

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 3291: Unfair

They cut through the army like a knife through butter. One life after another was reaped beneath their blade.

Leonel felt an extra hand on his spear, and his fiery fury fueled his every action.

The Demoness had surely not expected Leonel to cut down Montez so easily. Not because he was so strong... he was not. In fact, he was among the easiest opponents here.

Leonel would read her like she was an open book. He had long stepped off her chess board and he was gazing at it from above, his chaotic aura suppressing her own.

She wanted him to hesitate, she wanted him to feel the same torn feeling she was, to change his mind and realize that giving up everything to save someone you loved only made perfect sense. Wasn't it only natural to do so no matter what the cost?

Yes... it was only natural.

As for sending his aunt after them as well, Leonel saw through that even more easily. She actually wanted Aina to kill her, she wanted to form a rift between Aina and Leonel, breaking the seamlessness of their communication and teamwork.

If Aina so carelessly took the life of Leonel's aunt, how would Leonel feel about that? How would he react?

Even now, she was still trying to play mind games.

No... at this point it was all she could play.

She couldn't gather her true strength, her mind was too dispersed. And yet, rather than trying to reel it in, she was desperately trying to expand it further, to run away from the pain Leonel was trying to force her to face...

The guilt.

It wasn't going to work.

Because as Leonel said, there were no Gods in this world. There was no one without a limit.

And this time, having run so far, and for so long...

She had reached hers.

Leonel and Aina appeared before the Demoness.

"PROTECT ME! I COMMAND IT!" she shrieked.

But in her fury and confusion, she didn't seem to have noticed yet...

That there was nothing left of the Invalid army to protect her.

Leonel and Aina had carved through an army of millions as though taking a stroll through the park.

Craters appeared in reality, rifts through times of the past and even small peeks into potential futures. The power of Aina's Force Pill bombs had been so shocking that she had forced these rifts to appear, but they also served a secondary purpose.

With them, it was impossible for the Demoness to reverse time again. It was all too volatile, her mind was in too much of a mess, and, like Leonel was drilling into her right this moment...

She had her limits.

Just like everyone else.

And just like everyone else who had suffered loss and was forced to learn to deal with it, she would too... or she would die right here and now.

Leonel had always believed that no life was superior to another. What gave the Demoness the right to make a mess of the world, rip families apart, cause so much death, destruction, and carnage, just because she was unable to accept something anyone else would be forced to?

Why?

Because she was strong?

That reason was never good enough for him.

She was lucky to be born with her talent. Nothing more, nothing less.

It didn't make her or her desires more important than that of someone else.

And today, he and his wife would finally make her pay for that arrogance.

Leonel's Idol and Constellation shimmered into existence, an enormous man wielding a spear and formed of Stars taking shape.

Aina's body trembled and her own Idol appeared... a manifestation of herself rising high in the skies and standing side by side with her husband.

She waved a hand and shingles of crimson armor formed out of the blood around her.

Leonel's aura flared along with hers, his Divine Armor appearing for the very first time in his battle with the Demoness.

Heavy robes formed of leather fell down his body, shimmering in whites, golds, and violets. His eyes became orbs of violet, his crown shining brighter and brighter.

An explosion of Creation filled the air, a painting of butterflies, fluttering birds, stars, and the most gorgeous of phoenixes and soaring dragons appeared around him.

But what was more powerful than any of that was what wasn't seen.

Hidden in his World of Creation, his father's spirit, his grandfather's, his uncle's... they all layered onto one another.

He thrust out with his spear with one hand, holding onto his wife's with the other.

Aina punched out with all her might with one fist, her free fingers interlacing with her husband's own.

They appeared before the Demoness in unison, their manifestations bending the world to their will.

In that moment, time seemed to slow, their determination solidifying. The power of the Demoness felt like an unscalable mountain, a peak that stood beyond a peak, a Heaven beyond a Heaven.

And yet, right then, crippled by her thoughts, this mountain fell to its knees, this peak crumbled, this Heaven darkened, falling to an abyss that fell into a vast nothingness.

In the end... maybe she too... was just as tired as the Northern Star above.

A spear pierced through the right of her chest, a fist punching through the left.

Her body convulsed.

In a shocking display of will, she tried to twist reality once again, pulling on time to reverse, to allow her to live. She had always done it so easily in the past... no one could kill her... she was a Goddess...

The Demoness.

But she realized at that moment that even she would have to face death one day. It was something she had never considered, a possibility that never crossed the vastness of her mind...

But now she had no choice but to face it...

Because the gaze of her grandson was forcing her to.

"Die."

Leonel said coldly.

Ophelia's heart shook.

Such... hatred...

Tears fell from her eyes and she just... stopped.

Her head lowered. In a fraction of a moment, her Dream Force sprung back to her body and her mind was forced to analyze everything at once.

But maybe this was the unfairness of the world, the unfairness she had forced everyone else to live through all this time.

Even with her speed of thought...

She didn't have the time to analyze it all.

BANG!

She crumbled.

Chapter 3292: A Weak Little Human

Leonel huffed out breaths, but he managed to catch his breath after just a few. He didn't feel stressed, nor too fatigued. Holding onto his wife's hand, maybe a little too tightly, he felt he had all the support he needed.

He slowly lowered his spear, his weapon vanishing into motes of sparkling light that peeled away into fluttering butterflies and soaring birds.

Looking to his side, he found his wife looking over at him at the same time. They didn't say a word, silently embracing one another.

"I'm sorry..." Aina said softly.

Leonel stroked the back of her head, feeling comfort in her touch.

"... It was always going to be impossible for us to make it this far without giving up something."

"I still feel like... we lost too much..."

Leonel didn't reply, his hold on her tightening just the slightest bit.

Too many people had died. To his shame, there were probably more than Leonel had had the bandwidth to pay attention to. So many people that deserved more fell in silence, falling in some corner of the battlefield never to rise up again.

It was a tragedy on a scale the likes of which had never happened before, and likely would never happen again.

Taking his wife into his arms, Leonel soared high into the skies.

He could already feel a veil over the world loosening. Without the Dream Force of the Demoness suffocating and blanketing Existence, the desire for Destruction was satiated a great deal.

It was so ironic. The Demoness had killed so much in hopes of buying some time, but the more she killed, the closer to Destruction they all got.

...

The Northern Star looked as though it was within arm's reach. But Leonel had to cross countless miles to truly make it to it.

It had a size that was truly unfathomable. Recalling memories of sitting before it and how small it had felt, Leonel wondered if he had even caught up to his future self in strength yet.

Funny enough, it seemed that if his future self had been here, he would have been able to win this battle all on his own.

Leonel looked down at the woman in his arms. She cuddled into him, her head resting on his chest, her smile small and peaceful. It seemed that in this soft silence, she had already accepted things for as they were.

It was a shame, though. Leonel couldn't manage to see himself as some sort of moral savior, some existence that had a heart of gold that could give up everything.

If he didn't have his wife... well, he had already seen how that played out. The destruction he brought was even worse than the Demoness' had been. The difference was that Existence had been so close to death that he didn't have the chance to do more.

But in the end, there had been no one left in the world but himself. With such a pathetic showing, as much fury as he had toward the Demoness...

Was he any better?

'I will be...' Leonel thought, holding onto his wife a little tighter. '... For their sake.'

He leaned down, kissing Aina's forehead. She shifted slightly, greedily taking in his scent.

The light of the Northern Star should have been fierce enough to burn them away, but their strength stood strong, intertwining with one another.

Leonel reached out a hand, his palm touching the boiling gases of its surface.

In that moment, he felt something. The heat vanished, a warmth enveloping him.

The danger that seemed to always encompass the Northern Star vanished. Instead, he could almost feel like... it was smiling down at him.

'Mm...'

Stars... they were indeed the thing that fueled Existence. Without them, there would be no life at all. Without their warmth, the energy they provided, the light they produced.

His grandfather... or rather, the Demoness' first and true husband, had likely been the first man to wield Star Force. From that, he created the Northern Star, using it to mitigate the greatest mistake they had made.

They were too talented, too early. They lusted after power too much, chasing peak after peak without regard. And in the end, they took too much and the world threatened to collapse.

The only way to reverse things was by giving it all back.

It was hard to fathom just how much power his grandfather had accumulated to be able to support the world for so many trillions of years simply by returning what he had taken...

'The Northern Star Lineage was for this, hm? It seems that you were trying your very best as well.'

The warmth seemed to tremble the slightest bit.

Leonel took a breath and his aura flared up. His eyes blazed with a white gold, Star Force blooming off of him in waves.

Then came his King Force.

His grandfather had created Northern Star Force. It was the guiding light of the world, the one thing that seemed capable of holding back the world from destruction.

Leonel created King Force. It was a Force that broke the laws of the world, giving without seemingly having taken anything at all. Fusing his Dream Force, his Vital Star Force, his Lineages, and so many of his comprehensions, he created this shocking Force.

However... it still wasn't enough.

Light Force.

It was peculiar. In all of these strong Forces, Light Force seemed the most out of place, like it wasn't meant to be here at all.

But Leonel knew that it was the final piece to the puzzle. The blueprint was already there.

His grandfather had countless years to consider where he had failed, and in the end, he spurred on the creation of a Lineage Factor that was built on Star and Light Force.

Why was that?

Well...

Leonel smiled, recalling lessons from Earth.

This was the beauty of the world. It was why there was no one life more valuable than another, and it was why he would stand by that philosophy for the rest of his life.

According to Einstein's theory of relativity, the faster one moved, the slower time was in relation to everything else. Meaning...

The only thing in all of Existence that had never aged since the beginning of time itself...

Was Light Force.

If one wanted to breathe life into the universe, what other Force would you even use?

He had always wondered why Light, of all things, would have such strong healing properties. What sense did that even make?

Who would think that a weak little human with no power at all would forge the theory that would save a society of Gods and Demons?

Leonel's eyes shimmered with a bright light and a sweeping warmth spread across the land.

Chapter 3293: A Chance

"You're slowing me down! Hurry up!"

A little boy rushed up a hill. Sweat beaded down his brow, locking his bronzed brown hair to his skull as though it were another layer of skill. There was a brightness to his brown eyes that seemed to ignore his fatigue entirely.

"Diego, I swear to God, if you try and rush me again, I will stick my bow up your ass."

The little boy cringed. "Can you not speak like that?"

"What? You don't like it? Go talk to Lina, then." The little girl huffed.

"Lina? I told you she just asked for tips on how to thrust!"

"You don't see the innuendo in that?!"

"You're overthinking it! She was talking about her spear!"

"No, I am not, you airhead!"

The two rushed to the top of the mountain.

They might have been 13 or 14 years old at most, but they scaled a mountain as tall as 10,000 meters, through the harsh weather, and managed to be among the first to get here.

The air was sparse, the winds were harsh, and there was a thin layer of snow over everything.

It should have been the case that a region like this was buried beneath the snow entirely. How could it not be when it was so high in the skies?

But the thick layer of billowing steam had something to say about that.

This wasn't a mountain at all, it was a volcano. And up ahead, fighting against the harsh elements of the cold, there was an enormous pool of lava in which a man stood.

Well, they thought he did, anyway. It was impossible to see much of anything, and the youths rushing up here were fighting against their Force being constantly drained by this scorching, howling steam.

"Dammit!" Diego cursed. "Look at that. Because of you, Quinyon got here at the same time."

Somehow, Diego saw through the mist as though it wasn't there, his senses landing on another boy who had rushed up the mountain.

"Because of me?!"

"Yes, because of you! We were making good time, and then you wanted to start yelling about girls that don't matter. Do you know how much oxygen we wasted just arguing?!"

"Well, if you don't care about what I have to say, just go vent to Lina, then!"

Diego was speechless.

"Alienor, please!"

"Don't touch me! I'm not talking to you anymore! I would hate for you to waste your breath on me!"

Diego didn't even know what to say, but he suddenly found himself feeling angry.

"Hey! Not all of us have a King for a nephew! If I don't grasp this opportunity, I'll never have another one—!"

Diego froze.

Alienor's head had snapped toward him, her golden pigtail bobbing. It had only been an instant, but her emerald irises had already begun to turn red, her eyes brimming with tears.

Diego cursed again. This time, he had really stepped in it. But she was really starting to piss him off with this nonsense. He hadn't even spoken with Lina for more than two or three sentences—what the hell was with this constant pressing?

It had been an entire week of this.

"HAHAHA! Trouble in paradise?! Eat my blade!"

Diego was almost late to react, a saber striking out for his back. He hurriedly spun, pulling out his spear from his spatial ring and thrusting out.

BANG!

He took a heavy step back, almost slipping in the snow. The webbing on his thumb broke apart, blood flowing down his palm and making his grip slippery.

He didn't even get a chance to steady himself before a second blow was already on the way.

...

On a distant planet, Leonel suppressed the last of his wife's moans, kneeling on top of her and sliding his cock between her lips. He laughed when she almost choked, her sputtering and her slapping at his thighs finally making him roll over.

Aina collapsed into his arms, pouting a bit. But the light of lust in her eyes said that she almost wanted to do it again.

Just as she was about to say something, though, she paused.

"Hm? Aren't we forgetting something?"

Leonel blinked and then nodded. "True."

He pulled his wife into his arms, playing with the soft skin of her waist as he waved a free hand.

The scene on the volcano top appeared and Leonel's gaze softened a bit.

"It seems things are getting a bit heated."

"Sending Alienor there is a bit much, don't you think? She doesn't have the maturity of the others."

"She's a little pampered," Leonel said with a grin. "But she's my aunt, after all."

Aina playfully slapped his chest and the two laughed.

...

Diego coughed up a mouthful of blood, almost falling to a knee.

"Diego!" Alienor cried out from the side, suddenly feeling terrible. It was her fault he had been distracted.

Quinyon was strong, but he was firmly half a tick below her boyfriend in power. It shouldn't be like this.

"Why are you so distracted?"

A voice Alienor recognized all too well came from her back. She couldn't even react at all before her back was slashed open to the bone.

"Oops," Lina said softly, slipping into the shadow. "Apologies, princess. I wouldn't want to harm you too badly. If I accidentally kill you, then wouldn't the King slaughter my entire bloodline? Would you like me to go easy on you? What percentage? 40% of my strength, maybe? 30%? Whatever the noble wants."

Alienor stumbled forward.

"Alienor!" Diego called out, his rage pumping through his veins.

BANG!

He was sent flying the moment his head turned, barely protecting his chest from being skewered through.

"HA! They said you were the best?!" Quinyon roared. "According to who?!"

Their voices attracted many over. One after another, the geniuses were quickly making it to the mountain peak, and when they saw Diego suffering so terribly, whether subtly or by instinct, they surrounded the region.

They weren't fools. They knew who their strongest competition here was.

If Diego fell... all of them would have a chance.

