

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 3101: A General

Leonel left Amery's side with a bright smile on his face. Looking down at his hand, he could still feel some of the dissatisfaction of his Weapon Forces, but he didn't feel any regret at all...

That was because he knew that he had taken the right path.

Although many might argue, Leonel knew that Amery's path was technically superior. If one was going after the strongest Weapon Force possible, mixing it with other things, using it to control other things, or generally pushing it out of its comfort zone, wasn't the right way.

Like with all things, if you tried to choose all paths, you might as well not choose one at all. This was why for much of his life, the greatest challenge of Leonel's life was the fact he had too much talent. It was hard for him to focus on one thing at a time and it put him in a difficult position.

However, this time, he was certain it was the right path. He had spent over a century on this... how could he be wrong?

He needed his Weapon Forces to become the binding agent that held him together. This was the path they had to take.

When the results became clear in the future, everyone would know that he had made the right choice as well.

In truth, even Nilrem was hesitant about it all. That was why he had asked Leonel if he was sure because he entered his long-term seclusion. However, in the end, Nilrem had chosen to trust Leonel's judgment.

'Not only will I be right, but if the Idol Battlefield dares to try and reject me because of this, I'll have to flip the world of Weapon Forces on its head.'

A grin spread across Leonel's face, a sinister light in his eyes.

His future plans surrounded the Idol Battlefield. He wouldn't accept anything less than the best. Not only that, but he would bring a horde of the best with him.

He would take the spear.

Amery would take the sword.

Aina would take the ax.

Arnold would take the palm.

Drake would form a new legacy.

It could be said that they had a chance to monopolize almost half of the Idol Battlefield.

Now, the question was... between Hutch and Emna... who would take the saber?

The saber was a catch-all term for blades. The machete and Emna's blades both fell into this category.

'There's also Noah as well, I guess... he's the truest saber master of the three, but he is wholly inferior to Emna and Hutch nonetheless...'

Leonel was also not mentioning Joel, who had now become a glaive master. But unfortunately, Joel's talent was lacking in this aspect as well. He wasn't sure if he could raise those that lacked the prerequisite skill up high enough for them to achieve such things.

'Hm, I almost forgot, Kira is also a saber wielder... a dual saber wielder. So is Elthor... Seems there'll be quite a bit of competition.'

Leonel chuckled to himself, but he also knew that Kira's focus had stopped being the saber long ago.

With a step, Leonel appeared in Elthor's territory.

The Oryx was in a deep sleep, trying to regain some energy.

He weakly opened his eyes to find Leonel sitting by his bedside.

"Oh, Leo..." Elthor tried to sit up, but Leonel pressed him down, pouring the other segments of his lost soul into his body.

Elthor suddenly felt a great deal of energy pump through him and his eyes couldn't help but widen. At first, he thought it was another temporary measure that Leonel was taking, but to his shock... he could subconsciously feel that there was much more to this.

"Leo, you..."

Leonel sighed and informed Elthor about the problem.

The Oryx prince slowly let things settle in. It wasn't nice to hear that Leonel had chosen his others over the life and death of his own people, but that didn't mean that he couldn't understand it.

Leonel also had no reason to come clean with him either, but he had this time.

Leonel stood, patting his shoulder.

"Take your time to get healed up. Very soon, we'll have a lot of battles to fight."

Elthor's eyes flickered. He could feel that Leonel had changed.

In the past, Leonel might have asked him if he was still willing to fight for him. After his father's death, he probably wouldn't have told him that he had done such a thing to him and his family at all. But now, this current Leonel seemed to be a perfect fusion of the two...

Soft-hearted enough to tell him... hard-hearted enough to not give him a choice anyway.

Elthor couldn't help but laugh as Leonel walked away. This Leonel was certainly less likable... but... this Leonel was also one that would be highly unlikely to lose.

Elthor had never wanted to be a King even though his father had pushed him to do so again and again. There was only one thing he wanted to be, one thing he would always want to be.

A General.

He wanted to stand on a battlefield with a saber twice the size of his body in hand. He wanted to unleash his bestial instincts and roar to the skies as the blood of his enemies bathed him from head to toe...

And the only way he was going to get such an opportunity was if he was under a King that was equally as bloodthirsty.

The first Leonel he met was too soft-hearted.

The second Leonel he met was too thirsty for the blood that should rightfully be his. Rather than sending him out for battle, Leonel would be more likely to bathe himself in the blood that Elthor himself wanted.

But this Leonel...

Elthor slowly pushed himself up from his bed, a wild grin spreading across his face as his body began to increase in size. White fur sprang all across him, his horns becoming sharper and more prominent.

... This was the Leonel that would give him what he wanted.

Chapter 3102: Womanizer

Leonel appeared on the top of a tall mountain. Ahead, there was a beautiful woman. She had short-cut crimson hair and a body that rippled with the lithe muscles of a fit female.

Her figure was slender, but it almost exuded a sharpness that seemed to pierce through the air again and again with just the slightest of movements.

At the moment, she wore probably the skimpiest things she could get away with: a cloth band across her chest and a pair of shorts with pant-holes so loose that her sharp movements exposed the simple black panties beneath.

It was a truly beautiful sight... one marred by the lecherous man standing not far from her.

Leonel's lip twitched when he saw Nilrem "guiding" Emna. This old man really left him speechless sometimes.

There were many women in this world, many of whom came from the human settlements that Leonel had taken in. So when he caught Nilrem having sex, he wasn't too surprised.

But now he was suddenly hoping that that woman hadn't been Emna.

This obviously wasn't because of jealousy. Leonel only had eyes for one woman, and he could care less about what others did with their time... or rather, most others.

Emna had a special place in Leonel's heart because she was the first person he had seen after he decided to be a King that he was deadset on making his General. Even Elthor hadn't been given such treatment from him.

Back then, he and Aina had been with Valiant Heart Mountain to enter an exchange with a few other organizations in the region. Emna had been a member of the Crimson Hall.

The moment he saw her, he had seen her talent. And having just exited the Valiant Heart Zone where he decided he definitely wanted to be a King, he had had it on his mind to start building the foundation of his Kingdom as well.

In fact, Leonel had never stopped helping Emna. Of everyone, he probably supported her growth the most even though he had yet to use her in combat.

Ever since he met Raylion and took over the organization the latter had created for him, he had been pouring a ton of resources into her.

If this shameless master of his ruined everything, he would throw him off a cliff.

But it was hard to neglect the fact that Emna had definitely improved greatly under Nilrem's tutelage. The old man was lecherous, but at the very least he was helpful.

Unfortunately, as lecherous as the old man was, Leonel also clearly remembered the first impression he had of him.

Nilrem, or rather Wise Star Order back then, was definitely the most handsome man he had ever seen. And that made him too good at fooling innocent women into his bed.

It would have been better if he really was an ugly old man with sparse hair.

He couldn't let Emna be one of his victims. If his general became useless because of a broken heart, he'd definitely have to deal with this old man.

"What do you think you're doing to my General, old man?" Leonel hopped down and landed near them.

Emna blinked, having only just noticed Leonel's appearance. She gave him a nod and then continued her boxing routine without missing a beat.

"What's that supposed to mean, brat? Can't you see I'm guiding her progress?" Nilrem scoffed.

"My Generals are off-limits, lewd bastard. You're not allowed to lay a hand on her."

"Hohoho, are you making her part of your harem? My bad, my bad."

Emna almost tripped and fell when she heard this. She was usually a stoic woman, but how could she not react to such a thing?

She turned back, giving the both of them wary looks. But Emna was still Emna, even with such a suggestive conversation going on, she didn't seem to realize how suggestive her form of dress was.

"I only have one wife and will always have one wife," Leonel shook his head.

"Then stop being so stingy, shooshoo."

Emna's sharp gaze landed on Nilrem. At that moment, there was a hole cut through the lower half of his robes.

"Hey! Hey!" Nilrem hopped out of the way. "Little beauty, you've been training for too long. If you don't learn of the other pleasures of life, you'll never get over your bottleneck."

Emna gave Nilrem a glance and then ignored him again, continuing her combat routine.

Leonel laughed.

Technically, Nilrem was right. Emna was facing much the same problem as Amery, but she was also more flexible than Amery was.

Seeing her now, Leonel realized that he was being too obtuse by labeling her as a saber wielder. She didn't even have a blade in her hand right now; she was only using her body.

However, battle was all she had ever known. Sometimes looking at the world from a different perspective could help greatly.

Emna's path was far more complicated than Amery's. Leonel couldn't just guide her with a few words, and she had to rely on herself. That said...

"He is right, you know." Leonel said with a laugh. "How about it, Emna? Do you have a boy you like? I can pretty much play God in this place."

Emna faltered again, this time glaring at Leonel and forcing him to hop out of the way before a blade sliced at him too.

Leonel laughed. "I can set you up on a blind date. I have someone in mind. Well, he technically has a fiancée, but I doubt she's in the picture anymore. Your kids would be little monsters."

"Really, you can be with anyone but this womanizer here," he hooked a thumb toward Nilrem.

Emna rolled her eyes and ignored the two, continuing her combat routine.

"Seems your charms are dulling, old man," Leonel said with a laugh.

"More like you didn't manage to trick the little beauty into your bed. Maybe I should tell your wife about this."

"You wouldn't dare," Leonel said with narrowed eyes.

Nilrem laughed into the skies. He had finally found Leonel's weakness. It should have been obvious long ago.

However, he didn't get to laugh for long before he was suddenly sent flying off the mountain.

"You forgot I'm God here, old man! Have a nice fall!"

Leonel exhaled a breath and smiled, turning back to Emna.

"Ready to battle?" Leonel asked.

"Any time," she replied coolly.

"Good."

Chapter 3103: Kira's Smile

Leonel appeared in yet another mountain range, if it could be called that. At this point, it looked like the world of the dead, and this entire region of land had pretty much become cursed.

Before, it was just because there were the bodies of Void Beasts and the Shadow Tail here. But now, there were all six Envoys of Destruction including the Void Beast.

On top of that, there was another addition.

Primordial Terror.

It could be said that this region was the densest concentration of Destruction in the world and it was almost a shame that Leonel didn't frequent it much.

It was just that... Leonel didn't feel like he needed to.

"Yip! Yip!"

Blackstar suddenly appeared in a swirl of spiraling black, popping out of the air like it was a curtain the moment he sensed Leonel.

He landed on the latter's shoulder, swiping at his ears a few times with a playful claw.

Clearly, the little guy was happy to see him.

By this point, Blackstar already had the mature thinking processes of a truly powerful person. He was no less sophisticated in how he saw the world even if he did act a little childishly sometimes.

As far as Leonel was concerned, the two of them were brothers as well.

Blackstar had been by his side ever since the little guy was an infant. And back then, although Leonel had been older, it truly wasn't by as large a measure as he had thought.

He was just 18 years old back when this little guy first tried to take his head off in some sort of sick game. Now, it had been over a decade since then, a lot more than that if he counted all the time warp shenanigans...

The two had come a long way.

He could feel that Blackstar was a lot more powerful now than when he first awakened his Idol. It had been an entire three years since then and the little guy had always been a shocking talent.

Ironically enough, Leonel had only ever really done one thing for Blackstar, and that was choosing the Path of Mimicry for him way back when he first met Uncle Montez.

Now, that proved to be the best choice imaginable precisely because Blackstar had so many powerful beasts to study.

At this point, Blackstar was already no weaker than a true Envoy of Destruction, and maybe in another few decades, he would stand on the same level as the Primordial Terror.

Leonel gave Blackstar a few scratches as he walked forward, the smile on his face not fading. At the very least, he was experiencing a bit of calmness and beauty to offset the deep discomfort that had been in him these last few weeks.

Ever since he knew someone targeted his child, he wanted blood, and he still wanted it now. But at the very least, it was a controlled fury.

Soon, he laid eyes on a young woman with delicate brown skin and bobcut hair not much unlike Emna.

Kira.

Ever since the loss of her family, Kira had been working harder than maybe anyone else. Even the likes of Amery and Fifth Nova could only be on par with her. They had really driven themselves over the edge in service of repaying their debts and growing stronger.

While some of the Humans in this world had already forgotten the real reason they were here, these few had really pushed themselves to the limit, taking advantage of the resources Leonel gave them and the fact that this world was truly no weaker than any God Realm.

Kira looked up to see Leonel, a smoldering darkness in her gaze.

Inwardly, Leonel could only sigh.

He remembered when he first met this little girl. She was so cheery and lively. But now...

He couldn't help but wonder if it was a mistake to allow her to stay here with no one but Blackstar to keep her company.

For long stretches of time, Leonel neglected even his own brothers, even his own cousin, in fact... it was only natural that he ended up ignoring Kira who he, objectively, had quite a minimal relationship with.

However, he still felt like he held some responsibility for the things that happened even though he was fairly certain that they likely wouldn't have changed.

His grandfather, Gervaise, seemed to act with impunity, but when Leonel assessed his actions from an objective point of view, he quickly found that Gervaise usually ended up making the correct decision.

It was just that... the correct decision wasn't always the right decision.

The way the world was now, there might not even be a world in another few thousand years or so. Making decisions purely based on logic alone no longer made sense to him.

It was the reason he chose to make his wife happy and they were having their first baby together...

And it was also the reason, although he understood his grandfather, he also couldn't accept everything he had done.

Back then, Leonel had been well on his way to conquering the entire Human Domain, but then his grandfather whisked him away and used some unique method to regress his Dimension back to the Third.

Due to that, the Morales ended up collapsing and so many people suffered as a direct result because he was no longer there to hold up the sky.

Kira was just one of those victims, and in a lot of ways, he wouldn't blame them if they blamed him.

But Kira and Fifth Nova hadn't taken such a route. They were both practically running their bodies into the ground for a chance at revenge.

So Leonel felt that it was only right he give them such an opportunity.

"It's about time, no?" Leonel asked lightly.

For the first time in a while, he saw Kira's cherry lips curl into something that looked like a smile.

But it was far more sinister than just that.

Chapter 3104: Ramon Force

Leonel only had one more visit to complete.

Ramon. Fifth Nova.

The last time Leonel had come to visit Ramon, he had been forging a spear. That was the time Leonel had given him the Spear Domain Ring since it was utterly useless to him by that point.

The Spear Domain Ring had been a great treasure in the past, but Leonel could already forge spears far stronger than the ones that rested on the tallest peak. So there was no need for him to keep it.

By comparison, the ring had been invaluable to Ramon.

Back then, Ramon had been trying to find his way of the spear the only way he knew how... Crafting.

After his fiancée, Valorie, died, he had been in shambles. She had always been his protective guard, the muscle of their duo, while he focused on Crafting instead.

He blamed himself for not being strong enough, wondering why it was him that had been born with both Morales Lineage Factors instead of her. He had even selfishly wasted it, using most of his time on the Metal Synergy Lineage Factor rather than the Spear Domain one.

Leonel remembered being shocked by his method. That was because the path of using forging to comprehend one's own path was like a reversal of the Self Path his father had created.

It had to be remembered that the Life Path, usually known as the pinnacle of Crafting, was the process of taking many materials and creating a treasure that stood as a single existence of its own. It was essentially like granting Ores new life in a body they could truly be one in.

By comparison, the Self Path diverted away from what the Ores and Forces might want, melding them down a new path that better suited the creator.

By forging in order to find his own path, Ramon was essentially doing this in reverse. He was finding the Self Path through himself.

Unlike Leonel who just used his father's teaching, Ramon had stumbled his way onto the path on his own.

Leonel was rarely impressed, but he had certainly been back then. In fact, he had been certain that once Ramon succeeded, he would create a Path of Weapon Forces stronger than his own.

It was that experience that catalyzed him to pick a new Weapon Force Path that ultimately ended in triggering the Idol Battlefield and his years-long struggle to actually control them...

Until he eventually did.

This time when he came to Ramon's cottage in the middle of the forest, he heard the very same clanging of metal... or so it seemed.

Every swing of the hammer was like another resonant hum through the world. In fact, when Leonel got close, he was shocked by what he found.

That was because Ramon had a clear Sovereign Spear Force, that much was obvious enough... but even more obvious than that was the Sovereign Hammer Force that suppressed it and continued to forge it.

Leonel's gaze flickered.

He was the only person he knew that had two Sovereign Weapon Forces. He couldn't remember ever meeting another person. Even if an uber-talented wife only had a single one. Though... that was because she never tried to have another.

Aina was surely talented enough. There was a time in her training where she would test out other weapons and it was obvious enough through that.

But this was on another level.

That was because he could sense that there was a subtle fusing of the two happening here.

Leonel looked around only to find that the forest had become a graveyard of powerful weapons. In fact, he could even see the Spear Domain Ring casually resting on a tree trunk. It was clear that Ramon had already graduated past the need to use it at all.

However... what was most shocking was that these graveyards of weapons, though they started off as spears, began to gradually shift toward another direction.

A polearm hybrid of the hammer and the spear... a lucerne hammer...? A mutated halberd?

The weapons were meticulously crafted and each one was gorgeous beyond words. When Leonel entered the weapon's factory of the Fawkes, he felt nothing but disdain. But when he entered this workshop of Ramon's, he realized that while the latter might not be a more talented Crafter than himself overall, when it came to this one particular weapon...

He was leagues beyond what Leonel could craft right now.

Leonel could sense it. In another half decade, Ramon would succeed in creating this new hybrid Hammer-Spear Force, or rather, Lucerne Force. Or maybe he should call it Ramon Force.

At that point, he would stand on the same level as Drake, having created his own Weapon Force and causing the Idol Battlefield to react once again.

But what was most shocking was that unlike Drake who wasn't a Crafter, Ramon was. That meant that if he succeeded, and Leonel gave him his own legion to command, one of people who had also comprehended Ramon Force...

Just how much more powerful would such an army be?

No matter how great Leonel's Crafting Skill was, he couldn't be a master of all. He had created amazing weapons for himself and his brothers, or guns, rather, but unless he spent more time studying Gun Force, it was impossible for him to create a weapon as powerful as what Ramon could.

In fact, if Ramon succeeded, the Lucerne Hammers he could forge would be even beyond the Spears and Bows that Leonel could currently forge...

Because they would have the stamp of a God.

The more Leonel thought about it, the more anticipation he had in his heart.

'In that case...'

Leonel stood there in silence. He observed Ramon for an hour... then a day... quickly, a day became a week and a week became a month.

Leonel knew that Ramon would succeed in five years or so, and that was already quite fast.

But why do later what could be done now?

Leonel's eyes suddenly shone as bright as torches and his Dream World deployed out from his body.

- Chapter 3105: She Will Be

Chapter 3105: She Will Be

Leonel put the entire effort of his mind into analyzing Ramon's new Force.

Lucerne Force, Hammer-Spear Force, Ramon Force, or whatever he would like to call it in the future, was truly unique. And it was a route that Leonel had never expected a Morales to take.

The reason for that was obvious enough. Ramon wasn't a normal Crafter in the first place. He had a Metal Spirit just like Leonel did. Using a hammer to forge weapons wasn't exactly the most efficient way for them to do things.

There was no need to use hammers when their Metal Spirits could temper out impurities and refine metals to the perfect degree just by swallowing it for a bit.

However, Ramon seemed to have switched over, and Leonel could understand it somewhat.

He was still using his Metal Spirit. The hammer in his hand had his Metal Spirit running all the way through it and seemed to be a fusion of a Craft and a living being, a true beautiful representation of the pinnacle of the Life Grade.

However, he had wanted to truly feel the changes himself. So he had swapped over to a heavier-handed method.

At the same time, by using a hammer, he could temper his body as well.

He wanted to find a method to transfer his Crafting talent into battle talent that he had never had. The only way to do that was to put his body through a ridiculous amount of pressure.

He had managed to find a way to refine his Crafting and his body at the same time.

At that moment, he stood in the middle of the woods, each strike sending a rain of scalding sweat spiraling through the air. His back rippled with a dense pack of muscles and had vascularity that could make the Gods shrink.

Every time he swung, his entire body moved. Leonel could feel every muscle fiber constricting at once. But what was even more shocking than that was that he forced his body to absorb all of the shockwaves afterward as well.

With his current strength, a single swing of the hammer would wipe all the trees out just from the sheer wind pressure alone, let alone the actual strike.

However, Ramon had also learned to tune the hum and resonance of his body to absorb all the reverberating impact himself.

Thanks to this, his attack and defensive power had reached a perfect equilibrium, and every time one increased, the other would follow suit.

Clearly, he had created this new technique on his own and Leonel couldn't help but be impressed. He had even found a method of improving it in this time, but he ignored those stray thoughts, focusing instead on Ramon's Force.

Right now, he was trying to combine Spear Force and Hammer Force, but it wasn't so simple.

If Leonel had to describe it, he was actually trying to fuse three different concepts into one, not just two.

He was using the Spear Force as a pure destructive Force, one that he wanted to use to kill all enemies that lay before him.

However, his Hammer Force came with two concepts, which was also why Leonel felt that it was stronger.

On the one hand, it had a concept within it that mirrored the Spear Force, wanting to destroy everything it came into contact with. But at the same time... there was a subtle Crafting aspect to it as well.

He was using this Hammer Force to create as well, not just the spear-hammer hybrids he was forging, but also in the tempering of his body.

As such, Ramon was chasing attack power, but once again, his strongest aspect was in his nurturing and Crafting ability.

According to Leonel's simulation, Ramon would eventually realize this in the next few years and make the decision to abandon Crafting entirely, ultimately succeeding and becoming a True God.

However, Leonel didn't want him to take such a path. He had had a fondness in his heart for Crafting ever since he first learned how to do it... how could he allow such a talented Crafter to abandon their path?

Luckily, he had already thought of a solution.

This path that Ramon was chasing after... wasn't it very similar to his own?

He had fused together two Creation Sovereignties and two Destruction Sovereignties. Eventually, those four Sovereignties became the foundation of his new and improved Heart, or Innate Node Heart.

This was eerily similar.

Two attacking paths. Two nurturing paths...

It was less complex than Leonel's path, but it was a shocking path nonetheless.

The question was how to give the Spear Force a nurturing aspect to counterbalance everything and have it reach a perfect equilibrium.

Leonel thought of several possibilities but soon enough, he had landed on the one aspect it could be.

Finally, over a month later, he walked forward.

Ramon only seemed to finally notice Leonel's presence now. Unlike the others, he was so engrossed he hadn't even known Leonel was there at all.

However, Leonel signaled for him to keep swinging.

"Do you know why you keep swinging like that?" Leonel asked softly, his voice resonating with the hum of the hammer.

Ramon's eyes blazed. Of course he did. His fiancée... his wife... the love of his life... she had died because he was too weak.

That was why he had to shred everyone who stood in his path apart.

At that moment, he realized the weakness of his Force and was about to destroy the nurturing aspect, but Leonel's next words made him freeze.

"It's because you wanted to protect."

Ramon's hammer froze in the air, a trembling Force resonating through the air. It felt like the world didn't want him to hammer it down.

Veins bulged across his arms, his eyes pulsing with red veins.

Protect... that was right... he didn't just want to shred his enemies apart, he wanted his Valorie to be there, standing at his back.

"And she will be." Leonel promised.

BOOM!

Chapter 3106: Valor Force

Ramon unleashed a roar and his hammer smashed through the barrier.

A spiraling golden Force ripped through the air.

At that moment, it all condensed, forming an enormous Idol that pierced through the skies.

It was a truly gorgeous weapon. It had a long body embroidered with thorned vines and roses. It had a hammer on one side, a cone-shaped weight to counterbalance it on the other, and at its head, a tall spear blade almost as long and proportioned as what one might expect from a short sword stood at its helm.

The weapon released a pulse that hummed across the world.

Ramon's power skyrocketed and his body grew another half a meter in height. At that moment, he looked like a forged Giant, a tattoo that crossed a hammer and a spear appearing on his back.

It didn't take Leonel long to understand. Ramon hadn't just created his own body refinement method, but he had used it to directly mutate Metal Body as well.

Essentially, every time he absorbed the strike of his hammer, he was tempering his own body exactly like how he might an ore. That meant that in a roundabout way, his body had also become an extension of his Weapon Forces much like Leonel's had.

Ramon was a true genius. He had figured out many of the things Leonel had with a far weaker capability to analyze large amounts of data.

And now... his power reflected that.

He surpassed Drake in a single bound, the power he was exuding feeling far more holistic and whole.

He roared to the skies as though giving vent to all his agony. There simply wasn't a single person in the entirety of Anastasia's world that couldn't hear him.

Leonel looked up with a flickering gaze... and then he suddenly grinned.

BOOM!

Ramon landed on the ground with a heavy thud, his body standing almost a meter taller than Leonel. It didn't feel like he was even looking at a human anymore, but rather a Barbarian. All he was lacking was the crimson tattoos.

The Idol slowly faded.

Ramon clenched his fist and the hammer in his hand shattered. His Metal Spirit squirmed out of it, surging up his skin before etching itself into the tattoo of crossing spear and hammer on his back.

When it succeeded, there was a resonant hum that echoed through the world and his power seemed to hit yet another tier.

SHOOM!

There was a sudden ripple beside Leonel and a familiar perverted old man appeared out of thin air.

Nilrem looked up at Ramon with a twitch at the corner of his lips.

"How is it, Merlin? My army isn't shaping up too bad, huh?"

Nilrem was too shocked to even care about Leonel getting his name wrong. Wasn't this the second self-created Idol in Leonel's team? How was that even possible?

It had to be known that there was no one alive in the world right now that had witnessed the last created Weapon Force. The Primordial Terror might have been an exception... except for the fact it was dead now too.

He could barely accept it happening once.

But twice?

That was just ridiculous.

"... Do you think this is normal?" Nilrem said after a long while, looking toward Leonel with a solemn gaze.

Leonel shrugged.

He could guess Nilrem's worries. The only reason such things were happening was because the end of the world was truly over the horizon. Certain things that would have been hard "no's" in the past had suddenly loosened up their standards and now some things were easier to accomplish than others.

However, Nilrem shook his head.

"This isn't what you think it is. This is entirely related to you, and that means you're more fucked than I thought."

This time, it was Leonel's lips' turn to twitch. What the hell was that supposed to mean?

But then he remembered the words the Primordial Terror had said to him before it attacked.

He had spoken like he finally recognized Leonel, and Leonel had no idea what that could even mean.

Was that related to this?

"The Violet Winds blow North..." Nilrem muttered beneath his breath. "What a load of hogwash. Which blind bastard gave this idiot so much power?"

"Haven't you heard the saying that the students reflect the teacher?"

"That's not a saying."

"It is now."

"Leonel..." Ramon's sudden interruption cut off their banter. The man was looking at him with almost feverish eyes.

Leonel smiled, guessing what he wanted to say.

"Before that, shouldn't you name your new Force?"

Ramon's eyes flickered. "... Valor Force."

Leonel paused for a moment and then nodded.

His wife's name was Valorie. Maybe he should have guessed that he would take such a route.

BOOM!

The world responded to Ramon's naming of his Force and the clouds swirled.

In the worlds across Existence, a new Force began to circulate, allowing itself to be comprehended by the masses.

"Come with me," Leonel said. "I guess that since we've reached this point, it's about time the Morales family made a return..."

If he wanted to give Ramon a legion, it would take time. These people would need to comprehend an entirely new Force, and though it would be far easier with the God of said Force overseeing them, it was still time he wasn't willing to waste.

The best way to circumvent this problem was by selecting people that would have high affinity for such a Force...

And what better collection of people would that be outside of the Morales?

What better family of people to master a Weapon Force of destruction and creation outside of the Crafting family of Spearmen?

He had won the position of Patriarch with his own two hands, but that responsibility had been ripped from him because of the Four Great Families.

They destroyed his wife's childhood, killed his family and Clan, and even targeted his child.

He had sworn long ago to destroy them for the sake of Aina... but now he would truly relish it.

Chapter 3107: Automate

[A very happy birthday goes out to princebanzz. I know your birthday is on the 7th, but I don't upload in time tomorrow so happy early birthday, loool]

Ramon hugged a confused Valorie with all of his might.

By now, the man had gone from a somewhat lanky scholar to a hulking mass of a man. He was tall and bulging with muscles, and his wife, who had once been even somewhat bulkier than him, now looked like a dainty maiden in comparison.

However, he didn't seem to care as he balled his eyes out, holding onto her so tightly Leonel was even a bit worried that he would crush her to death.

Even so, Leonel couldn't help but smile, feeling his own emotions stirring. If he had gone through what Ramon had, he probably wouldn't react much differently.

Well, at least the current version of him would.

As for the past version of him, when he saw Aina die before him, he practically lost all humanity he had left in him.

Luckily, his future self had been able to change the Fate of at least one thing... sort of.

In reality, by now Leonel understood that there were just certain deaths you could reverse and others that were impossible no matter how much you wanted them to be so.

In the past, he had treated reviving people from death as an indictment on the sanctity of life. But he had only been a layman in regard to these things in the past.

Now he understood that sometimes... being able to revive someone actually increased the value of it all... especially when it was contrasted with those you simply couldn't do the same for.

He had seen many come back to life over the course of his own, but no matter what he did, he would never have his father back. And his mother...

Leonel pressed a silent hand to his chest.

The irony was that for every breath he breathed, he was replacing one that should have been for her.

He looked over toward Elrion and couldn't help but chuckle. He was gasping for breath.

By now, he had only managed to help Anastasia revive a couple dozen Morales family members. But it was a huge toll on his mind.

All of this was only possible if he and Anastasia worked in tandem, but obviously, it wasn't so easy.

By Elrion's side, his old man was barking orders at him and suddenly Leonel understood why Elrion felt closer to his parents than he did his grandfather despite having spent far more time with the latter.

Old Hutch was practically more of a drill sergeant than a grandfather. Yet, the slight smile at the corner of Elrion's lips told a different story entirely.

"Hey, Old Hutch. You knew we have recovery pods. Toss him in, then wheel him out."

Old Hutch's eyes lit up and Elrion's lip twitched.

This was really going to be the end of him.

The cycle continued. Elrion had all of his stamina wrung out of him, then he was tossed into a recovery pod for 15 minutes, only to be dragged out to repeat it all again.

Slowly, the number of Morales that were being revived was steadily increasing in number.

However, at this pace, it was simply impossible to revive them all.

It took Elrion and Anastasia about half a minute to pull out one Morales from the stream of time, and then Leonel would trap their soul into the Life Tablet and help them recover.

That was all fine and dandy... except for the fact there were trillions of Morales.

Even if they focused on only the most core members, not only would such a thing be unfair and entirely un-Patriarch-like, they still constituted billions.

At this pace, they wouldn't even finish by the time Existence came to an end.

Elrion was starting to get sharper and faster with the more hands-on training, but even if they reached a point where they could do one a second, it would still take far too long. Especially considering Elrion would certainly never reach a point where he could continue indefinitely without pause.

A billion seconds was already almost 32 years, and that wouldn't even cover the core members of the Morales.

If they needed trillions... well, the time necessary would only grow more exaggerated.

Leonel had already seen through this problem, but finding a solution wasn't easy. And on the back end, dealing with the revival of so many people even with this world in his back pocket also wouldn't be easy.

It had to be remembered that Leonel was trying to drum up a solution that would allow everyone to return to the Third Dimension and reforge their foundations with greater ease.

He was basically finished with his deductions and felt like he could do it. But the problem was that he would then run into the same issue as Elrion at that point.

Time and stamina.

He needed a method that would automate both processes. But he also wasn't an omnipotent God. The likelihood he could do this with his current skill was next to nil.

So he just stood there and observed, his mind churning.

At that moment, he got a message from Aina.

'Finished?' his soul reached out to hers.

'Yup.'

Leonel nodded.

As for what Aina had finished, it should be their first large batch of pills. These would be what they would need if they were going to return everyone to the Third Dimension. Otherwise, they would be wasting too much time.

The plan was simple. Leonel would use Dream Path to comprehend someone's optimal path. Then, he would use Dream Class, an ability he hadn't used in a while, to mimic this Path.

Aina would then use her Clairvoyance and the connection between their souls to feel out this path and work out the kinks. Then, she would create a slate of pills to help them not only quickly recover their strength but swiftly enter the Ninth Dimension as well.

With these two things working in conjunction, they would quickly build up the army that they should have long ago.

Chapter 3108: Dream Reverse

Dream Class was an ability Leonel had created back when he felt that he had too many paths to follow. He split his skills into archetypes to raise his efficiency in battle.

He had created a Sniper Archer and Explosive Archer Class, a Strong Spearman and Flexible Spearman Class, a Mixed Fighter and Speed Fighter Class... so on and so forth. Then, he assigned them all stats.

The goal was meant to allow him to track his progress and be more ruthlessly efficient in battle. Because he was such a calculative fighter, it took a toll on his mind to eliminate all the abilities he shouldn't use and hone in on the ones he should.

This Dream Class ability was meant to cut all of that out by choosing the archetype that would best counter an opponent in a situation.

Essentially, it was practically like swapping characters mid-game.

It was a good idea, but Leonel had ended up abandoning it, not because it was a waste of time, but because too much happened around that time. Not long after he created this ability, he ended up stuck in the Cataclysm Zone and things only went downhill from there.

Now, he had revived the use of the ability, but this time for his people.

Thanks to their baby, Leonel and Aina had been able to re-establish the connection of their souls, which meant that Aina could share his insights once again.

That meant that if he used Dream Class now...

Technically everyone would have Clairvoyance.

Now, it was just a matter of returning them to the Third Dimension.

And that was going to rely on his Dream Force.

...

Leonel stood before James, a half grin on his face.

"You're gonna be my guinea pig."

James gave him a weird look and took a step back. "I don't think I like the sound of that."

"You like rolling the dice anyway, don't you?"

"Stop bringing up that prostitute!"

Leonel blinked innocently. "Prostitute? I don't remember mentioning such a thing. Did you guys hear me say something?"

The boys snickered and James fumed, but that was enough of a distraction for Leonel to press his palm against his forehead, causing James to shudder.

The human body was extraordinarily unique. Unlike the other Races who seemed to evolve toward separating their souls from their bodies, they remained fused.

This seemed like a terrible thing. Even Leonel's father had thought so, or else he wouldn't have taken the path of separating the soul from the body as well.

Well, it was possible he thought otherwise and had just ended up stumbling on the perfect technique that required separating the soul, but the truth didn't matter much one way or another.

What was important was that this seeming weakness was something that Aina had made a powerful strength. And right now, Leonel was fairly certain that he could make it yet another.

The trouble with having the soul fused with the body was that as one trekked through the Dimensions, one's soul would end up pulled along and stretched through the Dimensions as well.

The soul's main place was the Dream Plane, which was located in the Second Dimension. So if you had your soul fused with your body, each step forward would elongate and pull your soul like an elastic band through the Dimensional layers.

By the time you got to the Ninth Dimension, if you could manage that at all, your soul would be stretched so thin that comprehending much of anything would be endlessly difficult.

But... the Gathering Stele that the God Beasts of Creation left behind seemed to disagree. They left behind a perfect Dimensional Method designed for the Human Race.

Still, that wasn't what Leonel wanted to take advantage of now.

Instead, he planned to use the Time Force characteristics his Dream Force had gained to forcefully rewind the state of his brothers' souls.

Because humans had unique constitutions, if he could succeed, theoretically, their bodies would all revert to the Third Dimension as well while actually keeping some of their current strength.

When all of this came together, they would be able to practice [Dimensional Cleanse] and pair it with the [Human Dimensional Method] of the Gathering Stele, laying a foundation far more powerful than anything they had ever had before.

At that point, their strength would hit a new tier entirely.

Though Leonel was joking around, he would never do this if he felt like there was a large risk of failure. But whenever you were trying something new, there would inevitably be some risk involved.

However...

Leonel wouldn't accept no for an answer this time.

He would drag his brothers along to keep up with his steps no matter what this time.

He would build the Kingdom he wanted to see, a place where his children would be able to flourish in happiness, where the Human Race, and all Races for that matter, would have their own piece of the world to live out these final days.

Leonel's gaze flared and his aura pierced the skies.

Dream Reverse.

James' body shuddered and his aura began to rapidly decline. The life seemed to be stripped from his eyes and he fainted soon afterward. However, there seemed to be a mysterious suction force on Leonel's palm that kept him standing upright, not allowing him to fall even when his body went limp.

The world overturned and churned.

Leonel grit his teeth, his jaw set. His eyes glowed brighter and brighter.

Pierce through!

BANG!

James' body convulsed and the skies above began to swirl.

Leonel's mind shook at the same time, Violet Winds soaring through him as his Creation Sovereignties melded into his Dream Force.

He could feel it... that final barrier...

"Reverse."

He spoke out the word lightly and the world fell into silence.

For countless miles, the leaves didn't rustle, nor did the wind blow.

It was then that Leonel knew he had succeeded.

James' body collapsed to the soft grass and time slowly sped up once again.

Beads of cold sweat poured down Leonel's brows.

Chapter 3109: The Sea Gods

James' eyes fluttered open only days later. But the first thing he saw was a bare ass that suddenly rippled.

At first, he thought it was a woman; it was just that he didn't know when his tastes had become so... heavy. Just how drunk was he this time?

But when the fart hit his face... his eyes widened with realization and he shouted.

"FUCK! Raj, you fat fuck!"

Soon, his yells woke everyone up... only for the realization to dawn on them all.

They were all naked, cuddled up together on soft grass.

They looked toward one another and their eyes all spoke the same silent words.

We tell no one.

Unfortunately, that was when a wheezing laughter came from not too far.

Joel and Leonel stood together, trying to hold back their laughter but finding it harder and harder to do so.

"Dammit!" Raj cursed when he saw the shirts the two had on. It was of all of them lying together naked in a deep sleep.

James' face was buried into Raj's ass, Milan and Arnold were locked in a bear hug, even Gil and Franco were locked in a less than holy union.

"Ah, revenge is a dish best served cold," Leonel said between laughs.

Back then, he and Joel had gotten drunk and ended up hugging each other to go to sleep. They had been dealing with those damned shirts for too long. Now, years later, they finally got their revenge.

Despite the murderous glares, the two couldn't stop wheezing. They collapsed to the ground, tears coming from their eyes as they laughed and laughed.

**

Leonel was still wiping the tears from his eyes as his brothers began their charge back to the Ninth Dimension.

The reason he had gotten such an opportunity was that they were all out for about a week or so. Much like him, they had lost consciousness for a long while.

In that time, Anastasia and Elrion had managed to revive several thousand members of the Morales.

In fact, as he began to help them reforge their foundations as well, the pace of this only accelerated.

With each one that came back, Leonel found that his unilateral control over the Morales Constellation was slipping.

By extension, he was weakening. However... overall, the Constellation itself was slowly becoming more powerful.

In fact, as he began to help them reforge their foundations as well, the pace of this only accelerated.

The Morales family Lineage Factor had changed and mutated. It was no longer separated into two halves, and now they all had both.

As a result, each one was absolutely perfect to learn Ramon's Valor Force. They had both the aspects of Crafting and Spearmanship that they needed.

The trouble was that Metal Spirits were too rare.

Only a few hundred to a thousand of the Morales had them to begin with. And obviously, since they had been revived, they hadn't been able to bring their companions along with them.

As such, their highest and best potentials weren't being brought out.

Leonel made a mental note to see what he could do about this in the future.

Unfortunately, even after all this time, he hadn't thought of a better method to automate the process. In the end, he could only take things one at a time.

**

Leonel vanished and appeared within a familiar world. Or, rather, a part of his soul did. It was all too easy for him to do such a thing now.

This world was none other than one of his Inner Worlds.

Soon, he had appeared in the territory of the Sea Gods.

He strolled through the palaces and grounds as though he owned the place...

Because he truly did.

He had been ignoring the people in his Inner World because he didn't care very much about them. As long as he got the energy from the worlds, what they could and couldn't do didn't matter much to him.

He was effectively the God of this world and could do as he pleased with it.

But... wouldn't it be a shame if such a rare race with so much potential wasn't properly used?

After testing out his method of Dream Reverse, he knew that he would be more than capable of finding a method that worked on non-humans as well, and that suddenly made this endeavor worthwhile.

He made a casual sweep with his eyes and then looked up.

The Sea Goddess.

She sat on the throne with a wary gaze. With her abilities, she would usually be able to understand what was happening right now. But at the moment, she was completely in the dark.

This man was practically a black hole and he had come here without the slightest effort.

He was far scarier than anyone the Barbarians had ever sent.

Leonel waved a hand and a projection of Talon appeared.

Talon was none other than the Barbarian Race's young heir and apparently the reincarnated husband of their Ancestor.

He was quite important to the Barbarian Race, and he was certain that they were probably doing their best to eventually get him back.

But unfortunately for them, getting him back was easier said than done... especially after what they had chosen to do after the war.

It was an interesting choice, to be sure. But that likely meant that the "ancestor" he had spoken to didn't have full and complete control over the entire Race.

That left her husband in a no-man's land.

"You recognize this guy, right?"

Talon was in a deep sleep, but he was still incredibly lanky, his bulging muscles and round belly nowhere to be seen.

In a way, he was in an even worse state than a certain Dream Asura that was under Leonel's control.

The Sea Goddess' pupils constricted, but she didn't reply.

"I've heard the Barbarians say that you're the path to their evolution. I'm going to take you guys out of here. This time, you'll be your own path to evolution.

"Be useful to me, and you'll prosper.

"Betray me, and... well, that's not really possible."

Leonel's lip curled. He was curious to see how the Sea Gods would progress with an endless well of Cleansing Waters at their fingertips.

He wondered if he could fix their weakness.

Chapter 3110: Create His Own

3110 Create His Own

Leonel stood on the shore of a seemingly endless sea, watching as the palace of the Sea Gods slowly sank into its depths.

This ocean was within the Segmented Cube and he had already displaced them all. In fact, he had also brought out all the Oryx within that world as well. These Oryx would add a substantial amount to his current Oryx population and likewise give Elthor the army he had always wanted to command.

As he watched this scene, his thoughts churned and became more and more difficult to read.

Wise Sea Order. It was the missing piece to his Dream Force that had allowed him to make so much progress in such a short time.

In a lot of ways, Wise Sea Order was to his Wise Star Order what his Creation Sovereignities were to one another. Or what his Destruction Sovereignities were to one another for that matter.

To make a complicated matter simple, they fed off of one another and formed a cycle. One allowed him great understanding of the Stars and the other allowed him great understanding of the Earth. Together, they gave him a holistic grasp of the world that few could match.

Of course, this didn't refer to the Star and Earth in the normal sense. Rather, they referred to Stars as the representation of the Impetus of Life, and the Earth as the representation of the sustainer of Life.

Without the Stars, no worlds would ever be born.

Without Earth, no worlds would ever be sustained.

Wise Sea Order represented the latter, and this was why it had seemed like the Sea Gods could see the future. Or rather, why their Sea Goddess had seemed to have such abilities.

Outside of the Sea Goddess, though, the other Sea Gods were very interesting because they had a bit of a problem.

The type of water they had the greatest control over was salted water, pumped full of minerals. In fact, normal fresh water was more likely to make them weaker than not.

Due to this great weakness, they had to terraform most of the lands they sought to conquer. And technically speaking...

Cleansing Waters were the ultimate fresh water source. By having them move here, it even seemed like Leonel was taking a roundabout method to killing them all.

However, he continued to stand there undaunted. Even when the screams of the Sea Gods began to stir, he used Anastasia's power to keep them sealed down below.

Then, he walked away.

If they could leap over this hurdle...

Good.

If not...

They would have been useless to him anyway.

If things worked out as he expected, he wouldn't need to reforge their foundations at all because the Cleansing Waters would have done it for him.

Soon, he would either have billions of dead Sea Gods on his hands.

Or...

The strongest naval army in the world.

There were many types of Races across the world, but there were no overlords of Water Force.

The reason for that was obvious. Force didn't usually diffuse well in the oceans, and it was anchored by Earth, not water. That meant that many Races that started off in the oceans either transported themselves to land at some point in their evolutions or their progress stalled.

The most powerful existences of Water Force tended to either be born with an Ability Index or Innate Node serendipitously, or they were brainless oceanic beasts without much room for evolution.

The golden koi fish was a good example of this. There was a reason it was so obsessed with attacking land; it had wanted to leave the waters and continue its evolution elsewhere.

As for the tentacle womb, it wouldn't have been able to even begin showing its full potential unless Leonel started to help it evolve.

Of course, these two creatures were also things that Leonel had ignored for a long while now. But since he was taking such steps...

It was about time they entered the fold once more.

He appeared in a certain space and the sound of rattling chains echoed.

"Let me go, you son of a bitch!"

By this point, Somnus, Flora's brother and Dream Asura, couldn't keep his composure any longer.

He had been continuously bled for the last month, and it now seemed that Leonel didn't care whether he lived or died.

"Don't be like that," Leonel said with a smile. "You're about to be the foundation of my army of Dream Force masters. Shouldn't you be happy? What's with the long face?"

Somnus shuddered.

Over the time he knew Leonel, the latter had only become more and more like a Dream Asura... and that was only bad news for him.

"Dammit! I can help you capture other Dream Asuras! Why me!"

Leonel blinked as though he was really considering it. It gave Somnus a small light of hope before it came crashing down.

"You're the most useful, unfortunately, because your blood is the most compatible with your sister's corpse."

Somnus shuddered from head to toe, goosebumps flying across his skin.

What he didn't know was that Leonel's plans were far more sinister than just this alone.

He was about to push the Tentacle Womb to its very limits and it might not even survive the process.

Well... actually, his wife was handling all of this. He didn't know nearly enough about Blood Force or dissecting corpses, but ever since the first time she had done the latter, Aina had been looking for an opportunity to do it again.

And now she had it.

She had two Dream Asuras and dozens of Envoys of Destruction as a foundation.

Now, they had practically unlimited resources and Leonel was in need of an army that could at least somewhat keep up with his Dream Force.

Dream Force users were too rare, and unless he planned to snatch up the Fawkes Empire right here and now, he had no easy way to get them.

So...

He would have to create his own.

Since the Demoness had managed to use his Dream Asura Blood as a foundation for all of her shenanigans, he would just take a play out of her playbook...

And create an army of Destruction Asuras.

Leonel turned and left, leaving the rest to his wife and not particularly caring whether she succeeded or not... because in the end, unless he was powerful enough, none of this would make a single lick of difference.

Leonel waved a hand and a spear appeared. He swung it casually a few times, leaving long trenches in the land with the air pressure alone.

What was the most efficient way for him to reach the level he needed to?

Chapter 3111: Enjoy It

3111 Enjoy It

Leonel's situation was a bit... complicated.

Before, he only needed one thing to progress: an obscene amount of energy. But now, it was a little more tricky.

Unfortunately, he still needed a ridiculous amount of energy. There was simply no getting around that. But the irony was that getting this large amount had become several fold easier.

In the past, he was on his own. But now, he didn't mind stealing from his grandfather if he had to. And, in fact, he already had.

Before they left the Fawkes Empire, Leonel and Nilrem had done a nice little raid on the Fawkes treasure house... again.

But therein lay the problem.

He had resources in spades now. But his body situation was different.

The first and most important point was that the foundation of his body had become his new, still unnamed Innate Node.

This Innate Node took up residence in his heart, directly replacing it, in fact. And, it was this Innate Node that became the first Weapon Force Innate Node in all of existence.

Leonel was certain that this was the right path, but it made other things many times more tricky.

For example, his Metal Body. It wasn't exactly a Metal Body anymore and had instead become a Weapon Force Body. On the one hand, it was great because Leonel's body was essentially an extension of his weapons, he could gather more Weapon Force per any given action, and he could even assimilate a much wider range of Forces into his body now compared to before.

Because his Innate Node was a concentration of both of his Weapon Force Sovereignities, and all four of his Creation and Destruction Sovereignities, it was unique in the sense that it could help his Weapon Forces to become anything.

And by extension, it allowed his "Metal Body" to absorb anything.

Unfortunately, as great as that sounded, it would be truly stupid to just start swallowing any and everything.

Leonel had spent too long in his journey battling out with having too many diverging paths of talent to fall back into the same cesspool.

Then there was his Divine Armor.

He already had a decent idea of how he wanted to create his next Divine Armors. Once again, he found himself in a situation where he could start from scratch, applying everything that he had come to learn over the course of this journey into action.

The obvious choice was to recreate Heirlooms turned God Armaments that could stand head to head with either.

But even Leonel somewhat felt he was overestimating himself with the ideas he had come up with. He wasn't some omnipotent God of Crafting... yet. And even the Fawkes treasure stores would start taking a hit if he really did do what he wanted to do.

And yet, there were still more problems yet.

The aspects of his talent left in the greatest shambles were his Northern Star Lineage Factor.

Without the Dream Force foundation of his Dream Asura Bloodline to anchor it, it had practically gone awry.

Although he had pretty much sacrificed it all for the sake of improving his Constitution, he had lost all of that after his rebirth. And even if he hadn't, he would have replaced it all with his Weapon Forces anyway.

This meant that the Northern Star Lineage Factor was like a loose end wiggling about in his body with no start and no end. Without being organized, it could easily trigger a disaster for him in the future or waste his potential in the present.

It was hard to tell which would be the case.

With all of this laid out, it was no wonder Leonel didn't even know where to look first. He had been very certain of the first step before he started, but now he was flying like a

headless chicken... or in other words, flailing around on the ground in a pool of his own neck blood.

PENG!

At that moment, Leonel's spear was suddenly stopped by the pinch of two fingers.

He blinked in slight surprise before looking up and seeing Nilrem, who had a funny little grin on his face.

"It seems it's time for me to shine."

Leonel raised an eyebrow, not quite understanding. Although this man called himself his master, he had never really done anything of the sort. In fact, Nilrem had tried to kill him many times and hadn't even been there during the most important moments of his life.

However...

Leonel had never had any hostility for Nilrem. That was because he could see that his intentions were pure even though he was nigh impossible to read...

It was a clearly contradictory statement, yet it seemed to make perfect sense to Leonel.

"Your time to shine? In case you haven't noticed, I'm not a mentally fragile teenage girl. Isn't that your usual M.O.?"

Nilrem looked aghast. "The number of sophisticated older women this esteemed gentleman has bedded is beyond your imagination!"

"Not denying the fact you've targeted fragile little girls is a... choice, sure." Leonel said with a raised eyebrow.

"Don't try to get me caught in your word salad, brat. I only bed women who are of age!"

"Of age for what? Potty training?"

The banter of the two filled the forest until Nilrem seemed to realize something and grinned sinisterly.

He grabbed Leonel's shoulders and hurled him into the air.

Leonel didn't even know what to say as he spun through the skies. What was this damned old man doing?

"Do you know how many reincarnations you've put me through? How many times you've made me suffer through the same timelines again and again? DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I'VE DIED, BRAT?!"

Leonel didn't even know what to say to this.

"Well, I've got thousands of those lives in my head, each one representing a different path you took completely without my consent or guidance.

"And now I'm about to drill you with them all.

"And enjoy it."

Chapter 3112: Better

3112 Better

Leonel didn't even know what to say to all of this. Nilrem didn't even explain anything as he began ripping his body to what was effectively shreds.

Unfortunately for the wizened wizard turned torture master... it was extremely difficult to torture the current Leonel.

Leonel didn't even scream out, and his gaze was almost uninterested in everything that was happening. In fact, rather than uninterested, it was more accurate to say that he was focused internally, making it look as though he wasn't paying attention to the outside world at all.

He had just spent almost a century in complete and utter agony, his body being eaten from the inside out. And he had done it all even without relying on Dream Sense to dull it all because he thought that that might affect the process.

But now, he had no such qualms. The combination of Dream Sense and his forged will made Nilrem's attempt to make him scream out in pain a fool's gambit.

That said, it didn't change the fact that Leonel was truly shocked by what was happening. It was just that Nilrem was quickly finding that he had no tears to shed. Why did he have to have such a monster for a disciple?

In reality, Nilrem's entire existence as a master, ever since the first timeline ended, was to be ready for this moment.

After Leonel finalized his own personal choice for this timeline, he had been waiting for the right time to step in, and that time had finally come.

Every time Leonel reset the timeline, there were some things that were bound to shift and change. The result of that was always a slightly different approach to reaching the pinnacle.

However, what was undeniable about every one of these changes was that it would, without fail, be stronger than the last.

The reason for this was because the ultimate change would always come after Leonel had grasped the truest pinnacle of Dream Force, a Dream Force that existed outside the bounds of time.

As Leonel became more used to this Dream Force, he would be able to catch tidbits from timelines that had already been erased. He would then create a new ability for his Ability Index similar to Dreamscape that would help to consolidate things and make them easier to sense and parse.

Ultimately, he would create something even better.

However, this timeline seemed to have deviated. This time, Leonel chose his path before he grasped a Dream Force that transcended time.

This seemed bad. After all, didn't this mean that Leonel wouldn't necessarily create something better than he had in his other lives?

However, whether it was future Leonel or Nilrem... they knew that this wouldn't necessarily be the case for two main reasons.

First, this choice that Leonel made would be free of the influences of his previous selves, and by extension...

It would be free of the Demoness.

And second, now that the choice was set and couldn't be changed, the aspects of his other choices could finally be incorporated into his body and bring his strength forward to a new stage.

This wasn't to say that Leonel would be taking it all in. Instead, Nilrem was helping him assimilate what matched his current path, and the more he worked, the brighter Leonel's eyes shone as though he was grasping everything in real time.

It was an entire six months before Nilrem finally came to a stop.

...

Leonel landed on the ground and rolled his neck from side to side, feeling a bit odd. But soon that feeling vanished as well.

"You don't already?"

Nilrem covered his face with a palm. "Don't talk to me. I'm still in mourning."

Leonel smiled, flexing his fists.

His Dimension hadn't changed, and his body practically felt the same. And yet... everything had changed.

He could feel it clear through his Control Ability Index. What Nilrem had done wasn't as hands-on as one might expect. Instead, he rearranged the foundation that Leonel had to pave a smooth path to the future.

For one, his mutated "Metal Body" now only needed to absorb one thing and one thing only to progress.

Star Force.

His Divine Armor was still a "problem," but not in an aspect that one would expect. It was just that Leonel's ideas had become even wilder now, and they would be even more difficult to execute on.

Third, his Innate Node was pulsing with a wide amount of vitality. In fact, it couldn't even be said that it was just his heart alone. The crystal case of the Innate Node had covered all his veins, arteries, and blood vessels, making his entire body a network of the energy.

Fourth, his Dream Force felt like an impossibly deep well. It was no weaker now than when he was his enlightened self in terms of quantity. Though it wasn't as potent, the stamina was off the charts. He could practically use both halves of his Ability Index with impunity now.

Fifth, the shackles on his Wise Star Order and Wise Sea Order constitutions seemed to have completely vanished... shackles he hadn't even known were there in the first place.

And, whether it was four or five, they were both made possible only because of six...

His Northern Star Lineage Factor seemed to have been stripped down completely and torn out of his body.

This seemed counterproductive. How could it help?

And the secret to that was none other than Blackstar and Tolliver.

Using a timeline where Leonel had chosen to use Soul Clones to solve his issue with having too many talents, he formed a link between his Metal Spirit and Beast Companion, forming them up and creating a loop between his soul and theirs.

Then, through the Dream Plane, he could gain the benefits of their Lineage Factor without any of the hassle, while in the same breath advancing the strength of both by a substantial margin as they also gained the support of his Wise Star and Sea Order status.

However, even this was still just the beginning.

Chapter 3113: Flexibility

3113 Flexibility

There were a shocking number of changes in Leonel's body, so much so that it was difficult to wrap his head around them all even though he had been paying attention for every second of it.

The truth was that many of what he had noted first were just the largest changes. But there were many smaller ones, things he assumed must have been like fringe techniques or abilities of his previous Dimensional Methods that weren't fully compatible with his current self, but were still worthy of being a part of his process at least in part nonetheless.

However, these fringe changes to his body were still important, forming a network and a foundation that allowed the rest of him to function properly.

What made Leonel truly curious, though, was how [Final Destruction] and [Dimensional Cleanse] fit into all of this.

From what he understood, no matter which iteration he was talking about, he would undoubtedly use these two methods.

However, they were also incredibly flexible nonetheless. When he formed his Innate Node, he didn't experience any rejection from them at all.

Since things had reached this point, Leonel decided to start with step one and just work his way forward.

His Metal Body... what did it mean to absorb Star Force?

Leonel knew well, though it hadn't always started off that way.

Star Force was the engine that made the entire universe go. Without Star Force, there would be nothing.

Even as a mortal of Earth, Leonel had a great understanding of this. After all, without the sun, there would be no "Earth" in the first place. It would just be a meaningless blob of rock in the middle of nowhere.

It was because of this uniqueness that Star Force often seemed to just be an addition to already powerful Forces. There were many Forces that seemed to have Star Force tacked onto the end of it as though it was a careless addition. But the reality was that having Star Force as a part of a Force gave it its own driving power. Forces with Star Force, rather than relying on others, could make their own impact on the world and it was why such Forces tended to have hidden characters to them that transcended just the element they represented alone.

Scarlet Star Force, for example, was Creation at an Extreme.

Leonel had a theory that it wasn't the only powerful Star Force-infused element that had such a hidden history to it. He bet that they all did.

This wasn't the first time Leonel had made use of the power of Star Force, either. The moment he realized the kind of boosting power it had, he created a technique that was with him even to this day.

[Star Fusion].

The shocking thing about this technique was that Leonel had never really had to make many changes to it, and it was one of the few things that had followed him along in his journey without being left behind.

And yet...

He was still only using the technique to a minuscule level compared to its true potential.

For one, he was relying on Vital Star Force, a Star Force that he didn't really have much affinity with in the first place, and one he wouldn't have even learned had his future self not gone to find a path to allow him to save his wife.

However, now, Leonel would be able to directly absorb Vital Star Force. As a result, his affinity for Vital Star Force would hit an absolute peak and he would be capable of using [Star Fusion] to an entirely new level.

But even that was still just the surface because that wouldn't change much. He would still only be using the technique at only a small corner of its true potential.

And that was where the power of this method came into play.

Star Force... It was the power of the universe... and with this method, Leonel could use it to directly power his Ability Indexes, increasing their power several fold.

Star Force was endlessly versatile and it was the only Force that could be freely added to any other, but there was also no one with a "Star Force" affinity by the same token.

It seemed that in this timeline, Leonel figured out why that was, and the reasons were ironically similar to why Weapon Force Innate Nodes didn't exist.

The moment he had this thought, he realized why these two paths synergized so well.

His Innate Node would provide him a large amount of control over the Spear and Bow Forces of the world, and his Star Force would allow him to spike that advantage, fueling it to another level...

And then came [Star Fusion].

The reason Leonel liked using the Brazinger family Heirloom so much was because it could super-charge his control over the world, making his words carry far more weight.

But now... Leonel could do that directly himself without the need to rely on an external item in the first place.

And if he added [Star Fusion] on top of that, especially [Star Fusion: King's Might]...

He might well and truly become a God without even having formed his Dharma in the first place, let alone his Idol.

And all of that was still just the first aspect of his new changes and it only touched upon one life, a life where he had taken [Star Fusion] and created a foundation that stood above the world.

The next aspect was a bit more complex, or a lot simpler depending on the way he looked at it.

Because of the change to his Metal Body, his Divine Armor technique would likewise have to change. However, because of the added flexibility, it was able to finally perfectly incorporate the other aspects of the Morales Lineage Factor.

This meant that for the first time, his Divine Armor would be able to take full advantage of not only Ores... but Force Herbs and Flames alike...

All thanks to the Flexibility of Star Force.

Chapter 3114: Just the Two of Them

It had to be remembered that the complete Morales Lineage Factor was formed into four parts, one that was the original Metal Synergy, and the last three came from the Radix, Midas, and Florer families.

The Radix had the ability to pour life into their metals, making Radix Cubes that were a lot like the Morales Divine Armors but almost organic in the way they moved and worked.

The Midas were able to swallow flames and use them to strengthen themselves much like how the Morales could consume Ores.

The Florer were similar to the Radix in that they could pour "life" into Force Herbs and use them as extensions of their own personal strength.

What was interesting was that the Lineage Factor as a whole seemed to be separated into two aspects rather than four. One that allowed one to use Breaking Force to manipulate the life or un-life of a material, and the second that allowed one to incorporate said materials into the body to change, diversify, or improve it.

A large question in Leonel's mind was why the Demoness had gone through so much trouble to not even take it in the end. But it was very much likely that whatever changes she needed to trigger in his Dream Asura Bloodline had already been successfully executed. The power of the actual Morales Lineage Factor was useless in her eyes...

But not in Leonel's.

He had already seen the power that the Florer aspect of the Lineage Factor could give him. In fact, it was the reason Sylvans hated him so much.

But now he would really be able to see just how far he could take things...

If he had some reliance on his wife, that is.

Leonel was a Crafter. But his Divine Armor would now require an understanding of biology he simply didn't have.

However, not only did he have a genius Force Pill Crafter for a wife, their souls were also melded into one. Meaning, Ailsa could perfectly understand his intentions and make it work without much explanation or input from him.

She wouldn't just be able to shore up his weaknesses, but she would also be able to synergize with him, helping him to forge a new, never-before-seen path.

When the time came, this armor would even be able to...

Leonel froze.

If one looked into his eyes, it would be possible to see a cascading rain of wild flares of lightning. He was connecting so many insights, so quickly, that the synapses of his brain practically fired off like real firecrackers.

He had finally done it.

He understood how to break Anastasia free of her shackles and fix the mistakes of the Minerva.

'To think that the solution wasn't Crafting alone...'

Indeed. If you were going to fix life, you would have to reach a standard of Crafting that allowed you to create Life itself.

Leonel was confident in himself, and maybe one day he would truly reach such a standard of Crafting. But that day wasn't today, and it certainly wouldn't be tomorrow. Maybe it would take centuries or longer. Even if he was lucky and had some large leaps in insight, it would likely still take a few decades.

However, if he had an equally genius wife by his side whose comprehension of Force Pill Crafting was no weaker than his understanding of Force Crafting, then they could form a bridge between one another that would have shocking results.

Leonel's gaze flickered.

'My plans. I have to change them all. Nothing is more important than this right now.'

Leonel abandoned his thoughts of improving further. He had already improved enough. If he ran into someone he couldn't defeat, he would throw his master at them.

...

Leonel suddenly appeared by his wife's side.

It had been a whole six months, more than nine total if one included the time before. As such, by now, Aina's belly was already showing, though only a small bit.

Seeing her sit in silence as blood shining like rubies swirled around her, he couldn't help but feel that this was the most beautiful he had ever seen his wife.

He didn't seem to care about whether the batch of pills ended up ruined or not as he sat behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist.

Given her skill, Aina didn't so much as falter, just smiling and leaning into him. She felt at peace... truly happy. There were few things she had ever experienced that were better than the feeling of Leonel so gently rubbing her belly.

Leonel was so lost in the warm silence that he forgot that he had actually come here for something important. As lost as Aina was, so was he. The feeling of her back leaning into his chest was... everything.

He had been in the hands of his sadistic master for half a year, so it had been a while since he had touched his wife, though she had come to see him many times during the process.

It was only a few hours later that Aina finished her batch of pills and Leonel seemed to remember why he had come here.

His eyes slowly opened and he blinked, feeling well-rested and full of energy.

A smile bloomed across his face.

"Want to rule the world with me?"

"Of course, my king."

Leonel felt his blood boil as he heard the soft, sultry voice. Her coercion was getting so strong that it accidentally leaked. It seemed that while she was diverting most of her strength to the baby... she had been improving by leaps and bounds in other things.

Her new focus on Dream Force was showing. And it was already so scary. It could already impact even his mind. How would others fare?

But in the end, he controlled himself and explained his thoughts.

"... You're right," Aina said after a long while. "We are probably the only ones in the world that can do this."

Leonel's plan not only required two existences at the pinnacle of their Fields in Crafting and Force Pill Crafting...

But they also had to be husband and wife, entrusting their souls to one another.

And... one of them had to have Clairvoyance to perfectly understand the intentions of the other.

In the entirety of Existence.

Only the two of them could do what they were about to.

Chapter 3115: Anastasia (1)

Leonel and Aina spent the next month in secluded discussion.

Unfortunately, this wasn't a euphemism for something more spicy.

Fortunately, there was much more to gain out of it than just the satisfaction of carnal desire.

Well, maybe there was a little carnal desire....

"I think we have this pinned down properly now," Leonel said, feeling satisfied with the blueprint they had drawn out.

In reality, although Leonel's father had left him behind several lessons on blueprints, how to read them, and how to construct them, this was the first time that he had ever truly bothered to do such a thing.

But this just went to show how important he found it all.

This wasn't just another Craft; this was for Anastasia.

Anastasia had been by his side for a long while.

She almost never complained, and she did everything he asked without question.

The one time she had shown even the slightest inkling of dissent was when he had sent her off to the Celestial Embers, but that was something that he had no choice but to take full responsibility for.

Anastasia might have lived longer than any of them combined, but she was still a child at heart.

Her appearance might not be a coincidence, but maybe she looked like a little girl because that was what she truly was.

He should have never put her in such a situation, and when he had sworn to pull her out from her darkness, he had meant it with every fiber of his being.

In truth, Leonel and Aina had had the solution they needed within a day, but then they spent the rest of the month refining it and perfecting it all.

It was only now that they were semi-satisfied with how things were, and even then, their minds were still churning with more thoughts.

To the two of them, Anastasia might as well have been their first child, and her place in their hearts was no less profound.

The problem Anastasia faced was easy enough to diagnose after you had been made aware of it, but the solution was far more difficult.

Anastasia was a World Spirit, and though World Spirits were living beings, they would be more so classified with a semi-sentience as opposed to a true one.

World Spirits were far more intelligent than their other humanoid counterparts, but their "personalities" were muted by the laws that bound them.

In fact, it would be more accurate to say that they didn't have personalities at all.

In fact, they didn't even speak.

World Spirits, in a lot of ways, were extensions of Regulators.

They existed only to uphold the laws of a world and help it to prosper.

What made the situation odd was that World Spirits did have the capacity to be more human-like... they just weren't.

The Minerva had picked up on this, and they wondered what would happen if they could take a World Spirit and break it free of the shackles of the world's laws and make it follow their own laws? There were already some examples of this, like Leonel's mother.

But the trouble was twofold.

First, a World Spirit was too intelligent to be "tricked." You couldn't just feed World Spirits candy and lure them into a van to be taken away.

Whatever you could think of, the World Spirit could as well.

On top of that, they could normally observe everything in their world perfectly, so they had already seen all the faces that humanoids had to offer and had a perfect understanding of them.

This meant that if you wanted to become the champion of a World Spirit, they had to choose you of their own volition, and that would defeat much of the purpose.

And second, even when a World Spirit chose you and gave you special authority over their world, it wasn't unilateral authority and was still highly limited.

The World Spirit would never let you do what Anastasia could do, for example.

Warping time, accelerating the growth rate of plants and ore deposits, etc.... that was because all of these abilities, abilities that every World Spirit had, couldn't be done without harming the foundation of a world.

If you wanted to use such a world for a few thousand generations, billions upon billions of years even, it would be fine.

But a World Spirit was only interested in having their worlds survive for the longest period of time possible, and time periods of time couldn't be described in terms any less than the trillions.

As a result, if you wanted to do any such thing with a World Spirit, you would have to take drastic measures to change the laws of the world itself.

Although Leonel had harsh words for the Minerva, there was no denying that what they had done was truly impressive.

In order to circumvent the limitations of the world, they first had to form a vessel capable of holding a world in the first place.

It had already been described just how rare treasures like the Segmented Cube that could hold so many living beings were in the first place.

One could imagine that a vessel that could go a step further and encapsulate an entire world was even more shocking.

It could be said that the Minerva hadn't created a vessel for storing people... they had created a vessel for storing entire worlds! Not only did they manage to do this, but step one of accomplishing this meant separating their worlds from their Regulators.

This was something that even [Final Destruction] hadn't been able to do.

Leonel's worlds weren't even "technically" in his body.

Rather, he had just formed a connection with them through his Destruction World and could return to their coordinates whenever he wanted by traveling through the Second Dimension—or, once again, his Destruction World.

Just these two things alone were highly impressive, but to the Minerva, this was just the start of their ambition.

Next came changing the laws.

Chapter 3116: Anastasia (2)

When Leonel refined his Incomplete Worlds, he didn't change their Laws; he understood them.

Well, at least he hadn't changed their Laws away from what came naturally to them.

It could technically be said that what he had done in the Sea God World could count as changing the Laws, but in reality, he was just helping the world reach its fullest potential, which was different from fundamentally changing its laws.

The Minerva, though, once again took it even a step further than he did.

They stripped down the laws of the world and reconstructed their own.

Their goals could be summarized in a few lines.

First, they wanted to create a World Spirit whose intelligence could be used for their own purposes.

No matter how powerful the Dream Force of a humanoid, it would never be able to match up to the raw computational ability of a World Spirit.

If they could have a World Spirit that could offload much of the computational rigor of constructing complex Crafts, they would be able to take their creations to a whole other level.

And second, they wanted a World Spirit that would disregard the health and safety of a world if it meant helping them to achieve their goals.

The first goal required giving the World Spirit a "personality." Only like this would it be able to think for itself and make suggestions.

While the second goal, when paired with the first, would create a true monster.

Leonel couldn't help but think that taking such an approach was even more dangerous than those AI movies back on Earth.

If you gave a World Spirit such power and it awakened a personality that was dangerous rather than helpful, you would truly be out of luck.

World Spirits were so heavily regulated by Existence because if they weren't, the Pluto wouldn't even have a chance of sitting as the most powerful Race in Existence.

World Spirits with their own thoughts, feelings, and emotions would be so far and away the most superior of all the Races that everyone else would only be capable of being enslaved to them.

And maybe this worry was part of what ended up holding the Minerva back from reaching their fullest potential.

At first, Leonel had thought that maybe the Minerva were just incompetent.

But the more he and Aina analyzed things, the more respect they came to gain for the Minerva and the more they realized that this Race might just truly want to have their cake and eat it too.

They didn't just want to create a super weapon.

They wanted to create a super weapon that they could control.

As such, keeping Anastasia a bit dull and naive was precisely what they had likely wanted.

Unfortunately, taking this approach had also led to their Segmented Cube not being able to reach its fullest potential.

Even so, Leonel had no choice but to respect it... and be impressed on top of that.

Did he hate them for what they had done to Anastasia? Of course.

Arguably, this was even worse than what he had thought happened before.

Before, he just blamed them for their incompetence.

But now, he was fairly certain that they had turned Anastasia into a puppet on purpose, which was even more blood-boiling even if he understood why they had to take such measures.

The question, then... was how do they fix all of this? And the short of the answer was to change the world.

However, this was easier said than done for several reasons.

First, they lacked the power.

Aina was still pregnant and unwilling to divert her energy to other things for even a moment.

Even the blood she used to concoct these days didn't come from her at all.

And even if she was at 100%, her Dream Force wasn't nearly as deep as Leonel's.

As for Leonel, he wasn't to the point of being able to do something so exaggerated just yet.

Second, if they relied on directing Anastasia to do it, not only could things go terribly wrong, but the failsafes the Minerva had baked into the Segmented Cube to keep her in check would also activate.

At that point, the entire Segmented Cube might self-destruct and leave them out of luck again.

It was on the first day that the couple had thought of the solution.

Leonel's Destruction World.

The Destruction World was Leonel's own to begin with.

He had, quite literally, built it from scratch, and it was a highly unique existence as a result of that.

For all intents and purposes... He was the Regulator of it.

Using it as a foundation, he would be able to not only use its Destruction capabilities to erode the laws of Anastasia's world that he didn't like, but he would even be able to form a bridge between the two and maybe benefit from the existence of this world as well.

At that point, he would have two worlds free of Regulators, one for Destruction... and the other for Creation.

The trouble was that this was just the simple explanation.

The details of this matter had kept them in this room for an entire month for a reason... But now they were ready.

The two called Anastasia into their room, and while she was confused, they comforted her.

"Soon, you'll be free," Leonel said with a smile.

"Just try not to resist, and if you feel anything about to happen to your world, let us know." Anastasia blinked, still confused.

Her large eyes seemed almost watery in this light, exuding an innocence that belied her true age.

But in the end, if she didn't trust Leonel and Aina... who would she trust? Leonel and Aina looked toward one another and nodded.

Anastasia's world suddenly began to shake.

...Nilrem looked up when things began, and he couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

What was that snot-nosed brat up to now? He took a step and began to roam around the world, analyzing the changes that occurred over the next few days.

But the more he observed, the more the shock in his heart solidified.

Chapter 3117: Monsters

"... These little monsters..." Nilrem was much like his disciple. He was rarely impressed by anything. He was a man who had managed to climb to this height all on his own.

He had no family behind him, no friends, his own wife had stabbed him in the back... but now he stood tall in the God Realm, pissing over the gates of bastards who pissed him off and stealing their women. It was hard for such a man to be fazed by anything. But sensing the synergy between Leonel and Aina now, he couldn't help but be shocked.

This level of Crafting... There was no doubt. It was the best in Existence right now. When he came to this conclusion, he was completely floored.

One had to understand what this meant. There were monsters that had dedicated their entire lives to Crafting, lives that spanned across millions of years in some cases. They lived and breathed this.

Not only this, but these monsters tended to build their understanding and comprehension on the backs of those that had come before them... the giants whose shoulders they stood on had also been monsters who dedicated millions of years to their Crafts. But not only were Aina and Leonel a mere fraction of their age, but they didn't have a background nearly as profound. Most of what they knew now they had either learned on their own, or... 'That man... maybe he's the real monster...' How could Nilrem not be interested in the father of his disciple?

How many iterations had he been forced to live because of Leonel's pursuit of resurrecting his father? It was funny, actually. The first time he met Leonel's father in this iteration, he had actually been out-manuevered by the man.

He had been trying to "take over" Leonel's body and Velasco's protection triggered. With this context, it seemed like Nilrem had allowed this to happen on purpose, but that wasn't exactly the case. Well, it hadn't been the first time it happened, that is.

He remembered during the second and third Iterations, his ego had been triggered so he tried to circumvent it on purpose... only to end up suffering anyway. In fact, he had almost died back then because Velasco thought he was too dangerous for almost succeeding. By comparison, the Velasco of this iteration let him live because he thought that he would be a good grindstone for his son.

Nilrem still felt a cold sweat when he thought about those days. It would have been far too embarrassing to die to a man that had never stepped out of an Incomplete World before. Nilrem shook his head. 'A true monster... but...' He suppressed his thoughts.

Even he didn't dare to casually think about the Demoness. Maybe the only person in the world who dared to do such a thing right now was Leonel. The elephant in the room was obvious.

Since Nilrem had been through so many iterations... did he know what the true purpose of the Demoness was? Given how intelligent Leonel was, he would have obviously thought of such a question. So why hadn't he ever bothered to ask Nilrem about it?

The answer was simple. That was because Nilrem didn't know. Nilrem was so powerful that even when Leonel sent his mind back in time to try different methods of saving his father, he had been aware of it.

He was one of the very few existences in, well... Existence that could boast such a thing. Though, part of the reason he could was because Leonel had allowed him to while hiding it from most. However, no matter which iteration it was, the Demoness never appeared.

It was like she had vanished from Existence, which was impossible. That only meant one thing... The Demoness hadn't disappeared at all. Instead... She was completely unaffected by future Leonel's time reversals and stood above and outside of them.

What did this mean? It meant that she was waiting for Leonel to finish playing his little games before she executed her real plan. However, matters still weren't this simple... that was because future Leonel had mentioned having already crushed the Demoness... So why was Nilrem unaware of all of this?

The simple answer seemed to be that Nilrem had died first. However... Leonel knew that the answer wasn't so simple. This woman was the true bane of his existence and likely to be the strongest expert to ever be born.

Maybe even the Northern Star couldn't hold her down. Nilrem's eyes became more solemn the more he thought about it. 'Seems I will need to leave for a while. Otherwise, she might begin to affect me.

I need a cleansing...' Nilrem hadn't wanted to think about such things, but they came in a cascade. There was no such thing as being too cautious in the face of such a powerful Dream Force expert. He left a message for Leonel in the air and then vanished.

He stepped out of the Segmented Cube even without Anastasia's input as though it was never capable of trapping him in the first place. Leonel saw the message in the first instant, but he was deep in a state of concentration with Aina and didn't have the time to mind it. He already had a guess as to what had happened, and it made his eyes flicker with malevolence.

One day... he would crush that woman. The refinement process continued. The months ticked by and the changes were quickly becoming more and more obvious until, suddenly.

CRACK. The skies split like an egg's shell. Beads of sweat fell from Leonel and Aina's brows.

They knew that this was the most crucial part. If they failed, this world would likely fall apart completely. But if they succeeded... They would gain the greatest God Armament in Existence.

Not only that, but this God Armament would become the foundation of their Kingdom, where they would not only stand as King and Queen, but their children would live a life of prosperity. The two roared at the same time.

Chapter 3118: Far Enough

At that moment, Leonel's Destruction World cracked apart as well.

The land of crimson fragmented, the Stars that hovered above it almost collapsing.

What would the greatest weakness of Anastasia be after this was completed? Wouldn't it be that she would soak up the vitality of her world too fast? But where did the vitality of a world come from...? Wasn't it the Stars? Everything shifted around Leonel.

The world faded, and he found himself buried deep within piles of sand, the Segmented Cube pressed against his chest.

He had been expelled from the Segmented Cube, and this could be considered the most dangerous part of the operation.

That was because he was now exposed to the world and couldn't use Anastasia's abilities to hide any longer.

Even if the Four Great Families had stopped their search, they would certainly sense such a commotion.

But this was the only way to finish the rest of the process.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Echoing, thunderous drums reverberated through Leonel's body, and the skies looked as though they might collapse.

Beneath the might of Anastasia's momentum, the world itself cracked, and its World Spirit, which had already been waning in strength due to the actions of the Sylvan, only grew weaker.

"Solidify." Leonel coughed up a mouthful of blood the moment he said these words.

Trying to control such unruly laws was going to be the death of him if he wasn't careful.

However, he still spoke again.

This time, he activated [Star Fusion: King's Might].

His Violet Winds, Vital Star Force, and his Dream Force layered onto one another.

This was the first time that Leonel had ever done this, and it happened entirely subconsciously, but when he felt the result, his eyes couldn't help but open wide.

'Is that...!' He didn't have the time to think about it.

His body was rattling as though it might collapse at any moment, his bones snapping and crackling, and even his Ethereal Glabella had begun to have fine-line fractures on its surface.

The pain was unbearable.

Leonel had never experienced such a thing before.

This was the first time his Ethereal Glabella had ever suffered like this.

He could feel the gates of death opening up to him, and even compared to the hundred years he had experienced, this was even worse.

But... Leonel's jaw set, his mind calm, and his expression even calmer.

There was only one path forward after he reached this point.

Success.

He wouldn't settle for anything less, and there was nothing that would be able to pause his steps.

A violet melding of energies around him fluttered and glided, soaring and growing stronger and stronger until it suddenly pierced through the skies.

"SOLIDIFY!"

His roar came with a mist of blood, but the blood condensed into a complex array of runes that seemed to be an advanced application of Blood Force.

This was one of Aina's additions.

And though Leonel's Blood Force affinity was nigh non-existent, his Ability Index gave him perfect control over his body, while Star Fusion used Vital Star Force, giving him a large amount of Life Force.

When he added that with the power his words gave him, this mist of blood that carried a large amount of Life Force suddenly became an anchor.

The blood-red characters were infused into the world, and a large amount of billowing violet smoke came from Leonel's body.

At the same time, his Innate Node thrummed with life, auras of Creation and Destruction swirling through the world.

ROAR! All of the Force in the world was suddenly sapped away in an instant.

BOOM! It shattered apart at its seams, blasting apart into the Inbetween Worlds.

At that moment, the hidden portals of the Four Great Families fragmented and shattered apart, revealing all of their locations at once.

It was too late to do anything.

Although they had been on their way, they were still a step too late.

They didn't even have the time to get eyes on Leonel before everything went south.

Leonel didn't even have time to mind it as his body was thrown into a wave of chaos.

Being bombarded from all sides, his injuries only became worse and worse, but his focus didn't waver, until... 'Success.' Leonel roared and a stabilizing force projected out from his body.

All of a sudden, he seemed to have stepped out of time and space.

Despite all the chaos around him, it couldn't make it through.

Or, rather, it went right through him as though he wasn't even standing here.

Wasn't this Blackstar's ability? Only in part.

Blackstar hid in the shadows, but in a lot of ways, Leonel was taking it a step further than this.

In this state... He didn't even age.

And apparently he couldn't breathe either because despite huffing for it, there was no oxygen whatsoever.

Luckily, he had several inner worlds he could pull it from.

Leonel slowly calmed down, his gaze flickering.

Had he really succeeded? This one was a true razor's edge.

After all that preparation, they still almost failed.

He had to say that he had definitely underestimated the Minerva.

But in the end... He and his wife together had surpassed them.

And one day, they would even surpass the God Beasts of Creation that came before them.

Leonel clenched his fists, his eyes blazing.

Now, it was time to find out what had changed.

His body flickered and vanished.

All that was left was a Segmented Cube where he had been.

But soon... even that disappeared.

The world fell into silence, leaving behind nothing but Destruction.

In several other locations, though, old Ancestors began to stir.

Deep within this Pluto's world, several opened their eyes.

Their gazes were unfathomable as they all looked in the same exact direction.

If a clear line was drawn between them and where they looked... it would no doubt pass right through where Leonel had vanished.

The ancestors began to commune with one another and realized something.

"The debt to the Fawkes has already been repaid."

"Agreed."

"Yes. This is far enough."

Chapter 3119: Sentience

Leonel appeared within the Segmented Cube once again and immediately returned to his and Aina's living quarters to find Anastasia staring out into blank space.

The little World Spirit seemed to be in a daze, not quite understanding what was going on around her.

Leonel didn't do anything but stand there. He didn't even talk to Aina, not wanting to disturb Anastasia.

Regardless of what he thought the success or not was, it all wouldn't matter unless Anastasia could see it through to the other side.

The harsh reality was that Leonel knew this was a risk. There was no guarantee that the Anastasia he knew would still be the same Anastasia after all of this.

Once success was confirmed, Anastasia would no longer be a normal existence. All things considered, she might even be classified as a new Race.

To get into the more nitty-gritty... Anastasia's mental capacity would be so great that it would be more than possible for her to "revisit" every aspect of her life before this and recontextualize it all.

Right now she was probably in a daze because that was precisely what she was doing.

If Leonel had done this for a normal human, a mortal even, not much would change immediately. After all, the mental capacity it would take to do what Anastasia was doing now was something only those like Leonel and those with Dream Force on par with himself could do.

But even then... Leonel had only experienced a bit more than a dozen decades of life or so. While Anastasia...

Her life had to be calculated in the millions at least, no? And even that was being conservative.

To recontextualize all of that life, in as little as a few seconds, the results would be out.

Either she would be the same person or she would become someone completely different.

However, Leonel had made a promise.

Anastasia had always been important to his father although he didn't know the details of their time together.

His father was unwilling to allow Anastasia to sacrifice herself. It could be said that if Anastasia had just repeated what she had done before, sacrificing her Grade to protect his father from the Regulator, he would still be here.

Leonel had deduced all of this long ago, but he never blamed Anastasia for it.

She was family.

If his father treated her like that, he would. And on top of that, she had already carved out her own individual place in his heart.

Suddenly, Anastasia looked up and met Leonel's gaze.

Leonel could immediately feel that it was different. He wasn't just staring at Anastasia anymore, he was staring at an almighty being that had lived for millions of years.

He sighed inwardly. It seemed that the answer was quite obvious.

It was impossible to recontextualize millions of years of life and come out the same.

He had already run the simulations. The odds weren't even part of a millionth of a percent. It was an unfathomably small probability.

His simulations were more accurate now than they had ever been. He had known that he wouldn't be wrong, but he couldn't help but feel a little bit disappointed anyway.

At that moment, Anastasia's expression changed again and she blinked. Right then, she looked no different from the old Anastasia, and she was about to speak, but Leonel smiled and shook his head.

"The fact you have that intention is fine enough by me," Leonel said with a grin. "You don't have to have it, I know that would just kill you. I did this to set you free, not trap you in another cage.

"I want to learn about the real Anastasia."

Anastasia blinked in surprise but then she shook her head as though lamenting something. It seemed that she should have known that fooling Leonel wouldn't be so easy.

If she had wanted a chance, then she should have probably hidden the depth of her eyes from the start. But maybe she had subconsciously let it slip because she wanted to hear these exact words from Leonel.

"How do you feel?" Leonel asked.

"... Burdened..."

Anastasia's voice sounded slightly deeper than usual. Not like she had become a man, but rather like a more mature woman. Though, her form hadn't changed very much.

World Spirits could look however they want. So the fact Anastasia was still in this form just meant that it was the one she was most comfortable with, and there was no reason for her not to be.

"What's wrong?" Leonel asked. Though, from the look in his eyes, it seemed he already had an answer.

"... I don't think World Spirits were meant to have such... awareness..." she said softly.

Her eyes dimmed a bit.

Being a tool in the cog of Existence's wheel was a nice place to be if you had no personality, no desires, no aspirations. But what happened when you suddenly had them?

And what happened when you recontextualized all your life to the point you felt like you had just relived it all?

All of that loneliness... just the sheer pointless nature of it all.

It was hard to accept. Maybe it wasn't just that ignorance was bliss, but being able to avoid this sort of pain... wouldn't it have been better?

"I thought of this as well," Leonel replied with a touch of gentleness to his voice. "If you truly want to go back to how things were, I won't stop you."

Anastasia was a hint surprised by Leonel's words. He was essentially accepting the possibility of giving up maybe the strongest treasure in all of Existence right now.

The things she could do now were simply incomparable to the past.

"Or," Leonel continued, "you can forge a new life for yourself. Sentience is a burden. After all, a tree doesn't fear for its life, and there's a certain peace to that..."

"But a tree also can't experience happiness. Would you like to find out how?"

Chapter 3120: Instead?

This was something that even Leonel and Aina were still trying to figure out, let alone Anastasia who had only just truly gained her full sentience.

The husband-wife pair had spent most of their life chasing after "peace" so that they could finally have happiness. But it wasn't until recently that they realized that they had to carve out their own happiness.

With the end of the world bearing down on them all, it didn't make much sense for them to be having a child now. But they had still chosen to do so.

Sentience was, indeed, a burden. But it could be a blessing if you used it right as well.

"... How?" Anastasia asked curiously.

She had just recontextualized all her life just now. More owners than she cared to count, more experience than she cared to recall... too much heartbreak.

If there had been an answer, she would have certainly found it in there. But it wasn't. No matter how she looked, she found herself missing her old self.

She didn't believe that Leonel was just saying this for a chance to keep her current self by his side. She knew him more deeply than that.

He truly saw her as family. He might be willing to force the hand of his new Generals, trading off being an asshole in exchange for the greater good. But he wouldn't be willing to do such a thing for his own people. He would never.

That meant...

He really had a way?

Part of her wanted to believe it. But...

"Well, for starters..." Leonel smiled, looking to Aina who seemed to have already read his thoughts. She was also smiling, a sweet and bright smile. "... Would you like to be the baby's godmother?"

Anastasia's eyes widened.

Of all the things she thought Leonel would say, this was the very last on the list.

However, it was then that a wave of unfamiliar emotions swept over her.

That was right...

She came to a realization. Even if she recontextualized her life, she couldn't insert all the emotions that she would have felt back then had she had true sentience.

And right now, there were a whole host that she had never felt before.

Confusion, nervousness...

Sweetness, anticipation...

Happiness, embarrassment...

The colors of her eyes rapidly changed and eventually, she started crying. Almost like a baby that had been too overstimulated, she covered her eyes with her small hands, trying to hide herself from the embarrassment.

But it was then she felt two warm bodies wrap around hers. She barely registered the fact that Leonel and Aina were hugging her because she only had the energy to cry even harder.

"I think that's a yes." Leonel said.

Aina laughed in response.

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Leonel stood in silence, his gaze flickering.

There were too many paths he could take right now, so many choices that it was overwhelming for him.

Having too many ideas was a problem too.

Anastasia was a World Spirit. It was in her bones to help creatures evolve and create.

Focusing on using her help to complete his Demon Army would be extremely helpful.

But then there was armor creation. As expected, the Morales were improving by leaps and bounds under Ramon's tutelage. Having a God direct you in their self-created Force was definitely a feeling of ease that was hard to find elsewhere.

Using Anastasia to mass-produce these armors would instantly raise their attacking prowess to another level. And because they were Morales, they would be very receptive to the new types of armor that Leonel and Aina could create together. After all, their Divine Armors were already semi-organic.

But then there was his own personal improvement. He couldn't neglect that as well.

Luckily, Nilrem had helped him reaffirm some things. But he still hadn't progressed his actual Dimension in too long.

'Am I overthinking it?'

This was a World Spirit he was talking about. They could manage an entire world, let alone several tasks at once.

He was still thinking about Anastasia like he had to direct every one of her actions, which was why he had been thinking that he had to choose just one. But maybe he shouldn't be worried about it so much?

If he was going to trust Anastasia, then he should trust her completely.

Anastasia suddenly appeared by Leonel's side. Before Leonel could speak, she spoke first.

"You're doing several... not very efficient things right now. You can just leave them to me."

Leonel raised an eyebrow.

"The reason evolution is slow in real life is because World Spirits are conserving resources and want only those that display the most talent over the longest period of time to have a chance to stand at the top.

"But I can trigger evolution whenever I want. I can force the same Hyper Evolution state of the Oryx on the Sea Gods, or your... Dream Demons, if you want to call them that."

Leonel chuckled. "What's wrong with my Demons?"

"A lot. They are a Race that would never make it in the real world.

"Your idea isn't bad, and Aina's support makes it workable. But the problem is that it's something you'd see in a comic book. You can't just slap two concepts that seem like they work together and hope for the best. It will inevitably cause problems."

"Oh?" Leonel blinked.

He thought that using the Dream Asuras as a foundation, and bolstering them with the Destruction Envoys, was the perfect plan.

But then Anastasia said something that hit him like a truck.

"There's a reason the God Beasts of Creation only managed to successfully infuse humans with their Envoys."

Leonel's gaze flashed like lightning. That was right, how could he neglect such an obvious thing?

If it was so easy to fuse people's bodies with Envoy blood, there would be far more than just what remained of the Northern Star Lineage Factor.

The combination of he and Aina was amazing, and it could likely look down on all current Crafters, but it wasn't at the point of being superior to the God Beasts of Creation.

"I see... then what do you want to do instead?"