resound across the world. Leonel appeared beside Aina in a blink and then pressed a hand down, taking the corpse. As much as he wanted to use [Arise] right now, after seeing how difficult it was with Shan'Rae, he knew that he couldn't get away with it. The only way forward was to take now, run, and then hopefully deal with it in the future.

"Time to hightail it out of here."

Leonel gave Aina a grin, took her hand, and then began their escape. The world shuddered and Leonel looked back to find an enormous brown eye that looked like an explosion of swirling tans, browns, and blacks had appeared out of the ground. In fact, from this vantage point, it looked as though the world itself was the body of the creature.

Leonel felt all his hair stand on end. These Celestial Terras... Just how deep did their waters run, exactly?

At that moment, there was a Force that locked down Leonel and Aina, and both of them were frozen in place. Leonel clicked his tongue, feeling endlessly impressed. However, although he could feel the danger of the situation, for some reason... he just felt calm.

Respect and Persistence...

When he had first stepped onto this path, often, Respecting something came with it waves of fear and apprehension. It was this that drove him to be sharper, to be better, or else he just might lose his life in the next instant.

However, right now, he didn't feel fear. He could feel the strength of the Celestial Terras, he respected it... but it was still unable to slow down his steps.

When he decided that he would do something, he would do it. Respect didn't have to mean that he feared something.

And just like that, the reason he hated this Path the most vanished into thin air like thin wisps of smoke.

Leonel's throat echoed with a low rumble, and a smile spread across his face.

"Sorry, big guy. My wife and I used this place as a small get-away vacation, but we've already had our fun. So, we'll be leaving now."

## **Chapter 2982: Return**

Leonel's heart thrummed and his King's Might surged. With a rush of power, his body shook once and Ten Stars appeared to his back as a small plot of crimson land appeared beneath his feet.

Leonel looked down at his so-called "Destruction World" speechlessly. Before, it had stretched for kilometers. Even when he fought against Shan'Rae, it had stretched for at least a few hundred meters.

But right now, it was so small that he barely had space for his own two feet. It was only after holding onto Aina's waist and taking her into his arms, not to mention allowing her to stand on his feet, that he was finally able to squeeze them both inside.

Leonel coughed, clearing his throat. "It's just a little shy."

Aina looked down at the small piece of land, rolling her lips over themselves as she tried to hold back a laugh.

"It's okay," she squeezed out, "it's completely normal."

The moment she said these words, she couldn't hold it back anymore and burst into a fit of laughter. She laughed so hard that tears began to streak down her face and coat Leonel's chest.

Leonel was speechless.

"Aren't you laughing a little bit too hard? It just has a little performance anxiety, dammit."

This only made Aina laugh harder. Her voice echoed through the world and one wouldn't have guessed that they were in the middle of a life and death situation at all.

Leonel cleared his throat again before waving to the Celestial Terra world.

"Okay, as you were! Bye-bye!"

Using his Destruction World to break free of the pressure of the Celestial Terra, Leonel and Aina vanished from the world, entering the void again.

"AFTER THEM!"

An ancient roar echoed, but the voice sounded a bit off... It was as though this person wasn't used to being enraged, and as a result, the tone of their voice didn't quite match what they were trying to say.

"Enough."

However, a calm voice came soon afterward, and it seemed to quell everything. In that instant, the world returned to calm.

"But-"

"No. He's entered the void and gained the ability to travel through it."

"What?!"

It had to be known that traveling through the void was practically impossible. Even if you had Dream Force, it would have to be at least at the Idol State before you could even make the attempt to do such a thing, and even then it would only be in short bursts of time.

It had to be remembered that the void was a true place of nothingness. There were no laws, no Forces, no concept of up and down, time and space didn't even exist properly.

The only way to make it from point A in the void to point B was by having coordinates. That was why the coordinates of Incomplete Worlds were so supremely valuable and weren't things that could be bought with just a little bit of money.

Of course, there were also high-class treasures that could help you do this, but they were rare even in the God Realm. But it was also precisely because the God Realm had these treasures that most Incomplete Worlds that were found were found by them.

But now this Ancient Celestial Terra was saying that Leonel had gained this capability, and by the context of their words, it didn't seem as though it was as simple as relying on a treasure to do so either.

And of course, it wasn't. Leonel was relying on his Wise Star and Wise Sea Order status to do this. It could be said that even if he wasn't the world's number one expert in traveling through the void, he at the very least had no match in his Dimension, and beyond that, there were likely no more than a few hundred above his Dimension that could even begin to match him in this regard.

So long as you gave Leonel time to escape and enter the void, you would lose him. The only way to counter this was by making sure that you stayed on his tail the entire time, but even then... would you dare to?

If you killed Leonel in the void, how would you get back? Even the likes of Willowyn had to pick a place to ambush Leonel because it was the only location she was confident in returning from.

"Then what do we do?"

"Our location has been exposed, and I have a feeling that this youth only wanted to draw us out. Then we should oblige."

"What? We can't do what he wants, won't that be a loss?"

"There is no other choice. If we do not go, then he will just return with a far more sinister plan."

"Then let him return. We weren't ready this time, but if he dares to take a step-

"No. He is too intelligent for that. When I say that he will return, I do not mean literally. All he has to do to ruin things for us is to expose the location of this world.

"It's impossible for him to have used his senses to find this world. That means that he has to be aware of the formation we have set up, and he also knows the purpose of it. That is why he dares to do this. He is essentially using us."

The Celestial Terras fell into silence. They knew that once they added their world to this formation, their perfect hiding spot would have a weakness to be exploited. But what they didn't expect was that the first to see through this would be a human brat and not the enemies that they had been preparing for all this time.

"It seems that our Celestial Terra Race has been silent for too long. Awaken your sharpness, brothers and sisters."

"Is it time?"

"Yes. Unseal yourselves. Today, the world will be reminded of our might. And in the future, they will remember the names of the Primordial Terrors."

## **Chapter 2983: A New Puppet Master (1)**

Leonel exhaled a breath after he and Aina managed to escape. The Celestial Terras were truly a monstrous race, but that was precisely why he had to take the risk. Only if they participated in the chaos could enough happen that he could take advantage of the situation and escape this problem they were all facing.

He just needed time to grow, he needed time to be stalled enough that he could finally reach his full potential. When that time came, would it still be necessary to deal with all of this nonsense?

He could fill his wife's belly with kids, chat and laugh with his brothers all day, and recline in his chair. As for the end of existence? Who cared. Was anyone meant to live forever anyway? These Gods who were all obsessed with extending their lives were pathetic. Those that were more obsessed with benefiting from the world now and leaving the trouble to their descendants were even more pathetic.

Although Leonel said this, it was just a casual thought. He hadn't truly ever been worried about the Northern Star and the end of existence in the first place. But maybe that was because it was hard to care about that when there were a million things trying to take your life every day.

In addition, he was young. Even though he said he was fine with death, he probably still felt like he could live forever. When he was aging, would he still feel the same? It was hard to say.

But in a rare instance, Leonel didn't really care about his thoughts, and he didn't tie them down with logic either. It was as though he was finally free. He didn't have to take out a balance to consider every little thing.

"Where to now?"

Aina's battle intent was still flaring up, but Leonel only laughed.

"My little succubus warrior, there are no enemies around. Put the weapon down."

Aina glared at Leonel, but she still blushed a bit. Maybe she was truly too eager. It was just that while Leonel was out having all the fun, she was stuck meditating for days on end. It was infuriating and frustrating, but she also knew that between the two of them, she had the fastest path to improvement because her path was less complex and she also wasn't fighting it out with her inner demons.

As much as Leonel wanted to protect her, didn't she want to protect him?

Leonel chuckled.

"We need to wait it out a bit. We have to give the seeds time to grow, or else it would all be meaningless."

"Then what do you want to do?" Aina asked, confused.

"My senses are sharper now. I think I can find my third Incomplete World. There should be a nice little boost from this."

Aina's head tilted to the side. Something made her feel like Leonel wasn't saying everything he was thinking, but at the same time, he felt a bit different. This time, it didn't feel like he was hiding things for the sake of getting a leg up on someone, but instead because he didn't feel like talking about such insignificant things now that they finally had some time alone.

"Okay," she said with a smile.

...

The battlefield was truly chaotic. In fact, it could be said that it was far worse than Leonel had described.

At that moment, Elysium stood tall, standing off against a giant that had a head so large and tall that it was shrouded by clouds. Chains rattled around this giant, and it was clear that it couldn't bring out its full strength under the restrictions of the Demi-God Realm. And yet, it didn't seem to matter at all because its aura was too oppressively powerful.

"The Minerva descendants don't seem to have learned from history..."

This giant spoke softly, but the world rumbled. The sun in the sky pulsed as though it might shatter any moment now, and if not for Elysium's presence, the army of Owlans would have already ruptured into a rain of blood.

"... To dare kill the descendants of my Void Race... Bold indeed..."

Elysium's gaze grew sharp.

The moment this giant Void Race member appeared, he knew that things had gone wrong. Not just wrong, but once again, Leonel had pushed them to the center of the storm.

He wasn't even sure how he would explain this matter at all.

On the one hand, he was far too prideful to try and quickly explain now that Leonel must have been the one responsible. That wasn't just because of his pride either, but rather because he was smart enough to know what would happen now.

Now that the Void Race had gone so far, they wouldn't just leave now. They would use this moment to wipe out the Owlans as well. After all, they didn't want another power to rise into the God Realm either.

So what would happen if he quickly explained that it was Leonel now? Not only would he harm the momentum of the Owlans, but it wouldn't save them from this situation either.

In that case, there was only one choice that a smart and astute leader would make.

Not only could he not explain, but he had to take credit for it as well. That way, he would show the Owlans to his back that they had nothing to fear even in the face of such monsters.

They had already taken a step beyond the point of no return. There was only one way forward now.

Either their Owlans would rise up and succeed in ways they never had before...

Or they would have their legacy truly wiped out here and now.



Elysium raised a hand, and the sound of a sword howl pierced the skies. A golden blade landed in his hand and his wings flapped once, sending a spatial storm out in all directions.

"The Minerva do not need to consult the Void Race when they kill."

BOOM!

## **Chapter 2984: A New Puppet Master (2)**

Across the Demi-God Realms, similar scenes were playing out. Once again, they had played right into Leonel's hands. No matter how enraged they were, they knew that there was no return.

Ancestor Nova slapped her mighty wings, delicate feathers of red and gold falling from the skies, gliding across the land, and scoring the ground below. She faced off against a towering Void Race member as well, but she spoke words not too dissimilar from the Owlman Race's head. In fact, she was even more overbearing.

Her gaze was sharp, and her voice even sharper.

"Since when did the God Beasts need to ask the Void Race for permission?! DIE!"

A beam of concentrated Fire Force left her beak, and it was as though it had become the center of the world. No matter where you looked from, it felt like time and space had warped, making it seem as though the beam was coming right for you.

Those that looked at it directly and were the enemies of the Celestial Embers found their eyes burning. Before they could react, their brains were charred to ash.

As for those that were the allies of the Celestial Embers, they found themselves being fueled and bolstered, their hearts filling with pride and their strength soaring to a new height.

Today, the truest Ember Force would return.

Before its fall, it could be said that it had been the number one Fire Force there was. But it had always been tied to the Dimensions of the Celestial Embers. With their fall, it too fell.

Soon, it mutated, becoming the Emberheart Force that was well known as a top 10 Fire Force, but was nothing compared to the former Ember Force.

It seemed that the Celestial Terra weren't the only ones with seals on their strength.

Being faced with a blockage during these last steps, the Celestial Ember Ancestor chose to no longer hold back.

It was time for the God Beasts to return. They would erase the Fallen Curse from their heritage.

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The leader of the Variant Invalids sat on his throne, looking into the skies.

He didn't move, but there was a deep fury hidden within his eyes. Unlike the others, he was too used to this manipulation. He had experienced it many times in his life...

The Dream Asuras.

It was an infuriating maze to be caught in, one where you knew that you were caught in a scheme, and yet couldn't leave it no matter how hard you tried. There was no escaping it at all.

Even if you knew you were being used, you had to just happily jump into it.

All this time, the Beastmen had been harassing his Incomplete World, but he had chosen to remain patient. But it was also because of this patience that he didn't even realize that his other Invalid Worlds had been systematically wiped out one after another.

Even so, he chose to hold his rage and his tongue. It wasn't yet time for him to be so excessive in his actions. He had been so patient all this time, and the core of his strength was still here...

And yet, now this change had happened.

The Beastmen, for some reason, had become more fervent in their actions. He didn't know why, but he would rather kill himself than admit that it had nothing to do with Leonel. He was definitely a part of this without a doubt.

This Variant Invalid was certainly correct.

The reason the Beastmen were acting like this now was that compared to the other God Races, they were even easier to manipulate. All Leonel had to do was leak information to them that they were in competition with the Sylvans and that two of them had already died.

The moment they got this information, they not only called for reinforcements, but they didn't hold back in the slightest any longer.

Who didn't know that competing with Sylvans for an Incomplete World was practically a fool's dream? Their best chance was to be dealing with a pair of juniors, but now that they had died, they would certainly send true monsters down.

The Beastmen weren't very intelligent overall, especially not compared to the Sylvans, but they were smart enough to know this, and definitely smart enough to know that the seniors of the Sylvan Race weren't what they wanted to go against.

In the end, this Patriarch of the Variant Invalids, and Apex's master, had no choice but to exhale a sigh and stand from his throne.

It seemed that he was going to have to get his ankles muddied in these turbulent waters as well.

The kid was even more vicious than a Dream Asura, but he would surely remember this.

...

The entirety of the Demi-God Realm seemed to be playing to Leonel's tune, but what they didn't know was that Leonel was far from being finished.

While he was spending some quality alone time with his wife as he looked for his third Incomplete World, there were also changes taking place in the Barbarian Race's territory as well.

There was a reason that Leonel had managed to stay away from the Human Bubble and not get too involved. It wasn't just because he was using himself as a distraction, but also because he had the Barbarian Race on a string.

Soon, it would be revealed that the Patriarch of the Variant Invalids was a Barbarian Race Invalid, something that should have been absolutely impossible.

In that case, just what would they be able to do?

It was in their best interest that this Variant Invalid die before others found out, but they had also been entirely unable to find him. He had slipped out of their control long ago.

But now... Leonel had that location.

If the Barbarian Race wanted it, didn't they have to be obedient?

Now, all of a sudden, what should have been an equal partnership had become completely lopsided, and there was nothing at all that they could use against Leonel.

After all, Leonel was already being hunted down by the entire world...

What information could they possibly release that would harm him?

## Chapter 2985: Until Now

Leonel crossed the cosmos with Aina, his thoughts unknown to all but him. However, his mouth seemed to be in another world entirely, talking flows of continuous nonsense with his wife as though the entire world didn't want him dead.

Aina could tell that Leonel had something on his mind, but she was also gratified that he didn't seem to be weighed down by it. His calm wasn't faked, and that left her feeling at ease. She had long since reached the point of pure, absolute confidence in this husband of hers. There was no need to worry about anything else when he was around.

Days passed like this, but they still didn't find what Leonel was looking for. In the end, Leonel actually returned to the Segmented Cube. As for his reason why... it was his brothers. They were awake now.

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Leonel sat in front of them. The rock formation here was quite cryptic, but it was peaceful as well. The ancient stones were covered in moss, making them comfortable to sit on. And at the moment, there were the exact number of them that were needed. It was like this region was created specifically for them.

"How do you all feel?" Leonel asked with a smile. He met each one of their gazes, and he could guess what they were thinking, but he didn't expose them.

How could they be happy? In the past, they used to be able to stand on the same battlefield as Leonel. But now, it felt like they weren't even worthy of that.

They had been carrying this burden for a long time. Every time they seemed to see Leonel's steps ahead of them, they were slapped back down to reality just like this.

They hadn't slacked even a single moment, but Leonel simply improved far too fast.

Looking at the bright smile on Leonel's face, though... for some reason, they felt at peace.

Usually, after they got slapped around like this, Leonel would come with a face full of guilt and heaviness. But this time, the situation seemed to be entirely different.

James clicked his tongue.

"At least one of us is happy."

The words lightened the mood considerably and a group of chuckles echoed.

Leonel grinned.

"I've promised you guys to help improve many times before, but I've failed every single time-

"Stop," Joel cut Leonel off, shaking his head. His deep, brown eyes seemed to resonate with an amber color as he met Leonel's gaze. "You've done enough for us. There's no need for this. Honestly, I'm getting a bit tired of it..."

Joel sighed, shaking his head. How many resources had Leonel already poured into them? They even gained a Dimensional Method perfectly suited for the human race on top of that. They had tried their best, but it just wasn't enough.

This was just a difference in talent. If they couldn't surpass their limits even with the help of the Life Tablet, then it could only mean that they were useless.

It was hard, but Joel had already made a decision. Leonel needed to stop wasting resources on them. If he had turned all those resources he used on everyone else and focused them on himself and Aina instead, just how vastly different would things be? Maybe he would already be knocking on the window of the Seventh Dimension.

This was something that they had all agreed on. If they kept dragging Leonel down, then they would inevitably end up being the ones to get him killed in the future. And unlike Leonel, they would have no ability to revive him.

Leonel didn't respond to this immediately, looking through them one by one. When he saw that it wasn't that they were resigned, but rather that they were doing what they thought was best for him, his eyes couldn't help but water somewhat.

He had never shown this much emotion before his brothers before, but at the moment, he felt so completely free that his rawest inner thoughts were seen on his sleeve.

There was a great pressure on Leonel before this. He had carried everything alone, and he couldn't even spend as much time with his loved ones as he wanted to because of it.

Although he still called them his brothers, how many years had it been since he truly and intimately understood the kind of people they were?

Too long...

His mind still held onto versions of them back when they were still teenagers. But right now, they were grown men that had experienced more years of life than even himself.

It was hard to accept it, but even with the 10 years he had lost in the Sea God Zone, he was still younger than them all.

This world had separated them time and time again, but that much was fine... what hurt the most was that even when they were together, they couldn't truly be together. They were divided not by time and space, but by strength and status.

And that was the worst sort of fate for a friendship.

Joel was taken aback by the tears in Leonel's eyes. Although they didn't fall, he felt his heart shake.

Had he made a mistake? Was their decision just another form of abandoning Leonel?

However, just as he wanted to say something, anything, Leonel smiled through his tears.

"No. It really is my fault. I'm so useless that I couldn't come up with a method in all this time."

Their expressions shook. What had happened to Leonel?

"Can you not? You're making me feel like a sopping mess," James spoke with red eyes. "Fatty, say something."

He slapped Raj's back to urge him, but that just caused the bottled up sobs in Raj's body to spill out. Tears fell like a waterfall and he turned a vicious eye toward James.

"You blond-haired gigolo. I won't forgive you for this!"

Leonel couldn't help but laugh through his unshed tears.

"Let me finish first. I was unable to... until now."

## **Chapter 2986: Wasted**

Leonel's brothers looked toward him, but as expected, they were still a bit hesitant. They really didn't want Leonel to waste so much on them again. It just felt like a perpetual cycle that always led to failure.

First, they would end up in trouble that only Leonel could fix. He would then save them, then promise to make them stronger. Then they would be left behind him again because despite the number of resources he spent on them, it was all useless... they couldn't keep up with him.

Then, they would end up in trouble once again and could only wait to be saved.

This was the plight that they had to suffer through, and it was something they couldn't escape even when they wanted to.

Leonel shook his head, rising to his feet.

"This time... will truly be different."

His tears seemed to be burned away by a fiery heat.

"Let's go. Joel, you're up first."

They all exited the Segmented Cube at the same time.

When they appeared, they stood in an endless void. They couldn't see or feel anything.

"Holy trippy, what the fuck, Cap. Did you drug us or something?" Franco looked at his hands, feeling disoriented, but it somehow felt like they were a world away even though they were right in front of him.

Leonel smiled.

"They call this place the void. The laws of physics are shot here, so it's difficult to tell which way is up and down. Even if you try to walk forward, you might end up walking to the side by accident."

Joel blinked, looking ahead with squinted eyes.

"What is that?"

"An incomplete World," Leonel said with a smile.

They were taken aback again. Just what level of power had Leonel reached to be able to casually find something like this?

"Follow me."

Leonel brought them all inside, and almost instantly, they were attacked by the Regulator. The chains shattered before they could even take shape on Leonel's body, but when it came to his brothers, they were unable to fight back against such a thing.

That said, they were also far weaker in talent and strength than both Leonel and Aina. As such, their backlash was far less significant. After a few grunts, they managed to tank it. Their flesh was lacerated and their bones creaked, but in the end, they were able to stand tall.

"What do you think?" Leonel asked Joel.

Of the group, Joel was the one who received the least backlash, but that was definitely not because he was the weakest of them.

It was because Leonel had picked this world for him.

Joel looked around after Leonel asked his question and he seemed to realize the same things.

In the laws of this world, he could sense an endless sharpness. Without even seeing a single person in this world, he could tell that they must be littered with blade masters.

Every one of the small laws seemed to be perfectly in line with him.

Leonel grinned. Then, he suddenly slammed his palms together, unleashing a roar.

A violent pressure surged out from him, and all the stars of his incomplete World seemed to listen.

One after another, their energies began to connect, forming a sky that shook their hearts.

"You all have been practicing [Dimensional Cleanse], right?" Leonel asked with a smile. It was a perfunctory question. He could already tell that the answer was yes.

Still, Joel and the others nodded.

"It's time for it to come in handy for something other than cleansing and increasing your Force accumulation capabilities."

BOOM!

A Natural Force Art was completely formed across the entire Incomplete World. Then, Leonel's figure flashed and he appeared behind Joel, pressing a palm to his back.

Joel felt himself almost collapse as a great amount of power began to concentrate on him.

"Focus," Leonel said.

At that moment, Leonel's eyes began to glow with a fiendish violet light.

"[ASSIMILATE]!"

BOOM!



A crown of gold and violet appeared above Leonel's head. At the same time, fluttering violet winds appeared. Sometimes they would appear like gusts of wind, but at other times, they would morph into butterflies, dragonflies, and motes of light.

It was the picture of beauty.

Veins popped up all across Joel's body and he felt like a universe had exploded in his mind.

A single star appeared to Joel's back, and it even had rings like Saturn. However, these rings echoed with the sound of sharpening blades, slicing apart space as though it was a worthless sheet of paper.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Joel's aura skyrocketed and he entered the Ninth Dimension in a single bound.

It took several dozen minutes before the commotion calmed down. In the end, the group appeared back in the void, and Joel stood there, his eyes closed.

The aura he was giving off made the others shudder. It felt like they were watching the form of a slumbering beast.

And then this beast suddenly opened his eyes.

A sharp blade light soared through the void, vanishing into the distance in the blink of an eye.

Joel looked down at his body in astonishment, feeling as though he had just experienced something that was entirely unreal. None of it made any sense at all.

Leonel grinned. It had worked.

[Dimensional Cleanse] was the perfect foundation for [Final Destruction]. However, who said that Destruction was the sole and only foundation that you could use to practice this method?

Normally, there would be no way to take such a shortcut, but didn't Leonel have [Assimilate]? This absolute powerhouse ability of the Fawkes had even allowed him to give Tolliver the potential of an Infinity Beast... so why couldn't he use it to help his brothers reach a new level as well?

The trouble was that Tolliver was able to do that because it had the foundation necessary, not to mention the help of an entire Vital Star. But his brothers wouldn't usually... except for the fact that [Dimensional Cleanse] existed.

And then there was the final cherry on top...

Because he was a Wise Sea Order now, he could not only travel through the void, but he could find the perfect Incomplete Worlds for his brothers.

He hadn't been able to find what he needed... but that didn't mean that these last few months were wasted.

## **Chapter 2987: New Field**

This time, Leonel wouldn't be leaving even a single one of his brothers behind. He had already decided that even if he had to carry them up the steps one by one, putting them on his back, he would do so.

Leonel didn't actually believe that his brothers were untalented. Among them, there were several geniuses. Arnold was a genius of Universal Force. He had mastered higher levels long before Leonel did, and the only difference between the two of them was that Arnold had gone off on a wrong path because of a lack of guidance, while Leonel had been lucky to unlock it during his battle with Lionel.

Back then, Arnold didn't know that you could have a ubiquitous form of Universal Force because no one talked about it. As such, he always focused his Universal Force on his palms until Leonel taught him that another route could be taken. It was only after that that he managed to start following the right path.

Then there was Allan. He had always been ranked number one in their class despite the fact both Aina and Leonel were in that class. Of course, Leonel and Aina had always been focused on other things... Leonel couldn't bring study material back to the Paradise Islands, while Aina had been obsessively training since she was young. But this didn't diminish Leonel's views of Allan in the slightest.

That was because if they were focused on other things, couldn't Allan also be? Allan had always been obsessed with working out and being meticulously dressed. Those sorts of things took up a lot of his day, and under normal circumstances, they would take precedence over anything else.

Even if he had spent more time on schoolwork than Leonel and Aina did, his intelligence wasn't very far from their own at all.

Drake was literally creating his own Weapon Force, pioneering a path that was unprecedented and had simply never appeared before.

Raj's Ability Index allowed him to create anywhere from the weakest Earth Forces to the absolute strongest.

James had literally created his own Lineage Factor.

No matter where you looked among his brothers, you could find monsters. The trouble was that in the end, when they had to be compared to Leonel and Aina, not only were they lacking in luck, but they were still lacking in talent as well.

Aina had Clairvoyance to lead them every step of the way, and Leonel's body was stocked with so many talents that literally one of his main problems over the course of his journey was having too many paths to follow.

Leonel didn't believe that he was lifting up the useless, and even if they were truly useless, he wouldn't care.

In this world, he had already decided what type of person he wanted to be. That Leonel, who had lofty aspirations of becoming a King, hadn't vanished. He had just been suppressed by a far darker side of himself, a half that preferred to watch the world burn.

But now, he had made peace with himself. He understood that he wasn't a monster deep inside... he understood that not everything needed to be decided by who had the strongest logic... sometimes, you could do things simply because you wanted to do them, simply because they made you happy.

It had taken Leonel too long to realize this.

Why was it that his future self was so resigned? Why was it, despite the fact he had the greatest logic and a strength so strong that even the Northern Star could do nothing about him, that he was so... sad?

It was because he had lost everything. He had no parents, no wife, no brothers... no family. So what was the point in the end?

Even if he had the strength to exist into perpetuity, why not just die out along with everything else?

Maybe this was what his future self really wanted him to see, but he had been too blinded by his own pride to even care to notice. He had just been obsessed with surpassing his future self, to be able to accomplish what he had failed to simply by wielding a greater strength.

But in the end, he would just be led down the very same path. Then, he would find himself staring down the barrel of the Northern Star just like he had every other time.

Would this time be different?

He didn't know.

But what he did know was that if he was going to die, it would be on a battlefield with his brothers. If he was going to despair, he was going to do it with them by his side. If he was ever going to give up... it was going to be when all of them breathed their last together.

That was his conviction, and from now on, it would burn the path he took forward.

Just like that, Leonel began to go from Incomplete World to Incomplete World. All of them had been marked by him in the last several months, and each one was absolutely perfect for the brother he chose.

Every time they fused with one, they entered the Ninth Dimension in a single bound, but it wasn't just that either. Their constitutions... They evolved to a new level as well.

It was hard to tell with a glance whether they were Mortal, Demi-God, or God... only Leonel knew that they were very much still Mortal. In fact, it could even be said that their Constitution had regressed.

But when the time came, and Leonel began to pour resources into their worlds and they tended toward Completion as well, their strength would reach an entirely new Realm at once.

When that happened, he and his brothers would be able to walk through the world completely unhindered. The Royal Blue team would be back.

In the past, every time they stepped foot onto the field together, the other team would shudder. Now, it would be the same.

It was just that the field had changed a bit...

This time, it would be a bloody battlefield.

## **Chapter 2988: Oblige**

Leonel lived up to his word. His brothers couldn't even believe the kind of strength that was coursing through their veins. But it wasn't as simple as that. Leonel didn't even particularly add to them; it was as though he had framed their potential and made them see just how much of it they had locked away within them, only limited by their upbringing and lingering issues that had remained from their youth.

There were three major things each one of them gained when they fused with the Incomplete World.

The first was a new foundation. Leonel didn't add to their strength; he used [Assimilate] to refine their foundations, forcing them to unearth their fullest potential. With [Assimilate] and [Dimensional Cleanse] as a foundation, he basically reforged everything that they had already accomplished on their own, improving it. As such, they felt like barely anything had changed, and yet like everything had changed.

The second was enlightenment. Through the Force Art and the consciousnesses of the humans, or other races, within the Incomplete World, it felt like their brains were constantly firing synapses. They were just subconsciously linking together things that they had never thought to combine in the past, and it made them truly shocked. This was simple for Leonel. All he needed was access to the Dream Plane of the world and the methods of the Forgetful Orb.

When he connected the Stars of the Incomplete World and formed the Natural Force Art that refined it into power, he always added something special to the core of that Natural Force Art. That something special allowed his brothers to connect with all the minds of the living species in the Incomplete World and then use a Forgetful Orb on their insights to make it feel like their own.

The insights of a single person in an Incomplete World were lacking and could be quite weak. In a lot of cases, they might even steer you down the wrong path. But there was a phenomenon in psychology that noted that if enough people acted together to make a decision-without being influenced by one another-the majority usually ruled in favor of the correct path.

Of course, in a world like this one, it was impossible for the beings to not have influence over one another. After all, they were all using pretty much the same advancement methods and the same Paths. But the difference was that they were separated by so many worlds, Domains, quadrants, galaxies, and things of the like, that when they all came together, it was effectively the same thing as being uninfluenced.

Plus, because of the actions of the Forgetful Orb, the insights didn't feel like the insights of other people. Instead, it felt like the insights of his own brothers. As such, they wouldn't accept something that was completely contradictory to their former thoughts unless there was very good reason for it. In the end, they ended up having several breakthroughs in their Forces even as they traveled around.

When they were together like this, they would usually be talking and bantering. But this time, they were all staring off into blank space. If not for Leonel herding them like sheep, they would have long since gotten lost in the endless void without a way to return. However, Leonel didn't interrupt them, smiling all the way like a kid on Christmas morning.

The last of them was Drake. Drake was the most difficult because he was well on his way to creating his Gun Force, but because it was a solo venture, it was impossible to find a world that would help him along with that. However, Leonel had another idea

entirely for Drake. Rather than helping him create his path, why not just give him the supplementation he needed to perfect it? Thanks to that, Leonel ended up landing on this Incomplete World.

It was a world of Eye Technique users much like that pink-haired girl Leonel had met during the Complete World selections. The number of marksmen, bowmen, and crossbowmen in this world was obscene. It could be said that upwards of 70% of their entire population relied on such methods of attack. It was a world that Leonel had thought about absorbing as it would help him greatly as well, and it also happened to be the last of the worlds that he had found while on his trip around with Aina. But it was also because he had found this world that his Dreamscape sparked and gave him the idea to do this.

The moment he saw this world, that spark of lightning connected the other worlds he had seen and he knew what he had to do.

"This one's for you. Have at it."

Leonel slapped his palms together and his eyes flashed. He pressed a hand to Drake's back and everything churned and changed.

Drake felt the sudden wave of enlightenment hit him in waves and at that moment, the void shook and rumbled. Constellations formed in the skies and reality creaked.

In a far-off location, the Idol Battlefield shook once more. But under astonished senses that could vaguely sense what was occurring over in that region... A new statue was being formed.

Leonel felt like Drake's aura was about to blow him away, but his Divine Armor appeared and his gaze sharpened. One after another, black military garb and more pockets than Leonel could count formed across Drake's body.

Then the guns began to appear.

Two .50 caliber desert eagle-like guns appeared on his hips, a long, sniper rifle appeared on his back, and then came the body armor, plates of black that covered his chest, one of his shoulders, his knees and his shin. A golden swirl of light surrounded him and a violent tempest of Force skyrocketed.

Then, it happened.

It was a pair of eyes that made Leonel's heart shake and shudder. He had never seen one before, but he was somehow certain of what it was nonetheless. An Idol. Drake had become a God.

"Fucking hell," Leonel cursed. "I think I did a bit too well."

Drake skipping over the Creation State and Dharma State to form an Idol was one thing. How the Gods would react to a God being on the lower Plane and from the Human Race at that was a completely different one.

Even so, Leonel burst into laughter, his booming cadence somehow matching the momentum of Drake's breakthrough. Who cared? Hadn't he already pissed the world off anyway?

He would be glad to oblige some more.

## **Chapter 2989: Familiar**

Drake looked down at himself, stunned. He didn't expect that such a thing would happen either, and quite frankly, he had always thought that he would be the last to reach Godhood, if he reached it at all.

Honestly speaking, Drake had always had a small bit of an inferiority complex. He had been with these guys for years, but always as Leonel's backup. He only got in games when it was an all-out blowout, and he would never get the right to start until Leonel graduated first.

However, before he could even get the chance to shine on his own, the Metamorphosis descended right after Leonel's last game, so he had never gotten a chance to see his own true potential.

That said, Drake had never harbored any resentment for that. He had always felt safe and secure by Leonel's side. If not, he would have transferred to another school where he could have gotten playing time instead of chasing after Leonel every step of the way.

It had been years of patience, years of living in Leonel's shadow, and now he had suddenly bloomed in a way he had never expected before.

Looking down at his body, he felt like he had the strength to destroy a world with a casual glance if he so wanted. Recalling various memories, everyone that he had ever feared or didn't dare to battle suddenly became as insignificant as ants in his eyes.

It was well and truly the first time that he had ever experienced something like this. And yet, rather than laughing to himself, he immediately spun around and gave Leonel a huge hug.

Leonel coughed in surprise, all the air in his body flooding out in a torrent.

"Goddamn, rookie. You're gonna kill me."

Drake laughed but didn't let up. In fact, he laughed so hard that tears streamed down his face.

Leonel smiled and patted him on the back. He had never had a disciple before, but quite frankly, Drake would probably be the closest thing. It was funny because Leonel was only a bit older-an age gap that was meaningless now that Drake had actually experienced more life than him.

Even so, he was happy that Drake was happy.

Drake had always been the little brother of their group. He was more reserved than even Allan and he rarely joked around like the others did. Leonel had always noticed this, but it was hard for Leonel to say anything to change that. After all, there were some shadows that people had to walk out of all on their own.

And this time, it seemed like Drake had successfully done that.

It was then that a heart-shuddering pressure descended from above.

Leonel's gaze turned sharp, but when he looked into the skies of the void, it was actually just an edict.

'Hm?'

The confusion flashed across Leonel's face, but it had little to do with the actual subject of the edict.

A golden-green scroll unfurled in the skies and a mighty pressure descended.

In the end, the contents were as expected. It gave Drake a few days to get his affairs in order and then come to the God Realm... Otherwise, he would be hunted down by the full force of the Umbryx Race.

The Umbryx Race was another God Realm Race that Leonel had learned about. They were expert assassins and probably some of the most fearsome characters in the entirety of Existence.

Of the humanoid Races, they were the most like the Rapax, having bodies that didn't quite feel humanoid at all but were far more alien in nature.

This Race didn't have corporeal forms and had an odd practice of attaching themselves to treasures, many of which were masks. Often, the Umbryx could be found floating around like faceless masks. Some of them chose masks as large as entire worlds, giving them auras more imposing than stars themselves.



It was almost comical in a way, because when Leonel read about them, he couldn't help but think of the Wizard of Oz. Of course, if others knew that he had made such a fool of the Umbryx, they wouldn't take action on their behalf, because the Umbryx would surely kill him on their own.

The true fear of the Umbryx was seen when they left those floating masks of theirs. They were creatures without substance and form. Reality couldn't seem to hold them and they slipped in and out of the Dimensions with ease. They were the only Race in existence that the Regulators couldn't seem to detect.

However, Leonel could only think of them in one way... The lapdogs of the Void Race.

The truth was that as powerful as the Umbryx Race sounded, they were existences that were incredibly frail. In that way, they were a lot more like Savants than God Childes.

The Umbryx were incredibly sensitive to Star Force, so much so that it could be considered a fatal weakness. Second, without an anchor, they couldn't live more than a few days at best. That anchor, being, of course, their masks.

Third, they couldn't fight physical battles. They were known as the silent killers, but that was only because all of their battles occurred within your Ethereal Glabellas, so it would seem as though you died silently, when in reality it was anything but.

Fourth, they couldn't use Forces that weren't granted to them by their anchors. The only exception was if they were in your Ethereal Glabella. Then, they would be capable of snatching your affinities and using them for themselves.

These creatures that the world feared so much... it could be said that they were the one creature that Leonel feared the least.

The decree flared and shook. Then, a beam of light descended toward Drake too fast for anyone to react. It was clear that he was about to be branded.

But Leonel suddenly raised a hand and light pulsed from him.

**BANG!**

The pillar vanished and raging red Runes spread. Leonel didn't seem to notice them at all because he was still thinking about something from earlier...

Why did that edict look so similar to the ability of his Emperor's Might Lineage Factor?

## **Chapter 2990: Also**

It wasn't just the form that was the problem. There were scrolls of all kinds, everywhere. Leonel obviously wouldn't make such a superficial observation.

The real issue was that the look, the feel, the runes... everything about it was basically identical. It was like they had copy and pasted the ability right from the Golden Tablet of Emperor's Might.

One of the strongest abilities of Leonel's Fawkes Lineage Factor was [Emperor's Edict]. He could use it to set a law or a rule in a certain region and force everyone within range of the ability to obey it.

He hadn't used the technique in a very long time for two main reasons. The first was that he had been trying to hide his [King's Might] Lineage Factor and obviously couldn't use its abilities out in the open. But the second reason was far more important now that he was no longer wasting his time and attempting to hide it...

He had more useful abilities.

[Emperor's Edict] was great, but most of the laws he would change could be more easily changed when he used [Universe]. After all, that technique allowed him to change the fundamental laws of the surrounding world with ease, and it had more flexibility because rather than target an entire region, he could target just himself, just an opponent, or even just an attack or a defensive measure.

The beauty of [Universe] was that it relied on Universal Force and his comprehension of the Constellation Realm to activate. So, it required far less stamina on his part, whereas for [Emperor's Edict] he usually needed to use up a large amount of Dream Force.

Of course, that didn't mean that [Emperor's Edict] was useless. Ultimately, [Universe] only has five main abilities: Friction, Velocity, Momentum, Waveform, and Folding. [Emperor's Edict] had no such limits. Even if he wanted to ban the color red, he could easily do so.

However, it was just ultimately that [Universe] was the far more convenient technique to deploy consistently.

'Hm, actually... the stamina of [Emperor's Edict] might be far less if I use it to synergize with my Destruction World... it might be worth exploring again if the circumstances are right...'

Leonel shook his head and refocused his thoughts. He was still facing something quite interesting right now.

Could it be that the Gods were making use of the Fawkes family's abilities? Or was it that this was yet another example of the Fawkes family creating a technique by observing something else?

Leonel wasn't quite sure what it was because it felt like it could be either. But his intuition told him that the answer to this question was actually quite... interesting.

The red runes in the skies continued to spread, but Leonel took a breath and his Destruction World formed. His brothers immediately felt like they were supported by something that could uphold the skies, but Leonel couldn't help but curse about how "heavy" Drake was.

His experience in the Celestial Terra World had told him that there were definitely existences that could suppress his Destruction World, but even without trying to resist it Drake's existence alone made Leonel feel like his Destruction World was about to collapse... and that was despite the fact they were standing in the void right now.

However, Leonel's eyes still glowed with a fierce violet light as though he didn't sense the pain his soul was under.

"[Emperor's Edict]..."

A crown appeared high above Leonel's head and a golden-violet leafed scroll unfurled. It was as reflective as metal and the words that appeared within it were of an ancient script that seemed to extend to the beginning of time itself.

The red runes found themselves crashing into a barrier when they tried to encroach onto Leonel's Destruction World, and then came a surge of King's Might.

BOOM!

The runes of the edicts collided and then exploded. The world turned to chaos and for the first time, the void seemed to gain color.

'I see... the void is devoid of laws, but the edicts introduce them. It's no wonder the void feels like it has life now. Rather than making the edict from the God Realm weaker, it appearing here actually made it several times more powerful. That said...'

It also made Leonel far more powerful as well.

In a flashbang, the red runes were crushed and it all vanished.

"Welp, that's handled," Leonel patted himself down and nodded, feeling satisfied.

He truly hadn't expected that Drake would become a God. This was a pleasant surprise, and it would probably also be one for his enemies... Well, maybe not so pleasant.

Leonel grinned, looking at his brothers. He could probably do this for the others as well, but right now he only cared about them. As for the rest, that would come in due time.

However, for now... he wasn't finished with his brothers yet.

"Look at that stupid, shit-eating grin on his face. Protect your chrysanthemums, boys. Who knows what he might ask for in repayment."

Leonel choked on his breath and gave James a glare.

"Keep your shitty fantasies to yourself."

James pressed a hand to his chest. "Mine? Gaslighting doesn't look good on you."

Leonel sneered. "With how many holes you've run through, who knows if you've gotten bored of women and want to try something new?"

This time, it was James' turn to choke.

Laughter erupted and it wasn't until a long while later that the banter finally came to a stop.

"I do have one more thing, though." Leonel nodded seriously.

James pressed his hands against his ass as though to protect something.

Leonel sent a kick flying at him, but a barrier blocked it.

"You should have asked for payment first. Now you can't control me anymore," James said with a sneer. Unfortunately, his words didn't last long before he was sent flying.

"DAMMIT LEONEL!"

Leonel laughed. "I had already prepared the last thing, but we can't possibly not match our little bro, now can we?"

Leonel threw out the idea he had. This time, they would have to go in matching sets with Drake.

"It's time for some cool uniforms."

...

At the very same time, news of this was relayed back to the God Realm, stirring up another storm. It had been generations since the last time someone had managed to avoid the edict. In fact, the last time it had happened was...

Also a human.

## Chapter 2991: Earnest

The sound of cloth being rushed into place echoed, then came the clang of black steel.

Leonel stood in black military garb, his feet adorned with heavy black boots, his chest, a single shoulder, his wrists, and knees covered in black steel, and a set of what looked like night vision goggles hanging around his neck.

On his hips, one could find a pair of Desert Eagles, and on his back, there was a long sniper rifle that looked eerily similar to Drake's.

With a pulse, the uniform seemed to come together, and an echo of strength rippled as the pieces of black steel seemed to resonate with one another. At that moment, despite the fact that there were only a few pieces scattered across the uniform, it felt like it had formed a whole plate armor.

Every one of his brothers was wearing the same uniform... with minor changes here and there.

Joel's sniper rifle was replaced by a glaive. James' and Milan's were both replaced by heavy shields. Allan's had metallic disks plated in sets of six and various sizes...

The variations were numerous, but the cohesiveness couldn't be underestimated... especially when the ripples of the uniforms connected and seemed to form a Domain between them all.

"To war!" James' voice completely broke the somber atmosphere.

"Not cool at all," Raj gave him a glare, only to run into a shield. "Hey, hey. Do you think you're Cap or something?"

Raj winced, feeling like his leg was on fire. James had reflected his whole attack strength back, and it nearly popped his knee out of place.

"You blond-haired bastard."

"Your insults are losing their edge, Raj." James clicked his tongue. "Sounds like a certain lady drained you for all you're worth."

Raj coughed, embarrassed by his own insult as well.

Laughter erupted.

"Look at him, he's in love."

"He forgot what hate is; he wants to be a good husband now."

"What are you gonna do next, Raj? You want to be a good father too?"

"SIMP!"

"Fuck all of you!" Raj raged, pulling out a Desert Eagle on his hip and releasing a rain of fire.

Everyone laughed and hopped out of the way, but they were shocked to find that Raj's gun basically surged with a golden Force. When did Raj gain a Sovereignty?

Leonel looked forward with a grin, giving Drake a wink. Drake laughed as well.

The strength of an Idol couldn't be underestimated. The strength of an Idol that had a place in the Idol Battlefield was even more impossible to underestimate. The strength of an Idol that came directly from its creator was on another level entirely.

Thanks to Drake's presence, it wasn't just Drake alone who could use Gun Force. He was a God now. He could easily bestow his Blessings to his "followers."

Not only did they all have Gun Force now, but they were the only group in the entirety of Existence with Gun Force. They had basically commandeered the Force for themselves.

On the surface, this didn't mean much... until you got into the weeds of it.

Weapon Forces were the culmination of the most basic Forces in the world. For example, Sword Force combined things such as sharpness, agility, and others of the like.

When a Weapon Force was summoned, you were essentially communicating with Existence to complete this formulation for you.

Obviously, the more popular a Weapon Force, the harder it was to stake your claim. This was why the Idol Battlefield was so important because it was essentially a place to fight for supremacy over these minor laws of the physical world.

By now, it was clear what the crux of it was.

While Gun Force would also have to share some of its minor laws with other Weapon Forces, it also had unique combinations of minor laws that it cornered off for itself.

That was to say that Gun Force, now their exclusive property, was practically the easiest Force that they would manipulate in their entire lives.

From the start, they were already at Life State levels of manipulation without the slightest bit of effort, and that was only because Drake wasn't quite used to his newfound power just yet.

As time went on, Gun Force would establish itself more, and Drake's Faith would grow. Then, being prioritized by him would bring an even more exaggerated boost.

But that wasn't all either...

The uniforms that Leonel created this time were based on something that he had been working on for a long time. It was a set of uniforms that could fuse the combined efforts of several people into one.

Ever since he saw those blueprints back when the Cataclysm Zone first descended, he had always set one or a few of his minds to work on this issue. That was because he knew that in the future, the importance of such a thing couldn't be underestimated.

The Void Race army sent here didn't use such things, but that was also because they were arrogant and were probably not the best the Void Race had to offer.

But what about when they decided to finally take things seriously? There would be no way for Leonel to just sweep through their armies like they were nothing in that case because he would be forced to battle their combined power.

Drake's breakthrough allowed his own breakthrough. He had had a simple thought when he saw those pair of eyes...

If he used Drake's Idol as the core of their formation, just how powerful would they be able to make it?

The fact that they could use Gun Force was just the first aspect. There were many more to come.

Leonel grinned. "James is right. Let's go unleash unholy hell on a battlefield."

The boys howled into the air and vanished from the void, surging toward the epicenter of chaos in Existence.

There was something poetic about bringing sniper rifles and Desert Eagles to the battlefield.

They would be representing Earth in earnest.

## **Chapter 2992: My Little Friend**

The battlefield was truly a chaotic one.

Elysium roared with devilish intent, his sword and golden wings slashing and clawing through reality as he faced off against a behemoth of a God.

The Void Race figure he was facing was a true monster, an existence of the Eighth Dimension who was mighty beyond compare.

It was said that the true strength of the Void Race's methods wouldn't be able to be seen until they reached the Seventh Dimension, and this much was true. Until this point, their bodies were too frail, and as such, quite comparable to humans in size. At most, they might be three or four meters in size. But compared to their Ancestors who were as large as galaxies and had eyes as large as quadrants, they were far inferior.

These limitations began to be shed the moment they entered the Seventh Dimension, and usually, quite straightforwardly, one could tell the strength of a Void Race member purely by looking at their size.

Before the Seventh Dimension, all of the power of the universes they had swallowed was suppressed and could only be released incrementally. However, as they shed this weakness and grew in size, they would exhibit more and more of this power in singular bursts.

When they grew to the size where they could swallow Incomplete Worlds with an open maw, and crush worlds with a single breath, one would know that they were true, unbridled monsters.

Mir'Kael was one such existence. Although he was far from swallowing worlds, his size couldn't be compared to the others.

As for the army he led, there were several Void Race members with sizes upwards of 20 meters, and each one of their actions, and every swing of a scythe, seemed capable of bringing the world down to their knees.

Mir'Kael was a little taken aback that Elysium could fight him head-on at all, but what was more surprising than that was the fact the Owlans were also holding their own. It seemed that these existences had hidden far more deeply than he could have ever guessed.

What was interesting was that this wasn't the last of the surprises either. That was because he could tell that not just Elysium, but all the others were just barely on the verge of becoming true Gods. If they could just step onto the God Realm, they would truly take that step.



This wasn't just a matter of forming an Idol, but a change in Constitution from its very foundation. It was hard to tell which was more impressive, but they both had about the same level of difficulty... though of different kinds.

Forming an Idol required a great amount of comprehension, while changing one's Constitution required a great amount of resources, luck, and talent.

But this Elysium seemed to be on the verge of forming a Dharma, and he was likewise on the verge of forming a God Constitution. They were certainly a great danger.

Mir'Kael sneered. Unfortunately for them, they would never get such a chance.

Mir'Kael had only just sneered when his expression changed.

The skies exploded and a fissure that looked like broken glass and dreams descended from above. Out from it, a group of ten stepped out.

Almost immediately, everyone recognized the person in the center, but it was Drake who had all the eyes pulled to him. As people that were either Gods or close to it, it was impossible for them to not notice.

A God. A True God. A True Idol. Had descended.

Leonel grinned. He pulled out his pair of desert eagles and his momentum surged.

The sound of guns being unholstered and safeties being pinned back echoed as the battlefield seemed to fall into silence.

"Let's show them what us Earthling boys are capable of," Leonel said.

He had barely gotten the words out when Milan roared.

"SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND."

A rain of golden bullets fell from the skies, coated in powerful shielding energy. They ripped through formations as though they weren't there and killed the seemingly unkillable.

Joel sighed. "How embarrassing."

Arnold shook his head.

"We really can't take this guy anywhere," Raj sighed as well.

Leonel's laughter boomed through the skies and he suddenly vanished.

He appeared amidst the army of Void Race members, guns blazing. He flickered before a Void Race member, blasting a hole through their chest with one point of the gun. He brought his second gun over, crossing his arms and firing a second bullet through the head of another.

His figure flashed and vanished once more.

He appeared beneath the neck of a five-meter-tall Void Race member and blew her top off, then appeared above the head of another and blew it down.

He hadn't had this amount of fun in so long that he seemed to twirl through the battlefield. Every shot was one shot, one kill.

The destructiveness of Gun Force was unlike anything that Leonel had ever seen from a Weapon Force. That was because it had a certain explosiveness that could only be matched by modern weapons, but now it had been amplified to another degree entirely.

Leonel spartan kicked a Void Race member away from him, leaning back and out of the way of a sweeping scythe. His arms spread out as he blasted a hole through the heads of two approaching him from the side. Then, he brought his hands together and blasted two through the chest of the Void Race member he had just kicked away.

Every one of his movements was smooth and unhurried. He didn't even have to worry about aiming for lethal locations, and for Leonel, who was already such a heart-shuddering marksman... it was like giving wings to a tiger.

Leonel vanished again and appeared high in the skies. He holstered his two desert eagles then pulled the rifle out of his back.

A 20-meter-tall Void Race member had already closed the distance and was ready to swipe him out of existence.

But then, he grinned.

The sniper rifle snapped into place and the Gun Force seemed to form a plane for him to lie on.

**BOOM!**

The world was split in two by a beam of gold and a mighty Void Race head was blasted into a rain of stars and blood.

## **Chapter 2993: No One**

Leonel let out a low whistle, finding it all to be quite shocking. Indeed, Gun Force was... something else entirely. Most Weapon Forces only had penetrative force, but Gun Force seemed like it was willing to release a chain reaction the moment it pierced into a body.

Leonel had only used it for a few seconds, but he was certain that this Weapon Force was the strongest in terms of pure destructive might. It was so perfect for his Destruction World that he felt a little regretful. Maybe he should have put in more effort into helping Drake perfect Gun Force years ago.

This was something that Drake had been working on forever because he had the Marksman Ability Index, but he didn't have the supplementary strength to become a bowman. Ultimately, no matter how good his marksmanship, he would always be limited by how powerful a bow he could draw. In addition, he didn't seem to have the natural affinity for Bow Force that Leonel did either.

But with Gun Force, he saw hope to fixing his weakness. It would fix all of his offensive prowess problems in a single bound, and then rather than being a backline ranged unit, he could even take the vanguard.

But Leonel could also tell that the weapons he had created to make use of Drake's Idol were actually limiting it, not helping it. This wasn't because Leonel's Crafts were too weak. The problem was that what he had created were too limited.

It was only after using Gun Force that Leonel realized something shocking. What Drake had created wasn't Gun Force, per se... but it would probably be more appropriate to call it something like Gun Powder Force. He focused on the explosive elements of modern weapons so that it could easily be translated from form factor to form factor. Whether it was a gun, a sniper rifle, a machine gun, or a rocket launcher... Gun Force could be applied to them all.

When Leonel realized this, he seemed to understand why Drake had taken decades to reach this point. He didn't just want to whip out a few pistols and be done with it. He wanted to unleash unholy hell onto the battlefield.

Leonel looked up and met Drake's gaze. The rookie had a wide grin on his face and Leonel couldn't ever remember seeing him so happy. And the battlefield spoke volumes about the reason why.

The boys were simply wreaking havoc.

Joel swung his glaive in a wide arc. Blessed by Gun Force, every swipe came with an explosion, catapulting enemies into pieces. He took a step and cleaved a head off that shot into the air and exploded like a grenade. Then, seemingly with eyes on the back of his head, he took a half off the polearm of his glaive and aimed a desert eagle backward, piercing a hole through a Void Race member's skull.

Franco and Arnold were the two close combat experts of the group, Arnold having a fondness for palms and Franco having been given the simplest Ability Index of them all: a strength boost. They rolled through the battlefield like a pair of tanks, their palms, fists, kicks, and knees shattering body parts with an explosion of Force.

At some point, a pair of palms appeared to Arnold's back, formed out of Universal Force. But rather than using them to strike like he usually did, he unholstered his desert eagles and threw them up and into their open hands. On the ground, he unleashed an endless stream of carnage, while in the skies, bullets rained down.

Allan and Raj faced off against enemies back to back, one a chiseled mass of a man and the other just... a mass of a man. And yet, their lethality was just the same.

The silver plates attached to Allan's back were controlled by his electromagnetism Ability Index and spun off in different directions, slicing heads off in droves. He raised up his desert eagles, unleashing a rain of bullets. Many Void Race members tried to dodge, but they found pulses of magnetism coming from the silver disks that suddenly altered the paths of the bullets, and sometimes caused them to explode ahead of time. His path of combat was completely unpredictable, and sometimes Void Race members far off in the backline who thought they were safe would suddenly find their heads exploding.

At the same time, Raj's combat style was far more straightforward... but arguably even more lethal. The ground broke off into pieces around him, forming dense bullets of some of the hardest metals known to man. They floated around him, and from time to time he would bump out the clip from his gun and they would float in. He snapped the clips back into place and unleashed a hail of bullets that often cut through three or four Void Race members at once before they finally ran out of juice.

Gil was speeding through the battlefield just like Leonel was. He left a trail of bloody crimson lightning in his wake, moving so fast that others couldn't even keep up with their eyes. He was a speedster in the truest sense, and everywhere he left streaks of lightning, there would be explosions in their wake.

Milan and James stood back to back, both forming a domain of unapproachable defenses, but by the same token, they shredded apart defenses as though they weren't there. Somehow, they have mutated their Ability Index to the point that they weren't just able to put up some of the world's strongest defenses, but they were also capable of shutting down the formations of others and picking out their weaknesses as a whole. At some point, they even seemed to infect these formations like a virus, and it was precisely because of them that the Void Race members couldn't combine their efforts at all.

Leonel and his brothers weren't working together in the slightest and even seemed to be putting their lives at risk by separating like this... And yet, no one could stop them.

## Chapter 2994: Warning

It was absolute carnage.

And Leonel loved it.

He hadn't felt this good on a battlefield in so long.

"Boys! Let's wrap it up!"

Their laughter rang through the air and they suddenly appeared in the skies. They appeared in a flash, and it seemed that they were still to disappear in a flash as well. They had gotten exactly what they wanted.

Leonel didn't want to make things too easy on the Owlans. He had helped them clean up the battlefield a bit, conveniently gathered up some powerful Void Race corpses, and now he would be headed out again.

"Good luck on your fight, little birdie." Leonel waved to Elysium, who was still locked in combat with Mir'Kael. "Maybe if you ask nicely, he'll forgive you for killing their little genius. Or maybe not."

Elysium's eyes flared with rage.

The first time he met Leonel, he had suffered a loss. The second time he met Leonel, he was suffering yet another. It seemed that no matter what his accomplishments were, or what kind of power he held, he was doomed to suffer at the hands of Leonel no matter what.

At that moment, a furious aura came from the distance and Leonel looked over to see that it was actually Minerva. Her pink-diamond wings cut through space as she surged forward, rushing toward him. However, he just chuckled.

"Be obedient, ugly woman. You survived last time because the little birdie intervened, but don't think you'll get another chance like that so easily. You're lucky that I'm in a good mood today."

"Damn, ugly woman?" James blinked, looking at Minerva. No matter how he looked at it, Minerva was one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen, definitely on par with the likes of Aina. "Since you don't want her, can I have her?"

"Fuck you," Milan interjected. "Do you really think every woman in the world is destined for you? Maybe she wanted a real man." Milan patted his round belly.

"If you can get her, fatty, I'll bow down to you."

"That's a bet."

"What'll you give me in return?" James grinned.

"You want a reward? How about I teach you how to use a condom so I don't have to hear you scream while you piss again?"

James was left speechless.

Leonel burst into a fit of laughter. It seemed that he had missed too much while he was gone.

"Hey, hey, hey? Why are you laughing so hard?" James glared at Leonel. "How was I supposed to know that that Cloud Race woman was so dirty?"

"I don't know?" Raj said with a roll of eyes. "Maybe by the fact you found her in a back alley."

"That's where you find all the good ones!" James protested.

Leonel was laughing so hard tears were flooding out of his eyes.

"Fine, fine. It seems that if I don't counterattack, you people will really take me to be someone who's easily bullied."

James pulled out a baggie from his spatial decision. Inside it was a vacuum-sealed white shirt. He pulled off his military top and then slid the shirt on.

Leonel choked when he saw the picture on the front of it. It was none other than him and Joel asleep in each other's arms.

"Why aren't you laughing now, huh? Keep laughing?"

Raj nearly collapsed in the skies, practically coughing up a lung from laughing so hard.

Leonel's lip twitched.

The one time he got drunk... he thought they had already forgotten about that incident on Planet Luxnix. But not only had they not, they had even vacuum-sealed the shirts Raj made back then as though it was a timeless piece.

"Laugh it up, cap? Where are the chuckles?!"

By this point, Minerva, who was still rushing over, was so infuriated that steam was practically coming out of her ears. First, they tried to divide her up like she was some sort of fish on the chopping block, and now they seemed to have forgotten about her existence entirely.

Leonel let out a hollow laugh and patted James on the shoulder. "Funny, funny. It would be a shame if... Whoops!"

The shirt suddenly burnt to ash.

James looked down and shook his head with a sigh.

"How unfortunate... It's a good thing I have another."

James calmly took out another vacuum-sealed baggie.

"Please! Stop! I can't laugh any harder!"

The entire battlefield seemed to have become a complete mockery.

The Gods and the Demi-Gods alike had never experienced something like this before. The Human Race, maybe aside from the Dwarven Race, was the most looked down upon in the whole of existence. When had they ever seen a group of humans behaving so brazenly?

Even those among the Human Race who were amongst the Gods of the God Realm had to tuck their tails and be obedient. And soon, those Human Gods would probably all die out before long as well.

But now, while they were fighting for their lives, these humans were laughing above them as though they weren't worth much of anything at all.

They had thought that the Human Race only had Leonel and Aina... But it seemed that this wasn't the case at all. In fact, this seemed to be a statement.

This wasn't just a battle; it was a reminder and a warning all at once. The Human Race was the most looked down upon? Then why did so much of their fear stem from the Human Race? Why did it seem like they had to suppress the Human Race at all turns if they truly weren't fearsome?

This moment was like a slap to all of their faces. The Human Race was here to stay, and very soon they would have to deal with the consequences of infuriating them.

Leonel looked back toward the battlefield and gave them a wink. Then, he waved a hand and made a move to enter the void with his brothers.

It was right then that the situation seemed to change once again.

The skies exploded...

But this time, it wasn't just this Owlans world that suffered...

The entire canopy of the Demi-God Realm was blown apart, and it seemed prepared to fuse with the God Realm.

## **Chapter 2995: Sinister**

### Chapter 2995 Sinister

Leonel was immediately taken off guard. This was obviously not something that he had planned, and as he watched the scene unfold, his eyes couldn't help but narrow.

The shattering of the barrier between the God Realm and Demi-God Realms could be seen as both a good thing... or an absolutely terrible thing.

The good news was that he could already sense the laws of the Gods encroaching. He could sense the Forces clearer, he could feel himself improving with much greater speed, he could even feel that the suppression on Drake had already loosened considerably and would only continue to do so as time continued to pass.

In addition to this, the plan of the Owlans and the others could be cut short. That was because they no longer had to power up for the sake of cracking the barrier, because the barrier was already cracked. As such, their preparations until now were more than good enough to get a handle on the situation and move their worlds up. It could be said that the ones to benefit the greatest from this was them and their alliance... at least on the surface.

As for the issues... there were too many to count.

If there was no longer a barrier between the worlds, then Leonel's plan to use the Owlans and the others as his backdrop had to be thrown into the trash.

Initially, Leonel wanted to distract the God Realm with the rise of the Owlans and the Fallen God Beasts. That was because their existences wouldn't be casually accepted on the God Realm.

The Gods were obsessed with holding onto power, and they were especially stingy with how they chose to do things. Just the fact that the edict had appeared before Drake said everything that needed to be said.



Normally, someone who formed a Dharma would have a few months, at the very least, to set their affairs in order and prepare to ascend. But because Drake had formed an Idol from the very onset, the God Realm lacked patience at all to let him do anything. As such, they basically ordered him to come within the next few days. Though, of course, Leonel had ignored this.

If they were so up in arms about Drake, it could be imagined how they would react if another whole family and race of people ascended.

But now, if the connection was formed like this, then there would be no escaping the wrath. Even if they worked as a distraction for a small time, it was impossible for it to last very long. With the convenience of crossing over now, they could even divide their attention to deal with him as well...

This was especially so considering the Void Race was far from the only Race that Leonel had offended. On his wrists right this moment, there was not just one Sylvan heart, but two of them.

However, this was still just one issue. Leonel had already thought of methods he might be able to use to combat this. He still had the Barbarians at his disposal, and with the passage opening now, using the Demi-God Races to throw the God Realm into turmoil wasn't actually all that difficult.

The Demi-God Races would know that this was their best shot at rising to the God Realms, and it would just be a case of the God Realm reaping what they sowed.

After all, the God Realm had been suppressing the lower Realms for so long, even culling their generations. Even if the Demi-Gods had yet to suffer from these cullings, it was only a matter of time before their backs were pressed against the wall as well.

The God Realm thought themselves to be all-powerful, so they didn't consider such things too greatly. However, they had already greatly dissatisfied many powers in the lower Realms...

There was a reason there were so many underground plots brewing at the same time. Existence had been a powder keg ready to explode for a long time now.

No one was willing to die, but by the same token, no one was willing to become the sacrifice for others to live.

If the Gods thought that this status quo would exist for long, they were too naive...

At that moment, a flash sparked through Leonel's mind and his heart shook.

Could that have been the purpose all along? Was he the only intelligent person in existence? How could that possibly be true?

If he could see it, there were certainly others that could see it as well, and if there were others that could see it, but they weren't pushing back very hard...

'The majority faction in the God Realm, according to El'Rion, is the neutral faction that just wants to wait things out. And yet, even with the neutral faction being the majority, the culling was still approved.

'In the past, I thought that this was because they had to force a compromise. After all, killing off a few worlds every few hundred years was far better than just massacring the entire lower planes in a single sweep.

'But... what if the neutral faction isn't so neutral after all? What if they just wanted a better reason to cull? Or maybe... they have other plans that I've yet to see through.'

The more Leonel thought about it, the more he realized that this was likely to be the case. This was what the God Realm wanted, a surge to the God Realm so that they could justifiably kill large swaths of people and extend the life of Existence by weakening the burden on the Northern Star. By the same token, if their enemies came to them instead of the other way around, then they would not only not have to face the suppression of the lower Realms, but they wouldn't have to invest very much at all...

And in this sort of situation, they seemed to be getting exactly what they wanted.

'Truly sinister...' Leonel thought.

Unfortunately, this was still very much only the first and second problems.

## **Chapter 2996: Crack.**

Chapter 2996 Crack. The third issue that Leonel was facing here wasn't just the fact the world was about to be in chaos and that his convenient shields wouldn't work anymore, but it was also a matter of something that his evolved Wise Star Order status was screaming at him. If this was really the plan of the Gods... they were absolute fools.

The laws of the God Realm were leaking into the lower Realms, and the Demi-God Realm seemed to be forcefully evolving beneath its might. It seemed like some time in the past, the God Realm had wanted to expand, but the process had been stopped by the powerhouses of the True Gods. Now, the God Realm was currently expanding to the size that it wanted in the first place.

Leonel's eyes flashed. 'Could it be that there was never meant to be a Demi-God Realm in the first place?' If that was true, then this situation was far worse than he thought. It wasn't just that the Gods might start a massacre, but it was also the case that the entire world might be in danger. If this barrier was broken, and now there was a new wave of

God Realms... that would mean that the strain on the Northern Star would skyrocket by several fold.

And if this happened, let alone weakening the strain and extending the time they had left, what could have been counted in millions of years might become just a few thousand or maybe even less than that. 'There's just no...' Leonel's head whipped to the side as he gazed toward a certain location and his heart lurched. At the same time, a wild spike of lightning surged through his Dreamscape and he felt his breathing become a little heavy. The Nomad Race, God Zoltene, Goddess Evergreen, the Three Finger Cult, the fall of Minerva... The cracked Hourglass of the Pluto.

It all came to his mind in a rushing flood and he felt like his soul had just fled his body. The Gods had been tricked. Leonel realized all of this in a single bound.

His face drained of color, and his heartbeat became so fast that he felt like it might falter and stop beating entirely very soon despite the strength of his constitution. This fear wasn't a normal fear. It was one that was branded onto Leonel's soul.

That was because it wasn't just his fear alone, but that of Existence. He could sense its call more clearly than ever before, as though the Northern Star was whispering into his ears. Leonel had already long since walked out of the shadow of his former Respect and Persistence Dream Force Path.

Now, he still followed the same path, but it was far more refined and special than it had once been. He would no longer feel fear like he did in the past when he thought of Respecting something. The fact that he did now could only mean that this matter was far more serious than even he had realized just yet.

It might even be the case that the Sea Gods only came to exist because it was Existence's last attempt to save itself. If Leonel was correct, then no matter what, Existence and the Northern Star were on the path toward Destruction. It was inevitable that a world would wane and wax just like the moon.

Nothing could create into infinity, and by the same logic, nothing could exist forever. However, that didn't mean that the fall of Existence in this case was natural. Leonel's mind went back to the cracked Hourglass that El'Rion had held in his hands.

It was the strongest God Armament in all of Existence... so how could it crack like that? Of course, there were some details of this that Leonel didn't know about. But he could still rely on his own expertise and his memory.

The more he recalled The Hourglass, the more he realized that it simply wasn't the kind of treasure that could be broken, and even if it was, it should be able to self-repair. However, why was it that The Hourglass wasn't mentioned anywhere in the history of the Life Tablet? Leonel's mind was a jumbled mess and it was finding it difficult even to orient himself.

There was such a confusing bundle of thoughts and experiences in his mind right now that it was hard to draw a roadmap between them all. What he was certain of was the fact that the history of the God Beasts of Creation being the ultimate winners in their battle against the Void Beasts... might not necessarily be true at all. In fact, it was possible that the Void Beasts were more intelligent than anyone had given them credit for... And that was because the Void Beasts were nothing more than a facade.

They were never the true God Beasts of Destruction at all, they were just a convenient pawn raised up by the Celestial Terras... No... Raised up by the Primordial Terrors. BOOM! BOOM!

BOOM! The skies darkened and the skies swam. The line between worlds seemed to blur, and the masses of Bubbles seemed to pop and then fuse one after another.

At the same time, dense Anarchic Force surged in all directions, seeping into the worlds and corrupting them. World Spirits screamed out in horror and pain, but there was nothing that they could do to change things. The worlds were moving on their own, as though someone was taking advantage of the laws of the world to force Existence to harm itself.

There was simply no stopping it. Leonel continued to stare into the distance... he could only watch as the Northern Star became larger and larger in his eyes. It was then that calm steps could be heard, echoing through the void.

One after another, figures draped in dark cloaks appeared high in the skies, three bloody claw marks forming a crescent on their chests. The Three Finger Cult. And in their midst, there was a woman with eyes that Leonel would recognize even if they were burnt to ash.

The Demoness.

## **Chapter 2997: Distance**

### Chapter 2997 Distance

The Demoness was a woman with beauty that was difficult to describe. She didn't dress as provocatively as one might expect for a woman with such a name, but it also didn't seem to matter in the slightest.

Her cherry lips accented her violet eyes beautifully. Her hair was like a cascade of maroon with lavender highlights. And her dress, black as the night, danced slowly in the wind as though replaying the shadows of her swaying hips.

She was an objectively perfect woman in physical form, as though Existence had personally carved her. There wasn't a spot of age on her face, and she looked to be a woman that had just hit her truest prime, not being a day over the age of 25.

Although she wasn't standing at the center of the group, she was still the center of attention, especially when one considered the hint of demonic aura she exuded from those curling horns on her head that looked more like carefully carved jade braids, to the wisps of darkness that sung around her.

Her cherry lips parted into a smile, and at that moment, the darkness in the skies seemed to brighten.

She looked down on Leonel almost dotingly, as though she had seen her favorite little pawn and wanted to give it a little reward. If Leonel didn't realize what happened by now, he would be too much of a fool. The act of enraging him through the use of Fiora's body was obviously all for this moment.

The actions of the Gods after that moment, continuously sending their senses over, sending over probes and armies, was precisely what destabilized the barrier enough that there was no chance of holding back the God Realm any longer.

Even back when the Demoness went out to save Fiora from being killed by a certain Variant Invalid King, this was also her way of preparing for the future. After all, she needed someone that she could control to goad Leonel into exposing himself. Fiora was the easiest candidate as she was someone that the Demoness had been manipulating since she was young. There was no more perfect host for the job.

Of course, Leonel didn't know what happened between the Variant Invalid leader and the Demoness. But what he did know was that the scope of the Demoness' plan was out of his reach. It was impossible for him to have full understanding of it.

Anyone else would have felt despair at this point. How could you not? Leonel was intelligent enough to play the entire Demi-God Realm in his palm, but he was just playing on a smaller board in the middle of the Demoness' much larger game.

While he was busy toying with Demi-Gods and enraging Gods, he was playing right into the Demoness' hands, allowing the final pieces to fall in place. In the end, she had succeeded.

Leonel could practically feel the Northern Star rapidly moving toward its end. The more the God Realm "corrupted" the Demi-God Realm and evolved it toward Godhood, the more Existence aged right before their very eyes.

In the past, Leonel hadn't even cared much about the end of Existence. He was more worried about saving his family, his friends. He wanted them to live out happy lives. He wasn't perfect, and he was still a young man subject to the thoughts of a young man. He

still felt somewhere inside that he was practically immortal because he hadn't sensed true aging before.

What he didn't expect was that it would be forced to be his problem. In the end, even if he didn't want it to be... the Northern Star no longer had millions of years left. It seemed to only have a few thousand at best.

And now, the woman he hated the most was staring at him with those playful, doting eyes, almost like a parent telling a child that it wasn't yet time for them to be surpassed.

Yet, this time, Leonel didn't fly into a rage. He stood there in silence, looking up into the skies. He didn't seem bothered by the Demoness any longer, because in his eyes... she would eventually die the death that she deserved.

As for her gameboard? Her only strength over him was the fact that she had started the game long before him. He was quite literally born onto her chessboard. There was nothing he could have done to escape fully, and if not for the sacrifice of his father, he wouldn't have even had the right to start his own game in the first place, no matter how small it was.

But now, she had exposed her entire hand to him. At that point... was there anything left to fear? Did he need to care about such things? She would have no choice but to start a new game now if she wanted to face off against him, and this time, there would be no advantages to be had.

Seeing Leonel's calm reaction, there was a flicker of surprise in the Demoness' eyes, but then that doting in her eyes became deeper. She stared at him like she was looking at an adorable little puppy, and she felt the sudden need to pinch his cheeks, while another intent brewed inside her.

She was the mother of the Dream Asura Race. There was no one in this world capable of matching her in intelligence, not the Sylvans, not the God Beasts of Creation, there wasn't even a single existence comparable.

It had been a long time since she had felt any sort of pressure facing off against anyone. This little grandson of hers still didn't have such ability, but she could see a little bit of a budding seedling within. Or was it a seedling? It was hard to tell if it had grown out of her expectations or not, but that left her with even more excitement.

Unfortunately, that excitement didn't last long as she exhaled a sigh.

**BOOM!**

The eyes of the Primordial Terrors appeared in the distance.

## Chapter 2998: Delicious

Chapter 2998 Delicious The skies rocked and shook as a Primordial Terror the size of worlds appeared. It was only now that so many Bubbles had fused into one that one could finally see the true majesty of these creatures. It was almost like they had done this precisely so that they could take advantage of such a thing.

It sounded petty and ridiculous, but somehow Leonel felt that this was a large part of their choice. Who wanted to spend their existence rushing around in the void just because they were too big to be accommodated onto any world? Maybe if Leonel was that large, he would understand their feelings as well.

But, he also had a feeling that things weren't nearly so simple. Not even close. At that moment, several of the Gods that had descended from above began to bow, including the Demoness.

She didn't seem to be reluctant in the slightest, but knowing this woman, she was likely willing to do anything for her goals. If she could have not just one child, but two for the sake of her goals, why would she draw the line at bowing? As such, when Leonel saw this scene, he didn't think much of it.

The jury still wasn't out on whether the Demoness was a true follower of whatever cult this was, or if she was using them like she always used her own family. Before much other than this could happen, surging auras filled the skies. The Owlans that had been on the verge of Godhood broke through one after another.

Nothing could stop their momentum. Elysium's own momentum blew away the Void Race member that he was battling and Dharma formed high in the skies behind him. It was the perfect reflection of himself, an enormous manifestation that stomped down from the skies above and blew the earth apart.

He unleashed a roar into the skies and veins bulged across his body. A pair of golden wings unfurled behind his Dharma and his aura soared once again. This was the Dharma, the manifestation of a person.

Watching it be born like this, Leonel realized just how similar it was to the technique of the Four Great Families. Could it really be the case that they were replicating the Dharma through the use of this technique? However, a Dharma was just the vague image of a person.

An Idol was what was considered to be the true manifestation. The Dharma was like a larger-than-life version of oneself for a reason. The Dharma's only responsibility was making one's presence across the Dimensions larger.

The larger one's presence across the Dimensions, the more Force you could control and the stronger you would become. However, that was just the shape of it, while the Idol was the truest essence. A Dharma took the shape of a person only because this was the simplest way to replicate a person's strength for someone who hadn't truly decided what they were yet.

However, an Idol was a more condensed form of this. Not only did it take far less energy to summon and use as a result, but it was several times more powerful because it was more focused. Essentially, rather than recognizing it as a humanoid, an Idol was recognized as a Force of its own, making Existence far more receptive to it.

Leonel didn't think that he would get to see the formation of an Idol for a long while... until Elysium broke through again right before his very eyes. His humanoid manifestation burst into a rain of light and suddenly a golden sword array in the form of a fan took shape. The swords whistled out in all directions before they concentrated into the form of a pair of wings that fused with Elysium's own pair.

At that moment, a piercing pillar of light rose above his head and tore through the veil into the God Realm. The connection between the two Realms became even sturdier and the world roared. High in the skies, everyone could see it.

The Northern Star loomed overhead so close that it seemed like it might swallow up the entire world any minute now. Elysium wasn't the only one breaking through. It felt like all across the Demi-God Realm, more and more characters that had been suppressing themselves bloomed all at once.

Even without going to check, Leonel knew that his card against the Barbarian Race was useless now. They certainly had experts of their own capable of taking this step, and whatever deals he had had with them would no longer be on the table. If it was the case that he could even survive today to begin with.

As though on cue, a lovely woman appeared by his side. Aina left the Segmented Cube on her own, sensing that a change had occurred. When she sensed it, her eyes couldn't help but narrow as well.

She looked toward Leonel and he just gave her a light smile. BOOM! The Primordial Terror came to a stop high in the skies. "Rise." Its voice was filled with oceans of time and life, so deep and gravelly that several on their way through breakthroughs actually failed and directly died.

Leonel's own blood rolled like an ocean within him and it took a great deal of effort just to get it to stop. This person was strong. So impossibly so that he didn't even know how to quantify it all.



Even if it wasn't for its size, he would feel as insignificant as an ant. The Gods in the skies rose upon hearing these words, but then Leonel felt his chest explode. A rain of blood soared out.

He looked down at his chest only to find that it wasn't just a feeling, but that was exactly what had happened. As for why... It was because the Primordial Terror took a look at him. "You have the scent of my people on you." Leonel stood there as his brothers and Aina looked on in horror. With a bloody hole in his chest, he grinned a crimson grin. "Check my belly while you're at it.

They were quite delicious." [Disclaimer below]

## **Chapter 2999: YIP!**

Chapter 2999 YIP!

A harsh silence fell. It was as though the entire world had its air sucked away. And yet, at the center of it all, Leonel stood with a sneering face and a bleeding chest.

In a battlefield of Gods, he was truly out of place at the moment. And yet, somehow, his momentum didn't seem to lose out to any one of them.

[Life Steal].

Leonel brought out a chunk of meat from the Segmented Cube, one that was even larger than his body. It exuded an aura so familiar that many couldn't help but feel a tingling sensation rush up their spine.

In an instant, the bloody chunk of meat fell into a pile of billowing ash, and the hole in Leonel's chest, that should have been impossible to reverse with his current power, vanished, leaving nothing but a dripping mess of blood.

The fact that Leonel had spoken such words was one thing, but to use the corpses of the Primordial Terror Race as though they were resources rather than the former companions of this monstrous beast was on another level.

However, Leonel didn't seem to have realized what he had done. He just grabbed at the air, his black military gear rippling once and then mending itself as though nothing had happened.

At the same time, white embroidery began to surface on it, taking the same shape as Leonel's Divine Armor tattoos.

He stood there, his hair billowing in the wind and a crown appearing above his head. Calm and steady.

Aina didn't say a word, but she stood shoulder to shoulder with Leonel. There was a fury billowing deep within her eyes. This damned turtle had tried to kill her husband right in front of her. If it wasn't for the volatility of the situation forcing her to calm her rage, she would have already snapped.

However, even while holding back, her momentum was no less than Leonel's...

And then there were his brothers.

Not only was each one of them exceptionally powerful now, but there was also Drake.

Drake wasn't a normal God. He was a God that had established his own Force.

It could be said that while most Idols were False Idols, mimicking the creation of new Forces rather than actually being a new Force, Drake had formed a True Idol, introducing an all-new Force into the world.

Drake's existence was so rare that most present didn't even recognize how special he was. Though, that was also because he had yet to summon his Idol.

The weakness of Drake was the fact that he had only reached the 1st Tier of the Ninth Dimension. Compared to these existences that had been in the Ninth Dimension for much of their lives, he was very much lacking.

However, the power of his True Idol had helped bridge that gap somewhat.

At the very least, Leonel and his brothers weren't completely defenseless. And even if they were... Leonel was certain of one thing.

He would find them a way out of this.

No matter what.

Even if they had escaped earlier, it wouldn't have changed anything. The plane they were in had completely changed, and the range of the void was likewise becoming limited as well.

Still, there was no use wallowing in such things.

Since he stood here, holding his spear, he had already made his decision.

The Primordial Terror remained silent. The last thing he expected was that after his rise, he would suddenly find himself being disrespected. He had planned out this event for millions of years, only for things to turn out this way.

And yet, his mental state was far too firm to give way to rage and anger so easily. He had tempered this patience for generations, and due to that, he had come to fix one of the greatest weaknesses of the Primordial Terrors in the past...

Their anger.

Staring at Leonel now... he found it difficult to muster up the care for an ant.

Just now, he hadn't even attacked Leonel personally. That had been nothing more than a small wisp of his killing intent, a natural reflex to seeing the blood-soaked hands of his race's enemy.

But after analyzing the situation...

He couldn't bring himself to care much more.

Even Elysium, who had just broken through, didn't dare to move. The ignorant were truly fearless.

"Kill him." The aged Primordial Terror said lightly. Then it closed its eyes as though it couldn't be bothered to deal with the rest of the situation.

The smile on Leonel's face didn't change in the slightest. If anything, his momentum only grew.

"Yip! Yip!"

A little Blackstar suddenly appeared on Leonel's shoulder, looking out into the world with fierce, black-marble eyes.

"You see that overgrown oaf over there?" Leonel suddenly spoke to Blackstar. After all, he was the one that had called the little guy out.

"Yip! Yip!"

"He's what they call a Celestial Terra."

"Yip!"

"Mm, he used to be called a Primordial Terror. But you see, in the past, they had to tuck their tails and run, they even changed their own names."

"Yip! Yip!" Blackstar's face twisted with disdain.

"Right? Truly shameless. They hid their family names like they were ashamed of it, even let someone else take their mantle."

"Yip!" Blackstar drew a claw through the air.

"You want to kick them out of the Beast Races?"

"Yip!"

Leonel nodded seriously. "I understand. Honestly, they've already lost the right to be God Beasts of Destruction at this point. I think someone else should take up that mantle."

"Yip! Yip! Yip!"

Blackstar rose up to his hind legs and patted his chest as though to say: "Me! Me! Me!"

Leonel laughed a booming laughter, one that echoed across the skies like thunder.

"I definitely agree. Mhm. You know, this guy casually appeared in front of me despite knowing I have the Life Tablet. He's a bit too arrogant, don't you think? How about we knock him down a peg?"

"Yip!"

A trembling aura roared out of Blackstar.

## **Chapter 3000: Until Now**

### Chapter 3000 Until Now

The moment the Primordial Terror appeared, Leonel had already transcribed its Lineage Factor and Ability Index into the Life Tablet. What surprised him was that he actually felt some resistance. Usually, both were transcribed immediately, and there was nothing to think about. However, Leonel faintly realized that if not for his new Wise Sea Order standing, he would have actually failed to copy the abilities of this beast.

However, that much was fine... because it simply no longer mattered now that he had succeeded.

In these years, Blackstar had done nothing but train and train. He was only in the Seventh Dimension, but his foundation compared to others was vastly different.

If Leonel had to pick out the ones that were closest in talent to himself and Aina, there was Elorin, who was under Anastasia's tutelage, Emna, who was well on her way to forming her own blade lineage, and then there was Blackstar.

The problem was that Blackstar had been facing a veil that he couldn't poke through no matter how hard he tried. He had the corpse of a Shadow Tail and a Void Beast to meditate on, and he made progress every day, but compared to his goal, that progress was relatively slow...

Until now.

A Force Art appeared, formed from the energy drained from the Celestial Terra that Aina had cut in half just days ago.

The Primordial Terror suddenly opened its eyes.

Unfortunately, it was already too late.

Leonel pressed the Force Art into Blackstar's body, and the latter trembled.

ROAR!

A dense redness swam in the depths of Leonel's violet eyes, and the world around him trembled.

At that moment, a large slab of red land dyed by blood appeared, and flames danced beneath Leonel's feet and out of the corners of his eyes.

The top buttons of his black military outfit blew apart, revealing a chain of blackened teeth that whipped about around his neck. His military boots caught fire and were burned to ash, revealing his feet burning in an inferno.

At the same time, Blackstar's roar seemed to cause the skies to pale.

This time, he didn't transform into any other creature. Instead, he remained on Leonel's shoulder, and his Shadow World bloomed, layering on top of Leonel's Destruction World.

This time, there was no impotent Destruction World to be seen. It was as though Leonel had completely shed it of its weakness, and as for the reason...

An enormous blackhole appeared high in the skies, trembling with a mighty might.

Sometimes it appeared to be a sinkhole with unfathomable depths. Sometimes it looked like a rotating black star with a mixture of textured dark silvers and violets within.

Sometimes it would appear to be a billowing bundle of flames, prepared to incinerate the entire world.

An Idol.

Not just any Idol, but an Inherited Idol.

In the world, there were three forms of Idols, all of which were separated into Grades: False Idols, True Idols, and Inherited Idols.

None would necessarily be better than the other, however, there were some generalities.

False Idols were almost always worse than True and Inherited Idols, while True Idols were often worse than Inherited Idols.

Inherited Idols were Idols so powerful that they outlasted the existence of the person that created them. Even after this God passes away, their doctrine remains and Existence continues to form and create their Forces, allowing others to use them.

Drake's Gun Force would almost certainly become an Inherited Idol in the future. Leonel had no doubt about that unless someone made a stronger form of Gun Force. But with Leonel's help... could that even happen?

However, what was shocking in this moment wasn't the fact that Blackstar had awakened an Inherited Idol...

It was the fact that not only had he done so while breaking into the Eighth Dimension, but it was the kind of Inherited Idol it was...

The Idol of Destruction.

An Idol only accessible to True Gods of Destruction. An Idol that a little mink should have no relationship with at all.

And now this impossibly powerful little mink was on Leonel's side.

Suddenly, his words of sarcasm earlier rang truer than ever before. If they had been dismissed earlier... it was simply impossible to do that now.

Only now did everyone realize that Leonel Morales had survived to this point despite their plans, despite their machinations, despite their unending, undying killing intent.

If they believed that dealing with him would be so easy...

**BOOM!**

Ten Stars appeared behind Leonel, and his aura skyrocketed. The Destruction World beneath him, with the support of Little Blackstar's Destruction Idol, reached another level entirely.

And yet, despite the aura of Destruction around him, Leonel smiled lightly.

His mind was clear and fresh. He wasn't affected by thoughts of rage, nor did he feel the need to suddenly go on a rampage.

He was in full and complete control of his mind.

And under that pressure, his Ability Index broke through a final thin layer, and the world became his oyster.

"Didn't you hear what the old turtle said? Come kill me. What are you all just standing there for?"

Leonel took a breath, and the whole world howled.

Nobody moved.

Leonel shook his head. "See that, wife? They look down on your husband, but then when it's time to act, they're as timid as mice. What is a man to do?"

Aina covered her lips and smiled. She was trying to be serious and angry. Could this man not joke around for once?

**BANG!**

Suddenly, someone moved. It seemed to be a subordinate of Zoltene. He appeared so fast that most couldn't even track him, and in an instant, he had appeared in range of the Destruction World, just about to step onto it.

However, the moment his foot stepped onto it, everyone's expression changed.

The man was still running forward, but first, he lost his clothes, then his skin, then his flesh.

A rattling skeleton fell... And the most fearsome part was that from start to finish...

He didn't even seem to notice.

Before Leonel could make another quippy remark, though... the situation changed once again.

**BOOM!**

The skies split, and another party of people appeared.

When Leonel saw who it was, his eyes couldn't help but narrow.

The Four Great Families.