

Dimensional Descent

- Chapter 2881: Impulsive

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Leonel's smile almost felt like the smile of a devil in their eyes. It felt like they were staring into the maw of the abyss, his presence making their hearts unwittingly palpitate.

Staring into his eyes, it felt that from the very start, he had their hopes and dreams in the palms of his hand.

It didn't make sense for him to be so calm and unhurried, for him to carelessly come into the location they were the absolute strongest in just to snub their noses. And yet, feeling his confidence, they realized without taking action that there was little they could do to change things, even if they wanted to.

They realized that this boy had already grasped onto their weakness, and the situation was entirely under their control.

"What do you want?"

This time, it wasn't Lady Emberheart who spoke. It was the old lady of the two Ancestors.

There were many things about this that they didn't understand, especially since they were hardly the only Spiritual Race Bubble.

Even if they didn't go to the Moonstone Bubble because of the dead prince, wouldn't it be easier to help one of the weaker Spiritual Bubbles to rise up?

The Emberheart and Moonstone families were the two strongest of the Spiritual Race. They were likewise the most difficult to control as a result.

If Leonel had gone to a Spiritual Bubble with only one or two Creation State experts, with such a technique in hand, couldn't he help them to rise up quickly and hold all the cards in his hands at the same time?

By the time anyone realized what was happening, the situation would already be far too late to change.

Of course, they had no idea that Leonel was the one to kill the Moonstone Prince, even to this day. They didn't even know that Leonel was the one who helped the Dwarven Race impersonate the Emberheart little Princess.

At most, they had some guesses that they couldn't confirm.

Even so, the rest was still a problem.

Was Leonel really so confident in keeping them in line?

When they remembered the power he had been about to display earlier, they couldn't help but shudder. Was that really so farfetched?

"What do I want? You may call yourselves Spirituals, but you are Humans. Isn't it only natural all Humans be under a single banner?"

"Led by you?"

"And who else?" Leonel smiled.

Looking at Leonel, they couldn't find it in them to refute. Indeed... who else?

A child of not even 30 years old was already capable of having a Creation State Force. This was practically unheard of.

Not only that, but he had defeated their best without displaying his strongest strength.

However...

He was arrogant, impulsive, and was bound to get them into trouble they might never be able to extricate themselves from.

The old lady slowly shook her head.

"If the cost of the technique is to fly beneath your banner, the Spirituals will have to refuse. You will lead us to ruin."

She spoke candidly, as only a person uninterested in the remainder of her life might. She had lived a long time and seen many things...

Also, it wasn't like this was all the Spiritual Race had. Didn't they also have several Gods?

Of course, these Gods weren't able to interfere in their matters and could objectively be considered to be an external power now, but so what?

Was a Bubble that had produced many Gods supposed to submit to a child?

And even if they did, with Leonel's talent, how long would he be able to stay here? Even if by some miracle he changed his ways, was no longer as impulsive, and led them to victory after victory, so what?

When he left, wouldn't they be right back to square one? And by that point, how many people would he have offended?

Even if one said that the technique would be able to bridge that gap, what about the unrest? There were no Races in all of Existence that truly flew under a single barrier. There would always be naysayers and opposers.

How would the Ma'at Bubble react to suddenly knowing that Leonel was their leader?

Would this impulsive boy have any propriety when it came to this? Or would he just start killing anyone who ignored his words and authority?

And even if Leonel really did change, once again, how would cooperation work? Once they got their hands on the technique, if Leonel could only lead them from the shadows, what reason would he have to trust them?

They certainly wouldn't trust someone else in this way, and they knew Leonel was smart enough not to, either.

No matter how you spun and flipped this matter, it didn't make sense from any angle. It was as though Leonel was just messing around once again.

Plus... they had their own reasons for hiding their identity as humans, reasons that ran deeper than just wanting to avoid the ire of the world.

How could it be that no one knew that the Spirituals had such a past? What had it taken to obscure such a thing? And in the case of those who knew, how was it that they had kept them silent?

This matter wasn't as simple as it seemed on the surface, and it only made them think that Leonel was all the more ignorant and naïve to suggest such a thing.

He was ultimately too young and too impulsive... just as the old Ancestor had said.

However, Leonel only gave her a glance.

"Impulsive?"

Leonel stretched out a hand and they all froze, thinking that something bad was about to happen. They were already used to Leonel lashing out.

But what happened instead made their eyes open wide.

A tablet, radiating with pink, violet and sky blue diamonds, appeared, exuding an ancient aura that played on their hearts.

Leonel didn't need to say another word.

The appearance of the Life Tablet spoke volumes.

Chapter 2882: Two Reasons

It struck them all like a bolt of lightning. The only reason the Life Tablet would be here was if...

"You..."

Leonel flipped another palm, and a Silver Tablet appeared.

The surrounding Spirituals felt their worlds crumbling apart.

Impulsive?

Leonel was the most fearsome character they had ever seen in their lives.

They only realized now that Leonel had to have lost to Lady Emberheart on purpose. How could he have lost if the battle was so close, even without him using the Life Tablet?

They only now realized that Flauro had been single-handedly devastated by Leonel's scheme, that her entire life was shredded apart because she dared to offend him. The only reason they weren't on the losing end was because he made them a convenient pawn of their game.

They only now realized that... a war of Demi-Gods and Gods had been triggered by this young man before them alone.

"The world doesn't know it yet," Leonel began with a smile as he put his tablets away, "but I'm the last person who you would want to be the enemy of. Even when I'm impulsive, I win."

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News of the Ma'at Bubbles' apology spread like wildfire, and soon the details began to be understood as well.

No one knew of the exact strength of Lady Emberheart, but the fact that at the Sixth Dimension Leonel could defeat both her and her husband handedly spoke volumes about his current strength.

He seemed to have disappeared for more than a year, but when he came back, he did so with a swift vengeance that swept through the Mortal Bubbles once again.

However, the war still ruled the world of Demi-Gods.

And it was at that moment that an existence that had been delayed for far too long appeared.

Shan'Rae.

...

The young Void Race stepped out into the world. Her body shook uncomfortably, a frown marring her features, or so it seemed. In reality, when a Void Race member frowned, the galaxies that formed up their bodies blinked in and out of existence as though their slight malcontent could wipe out worlds.

The battle continued to rage on, but she was truly entirely uninterested.

She descended into the middle of a skirmish and reached out.

An Owlman was plucked out of the air, their throat warping into her hand.

What was the most shocking to the Owlman was that their body was still in place. A vortex-like black hole had appeared around his throat, swallowing it whole.

High above, Shan'Rae still stood looming, seeming to grab the air. And yet, it was clear to everyone that she had grasped onto the Owlman's throat.

Fear struck all their souls at the same time.

What kind of ability was this? It was like a forceful teleportation, and yet on a completely different level. The Owlman didn't even have the chance to resist before he felt his airway being constricted.

He was by far the strongest on this battlefield, a man with more military merits than half of them combined. He was a true warrior of the Ninth Dimension, and though he didn't have even a Quasi Creation State Force, he was still at the very pinnacle of the Life State.

But it didn't seem to matter at all.

Against this Sixth Dimension God Race youth, he didn't stand a chance.

"Leonel Morales. Where is he?"

Shan'Rae asked indifferently.

The pupils of the Owlans constricted. This question didn't make any sense to them. They were so lost in battle that they hadn't thought of this name in years.

How could they have thoughts about the boy that had been humiliated? They didn't have the bandwidth to consider him.

"I asked a question," Shan'Rae said coldly.

"... I-don't-know-"

Crack.

His neck snapped, and silence fell.

"None of you know?"

A shudder ran through their hearts.

"Then die."

Shan'Rae spread her hands, and her aura surged.

In a blink, thousands of miniature black holes appeared across the battlefield. They tried to dodge, but it was as though it had locked onto them all.

The black holes only rotated slightly as they all froze.

When they disappeared, their heads had disappeared along with them.

Their bodies went limp and they fell to the ground in an uncontrollable heap.

At the same time, the Void Race combatants had all knelt at some unknown time, not daring to raise their heads. They didn't have the answer either, as they didn't even know who Leonel Morales was. They didn't dare to believe that kinship would stop Shan'Rae from killing them.

Shan'Rae snorted in discontent, but she didn't kill anymore.

She had been so delayed because of the sudden appearance of the Idol Battlefield. There had been a great debate about whether they should be participating in this war at all now.

It had to be remembered that the Idol Battlefield was the opportunity of the humanoids. Beasts had no part in it. Its appearance also signified the rise of the humanoids.

Knowing this, it seemed silly to continue fighting it out with losers who stood no chance.

It was clear that the Fallen God Beasts hadn't expected such a change either, or else they would have never started the battle now either.

But in the end, they chose to continue for two important reasons.

The first was their prestige. How could the God Races be so casually offended?

The second was in recognition of the sort of desperate state this would put the Fallen God Beasts in.

If before they were willing to drag this battle out, very soon, they would be making a decisive strike.

If they couldn't return to being Gods before the Idol Battlefield descended, they would never have another chance.

It could be said that, once again, Leonel's actions had turned the world upside down. It was just that this time, no one was aware.

In the end, Shan'Rae and three others had been sent to deal a decisive blow before the Fallen God Beasts could make their decision.

But first... Shan'Rae wanted to kill a particularly annoying ant.

"Young miss, I think I might know where you can look," a voice called out hesitantly.

Chapter 2883: Cold

Leonel's steps suddenly paused, and his eyes narrowed.

"What's wrong?" Aina asked.

"Someone is targeting me," Leonel spoke after a long while.

Aina's gaze narrowed as well. There were plenty of people likely talking about Leonel all the time, many of whom had killing intent. For Leonel to care enough to bring it up now...

Before Leonel had entered the Creation State, he already had vague inklings when things were going to happen. But nothing could compare to now.

Was this how Dream Force experts felt? No, was this how the likes of the Demoness felt?

It wasn't just the Creation State Force that was helping, but his Wise Sea Order status.

He could feel a palpable killing intent.

Leonel stopped walking and closed his eyes.

Aina didn't say anything and just waited patiently.

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"Speak," Shan'Rae said, looking toward the kneeling Void Race member.

"Leonel Morales, as far as I'm aware, is a Human. He would not be in the Demi-God worlds, but rather the Mortal worlds."

Shan'Rae frowned.

She didn't like the sound of that at all.

As someone who spent most of her life in the God Realms, she never really considered the lower worlds at all, nor did she really know the difference. They were all the same to her.

Well, if Leonel knew of her thoughts, he wouldn't call her ignorant, he would just call her a foolish woman with a few screws loose.

How could you descend into an Incomplete World without knowing the difference between tiers of worlds? Clearly, she was all brawn and no brain. He might even say that her chest took up all her brain mass, but with how Void Race women looked, it was hard to tell if they had any curves at all.

Of course, the Void Race members here didn't dare to say such a thing. In fact, they all thought her to be amazing for having such thoughts.

To them, this was the bearing of a real expert. Only the God Realm was in her purview.

Still, Shan'Rae was annoyed. She had thought that she would be able to deal with Leonel swiftly, only to find out they still weren't even in the same stratosphere. Wasn't it a huge loss of face for her to even be concerned with him?

"If young miss has the time, I have information here that might be of some use. There is a Dream Asura that released information about the location of the Human Bubble over a year ago now.

"However, the Bubble is currently protected by a powerful barrier. Young miss will have to go prepared if you want to break it. It is said that the Humans exchanged it from the Dream Pavilion."

Shan'Rae nodded. "Give me the location. What is your name?"

The Void Race member seemed excited. However, just as he was about to speak, a sudden looming presence appeared over the battlefield.

They all froze at once.

They were all Gods and were, as such, very knowledgeable... especially about the abilities of powerful existences.

"Oh, so it's you. I was wondering who was speaking my name so candidly."

A pair of eyes appeared in the skies, radiating a violet majesty.

"It's the little fool of the Void Race."

The entire world seemed to freeze over.

Shan'Rae's rage flared up. When she saw the eyes and heard the voice, how could she not recognize Leonel?

What she didn't understand was how he had become strong enough to accomplish such a thing. The last time she saw him, he didn't even have an Impetus State Force? What the hell was this?

"Since you're already on the battlefield I'm coming to, wait there patiently. I'll be there in six months. We'll see if you're still the same loser your ancestor is."

After saying this, Leonel vanished.

"LEONEL!"

Shan'Rae's roar shattered the skies, forming a vortex that warped everything.

Six months? She couldn't wait that long. She wanted him dead right now. She had waited long enough.

"The location! Give it to me!" She glared at the Void Race member.

The Void Race man blinked in confusion, looking around before he hurriedly bowed, trembling.

Not receiving an answer, Shan'Rae was absolutely livid.

"The location! Now!"

The shivering Void Race man only seemed to now realize that Shan'Rae was speaking to him.

"Location? Young miss, I'm not sure what you're talking about. Please, mercy!"

Shan'Rae shrieked and the Void Race man's head exploded.

"Someone! Give me the location! Now!"

However, every single one of the Void Race members seemed to be entirely confused by what she was talking about.

It was only now that Shan'Rae realized that this had to be Leonel's doing.

If this information had been spread by the Dream Asura, how could they not know? No... how had the one who was aware of the location to begin with suddenly be entirely confused about what she was speaking about?

What level had Leonel's Dream Force usage reached? How was this possible?

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Leonel's lips trembled, his face paled. He shook his head, taking deep breaths.

His Dream Force worlds began to rotate, quickly replenishing him.

The method he had used was within the Emperor's Might tablet. It was an advanced form of [Emperor's Edict].

Obviously, using it on such a large scale had taken a great deal out of him. Honestly, if not for the support of the Life Tablet and his Wise Star and Wise Sea Order status, he wouldn't have been able to do it.

When he recovered, his gaze flickered with a dense cold.

He was already beginning to think about how he would deal with this situation before Shan'Rae even appeared.

He had an understanding of the world now that he didn't have in the past, so he knew what kind of changes his triggering the Idol Battlefield would cause.

Time and time again, the Void Race seemed to stand opposing to him. In that case, he would hand them a loss they finally couldn't afford to swallow.

Chapter 2884: Possible

Leonel fell into his thoughts. He would have to adjust his plans. Honestly, he didn't expect that Shan'Rae would feel the need to go so far. He even found it quite amusing, honestly. Well, as amusing as it could be, considering it was now bringing trouble to his front door.

That said, this wasn't necessarily that troublesome either. Because one way or another, he would have to do this. It was convenient for him to have used the descendants of the Minerva and Fallen God Beasts to reverse the troublesome situation that the humans were in. But what would he do after the war ended?

Once the smoke settled down, his role in all of this would never be able to be hidden. It might take a few years, maybe a few decades, but it would eventually come out. If Leonel got caught with his pants down at the wrong time, it would become an issue for him. So why not take some initiative?

The question was... how?

"Hm..."

Leonel smiled.

Aina shook her head when she saw that look on Leonel's face. It seemed that someone was going to suffer again. But after not seeing him for so long, she felt that it was too nostalgic. She suddenly wanted to start a war just for the hell of it. She liked it when Leonel was being domineering, maybe a little too much.

The expressions of both husband and wife became quite a sight to behold. It seemed that neither would be comfortable if there was no trouble.

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"Not this one either."

Leonel shook his head as they stood over an Incomplete World. It had already been a month, and this was the fourth Incomplete World that they had been to. But none of them could meet his standards. The issue obviously wasn't how weak they were, but rather that they didn't have the potential to align with his path.

He didn't expect to find anything as perfect as the Sea God Verse. But he did need something that could match up to what he already had. Ideally, he would get something related to the Light or Dark Force.

After some thought, Leonel realized how important this would be to him. His greatest limiting factor right now was his body. In this last month, he had already re-upped his Metal Body, and it now stood at the Sixth Dimension as well. But its effects on how much of his Force Manipulation he could display had been... disappointing.

It was clear that there were three factors that decided how much Force Manipulation one could display. The first was body strength. The second was constitution quality. And the last was Dimension.

The first was straightforward. The second was the dividing line between Mortal, Demi-God and God. And the third was also self explanatory. In terms of importance, it went from least to most important.

For the Creation State, normally speaking, the only way to bring out its full power was to be in the Ninth Dimension. In truth, from the Impetus State onward, only the Ninth Dimension could bring out their full strength, especially if you were a Mortal.

Lower Ninth Dimension for the Impetus State, Middle for the Life State, and Peak for the Creation State. Even if you were a Demi-God, you could only bring out the full strength of a Creation State Force if you were at least a Tier 4. And even if you were a God, you'd have to at least be Tier 1.

You would have to find other ways to break these rules, such as various Dimensional Methods or strengthening the body, or in Leonel's case, absorbing more worlds. But because Leonel was controlling so many top Tier Forces, it was even more difficult for him. Even if he got his second Incomplete World, he still had what felt like an infinite number of other Daos.

His Earth Force, Scarlet Star Force, Light Force, Dark Force, Emulation Spatial Force, both his Weapon Forces... They were all at the Quasi Creation State. It could be said that his body was like a balloon that wanted to burst.

"The Rapax Bubbles are nearby," Leonel suddenly said as he turned away.

"Not going?" Aina asked.

Leonel shook his head.

Shadowclaw and Dreadmaw were still in the Incomplete World, and Leonel had no intention of taking them out. As he had said, he had already done Shadowclaw more than enough of a favor in the past. Right now, he wasn't the one who owed the kid... well, maybe he wasn't much of a kid anymore.

Right now, Leonel had to focus on maximizing their chances of survival, and for that he needed another Incomplete World that he could perfect and absorb. The fewer people knew what he did, the better. Once things had calmed once again, then he could care about returning them.

"To the next we go."

Leonel continued to travel around, but the six-month deadline was already quickly approaching without him finding what he needed. As the fourth month came and went, he was starting to think that he might actually have to go to the battlefield without the improvement he hoped for. He actually found something interesting.

"This one is no good too-," Leonel's words suddenly came to a stop. "Hm? Maybe...?"

This Incomplete World seemed to be ruled by a race of Lightning Spirituals. It had next to nothing to do with Leonel's path, and it was once again something useless to him. He also had no intention of learning yet another Force.

However, there was a flash in his Dreamscape and his thoughts flickered to Talon, who was likewise trapped by him. His thoughts began to churn, and he was quickly forming new connections and thoughts that just might be quite interesting.

"Hm... Let's take a look. This could potentially be interesting, depending on a few things. If this doesn't work out, let's just head to the battlefield early. It'll be more troublesome, but it's still possible."

Chapter 2885: Announcement

Leonel was thinking of something very curious as he crossed into the Incomplete World. This time, though, the Regulator didn't seem to sense Leonel at all. It was like he had never entered.

Quickly, Leonel adjusted, and in the blink of an eye, he seemed to be perfectly in tune with the world.

If outsiders could see this scene now, they would be absolutely shocked, not just because Leonel had adjusted so quickly, but also because he seemed able to protect even his wife as well.

"This world doesn't seem right for you," Aina said.

"You're right, but I'm looking at something else."

It was weird Leonel said this because they had come across worlds that specialized in Fire and even one that specialized in Earth, but none of them caught Leonel's fancy.

That was when Leonel realized something.

The path was probably more important than the Force alone.

By all rights, the Sea God Verse was a Water Force Incomplete World, but hadn't it ended up being perfect for him?

In that case, what he needed to look for wasn't just a world with the appropriate Forces, but one that could align with him properly.

And this world... it might have been related to Lightning Force, but it was domineering and kingly in a way that seemed to perfectly align with his two Weapon Forces.

However, this was just the first layer of it all. What also interested Leonel was the Spirituals, and it was related to why he had thought of Talon.

Talon had a very unique method of Crafting. He used a Lightning Spirit... but it wasn't that simple. If Leonel recalled correctly, it was the Earthen Lightning Spirit.

It was a Spirit that Leonel had never seen before, but he also didn't think much about it. But when he saw this Incomplete World, it all clicked.

The Earthen Lightning Spirit should take advantage of Earth Force, forming a grounding effect that called lightning from the skies. This was why every time Talon Crafted, the skies thundered. He was borrowing power from the world around him.

Essentially, the Earth Force was the anchor like it always was, but in the case of the Earthen Lightning Spirit, it was only the anchor for Lightning.

But what did that have to do with this Incomplete World? They were a world of lightning. It had nothing to do with Earth Force.

That was when Leonel thought back to the Human Dimensional method granted to Aina by the Stele.

The weakness of the Spirituals came because they exchanged affinity for the one strength of Humans: Comprehension.

This was a vague concept, but Leonel was able to visualize it quite well by now.

Humans had souls fused with their bodies. As such, as they progressed through the Dimensions, their Souls stretched along with them, hopping from the Second Dimension and stretching all the way through the Ninth.

That meant that compared to other Races, Humans had the closest connection to the Second Dimension through their journey, the very location where Forces were birthed.

As such, it was natural that their comprehension was excellent.

The issue was that humans' comprehension was relative. Meaning, they had excellent comprehension given their affinities, but their affinities were so low that their comprehension was likewise low.

This was what the Spirituals managed to change by separating their souls from their bodies. If they managed to reach the pinnacle of the Life State in time, they could gain the best of both worlds, having being excellent affinity and world-shuddering comprehension.

So, Leonel was wondering... was the Dimensional Method provided by the Gathering of Kingdoms Stele really the only way to help the Spirituals out of their predicament?

Or could Earth Force do the same thing?

The more Leonel observed the world, the more he felt that it was surely possible. And after several minutes, he was grinning from ear to ear.

Shan'Rae was truly in for a rude awakening.

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A silence hung over the room like a heavy veil. The Owlans didn't speak a single word, neither did the Fallen God Beasts.

The appearance of Shan'Rae had seemingly turned the entire battle situation upside down. From a war that had been relatively even, they were quickly losing ground. On just the first day alone, they lost over a thousand experts with at least Middle Life State Forces. This was a blow too devastating to ignore.

They had known that no war with the Gods could possibly end so easily, but how could they think that just a junior alone would be able to change it all? It was as though they had never taken them seriously.

Elysium, their leader, seemed to be the only one who was truly indifferent. It was clear he never thought that dealing with the Gods would be so easy.

As for the Fallen God Beasts, the ones that were here were only collateral. Had it been the real Celestials, they, too, would be just as calm.

"Hey, hey, hey, why the glum atmosphere?"

Elysium's pupils constricted, and he looked up. It was the first time he had shown such a violent reaction.

Minerva's reaction was just as fierce, but for a completely different reason. Seething hatred rampaged through her body.

"I see that you all are in a bit of a tough predicament, so I thought I'd help out. I'll kill that Shan'Rae for you, but it'll take a bit and I'll have to prepare first. I'll be coming to your world in a couple of days, so keep a seat warm for me.

"No need to thank me. I'm doing this out of the kindness of my heart."

After these words were said, the voice faded.

Silence fell once again and the Owlans and Fallen God Beasts didn't even know what to think.

What they didn't know was that Shan'Rae had gotten a similar message... though several times more taunting.

It seemed that Leonel was announcing to the world that he was coming to the realm of Demi-Gods.

Chapter 2886: Sudden Change

"What are you doing?" Aina asked, barely stifling a laugh.

Leonel stood before her, cupping her breasts and stopping her from getting dressed. It looked like he was trying to use his palms as scales, and it left her speechless.

"Measuring, measuring," Leonel said almost a little too seriously, "they've gotten bigger, I swear. But a little less dense, peculiarly enough. I need to make some adjustments."

Aina gave Leonel a playful pat on the forehead with a palm.

"Be serious. We have war to go to."

She seemed to be excited. Now that her desires had been vented, the only thing left was battle lust, but Leonel was still delaying. How could she not feel anxious?

"Relax, relax..." Leonel continued to mutter.

Then he took out the uniform he had given her, formed from the white tiger's tail and began to make adjustments.

As he did so, he shook his head. This material was really no good anymore. It was far too weak for Aina's current strength.

Still, by the time Leonel finished, that didn't stop the white and black military uniform and boots from shimmering with a gorgeous light.

Even with inferior materials, it radiated an aura of absolute majesty. By this point, it would surely light up far more than 18 runes on the Truth Pillars. But Leonel didn't seem to be satisfied.

"We'll have to slaughter some of the other beasts on the way."

Aina giggled and shook her head. "Fine, fine, fine. Okay, let's go!"

Aina didn't ask why Leonel had said that.

Weren't they supposed to be on the side of the Owlans and Fallen God Beasts? Why were they killing the beasts for their pelts now?

But she didn't question it.

Even if Leonel was only going to sow chaos, she would be there. With the two of them present, did it matter who their enemies were?

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The location was the Set Bubble.

The Owlans Bubble was the core of their territory, but unlike Mortal Races that had their power scattered across several kingdoms and empires, the Owlans, who were among the most powerful Demi-Gods, were a united front. This confrontation only made them even more united than before.

The Set Bubble was one of the nine Bubbles beneath the majesty of the Owlans Bubble. The ten Bubbles together formed a formation in the void that acted as a defensive front. It could be said that if any one of them fell, it would compromise the others, and expose the most important Owlans Bubble to more direct attacks.

The Owlans Bubble was the most important not just because it was arbitrarily chosen as their core world, but it was also the one that was the most in line with their path, the

closest to becoming a God Realm, and also the one that suppressed the Void Race the most savage.

Among the nine Bubbles, the Set Bubble, Thoth Bubble and Osirian Bubbles were in the worst situations. All three were locations that Shan'Rae had been to, but rather than finishing them off, she vanished before things reached that point.

Well, it might be confusing to others, but it was obvious to Leonel.

She was obviously avoiding the true powerhouses of the Owlans. He didn't need to be there to know.

She acted high and mighty, but she knew her limits. And that meant that in his eyes, she wasn't nearly as perfect as she seemed.

However, Leonel wasn't worried about her for now. As he stepped foot into the Set Bubble, he closed his eyes and fell into silence.

At that moment, his wife stood valiantly by his side, her gaze flashing with black lightning as she held her excitement back. She could practically smell the blood in the air.

She restrained her thoughts and looked over at Leonel. She covered her lips with a palm and laughed.

Leonel had made such a big deal about getting her armor and uniform in line, but when he finished, he just slipped on a pair of grey sweatpants and didn't even bother with shoes.

If the Void Race knew that Leonel had come to ruin their days while wearing this, what would they even think?

Leonel's eyes opened. "Let's go."

A wild grin spread across his face.

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Leontius gloomily stood on the battlefield, his large, bestial body shuddering with spatial fluctuations.

The Spectral White Tiger Race could be said to be the most gloomy in this war. The Void Race made their control over space look ridiculous, and in the end, they could only rely on their powerful bodies.

With the support of the Owlans, it wasn't so bad. But when Shan'Rae appeared on this battlefield two weeks ago, she destroyed all the Quasi Creation State experts on the battlefield and even the Lower Creation State commander overseeing things.

Then, before their reinforcements could get here, she vanished.

This was already the third time she had done this and her actions this time left Leontius without the usual support he would have.

His body was littered with wounds and he didn't even bother to waste the Force to hold up his spatial barrier any longer. The Void Race members seemed to always be able to ignore it.

The most humiliating thing was that they weren't even strong to the Void Race. Most of them were Void Race descendants born in the God Realm, but could only be said to have Demi-God bodies. There were a few among them with real God bodies, barely a dozen, but even the strongest of them were only in the lower Tiers of the Seventh Dimension.

It was humiliation. Outright humiliation.

Leontius could feel that this strength was slipping away. He would likely die soon. In a few more hours, he would be done.

It was just unfortunate. For the first time, he lamented having such a strong body. If he had a body as weak as the humans, he would have left this torture behind long ago.

It was then that there was a sudden change on the battlefield.

Chapter 2887: Single Bound

Leonel stood so high in the skies that no one could see him, but Aina had already charged. He crossed his arms over his chest and watched in silence, his gaze dancing with a thousand thoughts a second.

With a flicker and a leap, Aina appeared on the frontline and swept out her battle ax just a single time.

Under the astonished gazes of Owlans, Beasts, and Void Races alike, more than three dozen members of the Void Race died all at once.

The battlefield fell into silence.

From the very start, no one had been able to kill the descended God Race with so much impunity.

What they expected even less was that Aina didn't seem to care and had already flickered forward again, swiping out once more.

Blood rose from the ground and danced like stars. Feeling the blood of the God Race for the first time, Aina truly felt that it was magical. It filled her with so much power that she felt like she could even pluck the sun out of the skies.

Dozens of roses bloomed in the skies, and clones of Aina appeared out of each one. They didn't have legs, but they wielded the flower petals around them no differently from how they would a battle ax.

Before anyone could even react, Aina had killed hundreds.

All of this happened in a few blinks of the eye, making it look as though the battlefield had become a meat grinder.

Across the battlefield, the leisurely Gods suddenly stood.

"Ven'Ora, you go deal with her."

"You're giving up on a Blood Sovereign?"

"I feel like a powerful Dream Force expert just appeared. We can't be careless."

When these words were said, the expression of them all changed. Even Ven'Ora, who had been joking around, had a complete change in demeanor as well.

Before a single exchange, the Void Race youths had decided to get serious.

Chains suddenly rattled around them as though the Regulator was reacting to their true power. But Ven'Ora ignored the pain and suddenly vanished.

She appeared before Aina, striking out a palm that carried the vastness of an imploding nebula.

Ven'Ora completely ignored the rest of the slaughter. So long as Aina died, the rest would naturally fall into place.

However, what she didn't expect was that Aina's battle axe would slice through her palm as though it were formed of wet tissue paper.

Ven'Ora accelerated into a retreat, looking at her hand with astonishment. It wasn't her actual hand that was cut, but the surrounding Force. Had she not retreated, she would have lost a hand.

BANG!

Ven'Ora's hand, the very one she thought she had just escaped with, exploded into a rain of blood.

The blood of the Void Race twinkled like stars, and when it landed on the ground, it left enormous craters in their wake as though they also carried the weight of them.

It was then that Ven'Ora realized that she hadn't completely escaped. Aina's blade had nicked her, and that was enough to draw the blood necessary to deal such a devastating blow.

Ven'Ora's heart skipped a beat but her Force erupted from her, suppressing the rest of Aina's attempt to destroy her.

A few stars on her galaxy-body winked out and her hand grew back in an instant, just in time for her to notice that Aina had indifferently begun a second attack.

Ven'Ora's pride roared to life.

A scythe appeared in her hands, shocking most. This was the first time the God Race had taken out a weapon, and it was impossible to tell where it came from. None of the Void Race members wore any clothes, nor any treasure.

But there was no time to guess as a world-splitting blade descended.

Aina almost carelessly thrust out with her ax. In one moment, it felt like a true ax, but then it became a spear, then a sword. The myriad of changes were impossible to follow, and a powerful, golden light erupted.

Indomitable.

Ven'Ora's scythe was parried to the side.

BANG!

The scythe drew a line down the battlefield, splitting the land for hundreds of kilometers, and yet completely untouched by Aina herself.

Aina's ax spun in her hands and sliced upward, cutting the chest and head of Ven'Ora in two.

More stars blinked out of existence on Ven'Ora's body and what should have been a fatal wound healed instantly.

She roared and vortexes appeared around her and the skies.

The battle erupted once more. Then once again. And then again.

Aina looked like a butcher skewering meat. Ven'Ora was cut in two in more ways than she could fathom, and every time she was forced to sacrifice more and more stars.

Many felt their hearts shuddering. Was this what it meant to be a God? Were they truly immortal?

Even if there were some that noticed the stars winking out, there must have been millions on her body at worst. What did this mean? Over the course of a battle, could she replenish herself millions of times over?

The Void Race youths frowned. Going to help would be humiliating, and at the same time, they were worried about the Dream Force expert mentioned by Uld'Lo.

However, by the time they resolved themselves, it was too late.

Bored, Aina's speed suddenly accelerated. Her battle ax left lines in the skies as though she had become a budding rose herself.

The dance was no less beautiful than Leonel's spear dance and even seemed to take inspiration from it. In fact, unlike Aina, Leonel wasn't a peerless beauty, so the effect on the psyche of those around her was even more devastating.

In a blink, Ven'Ora froze, and in the next instant, her body was sliced into thousands of ribbon-thin pieces.

Just when she wanted to use her stars to reform herself, Aina's Blood Sovereignty trembled and ripped every last drop out of her.

Aina absorbed it all and her aura began to skyrocket.

In a single bound, she shed her Demi-God status and became a God.

Chapter 2888: Ramping

The change was absolutely shocking and the Regulator of the world seemed to be alerted. However, it faded away after a moment.

Descending from a world was one thing. But ascending from a lower station to a higher one was a completely separate matter. Because Aina had the foundation of a Mortal, she gained much more leeway from Regulators. This was why Leonel hadn't felt any trouble entering the Ma'at Bubble despite it being a Mortal World.

As for why Incomplete Worlds still targeted them, it was because there was a dividing line between the two states of Complete and Incomplete. In addition, there was more being targeted than just their constitutions as well.

Incomplete Worlds couldn't withstand the Ninth Dimension, nor could they withstand Forces surpassing the Impetus State as well. So even if Leonel and Aina managed in one fashion, it was difficult to manage in others.

Incomplete Worlds were also the only worlds that would target even their own kind. That was why Leonel's father had ended up losing his life.

This was a matter of life and death for Incomplete Worlds. They were teetering on the edge of creation and destruction to begin with, and their fragile states could grant them death at any time.

In comparison, Complete Worlds were far more robust and could afford to withstand much more strength. As such, their Regulators only rarely stepped in and the effects were usually less violent.

Even so, Aina's expression twisted with a hint of distaste, her nose wrinkling.

She pressed a hand to her chest and pulled. The blood she had just absorbed was taken out, and she tossed it to the side to create another rotating bud of roses, this one far more powerful than the others and more than ten times the size.

Her aura plummeted back down to Demi-God's status, but those with sharp senses could tell that it had become far more refined.

Their hearts shook.

Who was this woman? She could just casually change her constitution at will? Was this the majesty of Blood Sovereigns?

Those with Blood Force affinity were just as rare as Dream Force experts, and the existence of a Blood Sovereign was a heart-shuddering matter.

Even so, it was said that the inheritance of the Blood Sovereign had been lost long ago and much of the strength they could display was only superficial and limited to boosts in strength.

But this Aina...

What was shocking was that nothing Aina did seemed to have a systematic method. She just thought about something and then executed, almost like she was writing the story of her own life.

Ironically, it was Aina's Clairvoyance that was hiding the fact that she did, indeed, have the Blood Sovereign Golden Tablet.

However, rather than taking out the techniques and methods, and copying them one for one, Aina made them her own and casually incorporated them into her strength.

This made it look like she had deduced everything on her own and thus didn't link her back to the Inheritance.

This was why Leonel was so boldly confident in allowing her to display her full might.

He knew that the few Blood Sovereigns that did exist in this world would go crazy for Aina's Inheritance.

But what could they do if they just had to accept that a God Childe was doing God Childe things?

While all of this was going on, the massacre hadn't stopped for even a single moment.

"We can't wait any longer. Shen'Rul, Rai'Lin, you both go. No, Jae'Sin, you go as well. Go all out and suppress her as quickly as possible."

The three burst into action as Uld'Lo continued to scan the region. Unless they found that Dream Force expert, he wouldn't feel at ease.

"You haven't sent enough."

The voice suddenly echoed in Uld'Lo's ears and his head snapped around, but he still couldn't find Leonel's shadow.

"If you only send three, she's going to get annoyed and kill them even faster than before. At that point, won't you feel even more humiliated? It might be better for you all to go, no?"

Uld'Lo's expression turned malevolent.

Even in the God Realm, the Void Race stood at the pinnacle. They were only beneath the Pluto Race and on par with a few others.

There was quite literally no one in Existence that dared to humiliate them like this. Even the Pluto Race hadn't said anything when their Ancestor had brutally injured El'Rion.

Even during this war, the Owlans and Fallen Gods Beasts were careful with the steps they took for fear of how the Void Race might retaliate. They wanted them to underestimate them for as long as possible.

But this voice... didn't seem to have any sort of propriety.

"Ah, look at that. I tried to warn you, but you didn't listen."

Uld'Lo's expression changed and nebulae exploded across his body as he locked eyes into the distance.

A river of blood was wrapping around Aina's body as though strips of silk ribbon. However, every time they came into contact with the scythe-wielding Void Race members, they cut stronger than blades, piercing into their bodies and taking more of their blood.

Suddenly, she seemed to grow annoyed and let out a low shout.

The river of blood ribbons violently expanded and shredded them apart like a blender. Their flesh and bones dyed the skies and fell to the ground like meteors.

"As you can see, my wife has suppressed her battle lust for too long. She was really looking forward to this battle with the Gods, but you all actually came to disappoint her.

"I tried my best to help, but what happens from here is out of my hands."

Uld'Lo could practically hear Leonel's sarcastic shrug through his voice.

But what wasn't sarcastic was the violent upsurge that suddenly exploded around his wife.

It had only been a few minutes, but Aina had already taken out a tenth of the army.

And she seemed to only be ramping up.

Chapter 2889: Fill

Uld'Lo was shaken by the sudden death. The fact that Leonel was taunting him the entire time only made it worse. When had the Void Race ever been humiliated like this?

"Angry?" Leonel chuckled. "Well, it's probably a bit too late, but you could at least try to send a real Calvary this time. Though I can't help but wonder why your Void Race is so arrogant."

Leonel waved a hand, and one of their scythes shot up to him in the sky. It was only now that Uld'Lo realized that Leonel had been high above them the entire time. Except he had scanned that area several times and couldn't even find a lick of him.

"Such shoddy workmanship. You guys must have pretty low standing in the Void Race to be wielding this kind of trash."

Leonel flicked at the scythe several times and it suddenly shattered into exactly 18 pieces. The shocking part was that if a Crafting expert had been here, they would have realized that Leonel had perfectly targeted the fault-lines of the treasure every single time.

Leonel shook his head. "Arrogant, indeed."

Uld'Lo's gaze turned malevolent. Even if their standing in the Void Race was low, it wasn't Leonel's place to comment on such a thing. However, when he saw what happened to the scythe, his heart shook.

He had heard faintly that Leonel was the best Crafter of his generation, but he never took it seriously. That title was something earned with Demi-Gods being the strongest participants, not to mention the fact that only a few Demi-God geniuses participated to begin with.

But seeing this now, he suddenly felt that those rumors weren't exaggerated enough. Especially when Leonel's arm suddenly rippled as a Metal Spirit appeared, exuding an air of majesty that seemed capable of swallowing the world.

Little Tolly had broken into the Seventh Dimension years ago and hadn't been able to enter the Eighth since. However, its foundation was unshakeably sturdy.

The moment it took action, the pieces of the scythe seemed to almost instantly become resplendent arrows.

Exactly eighteen of them.

No more.

No less.

Leonel drew an arc through the skies with two fingers, and a bow appeared in its path. He plucked one of the hovering arrows out of the air and knocked it.

The entire battlefield froze.

'Domain!'

Uld'Lo's lips couldn't move, but his thoughts were so loud that Leonel could easily pick them up.

Aside from being slightly interesting that the God Realms seemed to have a name for his level of Weapon Force Mastery...

He didn't care.

When he drew his bow, it wasn't just "like" time had slowed, it truly had.

Who had the right to dodge the arrow of a Bow Ancestor?

SHUUUU!

PENG!

Uld'Lo's head exploded. His body tilted back and he collapsed.

Leonel casually plucked another arrow out of the air, nocked it, and released.

It looked as though the entire battlefield had fallen in place just waiting for him to act, like they were still targets on a range to be shot at for Leonel's leisure.

PENG! PENG! PENG!

A clear, resonating hum echoed every time.

One arrow. One death.

Beneath his mighty rain, the Void Race youths didn't even have the right to heal themselves. They never got the chance to do so.

Leonel had been standing high up in the skies and now showing himself because he had been double checking something.

As arrogant as he seemed, he didn't dare to underestimate a God Race. He knew that if he was going to take these steps; he had to be perfect and meticulous about how he went about things.

There was no room for error because it wouldn't just decide what happened in the present, but also what the reactions might be in the future and how well or poorly he would be able to react to such events.

But after several seconds, he realized one thing...

The Void Race was simply far too arrogant.

It seemed that they believed that sending just one Shan'Rae was enough to change everything.

At the same time, the Owlans and Fallen God Beasts were far too conservative. They probably feared retaliation and didn't want to take things too far.

In the ideal future for the Owlans and Fallen God Beasts, the Void Race would accept that they were too troublesome to deal with and eventually just let them do as they pleased.

After all, wasn't it just another few weaklings? Even if they became Gods, they wouldn't be able to change much.

Leonel wouldn't say that their thoughts were exactly wrong. The Void race had many things to deal with in the God Realms and sending this amount of troops was probably at least 50% of their limit. If they sent much more than double this, it would begin to impact their more important efforts in the God Realm.

Leonel's main problem with the Owlans and Fallen God Beasts was that they weren't taking nearly enough advantage of this.

When you spotted your enemy's weakness, you had to ruthlessly dig out their hearts and take a bite.

If you weren't willing to do that, to take risks, then you would never gain anything.

As for Leonel...

He never feared taking a bite out of anyone's heart.

He nocked a final arrow, and the wind whistled and howled, not because of the arrow being loosed, but because of its presence alone. Leonel hadn't even released the bowstring yet.

There weren't anymore Void Race members remaining, and no one had any idea what Leonel was doing.

Until he released the final arrow and it shattered the head of the large white tiger.

With a wave of his hand, the corpse soared up and Leonel held it by the scruff of its neck as though it were a kitten instead of a mountain of fur the size of a large hill.

"Let's go, wife! Battle is calling! I haven't had my fill of killing Gods yet!"

Chapter 2890: Slay

Leonel and Aina left the battlefield after sweeping up all the Void Race corpses that were left. Well... if you could call them corpses at all.

In reality, Aina had ground their flesh and compressed it into several pills. One would have thought that they were convenient energy boosters rather than true Gods.

Of course, the couple had no qualms.

Back when they first entered the "Cataclysm Zone", that ended up being the Vast Bubble, they had seen the benefit of consuming Demon Force Pills.

Compared to those Pills, the body of a God was on a completely different level.

It wasn't just this, but though Leonel had lambasted their shoddy Craftsmanship, the actual materials they used were fascinating.

The reason they couldn't even heal after a blow from his arrows was because their weapons were wrapped in a violent, chaotic aura that was a lot like Anarchic Force, but not quite.

If Leonel was correct, the Void Race wielded what was known as Blackhole Force, the number one ranked Spatial Force and the number one ranked Darkness Force in all of existence.

This was unlike Void Star Force, which was the number one ranked Water Force, top three in Darkness Forces and top ten in Star Forces.

Blackhole Force was even above Leonel's own Scarlet Star Force, which was similarly ranked with Void Star Force.

This was how Leonel knew that he was in a completely different league now. He had never even come across someone that wielded a Force as powerful as his own before. Well, unless he counted Amery and Elthor.

But even then, Elthor was relying on an Ability Index, which was weaker than Leonel who had an Innate Node. While Amery, who did have two Innate Nodes, was lagging far behind in terms of Force Manipulation. At least he had been the last time Leonel bothered to check.

The Void Race members that they had just come across couldn't use Blackhole Force at all, instead they seemed to be relying on derivatives bolstered by special techniques unique to their Race, taking advantage of their unique Constitutions.

However, Shan'Rae was almost certainly different.

This was a reminder to Leonel that he couldn't take this matter lightly.

Ultimately, it was his Dream Force that had reached the Creation State, not his strongest offensive Force: Scarlet Star Force.

He couldn't be too cocky.

That said, he looked at his newly minted arrows and couldn't help but grin. He had been able to form 18 of these arrows from each one of their scythes, and there had been 12 of them, so Leonel had over 200 of them now. And each one held small kernels of destructive Blackhole Force.

It was said that Blackhole Force was the most like Anarchic Force in the world, a type of Spatial and Dark Force that sought to swallow and destroy all things.

Seeing it, Leonel immediately thought of Little Blackstar.

Little Blackstar had been learning how to use Anarchic Force, but it was slow going, and it obviously wasn't something that he could casually use on the battlefield and expose either. The world would go insane.

But... Leonel had a feeling that this was Blackstar's chance at a huge breakthrough.

"Let's raze a few more battlefields quickly before information gets out. Then we'll retreat for a bit. I'll make a new armor for you and then send some of these supplies in to Blackstar. I have a feeling that he'll make a huge leap soon."

Aina nodded and so they began.

The couple was cruel and merciless. Every time they stepped onto a battlefield, they wiped out the chain of command on both sides, making it impossible for anyone to tell what was going on.

The normal armies became like headless flies, and it made news circulate slowly.

By the time they had completely rebalanced the situation in the Set Bubble, news had only just begun to be disseminated, but even then no one could seem to remember their faces or their methods of attack. It was as though their recollection of events had been stripped of all its context and details.

What shocked them more was that they immediately proceeded to two other Bubbles and re-stabilized their situations as well. It took no more than a single day for Leonel to complete undo everything that Shan'Rae had done.

It couldn't be helped. Shan'Rae might be powerful, but she was no Dream Force expert. Gathering intel, finding locations and executing plans for her took time, whereas Leonel might as well have been a one man artillery unit... if you could use such a thing to describe an intelligent network.

Then the two calmly disappeared.

...

Leonel had Aina send the Void Race Force Pills to Little Blackstar, knowing that very soon they would have a third helper.

Leonel didn't want this matter to involve too many, but he knew that Little Blackstar's abilities would be very useful. He would be exactly the counter to Shan'Rae they needed when she appeared, and likely play an even more important role when the Void Race realized that their descendants and the rest of the rabble they had sent weren't enough.

Leonel quickly finished Aina's new military outfit. It took him no more than half a day, and it looked identical to the first.

It was a military outfit of black and white. It was silky soft to the touch and radiant in its perfection. However, even though it looked identical, the aura it exuded was manifold different.

To Aina's shock, she found that her strength with it on had at least doubled, if not more so.

Considering how strong she already was, her gaze couldn't help but flicker.

Just what level had her husband's Craftsmanship reached to display such abilities?

What he said next astonished her even more, though.

"I had a lot of time, and I completed a blueprint for some epic uniforms finally. But we'll need to kill a lot of Fallen God Beasts. Each one requires four."

Leonel grinned wildly.

"Let's go slay some Dragons."

Chapter 2891: Slain

"They call themselves Celestial Storms, you know," Aina said, as they made their way across the skies.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. They're Dragons."

"They don't have scales, though. Their skin is just leather that looks like scales."

"Definitely Dragons."

"They don't breathe fire, they control the weather."

"Sounds like an Eastern Azure Dragon to me."

"You're hopeless."

"A hopeless romantic."

"What's romantic about slaying Dragons?"

"What? My little vampire doesn't agree?"

Aina blinked innocently, but then couldn't hold back her smile. Indeed.

Maybe slaying Dragons could be romantic.

BANG!

Aina and Leonel soared in Celestial Ember territory.

No one could have possibly thought that after causing all of that commotion in the Owlman Bubbles, they would directly ignore them and soar all the way across the world.

No one could also expect them to be so fast.

By now, all teleportation platforms had been shut down and restrictions had been lit to stop teleportation.

Powerful worlds of this level all had the ability to stop forceful teleportation into their ranks.

It had to be remembered that even back in the Dimensional Verse, all organizations and families were wary of Spatial Force users. Since the Owlmen and Fallen God Beasts dared to battle it out with the Void Race, how could they not also be ready to counter some of their most fearsome abilities?

As such, in this war, movement from location to location was almost impossible.

Yet, not only had Leonel and Aina crossed three worlds in less than a day, not even a day later, they had already crossed the Demi-God worlds to reach the territory of the Fallen God Beasts.

How was that?

The answer was in the void.

The void was true nothingness, unlike Anarchic Force. But it was also in touch with all things.

Someone who could navigate nothing could make it to almost any location in a fraction of the time. It was almost like folding the bounds of reality to your whims.

This was how Leonel had been able to find so many Incomplete Worlds so quickly, and it was precisely how he was able to lead his wife from battle to battle.

In the end, Leonel was doing this because he knew he didn't have the time to waste. He had to start working on several plans at once, or else he would never be able to effect change toward the outcome he wanted.

And right now, he was still lacking key information.

He knew that despite how cowardly the Owlans and Fallen God Beasts were acting; they had to have some sort of end goal. This end goal had to result in them becoming Gods in the end.

The question was... how? What plans did they have for taking this final step?

Before he pushed the final phase of his plans into motion, he needed this answer.

...

The moment Leonel and Aina broke through the barrier of the Ember Bubble, they were assaulted by a wave of heat by the roar of beasts.

Leonel's pupils constricted. 'It's not several beasts. It's just one.'

He looked up into the skies and found a beast he had only read about in fairytales. Its body was a sleek white, and just as Aina had said, it had leathery skin, not scales. Even so, watching it reflect beneath the sun like this, it truly did look no different from scales.

Its body was majestic and its presence was even more so.

Leonel's gaze lit up with excitement, as though he didn't notice that it was locked in battle with a Void Race expert. He rushed into the skies.

Aina's eyes blinked as she watched Leonel's reaction. He looked like a toddler on Christmas Day... if a toddler could suddenly-

BANG!

Leonel's foot barreled into the side of the Celestial Storm's head, blood flew across the skies and sharp fangs rained down.

The enormous beast was rattled.

The Void Race character was taken off guard, but reacted quickly, slashing out.

"SCRAM!" Leonel roared.

This was his chance to slay a Dragon.

The Void Race man was assaulted by a wave of Dream Force that made his mind go blank.

Leonel turned back and raised two fists high into the air, appearing above the reeling Celestial Storm.

Storm clouds suddenly flashed in the air, but Leonel didn't seem to notice them at all, slamming down with full force.

BOOM!

The fists came with a clap of thunder. The mind of the Celestial Storm clouded and its consciousness wavered.

It couldn't stop itself from plummeting to the ground.

The earth became no different from a raging sea. It cracked and split apart, large earthen tsunamis roaring into the skies and wiping out armies for hundreds of kilometers.

Lightning bolts and slicing, cutting wind whipped out at Leonel, but his body flickered with runes and the lightning seemed to become part of his strength.

Leonel flicked a hand, and a strong surge of earth formed a sword. Lightning wrapped around it as his eyes shone with a fierce violet light.

Aina's gaze blinked in confusion, not quite understanding why Leonel had chosen the form of a sword, but not questioning it either.

All she could see was a strike that split the skies in two.

The storm clouds above dispersed and even the Void Race member behind him was cut in half.

The head of the Celestial Storm flew into the skies and silver blood poured down and rippled through the cracks in the earth like roaring rivers.

Leonel took a breath and seemed to only now calm down a bit.

'Dad would have loved to see this.'

His father had always loved anime and manga. One of his favorite characters was Zoro, precisely because of his Ancestor. His dad had once said Zoro should have been One Piece's main character.

Recalling the memory, Leonel laughed into the skies.

He knew the reason his dad loved Zoro so much was because of the one-shot manga that came before One Piece, one where Zoro's Ancestor had slain a Dragon with a single blade.

Today, he had done the same thing.

Chapter 2892: Back (1)

Leonel descended. He had been a bit willful just now, but that much was fine. Just like he had said, he needed a Celestial Storm corpse to begin with. He put the corpse away while Aina took what was left of the Void Race.

The two of them shot away, vanishing before anyone could return to check what had happened here.

...

It felt like a repeat of an all too known scene. The Beast Domains were turned upside down, and it felt like several battlefields were being forcefully rebalanced.

But what was the most confusing was that Leonel never allowed one to come out better than the other. It was like he was taking a pound of flesh from both armies.

He and his wife moved between battlefields so quickly that no one could find their shadows, and he seemed to be dealing with both sides as though he wanted to see both parties destroyed.

**

"This is absolutely ridiculous! We can't allow this to continue!"

"We've lost several powerful Commanders, and not even at the hands of the Void Race. This is absolutely unacceptable."

Elysium watched this in silence. He didn't say anything as the elders rampaged.

The hours ticked by, and when they were finally out of breath from all their yelling, his lips finally parted.

"Pathetic."

He slowly stood to his feet.

This was the first time he had moved in all these months. The war had been ongoing for more than a year, and yet he had never shifted from his seated position until this very moment.

He was the strongest expert of the Owlans for a reason. He wouldn't easily make a move. And yet, he was so deeply disappointed at this moment that he had to stand to his feet.

He had personally watched these same elders fall deeper and deeper into despair. There were many times in the last six months where several of their important figures had fallen, but they had never dared to scream out and be so bold.

Why?

It was because Shan'Rae had been the one to kill them. They thought that it was only natural.

But now that it was Leonel and Aina, a pair of Humans, they felt that it was beneath them. Only now did they dare to bare their fangs.

What were they if not pathetic?

"It's time." He said lightly.

He waved a hand and at that moment, several powerful auras descended, one after another.

To the surprise of the elders, especially Eirik's great grandfather, Minerva was among them.

Her face was still a mangled mess. She had destroyed her own gorgeous countenance with her own hands, and she had refused to allow herself to heal properly.

Now, standing there, she seemed to have a power that made even their Holy Land tremble.

What was more shocking than even this was the fact that she wasn't the only one.

Dozens of powerful figures appeared, each one exuding a mighty aura that seemed to have already touched upon Godhood.

The group of Owlans realized that this wasn't true Godhood, but rather that their constitutions had evolved, stepping into a new level.

Their eyes opened wide. How was that possible?

"From this day forth, you will no longer be the elders of my Minerva Race."

"... What..." Ancestor Solarius was astonished.

Not only was he kicking them away, but weren't they the Owlans? When had they become the Minerva?

"You do not have the right to know."

Elysium spoke calmly and then looked toward Minerva.

At that moment, Minerva slowly walked forward until she stood towering over Ancestor Solarius. This wasn't because she was so much taller, but rather because the latter was still sitting. He still hadn't seemed to understand what was happening.

Even though it could be said that Leonel was the one who pushed Minerva over the brink, for most of her life, it was Solarius' family line that had caused her the most trouble.

And for what? Because she was beautiful? Because her family held wealth they coveted? Because she had a heritage and lineage they wanted to consume?

She recalled those sick, twisted words Elrik had spoken to her over the years. That her only worth was to birth his children, that he would be the wife he pressed beneath his thumb, that he would conquer her as though she was some object and a living, breathing being.

Elrik had always been far weaker than herself. Alone, he would never dare to do such things.

And yet, it was also his actions that slowed her steps every step of the way.

If not for this, how could she not have known long ago that her parents were still alive? That she wasn't the only one who remembered the glory of the Minerva Race? With her talent, how could she have not long since stepped into the Creation State?

It was this family that had taken everything from her, all because of their arrogance, their greed.

Standing over this Ancestor Solarius that had dictated so much of her life until now, she felt a boundless fury in her heart for but a moment before what remained of it floated off into the wind.

Solarius finally seemed to snap out of it as he realized it was Minerva standing over him.

Immediately, he felt rage.

"Little girl, how dare you disrespect me like this-!"

PA!

Minerva's palm carelessly swung out. Half of Solarius' face collapsed as blood and shattered teeth flew across the air.

Slowly, Minerva walked toward him, but her steps seemed to cover large swaths of land with every pacing gait.

Before Solarius could even scramble to his feet, Minerva had already appeared before him again and stretched a hand out. Her throat seemed to pull itself into her palm and he found himself froze.

Spittle and blood flew from his mouth as he wildly cursed, but Minerva didn't feel the need to waste anymore words on him.

With a simple squeeze of her palm, she ended his life.

Chapter 2893: Back (2)

Minerva carelessly threw the corpse to the side as the other discarded Ancestors watched on in horror.

The last of her grievances vanished, and at that moment, her aura flourished. She took a deep breath and her presence soared, her Dream Force leaving the Lower Creation State behind and entered the Middle Creation State.

At the same time, a crown of silvery-pink appeared above her head. Her gorgeous wings shone resplendently and the scars that marred her face ugly faded away.

When she opened her eyes once again, her crown still seemed to have not faded... or rather, it seemed to not want to fade.

She had said it many times before.

She was an Empress.

This was what she deserved, and she would take it with her own hands.

With light steps, she returned to her parents' side, a pair of Owlans she had thought had died long ago. But what she hadn't known was that the erasure of her lineage, at least in part, was out of necessity.

Leonel had guessed right.

Many of the Owlans wanted to distance themselves from the Minervas so as not to enrage the Gods... but not all of them were cowards.

It just wasn't yet time.

And in an irony of all ironies, it wasn't a God forcing their hand now, but rather a child of the Human Race.

The rest of the Ancestors were herded away. Although they were far weaker than this secret legion, they were still all Ninth Dimensional, Creation State existences that couldn't be underestimated.

Elysium had allowed Minerva to kill Solarius and his family line in one part because he was truly disgusted by his actions, and in second part because he knew that this would be the final barrier Minerva needed to breakdown to reach a new level.

There were three pillars of strength in this world. Force Manipulation, Dimension, and Constitution.

The last was the most complex, as it incorporated everything from Race to Race Grade, and even perfect variations of talent within.

But it could also be said to be the one that held the greatest weight when all else was equal.

Among them there were several more powerful than Minerva.

However... she was without a doubt the most talented of them all. As such, she was the one Elysium most wanted to see rise. If that meant sacrificing a few Creation State experts...

So what?

They had made her suffer alone all this time. It was only natural they pay her back in some way.

"In the past..." Elysium said slowly. "... Our Minerva Race fell because we focused on Crafting. We were naïve and sought to help the Humanoid Races by replacing the God Beasts of Creation, not knowing that it wasn't something that those selfish Gods could appreciate.

"Back then, in order to survive, we had no choice but to abandon that path and build up a new one for ourselves, one built on absolute combat power.

"It took time, and many generations, but we have now finally succeeded in fusing those two paths into one.

"Each one of you is not only an absolute expert of Dream Force, but you are also combatants that can shake the skies and pluck stars."

Elysium looked through them one by one.

"I have been suppressing the formation of my Dharma for many years already. I am Shi and Lori Ven. I know that you two are the same.

"Three months from now, our opportunity will come. Our already ascended Gods will be prepared as well."

"What do you want us to do?" Minerva asked.

She had dealt with Solarius and Eirik, but quite frankly, she still wanted to deal with Leonel as well.

"Let the boy wreak havoc for now. He seems to be moving about randomly, but he has picked his battlefields well.

"If I am correct, he wants to extend this battle for as long as possible while making us convenient hubs of resource collection. Considering his astonishing rate of growth, this is only natural. He knows that once this battle ends, the entire world will come crashing down on the Human Race. He seems to believe that if he grows enough before then, the ire of even the Gods will not matter. He is truly confident in himself.

"According to reports, he has collected the corpses of many of the Void Race and Fallen God Beasts. At the same time, he always targets the most imbalanced battlefields and forces them into submission.

"Let him continue. It will give us time.

"When we are prepared, we can curb his arrogance."

**

Leonel sat in silence, sparks flying through his Dreamscape.

'Is that what they want to do...?'

Leonel found that he was unable to probe deeply into Owlans territory anymore. The only explanation for this was that Dream Force experts far more powerful than himself had appeared, and that alone was fearsome enough.

This was to say that he couldn't even begin to eavesdrop on the conversation that had just happened, but he had already guessed that a scenario like this might happen.

The moment he realized that Minerva's name was picked for a reason, the rest fell into place.

No, what Leonel had really been doing all this time was traveling across these lands to see if there was anything special he could find about them.

He couldn't seem to find anything at all, but then he had a thought.

Wasn't it odd that the Fallen God Beasts and Owlans were working with the Variant Invalids?

That alone was weird enough. Working with the one Race that everyone across Existence absolutely hated was a ... choice, to be certain.

The reality was that if the Gods found out about this, it might not just be the Void Race attacking right now.

What would make such a risk worth it?

When he thought about it that way, the answer was all too obvious.

Incomplete Worlds.

He had been too focused on the Bubbles, and not enough on what Incomplete Worlds might be around.

When he took a step back, entered the void, and saw the scale of it all, his gaze couldn't help but flicker wildly.

'It seems the Minerva Race is back.'

What he saw now, even he wasn't capable of just yet.

Only the strongest Crafting Race of the Humanoids could possibly think of something like this.

Chapter 2894: A Pound Isn't Enough

Looking at the array of worlds, Leonel couldn't help but admit something to himself.

If not for his Wise Sea Order breakthrough, and its fusion with his Wise Star Order status, it would have been impossible for him to see through this.

The goal of the Owlans and Fallen God Beasts was clear and obvious to him now.

They wanted to form an array between their worlds, completing and filling their weaknesses with several Incomplete Worlds, to finally step across the final barrier to form a God Realm of their own.

Such a plan would have taken generations to lay out. He could see their painstaking, step-by-step efforts. And quite frankly, he was greatly impressed.

Just this sight alone showed their grit, their determination. It was something that he couldn't ignore even if he wanted to.

Leonel was very rarely impressed. But at the moment, he couldn't help but be.

It was a reminder that he couldn't underestimate the people of this world, even if they weren't Gods... and especially in the case where they had once been Gods in the past.

'However, it's not prepared yet. If I'm correct, it seems that it isn't the Incomplete Worlds that are the problem, but rather they're Complete Worlds. Some of their World Spirits still need more refining, but the method they're using...'

Leonel's gaze flashed.

Back in the Dimensional Verse, there were things called Folds of Reality. It wasn't that Folds of Reality didn't exist in these Complete Worlds, but rather that they weren't so obvious. In fact, Bubbles were precisely Folds of Reality. That was why they could fuse

into one another and separate. They represented wrinkles in the Dimensions, not just worlds.

That aside, Folds of Reality could expand and swallow others in the Dimensional Verse. Worlds started at the Third Dimension, had a set potential, and could grow depending on how well they cleared their Sub-Dimensional Zones. The faster they were cleared, and the more perfectly this was done, the faster worlds could grow to their full potential.

It was because Leonel was intimately aware of this that he also knew that he might benefit from clearing the Zones properly, and this was what allowed him to evolve his Incomplete World into a Complete World with God Realm potential.

However, that same Incomplete World was still a long distance away from the God Realm. In fact, it was still faintly weaker than weaker Mortal Realms.

Both of them, that is.

So the question was, what did this have to do with the current situation?

The World Spirits of the Complete Worlds in this formation were still lacking. However, they were quickly working toward completion.

If they had had the Life Tablet, it was likely that they'd be able to more quickly complete this. After all, Leonel hadn't forgotten that the Nomads he had met were somehow capable of mimicking the Northern Star Lineage Factor. Who was to say they didn't have a Wise Star Order?

However, because they missed out, they were taking a slower path, and it seemed that this war was only helping them.

'Using the bodies of Gods to refine their World Spirits, is that so?'

Leonel slowly opened his eyes as he finally understood everything.

As of now, there were only two worlds that hadn't reached their necessary standard.

What was the most interesting is that if Leonel was correct, the only thing limiting the Fallen God Beasts was the Realm they were in, and not their constitutions. That meant, the instant these Realms became God Realms once more, they would likewise soar back to Godhood in an instant and likely once more become among the strongest Gods there was.

When Leonel understood the scope of the plan, he finally seemed to realize the kind of trouble he had just casually thrown himself into, and he couldn't help but laugh.

He didn't give a damn.

His thoughts were only focused on a single thing: How could he best take advantage of this situation?

Ruin their plans?

No, that wouldn't benefit him.

The moment their plan succeeded, it was likely that a new war would break out on the God Realm. But he was equally certain that this war wouldn't last long.

The Void Race would use this as an opportunity to retreat because losing to Gods was no longer the same thing as losing to Demi-Gods. It would no longer be a matter of face for them.

As such, once they understood the strength of the God Beasts, or rather, the current Fallen God Beasts that would soon become God Beasts once more, they would find a convenient time to withdraw.

Once that happened, Leonel would obviously become a target once again. They definitely wouldn't be able to come after him immediately, but it would only be a matter of time.

On the other hand, it was still unlikely that they would be able to turn all their attention to him... especially since they would have raised a tiger and let them into their den.

That tiger was, obviously, the Invalids.

Because not only would this be a new God Realm, it would also be the first God Realm that Invalids were allowed to enter.

And that was absolutely unacceptable to Leonel.

The reason he had stopped having Aina hide her Blood Sovereignty was because he knew that it had already been exposed to the one crowd of people he feared the most for her sake. In that case, there was simply no point in having her hold back her strength any longer.

But to Leonel, the fact that this group of people was working with Invalids was absolutely unacceptable.

Even if he didn't have the intention of stopping their plans completely... he would certainly take a pound of flesh.

"A pound isn't enough," Leonel said, his gaze flashing with coldness.

Leonel slowly stood, a plan slowly formulating in his mind.

Now that he knew what he was working with, he could finally complete the final stretch.

Chapter 2895: Coats, Bone, and Tendons

Leonel entered the Segmented Cube. Before him, the corpses of four Fallen God Beasts lay.

He looked toward the Celestial Terra with a solemn expression.

He and Aina had split up for the sake of efficiency, but to his surprise, Aina came back injured from her battle with this Celestial Terra.

Although she had obviously won in the end, Leonel had no choice but to force down hints of wariness and rage.

There was no way that Aina had failed to pick an opponent appropriate for her, and this shouldn't be an Ancestor level character. According to Aina, it only had a Quasi Creation State Dao.

To make matters worse, considering Aina's healing factor at this point, especially that she wasn't hiding her Blood Sovereignty any longer, the fact that she returned to Leonel injured meant that there was likely a point in time where she had been severely injured.

He knew his wife's temperament well. If she could hide her burdens from him, she would do so. He was fairly certain that she had been closer to death than she let on.

'Celestial Terras... Celestial Terrors...'

Leonel liked joking around about Celestial Storms really being Dragons, but this wasn't exactly wrong either. Much like the apartment buildings he had seen in the Golden City, many of Earth's myths, legends and cultures descended from more established empires of wider Existence.

However, it was clear that this legend wasn't accurate. No... it was more like it was obscured.

In Earth's legend, there were some tales of four creatures: a Dragon, a Vermillion Bird, a White Tiger and a Black Turtle.

However, compared to the legends of the Dragon alone, those myths were lacking. In fact, it wasn't rare to hear of legends where Dragons superseded the other three by far.

However, what the Life Tablet made clear to Leonel was that these so-called Dragons weren't the real threat. Instead, the real slumbering monsters were these world-sized

tortoises, existences that controlled the Earth element to a degree that even Leonel couldn't fathom.

Aina's struggle made this clear.

When Leonel saw the situation, he immediately reached out with his Dream Force, and as expected, the death of a Celestial Terra sent wild waves through the Fallen God Beasts. They were more enraged now than at any other point.

And that was when he caught onto one important tidbit of information.

The death of this Celestial Terra at Aina's hand noted the first death of a Celestial Terra since the start of this war.

That made Leonel realize that this just might be the final piece of a large puzzle, but he didn't regret it in the slightest.

The materials from these four God Beasts were what he needed to complete his Sixth Dimensional Divine Armor. Only a Divine Armor formed from these materials could possibly exhibit the kind of strength he needed given that he now had two Worlds with God Realm potential in his body.

One way or another, he was going to offend these formidable races...

So he might as well get the most out of it.

"Anastasia, dig out a formation to these specifications. Then pool their blood into the noted regions. I've already noted down everything."

"Okay!"

Anastasia's voice echoed in Leonel's ears. It had been a while since they communicated as well, so it had taken him a while to get the little World Spirit down from her pouting high horse.

After some coaxing, she had finally gone back to normal.

"What do you want to do with this?" Anastasia asked as she and Leonel appeared in a wide, open plain.

This was Anastasia's world, so something like carving an exact pattern into the earth only took the blink of an eye.

"Just an experiment."

"You say that, but it seems like you're pretty confident."

Leonel chuckled.

"I am pretty confident."

Though he was laughing, there was a chilling glint in his eye. How could he fail now that his wife had put her life on the line? There was no other path but success.

Slowly, he pressed his palms together, and small dividers in the earth crumbled.

In that instant, four streams of blood connected at one and a violent rush surged into the air.

There were four techniques in the Emperor's Might Golden Tablet that existed beneath the strongest three. One of them clearly took the shape of a Dragon.

As one might expect, the second took the shape of a bird. The second took the shape of a tiger. The last took the shape of a tortoise.

It was clear to Leonel that these four techniques were created based on the Fallen God Beasts... the Celestials.

Leonel wanted to use his Fawkes Family Lineage Factor, but he had to be wary of flying too close to the sun. He was confident, but not confident enough just yet to ignore all things.

But, with this method, he could not only use all four techniques, but likewise hide their presence with the help of his Divine Armor.

It wasn't just this, but he was certain that he could amplify them.

Sensing the changes caused by the Natural Force Art formed of blood, Leonel nodded. It seemed that his deduction was correct.

"Let's go, Tolliver. It's time for some fun."

Leonel took a step and appeared by the bloodless corpses. Tolliver flickered and as one, master and Metal Spirit began to dissect corpses.

Leonel separated their coats, their bones, and their tendons, throwing away everything else.

The meat was useless to him, so he just gave them to Aina to see if she was curious about how they would taste.

It had been a while since he had eaten anything, so he might as well see what Celestial meat tasted like.

There was one part that stood out from the rest, though.

It was an enormous shell, shaped like a mountainous range.

It was the shell of the Celestial Terra and it would be the main piece to his new Divine Armor.

'... 60% chance of success. Let's see how far my Crafting has really gotten...'

Chapter 2896: Four Techniques

As Leonel had said, the inspiration for this form of Crafting had come from Talon.

Talon was capable of using his Earthen Lightning Spirit to trigger changes in the world that could help him to Craft.

When Leonel saw this, he was struck by a thought.

What if he could use the world to surpass the limits of his body?

Leonel's Crafting talent and knowledge had always been beyond what his body and Little Tolliver were capable of. The issue was that they were ultimately too weak to always execute on Leonel's thoughts. So, it could be said that during his entire Crafting journey, what Leonel could Craft had always been handicapped.

This was precisely why he felt he only had a 60% chance of success now. What he was attempting to do was to use external methods to reach his theoretical limit, allowing his skill in Crafting to meet his Comprehension.

And all of that starts with these body parts.

The technique formed with the conceptualization of the Celestial Storm God Beast was known as [Dragon's Might]. As Leonel had said, the Celestial Storm Race didn't have Dragon's Might. It was instead a conceptualization of their majesty.

The weakest version of this technique was capable of doing what Leonel already could, and that was pressuring the minds of others. However, at the highest level, it could borrow power from a world to do the same, acting like a Quasi-Regulator of sorts, but nowhere near as all-encompassing or powerful. Even so, it was a shocking technique.

It gained this artistic conception by visualizing the majesty of Celestial Storms in the sky, creatures that were capable of commanding wind and rain, forming clouds of thunder and dispersing them with a thought.

The second technique, formed from the Celestial Embers, was known as [To Ashes. To Dust].

Despite the cryptically somber name, [To Ashes. To Dust] wasn't an attacking method at all. Instead, it was a method of rejuvenation... though not exactly that either.

Celestial Embers were named as such because they had the most vitality of all the Celestial God Beasts. They were birds of fire capable of resurrecting from even a single Ember, and this single Ember was likewise capable of burning for eternity.

This was why [To Ashes. To Dust] wasn't necessarily a pure rejuvenation technique.

The foundational ability of [To Ashes. To Dust] was to be able to instantly replenish a Soul to its peak state, similar to Leonel's [Instant Recovery]-A technique he still had despite not having used it in a long while. Though, of course, the reason he hadn't used it was because of the need to hide his Northern Star Lineage Factor.

This aside, whether it was due to fatigue, or injury, a single use of [To Ashes. To Dust] was capable of recovering his soul strength instantly. For Leonel, who had exceptional soul stamina to begin with, this was obviously a hugely beneficial technique...

Especially since that was the end of it.

Much like with [Dragon's Might], this was simply the simplest form of the technique.

At its highest form, it made the soul boundless.

Imagine for a moment attacking someone with a soul much more powerful than your own, trying to forcefully [Assimilate] them or extricate their soul.

With [To Ashes. To Dust], Leonel wouldn't have to rely on external items. His soul would be able to continuously rebirth itself every time it ran out of strength, and the result would be like if his soul had been many times stronger to begin with.

The only drawback of this technique was that it required external support from a Force with Life Force, and this Force had to likewise be at the Life State.

But didn't Leonel already have that? What could fill that role if not his Vital Star Force?

In fact, this highest method of application would be useable by him the moment his Vital Star Force entered the Creation State.

The third Race was known as the Celestial Banes. They were the true White Tiger Race before the White Spectral Tigers rose up to replace them. Of the four Races, they were the only ones to be wiped out down to their very last.

The technique born from them was known as [Borne Bane].

The reason the Celestial Banes had such a moniker was because they were well known to be the Bane of all Forces, the only Race with Force so sharp that they were capable of cutting through and biting through anything.

What most didn't know was that this was because the Celestial Banes didn't wield any Force at all, and were rather bottomless, empty voids of space.

They relied on Blackhole Force much like the Void Race, and while this might sound like a contradiction, it wasn't. That was because they didn't truly wield it. Rather, its mysteries were etched into their claws, their teeth and their bones.

Rather than Innate Nodes, they had Innate Bodies, capable of canceling out any Force they came across with their sheer majesty alone.

No one was capable of replicating their feat then, nor since. And Leonel had a pretty good feeling that the reason they were wiped out was because the Void Race found them to be intolerable.

And yet... at the same time, Leonel had an equal conviction that this was only because the Celestial Terras were too good at keeping a low profile...

Or rather, the Primordial Terrors, the one existence amongst the Celestials that existed before all of them, a Race with history to the beginnings of the universe...

The very first God Beasts of Destruction.

The last part was pure speculation on Leonel's part, but his mind was nothing like it had been in the past. While he still couldn't assimilate all the knowledge in the Life Tablets, he could hold much more at a time than he could before, and that opened him up to understanding and potentially deducing a great many things.

As such, the last technique was aptly named...

[Primordial Terror].

Chapter 2897: Terror

What made this Race so fearsome?

It was the fact they carried a world on their backs. They were literally as large as worlds, and when they grew up, this was even more so.

What Leonel could only do through a technique and Incomplete Worlds, the Primordial Terrors could do naturally. Their worlds were their bodies, their bodies were worlds.

This was part of the reason the Void Race was so fearsome as well. After all, their bodies were constructed and Stars, galaxies and nebulae. In fact, Leonel had seen an Ancestor Void Race member before as well, and his size had been enough to swallow up an entire Incomplete World, which was far larger than any Complete World.

But there was only one thing that Leonel could say to this...

They were wholly inferior.

The Void Race swallowed Incomplete Worlds to add to their collection of stars and galaxies, but the Celestial Terras WERE a world.

The difference was akin to night and day and couldn't be underestimated in the slightest.

Many of these things were only things that clicked after Leonel saw Aina come back so injured. It made him realize that the most fearsome characters in all of this were ironically the most docile of the creatures.

For whatever reason, though, the Primordial Terrors of the past chose to become the Celestial Terras, leaving behind their original moniker and seemingly much of their strength as well.

Then, when they fell from God Beast to Fallen God Beast, the problem became even clearer and they lost even more of their strength.

And yet, somehow, they gathered such strength.

[Primordial Terror] was the most shocking of the techniques to Leonel, not because of its strength, but because it built off the back of a method of Earth Force usage that Leonel had independently deduced.

Back when Leonel first entered the Impetus State with his Dream Force, it was because he came to understand that the reason Earth Force was so difficult to control was because it acted as the anchor to all Force. It was the reason Force could collect and concentrate on worlds, instead of being widely dispersed through Existence.

As such, controlling Earth Force meant fighting against the will of a world's World Spirit. Meaning, if you wanted to control Earth Force as freely as any other Force, you had to make it your own first.

[Primordial Terror] used Artistic Conception of the Celestial Terra to force this upon the earth... but once again, this was just the simplest application.

The technique itself would be mostly useless, especially if you weren't naturally an Earth Force user. At best, you could use it to dispel a region of a Force that your opponent liked to use, and bring forth your own.

Of course, the reason Leonel was so uninterested in this ability was because it was something that [Domain] could already do. Though, if he layered both methods, it would have a great synergistic effect.

What was truly fearsome about this technique was located in its elevated level of use, much like these others.

What made Leonel's new Wise Sea Order status so powerful? It wasn't just the title alone, but rather the synergy it had with Wise Star Order.

One grounded itself in reality, and the other reached for the Stars. Together, they were unstoppable.

Likewise, Leonel had a powerful Constellation, and each one of his Incomplete Worlds seemed to hide another, but he lacked a method of grounding them.

Of course, this was just an idea that he had alone, but it made sense if one thought about it.

A single Constellation could power billions of Morales back in the Dimensional Verse. Even if many of them were weak, and even the strongest of them wouldn't last in this world... that number wasn't something that could be ignored.

Now, that very same Constellation was powering Leonel alone...

So where had all that power gone?

The answer was obvious.

Leonel was just one person. The Constellation had a lot to give, but there was only so much that he could take. Even if he improved his comprehension, it just meant more power that he was incapable of using, while his actual strength increased minimally in comparison.

The terror of the Primordial Terror was its insatiable appetite.

When this technique was activated, it constantly stole from the earth, increasing the capacity of the soul over the course of a battle and stealing more from a world's World Spirit.

With it, if everyone else tired over the course of battle, then one with [Primordial Terror] activated would only strengthen.

And as with [To Ashes. To Dust], the only requirement was an external Force. But this time, it was Earth Force...

With bonus points for Destruction Sovereignty.

These four techniques were what Leonel was creating his Divine Armor based on. Together, they would form the ultimate weapon of mass destruction.

The problem was that Leonel couldn't refine them the way he wanted to, so he had to create a mass Natural Force Art, one built from their blood.

But he was missing the Celestial Bane, only having a White Spectral Tiger to work with. As such, there were two things working against his success. One being the difficulty, and the second being that the materials weren't perfect.

However, when he began to Craft, he seemed to forget all things.

Standing in the middle of the Force Art, the world thrummed around him and every movement caused a stream of rainbow colors to follow the arc of his arms.

He seemed unprecedentedly focused.

It had been a very long time since Leonel sweated the making of any Craft.

But at this moment, he poured his heart and soul into it, giving it absolutely everything he had.

He was so perfectly in tune with his body that his bones seemed to sing like the bows of a violin as his muscles vibrated.

Auspicious Air billowed off of him in waves. Anastasia's world beginning to tremble as an unprecedented Divine Armor slowly began to take shape.

Chapter 2898: Heartbeat

He carefully pulled the marrow out from the bone and dried them. He turned the tough leather hide of the Celestial Storms into a true aether, and the flaming feathers of the Celestial Embers into carefully outlined runes.

His Force Crafting Quill danced in the air, simple and unadorned, but radiating with the rainbow color of the surrounding formations.

His free hand tapped at the air with the majesty of an elite pianist, but with a speed that far surpassed it.

Every finger stroke was like a rumble of thunder and a flash of lightning, a tsunami of earth and a hurricane of blades. Despite the short distance they moved, the booming echo flew through the air and shattered space like fragmenting glass. Sometimes, these fragments would even bombard against Leonel's own body, blood leaking between his nails and the joints of his digits.

But he didn't seem to notice at all as veins popped across him, his focus reaching an absolutely unprecedented state.

Tolliver weaved in and out of the materials, sometimes crushing them like a hammer, sometimes molding them with the expert care of a clay master, and sometimes sewing them together beneath some mysterious power.

Leonel's face continued to pale as blood drained from his body, but the light in his eyes only glowed brighter and brighter.

"You will give them life..." he said softly.

A roar suddenly filled the skies.

Tolliver soared up like a Dragon piercing the clouds, then soared like a Phoenix who could cross worlds with a single flap of its wings...

The Metal Spirit twisted in the air and plunged downward, its body arching and becoming a leaping tiger prepared to tear its prey apart.

Just as it was about to collide with the ground, it expanded wildly, its body becoming a towering mountain as a tortoise landed on the ground.

BOOM!

A flash of silver filled the world, and a pillar connected the earth to the skies.

Leonel's second Incomplete World thrummed to life and runes suddenly began to appear all across his body.

The earth trembled, and the skies flashed around him.

At that moment, the thrumming silver light rushed into his body, fusing with the runes.

An explosion erupted, and Leonel's body shattered.

His skin splintered like wood, his bones fragmenting like glass. His blood boiled to ash and his soul felt like it was being shredded to pieces.

He roared, his eyes shining with such bright violet lights and his pupils and sclera vanished, making it look like a twin pair of orbs of light had taken their place instead.

The surrounding land trembled, the reeking stench of blood filling the skies.

The earth shook and splintered, a great surge of Auspicious Air flooding into his body as the Natural Force Art seemed to be quickly losing its luster.

An Artistic Conception for the ages began to swim across Leonel's skin.

His clothing burst to ashes and tattoos of silver, gold and black began to etch themselves in blood.

A dragon swam up his arm, its mighty head taking his chest and roaring toward the skies.

A tiger took up the other arm, its tail dangling and spiraling down and around his leg, while its head took up his shoulder. Its maw hung open, its glistening teeth shimmering with a dark abyss.

A phoenix wrapped up his other leg, its wings spreading across his body and becoming a backdrop to the dragon on his chest and his back...

A mighty mountain took up his sculpted back and his muscles seemed to solidify even further beneath its presence.

The four creatures swarmed and moved as though they could live and breathe, not acting like real tattoos in the slightest. From time to time, a silver Metal Spirit would poke out from them one after another, dominating in its presence.

Blood fell from Leonel's body, and his head hung low. However, that was when a heartbeat echoed into the world.

To call it a thrum of thunder was to do it an injustice. It was like a world was awakening and the skies were opening up for the first time.

An ill-suppressed void appeared around Leonel, and it felt like reality might crumble at any moment.

His hair suddenly grew out and became several times paler, so much so that it looked almost entirely white under most circumstances.

A pair of sweats appeared on his body, rolled up to his calves, and having a waistline that spilled over with tufts of gorgeous, soft white fur.

Braces appeared on his wrists and forearms in a flickering red-gold flame, and a necklace of blackened tiger teeth manifested around his neck.

A halo appeared parallel to his back, and large enough to swallow his body whole. It was perfectly smooth, and polished to an extreme, but it radiated a deathly sort of Force that made it seem much darker than the bright silver that it was.

Braces appeared around his ankles at the same time, matching the ones on his wrist, but much looser. Every time his legs shifted, they hovered and rattled against one another, sending out a pulse of flames that wiped out everything in the vicinity.

At that moment, the enormous, mountain of a shell that had protected the Celestial Terror trembled.

Leonel weakly raised a bloodied hand and then clenched it.

The world's laws obeyed.

The enormous mountainous shell was compressed in an instant, forming such a small pebble that the pressure made it erupt in flames as well until it shimmered like Existence's most resplendent diamond.

With his head still lowered, the polished diamond floated toward Leonel as though it weighed as light as a feather and pressed against his forehead.

BOOM!

Leonel's aura erupted, a suffocating presence spreading out with him as the center.

His wounds healed so rapidly that broken flesh fell from his body and dried blood flew into the air like ash.

Standing there, head lowered and the weight of a world on his body, Leonel's heart thrummed again.

And this time, the whole of Existence seemed to hear it.

Chapter 2899: More Money (1)

Leonel seemed to slowly awaken from his odd state.

The Self State...

No matter how magical or amazing an armor of metal was, even when it was capable of fusing into his body, it was an external item.

Leonel had been trying to fix this issue, but then he remembered something.

His father, even at the end of his life, never used a Divine Armor.

Was it really the case that he had completely abandoned the path of the Morales?

He knew that his father was stubborn, but he wasn't stubborn to the point of doing foolish things just for the sake of it.

That was when it clicked for Leonel.

The ultimate Divine Armor was likely completely unlike an Armor at all. In fact, the ultimate Divine Armor probably reflected in the body not much different from how a Lineage Factor would appear.

It was a part of the body.

And now, Leonel had taken the first step down that path. In fact, he had taken a better first step than even his father, because right now his Divine Armor was the amalgamation of four Fallen God Beasts and a young Infinity Beast.

It had almost destroyed his body in the end, but in the end, he had been able to withstand it and his strength had taken another huge leap forward.

Finally, he gained the strength to look up, and his eyes flashed with a treacherous light. The space before his gaze cracked and fragmented, but Anastasia was luckily there to stabilize it.

"Stop destroying my world!" Anastasia grumbled.

Leonel chuckled and patted the little girl's head. He pulled her into his arms before she could react and gave her a big kiss on the forehead before vanishing.

"YOU-!"

Leonel had already vanished, and the little muddle-headed World Spirit didn't seem to remember that she could teleport anywhere she wanted in an instant.

...

"Are you doing okay?" Leonel asked Aina, who was sitting in meditation. Even after this while, she didn't seem to have returned to 100%.

Aina opened her eyes and looked up, giving him a smile.

"I'm fine."

"You should use the pods. It'll speed things up."

"I've tested out the pods these last few years and it feels like there's some... distortions in them. Resting is fine, but when you want to comprehend something, unless it's Time Force itself, you should probably avoid them."

"You're comprehending something?" Leonel asked in surprise.

"Yes. I feel like if I comprehend this, I can complete my third return to the Eighth Dimension quite quickly. But the resources I'll need will be a bit exaggerated."

Leonel chuckled. "More exaggerated than an entire Incomplete World?"

Aina smiled bitterly, and Leonel's lip twitched.

It seemed that he wouldn't be the only money grubber in their family quite soon.

Aina had completed five rebirths now. She returned to the Seventh Dimension three times, and this was now her second stint in returning to the Eighth. From his understanding, she planned to do this once again for three complete times for the Ninth Dimension as well.

It seemed that this one would be very different. Or, maybe, the year that Leonel had missed hadn't been so simple at all. He had filled Aina in on what he had experienced, but he had never really asked what she had done to return to the Eighth Dimension.

"What does it feel like?" Leonel asked, feeling curious. He wondered what breakthrough she was having.

"There's a technique in the Blood Sovereign Tablet related to a Domain of sorts, but I've never used it because it doesn't quite feel right.

"When the Blood Domain is activated, I'm snatching Life Force not just from people, but I'm using Blood as a vessel for the Life Force of the world as well."

"That sounds powerful. Why aren't you using it?" Leonel asked.

He was certain that it wasn't because Aina didn't comprehend it yet. In fact, in terms of comprehension, Leonel and Aina were probably in a plane of their own. The difference was that Aina's comprehension came from her Clairvoyance and Leonel's came from his Dream Force.

"It doesn't feel like it's my power, like it's missing something, and though it's powerful, it takes up too much energy precisely because it doesn't feel like mine. But the methods of the Celestial Terra felt like there was a hint of enlightenment for me in them. Especially the injuries it left."

"The injuries?" Leonel's eyes narrowed.

"It felt like it made my own body its battlefield. I was fighting both an external and internal battle. It was the first time I had ever experienced such a thing. Honestly, part of the reason I was so heavily injured was because I wanted to extend the battle to sense it more."

"Okay, I see." Leonel nodded. "Do you know what you'll need for your next breakthrough?"

If it was just an Incomplete World, it wasn't even that much of an issue anymore. Leonel could find it with ease.

"I'm not exactly sure, honestly. But I think the secret is creating my own World of Blood. And if it's about that, I'll need Blood... high-quality Blood... and a lot of it."

Leonel's eyes narrowed. "What exactly is 'high quality' and 'a lot' in your book?"

Aina cleared her throat. "I definitely need God Blood."

Leonel's lip twitched. "And by God Blood you mean..."

"None of the ones we've come across until now are enough. Their quality is too inferior."

Leonel let out a hollow chuckle. He had a feeling that that would be the case.

"As for how much... well, enough to fill a Bubble World to the brim..."

Leonel coughed.

And here he thought that he was the money guzzler, when in reality he had forgotten that a man's duty was to please his wife with his wallet.

Unfortunately, this time, he had no idea how he was going to do that.

He had to kill enough Gods not for their corpses to fill up a world, but their blood itself.

How many billions was that?!

Chapter 2900: More Money (2)

Leonel took a breath and shook his head.

"You're messing with me, right?" He laughed.

"Maybe a little." Aina grinned.

The both of them knew that Aina wasn't actually lying. She truly did need so much. It was just that they could both come up with methods of making up for it.

For example, what if they caught Gods alive and then continuously bled them? That way, you could get a lot more out of a single body rather than having to kill continuously.

Of course, it would take resources to keep them healed up and producing, but it was still far easier than just killing them.

At the same time, as for quality, there were many methods of improving on the quality of blood. Leonel wasn't aware of them, but wasn't this precisely Aina's expertise?

Even if it was Leonel alone, he would just take the crude path of forcefully raising someone's constitution to the God Realms and then taking it from there.

"You can stay here, then," Leonel said.

"Where are you going?" Aina asked, feeling a bit hesitant. She wanted to fight by his side as well. She just didn't expect this to suddenly happen. This was her best chance to grasp the inspiration she had.

Unlike Leonel, she couldn't just revert back to a previous mental state even with her Clairvoyance. She had to grasp it here and now.

"It's about time I start unleashing some true carnage," Leonel said softly, looking into the distance. "Plus, my wife needs to be fed. I need to go on a little bit of a spree."

Aina frowned away her laugh, trying to be serious.

"It's going to be dangerous. I could tell immediately that they don't like the fact I killed a Celestial Terra. Their reaction was... not normal."

Leonel nodded and turned away to leave.

"You don't need to mind it. They should be more worried about what my reaction will be."

After he said this, Leonel vanished.

**

Leonel appeared in the world of red.

The Bubble of the Celestial Embers looked as though it was painted with wisps of flames. The clouds were like dancing embers, the ground felt somehow both solid and ethereal, and even the plants looked as though they were burning down, while still maintaining their form and structure.

It was a world of Fire and Leonel felt its presence more clearly now than he ever had before.

He had truly never sensed the Fire Element so clearly, and he truly felt...

At home.

It was a good place to start a killing spree.

A roar echoed from the skies above and Leonel found that his location had already been found.

Inwardly, he was very surprised.

Anastasia had the ability to hide herself quite well, so the fact that they had found him already meant that the moment he stepped out of the Segmented Cube, they had been able to lock onto his position.

The strength of a Demi-God Race could truly not be underestimated.

"Blackstar," Leonel called out faintly.

A little black mink appeared on Leonel's shoulder. By now, the little guy was maybe not so little, being a meter in length. But compared to other beasts of his strength, he was certainly much smaller.

"We're gonna have some fun," Leonel said with a smile. But there was something particularly eerie about this smile. It didn't reach his eyes at all that seemed to be a pair of smoldering coals.

His hair and sweatpants whipped in the air, the latter pressing against his skin as though it might be ripped away beneath the might of the roaring beast above.

'A Quasi Creation State Dragon. These beasts also seem to be far more powerful than other Races of the same level. Beasts clearly have their own advantages compared to humanoids, despite not being able to use Weapon Forces.'

The pressure Leonel felt from this Celestial Storm was no less than what he would feel if he had been up against a Creation State expert. These Fallen God Beasts were truly no joke. At the very least, they were better than the Owlans in this regard.

With a single flick of its tail, the white, leather-skinned creature had already crossed dozens of kilometers. Leonel could already smell its acrid breath and the descent of its mighty pressure.

Leonel took a step forward, and a spear swirled to life in a cyclone of flames. He clasped it in his palms and then struck out a single time.

BANG!

A vacuum was torn through the world and the Fire Force sang. Leonel could feel the searing heat of his kidneys, but rather than being a painful experience like it had been in the past, it felt more like he had just taken a shot of vodka, the heat spreading through his bloodstream like rushing waters.

A whirlwind of wind pressure tore into the Celestial Storm's eye, rotating so fast that its eyeball was shredded to pieces the same instant a hole was torn out the back of its skull.

Its roar was still echoing in the air as it descended, unable to control its body.

BOOM!

It crashed beneath the suffocating might of Leonel's presence, skidding through the ground and leaving a long trench in its wake.

Leonel tossed the corpse into the Segmented Cube without a care.

He already had a pretty good idea of how he'd help his wife.

The situation wasn't quite bad enough yet for him to use his King's Might out in the open. But that didn't stop him from using King's Might in the Segmented Cube.

He could kill these beasts, capture them, and resurrect them. Once these worlds were ready to evolve, he could bring them out and they would all evolve to have God Constitutions all at once.

By then, it would be an easy matter to bleed them.

And at the center of it all, he wouldn't mind having a few Owlans and a certain... Void Race member.

The cry of a sonorous bird shook the skies.

Leonel looked up, clenching his spear.