Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2941: Himself

This information was like a second detonation through Existence.

The number of people who could see through this was too few. It had to be remembered that when the Idol Battlefield descended, many had already made their attempts at finding out what happened. It was clear and obvious to them that someone had triggered it, but they couldn't find out who that someone was.

The reason for this was that Leonel's Weapon Forces, especially their awakening process, had become a form of protection itself. They couldn't be seen through by these existences, at least not from so far away. It also didn't help that no one could have possibly guessed that the culprit was located in the Mortal Realm at the time.

Even now, the number that could put this together were far too few. The Pluto were among the very few who could; even the Void Race didn't know. Because of this, this matter would have normally remained a secret.

But unfortunately, the Sylvan Race was among the second group to learn of this information. Trying to scour Existence for Leonel without knowing he was the culprit was impossible. However, because everyone was investigating just Leonel alone for so long, it was impossible for them to not put something together. When the puzzle pieces fit together, they were entirely floored.

The Pluto wouldn't sell this information, but the information networks of the God Realm were under the control of the Sylvans. And because there were several Races that weren't very proficient in Dream Force, the Sylvans saw this as an opportunity to make a killing. They separated the information into tiers, with the highest tier containing this information.

There wasn't a single God Faction that wouldn't buy this information. It would most definitely be related to a storm that would sweep through the entirety of Existence, so how could they be the only ones in the dark? As a result, soon, a great number of individuals learned of something that Leonel had managed to hide by a fluke. And suddenly, the importance of Leonel and the danger he posed rose to an entirely different level.

A single young man, and yet, after less than ten years of practice, he had three Creation State Forces, one of which was already in the Middle Creation State on top of being a Sovereignty.

As though that wasn't enough, he had several more Forces, all of which were at the Quasi Creation State, two more of which were attached to Innate Nodes that allowed them to display strength no weaker than the Creation State.

And yet, it didn't end there either. He had seven Sovereignties, had already comprehended a Constellation Realm, and he was speculated to be a God Armament Crafter.

This last one was pure speculation and didn't have nearly as much evidence as the others. What made them fear the most was his Dimensional Method. It was something that they had simply never seen before, the combination of two that came together to form a perfect whole.

And yet, they couldn't see it clearly either. The more information about Leonel came out, the more shocking the matter became and the hotter and brighter the flames burned.

At first, this information was exclusive to the God Realm alone. But as those ascended Demi-God and Mortal Race Gods began to get their hands on this information, that changed wholly.

Information was sent back to the Dwarven and Spiritual Races the most quickly because they were the ones seen to be tied to Leonel. Their Gods realized the precarious situation they were all in, and unless they wanted their entire Races to be wiped out to the last man, they had to create a contingency plan for their next steps as quickly as possible.

When this news entered the Demi-God Realms, and then the Mortal Realms next, it could be said that the entirety of Existence was truly put on high alert.

In the middle of this storm, the Variant Invalid Invasion was still ongoing. The chaos could only be said to be at an unprecedented level.

And yet, the reason for all of this was still in a state of unconsciousness, his body in a complete mess. It was only seconds before Aina was alerted by Anastasia to take action, just a few brief instances before Leonel was taken out of the Human Bubble and back into the Segmented Cube.

And yet, those few seconds were already enough for almost everything about Leonel to be exposed to the world.

Aina stood worriedly over Leonel. She didn't know what was happening in the outside world, but she felt a great uneasiness welling up in her heart. And she was very much right to feel that way.

That was because it was no longer just the Owlans and the Fallen God Beasts that had placed him on their hit list. It could be said that the entirety of Existence wanted his head on a platter, and there were just as many who took action.

The location of the Human Bubble was exposed to the world, and countless figures were making their way forward.

At the same time, Anastasia could sense that there was something wrong, but she didn't quite know how to put it into words, or exactly what to check on. She felt frustrated as she hovered in the skies, her little brows furrowed. The worry in her heart was only growing, but she didn't have the intelligence to figure out where it was coming from. It was more instinct than anything else, and in the end, she couldn't grasp what it was.

And due to that, they would lose the chance they had to escape.

At the same time, the Pluto Race was making a decision. Though, it was hard to say that this was the case at all. That was because it didn't take them much time to come to a nonchalant conclusion.

The debt they owed the Fawkes had already been repaid. They had no obligation to save Leonel. His fate would be left up to himself.

Chapter 2942: Who Cared?

Leonel's mind was in a state of turmoil. His memories had become fragmented. Thoughts that he hadn't had in years, memories he hadn't touched in even longer, floated around in pieces of broken glass akin to fissures in space.

It felt like his entire mind had completely collapsed under a power he had little to no understanding of. And the worst part seemed to be that he couldn't quite think his way out of it too.

He was stuck in limbo, his thoughts just as fragmented as his memories. It was impossible to deduce anything if he couldn't complete a single sentence.

All he could see was that single pair of lingering eyes, but the irony was that while everyone else was thinking about the eyes of the Void Beast, Leonel was thinking about a completely different pair of eyes.

The eyes of that woman, the eyes of the person he hated more than anyone else in this world, the eyes that he had wanted to slash apart, and yet found staring at him even more intently as a result.

It was like everything that his father had done to give him a chance to break free of her had been worthless. He was right back at square one. No, he was in an even worse spot than square one, a place where the Demoness had more control over his life, his thoughts, his existence now than she had ever had before.

Then there was the rage.

It was just as omnipresent as the eyes, lurking in every corner of his mind. Everything seemed to only enrage him further and the glass and mirror fragments of his memories became tinted with red at their edges.

The shade of red was all too familiar. It was a red that had followed him for years, a red that had been with him ever since he awakened his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor.

But now it felt even more potent than before, and it fed off his rage, growing larger and more substantial.

Kill. Kill. Kill.

The word echoed in his mind again and again, and for a moment, he felt that he had been transported back to the first time he had heard Mo'Lexi's name... that woman that seemed to have disappeared into thin air.

No... she was dead...

In the past, Leonel wouldn't have been certain of this. But with his current abilities, seeing through the life and death of someone that he had already met was a breeze. Especially when he knew that that person only had an Impetus Force at best. What right did she have to hide from him? Black Tablet or not?

Leonel couldn't even cohesively finish these thoughts. It was like the images and short form of them ran through his mind instead before storming away and slipping through his fingers.

But then that was when something unexpected happened.

His mind worked on its own, and he seemed to peer through the layers of time, only to watch Mo'Lexi kill herself.

Something about that scene stirred something deep within Leonel, and he felt shaken to his core.

Mo'Lexi was a woman he didn't know much about, and objectively speaking, she had never helped him either. Although she had provided some form of shielding in the beginning, it was only for the purpose of making use of himself and Aina.

Back then, she always seemed to have a particular distaste for Aina, and Leonel had deduced that it was because she didn't like the fact she thought Aina was using him. In fact, it was because of this that Leonel was able to get the upper hand on her and eventually escape.

For the him of then, trying to slip through the cracks and outsmart an Impetus State Dream Force user was impossible. But thanks to this mental weakness, he had been able to take advantage.

He never really thought about why she felt that way, but seeing her choose to take such a step now, Leonel felt hints of melancholy for an unknown reason.

She hadn't done it for fame or attention, she didn't do it out of revenge or hatred, she had just truly given up on her own life and felt that it simply wasn't worth living.

Leonel had grown a long way since his youth. It was only a short time in the eyes of the old monsters of the God Realms, but in his views, it was an entire third of his life. This was to say that he was no longer the boy who pined over every life and felt that every death was a tragedy.

And yet, watching this old woman silently take her own life without any witnesses or care to be seen, almost as though she wanted to be wiped from existence forever and forgotten by the world...

He couldn't help but feel saddened.

What was the worth of a life?

It was the answer to this question that had left him so shaken and confused for so many years. It led him to treasuring every life, then to a pursuit of Kinghood, and then to a complete disregard for life entirely.

It could be said that this one question and his varying changing answers to it had dictated more of his life than almost anything else.

Sometimes, the destruction of a life could truly be so fleeting and unimpressive. In fact, it often was.

The annoying part about the answer to the question was that there probably wasn't one... or worse than that, that the answer changed based on the situation.

To a mother, the life of her baby was worth more than the world itself.

To a meteor falling from the skies... a tsunami hitting a coastline... a hurricane sweeping through the ocean...

A life wasn't worth very much at all, now was it?

So fleeting, so fragile, so tragic...

Maybe when you reached a certain level of power, this was always bound to happen.

Who cared about lives when you could crush Stars in your palm?

Chapter 2943: Him.

The thoughts came in a whirlwind, moving faster and faster, and at some unknown time, Leonel's thoughts began to flow. It was like the thoughts of his heart had helped him to focus, trying to find a central kernel of truth that was Leonel Morales.

For a long time, he had been lost.

In the first portion of his life, he had been led by his future self, led by the nose and controlled by a man who he had yet to become... a man he wasn't even sure if he wanted to be.

Not long ago, he had broken free of those constraints, but it left him confused. His personality seemed to sway with the wind, confused and aimless, as though he had no sense of self or being at all... and the one thing that was truly him, the singular kernel that he was undoubtedly certain was Leonel Morales, also happened to be the one thing that he was just as certain would harm him.

Now, his mind was cracked and fissured, and the only thing that could seem to fix it was understanding himself...

But he didn't even know who he was even after all this time.... And he couldn't help but wonder if anyone ever truly understood themselves.

Thankfully, Mo'Lexi's memory seemed to have awakened something within him. He had felt feelings just now that he hadn't experienced in years...

It wasn't just that it was sadness, he had been capable of feeling that long ago, especially whenever he recalled his father.

What he was truly feeling now was guilt... sympathy... a moral compass that he had thought that he had long since forgotten.

A part of him, a part that was buried extraordinarily deep, hidden beneath layers of logic and indifference... wanted to reach out and help Mo'Lexi.

It was a shocking feeling. He thought he had long since gotten over his savior complex. But, he had only ever been looking at things a single way.

Now that he thought about it, wasn't this just as much a part of him as anything else? A part of him that he was ignoring just to justify his childish tantrums and trauma in losing his father?

Now that Leonel thought about it, when he had concluded that all lives were equal and that no one could objectively decide that one was better than the other... couldn't he have easily made the opposite conclusion? Wasn't there another path that was just as logical?

That path was obvious.

If it was the case that there was no objective value for life, then who was to say a human life was worth more than an animal's? What of a plant? If there was no objective value for life at all, then who was to say a mere rock by the side of the road wasn't just as valuable?

In that case, who cared how much he killed? How many people he tore apart, families he slaughtered, populations he genocided if their lives weren't worth anything to begin with?

So why had he taken the opposite direction? Everything he had said just now was just as logically consistent. So why had he chosen to become a protector rather than a mass murderer?

If not for the death of his father, he would have remained on that path, seeking out a mountaintop that protected as many people as possible.

But instead, he had lost his way to grief. He gave up on everything that had once made him Leonel Morales, committing all sorts of foul deeds that would have made the former him blanch in shame.

And then he justified it all, feeling that there was no use in caring about anything else anymore.

Indeed. Because he was powerful, was there even a need to think about those things anymore? Was it worth his time, his patience? Were those he had killed that day even worth his guilt?

To say that he had ignored it would be incorrect... because he truly did not care. To say that he had forgotten them would be a bridge too far, but quite frankly, he couldn't be bothered to remember them.

Much like when he had given up all the people of the Valiant Heart Zone in exchange for his brothers, he had made his own assessment of life and acted on it without the slightest care in the world.

He passed judgment, valued life, and weighed the hearts of people for no other reason than he could. When it suited him, he was even willing to flout and ignore his own so-called logic.

It wasn't until now that he realized that he had let himself down the most.

That youthful vibrance that had been within him had been jaded by the world to the point that he had ignored it... to the point he even thought that it wasn't him at all.

When he thought about things in this way, it was almost amusing, and maybe it would have been had it not cost so many their lives. It was difficult to even reconcile with the fact now.

As his mind seemed to come together once more, the red aura only seemed to have less and less of an effect on Leonel.

What was interesting about this current situation was that it was only possible thanks to his breakthrough in Weapon Force. Without the ability to lead his thoughts with his heart, he would have fallen completely, becoming a true creature of Destruction.

At that point, maybe the fears of a certain Anya would have come true. And maybe that was the goal, or at least one of the goals of the Demoness. Maybe since she could no longer control him, she preferred to destroy him. Or maybe watching him descend into madness was precisely what she needed to finish the last leg of her experiments.

But at this moment, Leonel's heart was unprecedentedly clear.

He finally knew who he was.

And the moment he did, his eyes suddenly opened.

Chapter 2944: Remind

The first thing Leonel felt was the wave of pain. He used [Instant Recovery] immediately, feeling that his situation would be bad if he didn't.

It wasn't just that he was injured; that didn't do it justice. His entire body was fractured, his inner organs filled with lacerations, and his blood pooling into parts of his body it had no business being in.

However, his expression couldn't help but change when it didn't work.

There was some change, and a pillar definitely fell from the skies, but it was as though it was rebuffed. Barely a small percentage of it actually entered his body while the rest was whisked away into another land and time.

Leonel was stunned and the stinging pain came back even swifter than before.

He struggled to try and sit up, not understanding what was happening to him. It was only then that he saw that Aina was by his side, her face filled with panic. She seemed to have been slow to react to the fact that he was actually awake now.

However, before Leonel could say anything, his expression changed once again.

His Dream Force had broken through again, twice in just a few days, and had entered the Higher Creation State. But that wasn't why he was shocked.

The trouble was what he could feel now that he was awake. His body might have been in a mess, but his soul and mind had already reached an unprecedented level of peace and elevated tranquility.

So, he immediately saw through several things in a single instant of time and his eyes couldn't help but sharpen.

The wave of panic came for only a short while before he snuffed it out like it was an insignificant flame.

It wasn't Aina or Anastasia's fault. He learned long ago that Anastasia had some troubling issues that she was struggling to deal with. She had more power than most could fathom, at least within this world, but she was likewise at a loss in how to actually use it.

As for Aina, she might have access to his Dream Force affinity, but she didn't have any true idea on how to use it. Her might was also so occupied by his life and death that she didn't have the time to consider anything else. How could she have the mind to understand the storm that was erupting in the outside world right this moment?

Even so, Leonel seemed to have shrugged it all off almost too easily, almost as though it wasn't worth much of anything to him at all.

"Where are the boys?" Leonel asked in a hoarse voice.

He hadn't forgotten that his brothers were in a bad situation before he lost his mind to fury. Rather than mentioning what happened in the outside world, this was what he was the most concerned about.

"... I've stabilized their situations. Their lives shouldn't be in any danger. They're doing fine."

In truth, Aina could have already healed them completely, but her mind was in a mess because of Leonel's situation so she couldn't spare the thought for anything else.

Leonel's eyes narrowed.

He didn't think that the Demoness spared them because she had suddenly gone soft. This was a woman that drove the father of her own children to death, and pitted those very same children against one another for most of her life.

If she let them live, it was only for one reason: she felt that they were a weakness that she could exploit in the future.

Leonel turned his attention to his body and couldn't help but frown.

Void Beast? Had he awakened such a thing? He hadn't even seen the Life Grade Legacy Tablet before. It was presumably still in the hands of the Four Great Families. So how could he take that step without it?

And why was it that he couldn't sense a difference immediately?

Also, he had already abandoned the Lineage Factor, using it as a conduit to elevate his constitution instead. So how had this even happened in the first place?

'It has nothing to do with the Lineage Factor...'

Leonel suddenly came to a realization.

The completion of his Destruction World seemed to have awakened something, but that was only part of it.

That red aura...

The Violet Winds Rise North...

The echoes of the words boomed in his mind and Leonel only seemed to finally understand them now.

This red aura only appeared when he was about to fail to awaken his Lineage Factor. It was a berserk aura and meant that one was about to undergo a sort of deviation of sorts...

But didn't that sound a lot like Invalids? Weren't they precisely people who had failed to awaken their Lineage Factors and as such ended up in their current situation?

North... that could only refer to the Northern Star, the truest face of Destruction.

The violet seemed to have bloomed from the mutation to his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor, but it could also refer to his King's Might, and the truest essence of his Will.

Then Leonel remembered that the Void Beast wasn't the first God Beast of Destruction... At according to his speculation...

Wasn't that the Celestial Terra? The Primordial Terror?

Had he become a God of Destruction on his own?

So where the hell was his power?

Leonel coughed up a mouthful of blood and wiped his lips with the back of his hand as he struggled to stand.

"No! You have to rest," Aina said sternly, holding him. She had been racking her brain trying to figure out a way to cure Leonel, only to realize that she truly had no idea. Her Force Pill Crafting skill actually wasn't enough.

Leonel smiled bitterly. "We unfortunately don't have time for that. How long has it been since I've been out?"

Aina frowned. "A few hours."

"Normally, I would be out for months with this kind of injury. I'm up right now because I forced myself to wake up. Losing hours already means we're getting painted into a corner right now."

"What happened?"

Leonel stood all the way to his feet, wincing as scabs began to peel across his body.

"The details don't really matter right now, but it seems your husband's currently the enemy of the world.

"They think I'm some sort of easy prey. In that case, I'll just have to show them how much I've been holding back."

In truth, Leonel was being a bit unfair. That was because considering how many had been mobilized, they were certainly taking him far more seriously than anyone would expect. These were Gods, after all, taking action. Whether it was directly or not, it was a fact that they were taking him seriously, and at the moment, even Leonel feeling some of that pressure.

However, that wouldn't change his true feelings on the matter at all. Respect first... then Persistence. It was just that he chose to bend the definition of Persistence just a tiny bit.

They hated him because they mistook his breakthrough for being related to the Northern Star Lineage Factor...

Wait until they learned he was a Fawkes.

It was about time to remind the world why this family was feared so much.

- Chapter 2945: True Sovereignty

Chapter 2945: True Sovereignty

The more Leonel walked, despite his ginger steps, the more his pain faded and the colder his eyes became. The reveal of the location of the Variant Invalid's stronghold was still a huge deal. No matter how much the God Realm hated the Northern Star Lineage Factor, they had even greater hatred for the Variant Invalids. This was just a matter of nature.

No matter how against the Northern Star Lineage Factor they were, it wasn't comparable to the Variant Invalids who followed a completely different path. It wasn't until Leonel had truly grasped Destruction that he knew where this difference lay.

Although it sounded somewhat exaggerated, it could even be said that the threat of the Variant Invalids was comparable to the Northern Star.

As for why that was, it was a matter of their Path. It could be said that the Variant Invalids were more of a conduit for Destruction than even the Northern Star itself, or more accurately, they were the vessel through which the universe spread Destruction.

There had been something that Leonel had been neglecting all of this time.

Force Manipulation followed a set path. It unfolded the Forces to the state of Impetus, and then it compacted them, trying to help them to reach the First Dimension.

What was all of this a product of? Wasn't it all following a Path of Creation?

The Impetus State referred to the Impetus of Life.

The Life State was where the kernel for potential of Life lay.

The Creation State was where the kernel for potential of Life began, the location that gave Existence the tendency to move toward Life in the first place.

Each and every one of these steps was best described as a type of Creation, where Creation itself was the pinnacle.

Even when one formed a Dharma and even further, an Idol, this was just a process of taking the burden of Creation away from Existence and placing it within yourself, forming your Godhood.

Every step along the way, this was a measure of Creation.

Then in that case... where did Destruction fit into all of this?

Suddenly, it clicked for Leonel.

Why was it that out of all of his Sovereignties, Destruction was the only one that wasn't attached to a Force of its own?

Shadow Sovereignty was always attached to Dark Force and its various kinds. Dream Sovereignty was attached to Dream Force, obviously. Blood Sovereignty was attached to Blood Force.

Destruction Sovereignty was the only one attached to... Scarlet Star Force? It didn't make any sense.

But then Leonel understood.

Destruction Sovereignty was a separate existence all in its own right. It didn't follow the usual steps of Force Manipulation to begin with, because all Forces tended toward Creation. Even Anarchic Force was only a method of breaking down Forces into their simplest parts, allowing them to be recycled and reused in other facets of life.

Destruction Sovereignty was nothing like this. Even Leonel's Scarlet Star Force wasn't an example of Destruction at all, but was rather instead an example of Creation brought to an absolute extreme.

When Leonel had these thoughts, he finally well and truly understood what his Destruction Sovereignty was.

It was a conduit...

It was a method of taking his Force Manipulation that followed a Path of Creation, and pulling it toward Destructive Force Manipulation.

It didn't matter what Force he used. It was just that Scarlet Star Force happened to be among the Forces where he could sense it far more clearly. But the reality was that there was nothing stopping him from using it with a Water Force, a healing Force of

some sort; he could even turn the greatest Forces of vitality into ones that wanted for nothing more than death.

This was Destruction Force Manipulation, and it was the path that rended and sundered everything in the world, leaving not the slightest shred of anything behind.

But now, Leonel had also mastered Creation Sovereignty. So what did that really mean?

He had understood it in the context he created it in, but when he woke up to this reality, he also came to understand that things weren't exactly how they seemed.

However, the more Leonel walked, the more that confusion faded away, and the brighter his gaze became. His mind became sharper, and the light in his eyes only grew colder.

Aina walked by Leonel's side, not sure what he was doing. He had made it sound like they were in a great deal of trouble, so why was he just strolling around now as though nothing at all was happening?

However, soon, her eyes narrowed as she realized that they had appeared in the valley that housed a beast that made her heart shake.

She had seen it once before, a Void Beast corpse. It was a menacing creature that felt difficult to understand the shape and form of, but it was a shocking jolt to the senses nonetheless.

Leonel gave Kira a smile and then suddenly pressed his palm on the beast.

[Life Steal].

A drop of blood from the Void Beast was forcefully ripped out of its body and entered Leonel.

He grit his teeth, veins of black suddenly appearing all across him. However, he was frighteningly calm.

'How interesting... that even in the end, you weren't the true God Beast of Destruction at all, now were you?'

Leonel looked down at this beast that everyone feared, his mind in an unprecedented state of calm.

'No... more accurately, only some of you were...'

The Void Beasts could use Anarchic Force, but just like Leonel had said, Anarchic Force was just another form of Creation just like every other Force in existence.

Much like his Scarlet Star Force, it was just a convenient conduit for these creatures to use Destruction Sovereignty through.

However, being a True God of Destruction was far deeper than that, something far greater and far beyond measure.

Leonel's injuries began to quickly heal and his heart suddenly released a beat that shattered the scales of the Void Beast.

Chapter 2946: Pikes

Leonel raised his head and took a deep breath. Black, spiderweb-like veins pulsed up his neck and across his sharp jawline. He had only absorbed a single drop of blood, and yet it seemed like it was going to consume his own body. At this point, even Aina was feeling worried.

At the same time, though, Tolliver seemed to have been triggered by something. All along, the little guy had been wrapped around Leonel's left arm like a sleeve tattoo, silent and unassuming. But at that very moment, it too began to pulse wildly.

All at once, veins of black and gold began to fight for supremacy in Leonel's body, but the calmness in his eyes never faded for a single instant.

However, what the world didn't know was that by this point, Leonel was no longer paying attention to it. Instead, he was standing within the world of the Life Tablet.

He looked up at the enormous library, no longer in shock and awe about its size, but rather focusing all of his attention on something.

Wise Star Order.

Wise Sea Order.

The names no longer mattered to Leonel, because what he cared the most about was what they represented.

The first sought out the stars, seeking to understand the universe and all of its mysteries. Ability Indexes, Lineage Factors, fantastical abilities that couldn't be fathomed by man in a time long since passed.

The second sought out the seas. Down to earth, focused on earth and water, the two substances that probably had the most to do with keeping the frailest of creatures alive.

It focused on understanding the self and the living beings of the world. Free from the shackles of Existence and its pressure to evolve and grow, it focused on the purest definition of what it meant to live and breathe.

One shot for the Stars in an irony of ironies, and the other was grounded.

Together, they formed a perfect and whole image of the world, one that went beyond just being an Oracle... it felt like the mysteries of the universe were all laid out before him, and the mysteries of his own body might as well have been an open book.

Through their union, he could feel the Northern Star Lineage Factors within himself more clearly than ever before, and the moment they sensed some stimulation, he was able to grasp them in his hands and force them back into focus.

In the past, he had sacrificed his Lineage Factors for the sake of elevating his constitution and rising above his Mortal coil.

However, it had never truly vanished precisely because of that.

And now, he was going to do what Wise Orders did best... pass on knowledge.

However, this time, he was going to do something absolutely unprecedented.

Not only would he both awaken the Infinity Beast and Void Beast in a single body, something that had not been done in countless generations...

But he would elevate them to something beyond.

Anarchic Force? He didn't need it.

He reached out a hand, wisps of airy crimson flashing around it. Cracks of red began to appear across his skin, shimmering like molten metal.

Infinity Force? He also didn't need it.

He reached out another hand and wisps of silver-gold floated around it.

What made these God Beasts so special were never their Forces. Infinity Force might have been the number one ranked Force, but it was a jack of all Force, difficult to use on its own and capable of following far too many paths.

Anarchic Force was technically also its own number one ranked Force, though it was more accurate to say that it existed outside the rankings entirely because more mistook it for pure Destruction when it wasn't that at all.

However, it was unruly, could break down even one's own body, and didn't allow for the use of any other Force in existence.

They were extremely powerful, but likewise extremely limiting.

Of course, with Creation Sovereignty and Destruction Sovereignty, Leonel didn't need to worry about such things... but it was just that he didn't have the time to start from scratch to learn the Force Manipulation of a whole new set of Forces.

No matter how powerful they were, if he was in the mere Unfurled State with them, they would be far weaker than any of his other Forces.

But now... he truly didn't need them.

Leonel's body seemed to be split in two.

One half had skin that paled considerably, and hair and eyes that became as black as night.

On the other half, his skin shone like a dazzling gold, and his hair and eyes were a shade of silver that was even brighter than that, looking like polished utensils.

His aura continued to grow, but Leonel firmly suppressed it every time, compacting it into a smaller and smaller space.

He knew that his cells could take more, that they could swallow more.

At that moment, his hungry cells were akin to greedy leeches, sucking away everything they could.

Slowly, the transformation began to come to a stop.

And in the end, Leonel stood firmly at the pinnacle of what was possible for Demi-Gods.

Every one of his movements made the world shudder.

When his eyes finally regained their focus and he paid attention to the world again, he exhaled slowly.

His heartbeat echoed just once, causing the world around him to fragment once again.

He clenched his fists.

'No. I have more to take... This is just a foundation that's given to me by two worlds. If I absorb more, the difference will be even more exaggerated... In that case...'

Leonel's aura seemed to plummet, and at that moment, he did exactly what Aina had before, but to a far more exaggerated extent.

In that moment, he became a Mortal once again. And yet, when he shifted his steps just the slightest before, an enormous crater was formed beneath him.

He exhaled and his hair returned to its pale violet color, as did his eyes.

"It's time to go," Leonel said.

"Go where?" Aina asked.

"You just stay here and look pretty."

Aina rolled her eyes, but when she was about to say something, Leonel spoke first.

"I know you haven't finished your breakthrough yet. Do that first. Eventually, I'm going to need you...

"But not yet."

"... Where are you going?"

"To put a few God heads on pikes."

Chapter 2947: You Tell Me...

Leonel walked out of the world, his bearing calm... or so it seemed.

With every step he took, the temperature seemed to plummet. It wasn't that he was exuding a frostiness, but rather that heat, or what allowed heat to exist, was being stripped from reality around him. Vibrating molecules fell into a dormant state, the sun's rays couldn't seem to shine properly, and the laws of the world collapsed.

Leonel walked out of the bubble as though it was a gateway. Standing out in the Inbetween World, he let his rage bubble over. But this time, it was far more constrained than it was in the past.

Despite what he had told Aina, this time the trouble was truly large, bigger than he knew if he could handle. It wasn't that he feared for his life. He was always confident in

protecting it. But in the interim, before he truly became powerful enough to snub the faces of the Gods with impunity, what would he do?

Was it even possible for him to stop the Human Race from being eradicated down to their last man?

The only reason the Human Bubble hadn't already been attacked was likely because of the hole he had poked through the plans of the Variant Invalids. No matter how much they hated the Humans, they wouldn't hate them as much as those scourges.

But that thin paper defense would only last for so long, and even if he took the initiative to unleash unholy hell, there was only so far that he would be able to make it before the God Realms started ignoring the consequences and sending down the real powerhouses.

Right now, Leonel wasn't even confident in wiping out the Demi-Gods, let alone full armies of Gods.

The waters of these powers ran far too deep, and even now he felt that he had only seen the tip of the iceberg.

That was why his plan was never to destroy them but to take advantage of their weaknesses instead to make them work for him against their will. But...

What were the weaknesses of the Gods? He simply didn't know.

He was going in blind, and there was too much he didn't know or understand. Even his reference for what the Gods were happened to just be stories listed and broken down into tidbits of folktale and lore. It was hard to tell how much of it still applied to this day.

Right now, he was confident that his mind was strong enough to assimilate all the information of the Life Tablet to see if there was more... He simply didn't have the time.

"Since you're already here, why are you wasting my time?"

Leonel's gaze suddenly sharpened as he looked in a certain direction.

There, hidden in the void, or so they thought, there was a Sylvan. It was none other than Bracken, who had gone out to seek information and yet had yet to return.

Bracken was taken aback by the fact he had been discovered. In reality, he had been hiding here for a long while already, so there was already enough time for his roots to take root and for his Domain to spread.

It had to be remembered that even fellow Gods hadn't been able to sense Willowyn back then, but Leonel had only been here for a few seconds and found him instantly. In

fact, by his posture, he seemed to have known that he was there even before stepping out of the Bubble World.

Also, wasn't Leonel supposed to be heavily injured? Why was it that he seemed to be just fine now?

Realizing that hiding was going to be a worthless endeavor, Bracken made a move, but that was when Leonel suddenly raised a hand.

"No. Since you're already there, stay there."

Leonel raised a hand and formed a claw. A mighty momentum surged, and Anarchic Force rushed into Bracken's roots, catching him off guard.

Originally, Leonel had planned to fight it out with Bracken the normal way. But then he learned through the Life Tablet that Sylvans had very magical abilities, but also happened to be the most vulnerable when they laid their roots. Usually, they would only do so when they had absolute confidence in not being detected.

Maybe if Bracken was in a real world, Leonel wouldn't have been able to sense him... but in this expanse of Anarchic Force, he stuck out like a sore thumb in Leonel's mind.

Leonel's sensitivity to the dichotomy of Creation versus Destruction was all too potent at the moment. And though he had already concluded that Anarchic Force was just another form of creation, just now he had been using his Destruction Sovereignty to influence it to see if he might be able to gain some sort of advantage by battling in Inbetween Worlds.

On that front, he had been half correct and also ended up finding the Sylvan who was a very clear branch of Creation trying to hide in a sea of Destruction.

He couldn't have made himself more obvious to Leonel even if he tried.

"Stop! What are you doing?!"

The Sylvan barked and his voice seemed to carry the vicissitudes of life.

"I hear that the Sylvans like to buy and sell information about people."

Leonel said something seemingly completely unrelated to the question being asked of him.

"You're only in the Sixth Dimension... but to get here so quickly, I bet that you were already here before information about my awakening spread, right? That probably means you came for the Variant Invalid Incomplete World, and it probably also means that your standing in the Sylvan Race probably isn't too low, huh?"

Leonel continued to talk nonchalantly, almost as though he was thinking to himself rather than speaking to a God.

However, the more he spoke like this, the chillier Bracken seemed to feel. His heart leapt into his throat and his branches and roots trembled.

"You tell me... would your Race buy information about your life and death?"

Chapter 2948: Miracle

If not for the Sylvans, much of the information about Leonel wouldn't have already spread so far. They were the only ones capable of seeing through him so easily, and it had only made Leonel's situation all the worse.

Now, there was one camping outside of his world as though he was eager to capitalize on his situation even more.

Leonel was already pissed off to an extreme. Seeing this, he was even more infuriated.

He remembered words he had said a long time ago... there would come a time when people heard the Morales name and quaked in fear...

In that case, he would kill, and kill, and kill... not until they feared, but until he alone was satisfied.

Bracken's screams rang out as he tried to rip himself out of the ground, but it was already too late. The moment he appeared before Leonel in such a precarious situation, he was already finished. He had no one but himself to blame for underestimating the human race so much.

BANG!

The Sylvan's heart exploded, and Leonel's gaze blazed with a fierce violet light.

"[Arise]!"

He felt his own soul shudder when he grasped Bracken's soul. There was actually a layer of protection left there.

Almost the moment he began his attempt, an infuriated roar echoed.

"FAWKES SCUM!"

A tree with bark of blackened ash rose up and out of Bracken's body. It carried an aura no less heart-shuddering than the Ancestor that Leonel had seen come and protect Shan'Rae. But clearly, this time, they were here to protect Bracken instead.

Leonel only took a moment to understand. It seemed that all the most powerful existences of the God Race had protections against this sort of Lineage Factor. Not just that, but they used it as a method of tracking the Fawkes at the first instant.

He could feel the infuriated aura of the True God. Just a single wisp could wipe him out ten times over...

But so what?

He wasn't just a Fawkes. He had a mutated King's Might Lineage Factor... and a Life Tablet.

"Piss off."

Leonel communicated with the Life Tablet and suddenly it ripped Bracken's soul out of the Ancestor's control.

In that instant, an illusory humanoid wearing violet armor and having a body of wrapped vines appeared before Leonel, kneeling.

"My King!"

Bracken's voice echoed with a boom, almost like its own personal slap across his Ancestor's face.

The infuriated roar peeled across the skies.

"LEONEL MORALES!"

"Yes. That's my name. And after these events, you'll learn not to speak it so casually."

Leonel took a step and vanished, entirely ignoring the unprecedented aura. Behind him, Bracken rushed with his fastest speed, ignoring his Ancestor as though the most important person in his life was Leonel.

The Ancestor grabbed at the air, but it was all in vain. His true body wasn't here, and the lingering attachments he had left were being eroded by the Anarchic Force and the suppression of the lingering Regulators in the area.

His infuriated roar could only echo aimlessly, but Leonel had already disappeared into the distance, stepping into the void and crossing across the vastness of Existence as though it was his own backyard.

...

The situation in the Dwarven Race wasn't good. Their formation was still holding up, but it was hard to tell how much longer it would last. It seemed that any time now, everything could come crashing down.

But worse than this, the Gods had sent back a message that left them shaken.

Spector and Avlauren were at a loss of what to do. The one time they stuck their necks out, choosing to do something they normally never would, they had actually ended up suffering like this.

Their Dwarven Race had always been lowkey. It was because of Leonel that they had changed that policy and chose to take a different path. Though, this was also because they had been targeted.

Even so, it was hard to not feel some sort of discontent. It was simply humanoid nature to blame a complicated problem on a single thing instead of taking in the whole picture and accepting part of the blame or passing it on to others that deserved it.

However, though the elders felt this way, they still took a breath and calmed themselves.

They knew it wasn't Leonel's fault. At the very least, this Invalid attack would have come one way or another. But being exposed as Leonel's partners just after he had been exposed to be related to the Northern Star Lineage Factor had truly left them shaken.

It was only now that they had no choice but to finally tell Lumielle the whole truth about what was happening.

The rampaging girl couldn't help but frown when she heard all of this.

However, before she could even reconcile with this matter...

CRACK. CHIII!

Their protective formation finally couldn't hold up any longer.

The Dwarven Race looked ahead with a solemn expression. Their world looked like a shattered snow globe, the fractures in reality allowing the Invalids to pool forward.

Lumielle, who had been pent up for too long already, unleashed a roar as she wanted to charge, but her grandparents held onto her shoulder and stopped her.

At that moment, an array of Force Arts lit up and their mountains became like artillery weapons.

In the end, the Dwarven Race had always survived because of their ingenuity, not their combat prowess. As much as Lumielle wanted to fight... now was not the time.

By this point, the entire Dwarven Race had already been evacuated underground. It wasn't even particularly difficult as they had always preferred this style of living. That left the entire surface world as a place of combat.

If they wanted to hold on for another half year even, they were confident in doing so. They could only hope that the situation would change in that time.

They took deep breaths, trying to calm their agitated hearts.

They could only hope that there would be some sort of miracle...

Otherwise, the Dwarven Race would be finished.

Chapter 2949: Sylvan Heart

The world shook and groaned as Force Arts filled the skies. Supported by the mountains they were built upon, they wiped out Invalids in droves, and yet for every one they killed, there seemed to always be ten more lying in wait.

However, it wasn't the numbers that made the Dwarven Race so solemn. It was the idea that the powerhouses of the Invalids had still yet to take any action at all. They treated the lives of their fellow Invalids so casually and without the slightest care. They were more than willing to let them whittle down the strength of the opposition like moths to a flame. Ultimately, if you gathered enough of them up, even the most eternal of flames would be snuffed out.

By this point in the battle, after having been raging for an entire two months, armies of Mortal Races had been organized and deployed. There were even many Demi-God armies that had descended from the Demi-God Realms to help out.

However, in all of this, the two powers that had been shown to have links to Leonel were completely ignored, and by contrast, the Invalids seemed to focus on them all the more.

These two facts led to a situation where the Dwarven and Spiritual Race Bubbles that Leonel had once been to were both in the worst situations and seemed like they might be on the verge of collapsing at any time.

To make matters worse than that, they understood that even if they managed to survive by some miracle... what would be waiting for them on the other side.

Right now, the world was letting the Invalids deal with them. But what about when the world itself decided to turn their blades on them?

...

Deep in the Invalid army stood two Variant Invalids who wore black armor and seemed to breathe and exhale acidic black fog. They looked more ghoul than anything else, their eyes sunken and wrapped in a band of black. Their skin was incredibly pale, their posture was terrible, and they had a bony lankiness to them that made one uncomfortable to even stare at them for too long.

However, those familiar with this pair of commanders knew that even compared to the usual, their gloom now was on another level. This wasn't because of the deaths of their Invalids, they couldn't care less about such a thing. The problem was the news they had gotten from their headquarters...

Not only had their headquarters been found, but at some unknown point, their reserves had been massacred to the last man.

Somehow, in what felt like an overnight situation, over 90% of their armies had been snuffed out, including some of their most powerful war generals.

The Invalids had accumulated armies of trillions upon trillions in recent years, and they had always kept them well hidden, ready for the perfect time.

According to their original plan, they would only unleash these numbers after entering the God Realm, sacrificing a large number of them for the sake of claiming a true foothold.

But now... would that even be possible?

Of course, the core of their power was still hidden away in their headquarters. But now that it had been found, how much longer could this status quo remain?

They had been so close to forming a God Realm of Invalids, but now this had happened?

What was maybe the most infuriating was that all signs pointed to the fact that it could have only been Leonel Morales who did this.

They didn't understand how. They couldn't grasp how it could be possible for a Sixth Dimensional existence to wipe out so many powerhouses and do so in such a short time that they didn't even notice.

But when all else failed, the simplest answer was often the most correct one.

The fury the Invalids had for Leonel was on an entirely different level, and they had sent the most Invalids after him now.

But what they had yet to realize was that this army had already been wiped out, once again, by Leonel single-handedly.

And now... he wouldn't mind doing it again.

...

Leonel appeared in the Inbetween World, stepping out of the void with Bracken obediently standing to his back.

He observed the situation for a moment, feeling that the problems he had to deal with now were truly far too large and all-consuming.

Just ten years ago, he was worried about asking the girl he liked out and playing in a high school football game, wondering what going pro would feel like.

Now, he was standing above the universe, watching a world be besieged from all sides and basking in the fragmented reality of a shattering world order.

After finding his true self, locked away in his body and hidden beneath layers of fury and hurt, it all felt all the more surreal now than it ever had before.

He reached out with a hand and a spear appeared. He looked at it silently, not moving immediately.

This spear was one that he had created in a rage, a spear that carried the accumulated souls of hundreds of Fallen God Beasts. Just sitting there in his palm, even the Anarchic Force in the surroundings seemed to want to stay away from it, fearing what would happen if it got too close.

Tattoos began to appear across Leonel's body, his sweatpants gaining tufts of white fur and a halo appearing to his back. Golden red braces, rattling in a violent wind, appeared around his ankles and wrists, a necklace of blackened tiger teeth fluttering even more wildly around his neck.

He waved another hand and a heart appeared. It was a true heart, one presumably ripped out of the chest of a living, breathing creature. Even so, it continued to pump, every shallow shudder causing a ring of gold to ripple into the surroundings.

This heart was known as the Sylvan Heart, one of the most valuable treasures in the entire world... and an enormous taboo that couldn't be encroached upon lest you bring down the fury of the entire Sylvan God Race.

Chapter 2950: Another to Fear

Leonel brought this heart out without a care in the world. In fact, looking at it now, it didn't even seem like he was staring at something that had once been part of a living being at all. The Sylvans were known as the Race with the greatest vitality in the world, and it could be said that the reason for this was their Sylvan Heart. Or, maybe... their Sylvan Heart was a product of this truth.

When one reached the level of such a Race, such a chicken vs the egg situation was common. Their impact on reality made their legends be reality, while their reality were legends. This was a very profound thought, and yet it came to Leonel as smooth as flowing water.

It was said that even a drop of Sylvan Heart Blood that could only come from the Sylvan Heart was enough to bring even Gods back from the brink of death. In fact, even if one was already dead, it could make your corpse seem as though it was in a deep sleep rather than an eternal slumber, allowing your body to continue to work without true life. However, this was only the simplest function of the heart. The most ancient and mythical function was described in a single line.

The Meaning of Life.

This sounded like an abstract and high philosophical ability, but in reality, it was actually quite straightforward and it was tied to the second matter the Sylvans were so well known for.

Wisdom.

With the Sylvan Heart, things with vitality couldn't help but bring out their truest nature, and when they did, it allowed much greater ease in understanding them. The golden ring that echoed every time this Sylvan Heart pumped was a domain of sorts. When a living entity entered its range, it would exude the aura of its truest self, making it as easy to read as an open book.

Near a Force Herb, Leonel would be able to tell all of its functions with a glance. Near a person, Leonel would be able to see through all of their abilities on the one hand, and even understand how best to improve them on the other. The possibilities felt truly endless, and maybe it was the case that they were... only limited by the strength of the Sylvan Heart itself.

However, Leonel didn't feel like he needed any of this at all. He only wanted the Sylvan Heart for a single reason alone.

"[Life Steal]."

BANG!

Leonel's aura began to skyrocket as though burning through jet fuel. Golden veins rushed through his body and soon, he began to feel bloated as though he might burst at any time. However, he kept going, his focus so unprecedented that it seemed he would rather watch the world burn to the ground first before he gave up.

He wasn't trying to strengthen himself at the moment... at least not by normal means. The weakest affinity of his abilities had always been his Vital Star Force. If not for this, his future self wouldn't have gone through so much trouble just so that he could save Aina.

He had no affinity for the Life Forces at all, and it made it difficult for his Vital Star Force to progress. However, it had to also be remembered that Leonel's Morales Lineage Factor was different from the other Morales.

Before the Morales Constellation appeared, Leonel had fused the Florer, Radix, and Midas Lineage Factors into his body. One of the key changes that happened after this was the enlargement of his heart. Back then, a single one of his heartbeats could probably shatter a planet, and it wasn't until much later he learned to rein it in.

These Lineage Factors were ultimately all tied to vitality and how to make use of it as a conduit or a foundation for abilities. But Leonel had never had much affinity for it, so he could likewise never truly take advantage of it all either, and much of those strengths had remained dormant within him except for a passive healing factor.

However, while he wouldn't be able to change that in a single bound... what he could do was use this Sylvan Heart to take a step that had left him suffocated for a long while.

"Kill them all," Leonel said lightly.

Bracken didn't need to hear a second word. At that moment, he dove into the army of Invalids, unleashing carnage only possible for a God. He looked like a reaper amongst men, the vines that made up his body lashing out and killing in droves of hundreds.

Watching this as his body shuddered, Leonel could very clearly feel the strength of the Gods. Bracken was in the Sixth Dimension just like him, and Leonel had made more progress in the last few days than he could even have fathomed in the past as his accumulation of ten years burst forth, and yet he still wasn't sure if in a normal one-on-one battle he could have defeated Bracken...

Well, at least not without using his Ability Index and making it a battle of wit rather than pure strength. In that case, he was confident in defeating those even 50% more powerful than Bracken, let alone Bracken himself.

As for the Sylvans being the wisest of the Races...

When had he ever cared about such a thing? He had yet to meet someone that could match his intelligence, and the only one he thought might be able to...

Leonel looked up into the skies with a cold glint in his eyes as though he could see that pair of condescending, flirtatious irises.

... He would kill her with his own hands soon enough.

BOOM!

A golden Force Art appeared on Leonel's chest, and his aura spilled over in wild waves. At that moment, the Sylvan Heart, once entirely made of flesh, began to grow bark. Quickly, this bark grew and extended until a small tree was formed. Then, it shrank down, forming a ring on Leonel's finger.

This was none other than the Florer family's ability, to take plants and form them into weapons. The Sylvans were technically a humanoid Race and not a plant Race... But clearly, this didn't matter to Leonel.

The world feared the Northern Star Lineage Factor.

They feared the Fawkes.

Now, he would give them something else to fear.

The simple wooden ring on Leonel's finger pierced into his skin, and a vitality that could dwarf Stars erupted from him.

"[Star Fusion]..."

He took a breath, and the world inhaled with him.

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

Chapter 2951: Now

Leonel's aura felt towering and unapproachable. As though a nebula had exploded out with an array of violet and gold, he stood high in the depths of the Inbetween World, his hair fluttering as roars came from his spear.

He looked down and made eye contact with the pair of ghoul look-alikes.

Invalids didn't feel fear. It was as though it was a part of them that had been cut away, replaced instead by an instinctive desire to survive.

Variant Invalids were slightly more advanced, but all of their actions were still tinged with the same desire to do and have more. It could be said that while they might feel fear in a certain sense, it was always tinged with a particular corruption of greed.

Staring at Leonel now, they couldn't help but feel their hearts skip a beat.

He was like a star in the skies, the life vein of a world. His presence alone seemed like it could both feed populations and wipe them out in the same instant.

And then he moved.

The ghoul Variant Invalids were immediately on their guard.

They didn't fear anyone. They were a pair of Ancestor-level characters and they hadn't believed that they would come to face any sort of pushback or harm when facing off against the likes of the Dwarven Race.

However, at this moment, they felt their blood run cold.

It was then their auras surged, realizing that this was an assault of the mind. It wasn't that Leonel was truly so fear-inducing, but his Dream Force was so powerful that his confident air was infecting their minds.

There wasn't a single part of Leonel who thought of anything but winning and crushing his enemies in revenge, and as such they began to subconsciously feel like this must be the truth.

Unfortunately, their thoughts were too simple.

Two things could be true.

And the one question that they should have asked themselves was...

Where was Leonel's confidence coming from in the first place?

BANG!

Leonel's spear fell from the skies like a meteor. The halo to his back reflected his Mana Core. The gorgeous tree of Force Arts swayed just once and Auspicious Air flooded the surroundings.

In that moment, Leonel's spear didn't just fall like a meteor, it seemed to truly become one.

All at once, it embodied Heaviness and Heat, a fusion of two fundamental concepts that exploded forth and clashed against one another.

It wasn't a perfect fusion, but compared to the Swift arrow that Leonel had used against Minerva, the very arrow that almost took her life, this was easily twice as powerful.

BANG!

The ghouls arranged themselves in a single file, one pressing their hands against the back of the other as they faced off against this strike. It was a combat style that Leonel had simply never seen before, but it also didn't slow down his momentum in the slightest.

As Bracken continued his slaughter, Leonel had his first clash and it shook the pair of ghouls back, their bodies shuddering, but the force dispersing with every step they took.

The ground of the Inbetween World cracked and splintered, a black fog seeping out from the damage that quickly fused it all back together.

Leonel's spear spun in his hands and he took a step forward, his intent blazing.

At that moment, he tapped into his Destruction Sovereignty and a crown of black appeared above his head while cracks of crimson spread across his skin.

However, beneath the powerful vitality being pumped into him, it seemed that he was also especially calm and unbothered. His situation was far more stable now than it had been in the past and the roars of the beasts trapped in his spear only grew more agitated.

He wanted to end this.

Now.

The ghouls sensed the trouble coming immediately, and if before they had dismissed their fear, it now came back in full force.

Without a second of hesitation, the ghouls pressing his hands to the back of the other suddenly forcefully pushed harder. But instead of this sending the first ghoul flying toward Leonel, the two instead seemed to fuse into one.

They formed into a cancerous creature with grotesque lumps growing all across their body. They seemed to have both become one, and yet were separate at the same time, two heads popping out from their now black and veiny necks.

At the same time, their bodies became amorphous, losing a lot of form, but not any function. Instead, it looked as though they could control their sizes freely.

Just like that, they raised a hand that extended into an enormous sledgehammer. It pierced down from the skies above, the momentum already enough to shatter a person

and scatter their bones from the wind pressure alone. In the vacuum it quickly formed, it was hard even to breathe.

Leonel felt the sense of danger well up in his heart as well. The moment they survived his first strike, he knew that these two weren't simple. That was why he brought out his Destruction Sovereignty immediately as well.

However, the pang of danger only lasted for a moment before it was replaced by a bone-chilling coldness.

The entire world seemed to be reflected in Leonel's eyes and Anarchic Force trembled around him.

He took a casual step forward, breaking out of the suction vacuum formed by the attack with almost too much ease.

BOOM!

Before, the ground had only splintered. But this time, an enormous crater was left behind, one that still seemed to be spreading even now.

The wave quickly caught up with Leonel and seemed to want to swallow him whole, but his entire demeanor remained relaxed.

He continued to walk, his steps almost carelessly dodging shards of rock that would break apart the bodies of even Ninth Dimensional existences.

Leonel raised his spear and the blade trembled just the slightest bit.

Then he thrust it forward. Crimson, violet, gold, and black all swirled around each other.

Chapter 2952: [Abyssal Rise]

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Leonel dodged and exchanged blows, the swiftness of his attacks and decision-making turning the ghoul Variant Invalid into a target for practice.

He was clearly weaker, and yet he always seemed to be ten steps ahead. He moved the moment he sensed a twitch of the muscle, and planned based on mere intentions of the mind and instinctual reactions he calculated.

It was like he could truly see the future, and that was because he somewhat could.

He now had a Higher Creation State Dream Force, and with his Sovereignty it wasn't much weaker than the usual Peak Creation State Dream Force. At this point, his Dream Force was firmly rooted in the First Dimension, and as such, things like distance and even time began to matter less and less to him.

The world to most people was a vast chasm of Existence, extending into infinity.

But to Leonel, it might as well have been just a single dimension, just a dot with no longitude, latitude, or depth... a place where even time seemed meaningless.

If his simulations weren't 100% yet, they were about as close to 100% as you could get.

Blade strikes began to litter the fused ghoul's body. It was an array of strikes beautiful in their execution and simple in their make.

Leonel's blade seemed to be everywhere and every-time. Like a cascading net falling like a waterfall, the array of colors was omnipresent and all-knowing.

The Variant Invalid was being suffocated at every turn.

Leonel's spearmanship had already lost the beauty that made one look at it in awe. The flashiness had been entirely stripped from its existence, and yet it still reeled the minds and thoughts of people into it.

It was like watching the laminar flow of water. There wasn't a single droplet out of place, not one wasted. All of his strength was concentrated to the tip of his spear and it exploded out all at once.

The Variant Invalid had seen many spear experts in its life, it had even seen Gods of the Spear before... And yet, right now, no matter how it wracked its brains, it felt like Leonel was on a level all to his own.

Every strike was simply too perfect, and perfect in its simplicity. It compressed a complex Artistic Conception not just into a single strike, but also onto a single point of his spear.

As the wounds began to accumulate across the fused ghoul's body, it realized that in this situation, it simply had not the slightest chance of winning. It could last three days in this battle, but the conclusion would be inevitable.

Death.

It wasn't that it could predict the future like Leonel could, but rather that it had too much battle experience.

What Variant Invalid hadn't built their current strength through a sea of corpses? It had fought far bloodier battles than this one, but it had never felt so helpless before.

At that moment, it raised its head to the skies and unleashed a roar.

Leonel's expression remained indifferent. He knew what the call was immediately, and he had already expected it. The fused ghoul was calling for help.

Without missing a single beat, Leonel simply tapped his spear out and touched the ground a single time.

In that moment, his Absolute Domain, that had fused to the very tip of his spear, exploded outward.

Wisps of a faint Spear Force began to accumulate on its surface, barely coming together, and yet carrying a heart-shuddering aura nonetheless.

Leonel couldn't use his Spear Force just yet, at least not without doing great harm to himself even with the support of Bracken's vitality.

However, he was nowhere near as helpless as he had been before. At the very least, he could now use his Absolute Domain to form wisps of it from the surroundings.

This would weaken his actual spear strikes a bit. But in terms of an area of effect, it was all the more devastating. And if it was an attack of the mind and heart...

The ghoul was taken aback the moment he saw the faint Spear Force wisps. They floated around like fluttering butterflies, and yet every time they touched a rampaging Invalid, they were wiped from existence.

There were no screams, no shouts of horror, no shocking bouts of pain. There was just silence and nothingness.

An insignificant wisp of this Spear Force shredded apart powerful beings as though they were nothing at all.

And that was when the Variant Invalid felt its mind collapse.

It thought that all this while it was doing a good job in defending against Leonel's Dream Force, when in reality that was only what Leonel wanted it to think.

From the very beginning, it would have never lasted three days. But it had just given Leonel the exact vulnerability he needed to deal a death blow.

Now that Leonel could finally freely use his Dream Force outside of his body... none of these battles would be the same.

Leonel's spear snaked forward and a head was lopped into the air.

The fused ghoul shattered in a rain of light that quickly coalesced into an enormous mote that shined like a star. It was simply the largest that Leonel had ever seen, and yet he didn't seem to react much to it at all.

He grabbed out and looked at it.

Variant Invalids didn't have souls and their path wasn't one of Creation, but rather one of Destruction.

Due to this, King's Might didn't work on them. Or, rather... it shouldn't work on them.

However, Leonel was different.

His Destruction World thrummed and the crimson cracks along his body began to shine.

He stared at the large mote of light as though he was trying to deduce something, his mind spinning.

What the world didn't know was that Leonel was currently in the middle of deducing what would come to be known as the fourth Emperor Ability of the Emperor's Might Lineage Factor. And in all likelihood, he would be the only one capable of using it.

The powers of his Destruction World were barely known to him, but before getting familiar he chose to take things a different route.

"I'll call you... [Abyssal Rise]."

The mote of light shuddered.

Chapter 2953: Root

The mote of light shuddered and, at that moment, it was like the entire world had shifted on its head. A Domain the likes of which these Invalids had simply never seen before took shape. Just by touching it, they felt endless comfort... until they suddenly shattered into a realm they only came to know too late was Death.

However, Leonel wasn't focused on them at all. His entire attention was trained on the ghouls he had just killed. Like he had said, Variant Invalids didn't have souls. If he wanted to use them as puppets, the approach he took couldn't be the same as usual. There was no soul to lock onto. So, instead, he had to root it in something else: the Ability Index.

The root of all these problems was the Ability Index. It was only because Invalids had failed to awaken their own that they ended up in such a state. In the end, their Ability Indexes consumed their lives, and their humanity vanished along with it. There was no way to escape this Fate for them.

The reason their thoughts were consumed with power and evolution was precisely because this was the kernel of what an Ability Index represented. On one hand, it granted an evolution, unprecedented power in the hands of a few. But on the other, it was likewise the cold side of evolution, survival of the fittest. It tore apart families, consumed dreams, and left many without recourse.

When an Invalid became a Variant Invalid, it was the result of consuming enough of those who had succeeded, reforming a soul in a sense... but it wasn't quite a soul either. Rather than being rooted in an Ethereal Glabella, it was rooted in their Ability Index.

In a way, humans had their souls fused with their bodies, higher races had their souls separated from themselves, and Invalids were the mirror of humans, having their souls fused into their very own Ability Indexes. But this was precisely why it could be said that even Variant Invalids didn't have souls. The Ability Index was bestowed by Existence. It wasn't hereditary and couldn't be passed down. This was all to say that... it wasn't you. It could never be you.

In a sense, the Variant Invalids would always be slaves to power because that was the foundation of their being. And if Leonel wanted to use them as his pawns, he had to strip away the control Existence and the Northern Star had over these Variant Invalids and root them in his own world instead.

And when he succeeded...

BOOM!

At that moment, a Force Art that represented the ghouls' ability to fuse and change their body shape took root. Leonel could see that it was far from a normal Ability Index as the Variant Invalid had modified it so they could work together, each one accounting for the weaknesses of the other. This should be a form of a Variant Invalid's Dimensional Method, and this was the key that allowed them to improve, and it was also why these two ghouls had been so powerful.

But by extension, it only made it easier for Leonel. That was because what could the Life Tablet do if not document and modify Ability Indexes? This meant that not only could he steal the lives of these monsters and make them into his soldiers, but he could also experiment on them to make them far stronger.

When Leonel said that he would give the world something else to fear... he meant every word of it.

The ghoul condensed and no longer seemed to be two separate Variant Invalids but truly one. In this state, they were even about 20% more powerful than they had been when they fought Leonel.

Leonel's face was a bit pale, but he knew this was due to two things.

First, it was the first time he had used this self-created technique, so he still had some kinks to work out. There were more efficient paths he could take, and there was also some familiarization he had to do with it. Second, he had also taken the time he had spent resurrecting them to fuse them into one entity and polish up their Ability Index. Due to this, he had poured in far more energy than he would otherwise.

However, there was no denying that doing this was far more difficult than using the main three techniques. It was only made worse by the fact he had to continuously supply some of his stamina to his Destruction World in order to upkeep his new summon.

However...

BOOM!

The moment his intention moved, the ghoul jumped out from his Destruction World and began to wreak complete and total havoc. In fact, every time it moved and swallowed up an Invalid, it seemed to become a little bit stronger at the same time.

As Leonel watched, he realized just how fierce his new technique was. It was essentially like having death sworn fighting by his side that not only followed each and every one of his commands but were also far easier to improve as well.

For his normal summons, not only would they only last 24 hours, but if he wanted to make them last longer than that, he had to use [Assimilate] and [Breathe] to fuse them into an object valuable enough to reflect their talent. And once he did that, they would be even more difficult to control, and even harder than that to help improve without them stagnating.

But now, just this summon alone would exist for as long as his stamina could sustain it and his Destruction World continued to exist. At the same time, it could improve all on its own, or in the case that he found another Ability Index suitable for it... far more easily than any of his other summons before.

It was truly time to make the world fear. They wouldn't come after him because he was a Fawkes, or because he was a Wise Star Order, but because he was Leonel Morales.

Chapter 2954: Bracken and the Ghoul

The next scenes could only be described as absolute carnage. Leonel just sat in peace, quickly trying to accumulate his stamina once more as Bracken and the ghoul unleashed unholy hell.

Leonel didn't even have to lift a finger, and the Dwarven Race could only watch in stunned amazement. Most couldn't even see what was happening clearly, but those who could felt like their conceptions of the world were being flipped on their head.

Without the ghouls heading the charge, the Invalids were scrambling. At first, they still managed to maintain some order because the ghouls weren't the only Variant Invalids present, though they were the Head Commander. However, as Leonel sent his summons out to target them and wipe them out systematically, the issue only became worse and worse.

Some of the Invalids ended up scrambling and skirting out of enemy lines, diving deep into Dwarven Race territory, only to be picked off one by one by their protective formations. But many more of them simply began to fight amongst themselves.

Invalids were only driven by a will to evolve, and there were only two things that could control them. The first was a large source of Force. If there was one around, they would ignore even one another to try and make it to it. The second were Variant Invalids who understood how to control them. Though, now, it could be said that there was a third in Leonel himself.

However, there were no great pulls of Force now, and the control of the Variant Invalids had slackened to the point of being exaggerated.

At that moment, it was like they saw a feast around them after starving for years. How could they not partake?

The army began to shred themselves apart, and that only made it easier for Bracken and the ghoul to shred them to pieces.

As for Leonel himself, he continued to sit in silence. The Invalids couldn't even get close without being shredded to pieces by his Destruction World.

This could be said to be the most foundational ability of his Destruction World, to Destroy. When it was deployed, most things in its path would be shredded to nothingness, and on their way to him, they would find their power greatly weakened even if they could survive the initial barrier.

However, this was only the weakest of the abilities, and it was passive in a way that Leonel didn't even feel much pressure in deploying it. He could sense many more, it was just that his focus simply wasn't on this right now.

He pumped himself full of vitality using the Sylvan Heart on his finger, and quickly his mind began to regain its focus.

At the same time, he could sense that his comprehension of Life Force was deepening.

This, though, was still only really a small part, because he was likewise noticing something else.

When he killed the trillions of Invalids before, he had been relying on warping reality and hadn't really had the time to investigate or gather their Ability Indexes.

But now, it was different. They were dying to his Life Tablet, which seemed to be an extension of himself, and his database of Ability Indexes was quickly increasing.

They died by the thousands, and just as quickly, he had gained many Ability Indexes he thought would be perfect for his brothers.

He was certain that with this, Drake would be able to complete his Gun Force, and even further, Milan and James could perfect their Energy Shield Ability Index and Lineage Factor.

The Invalids truly seemed to be a treasure trove in their own right, because they were teaching Leonel things about increasing the strength and expanding their Ability Indexes that he had never thought about before.

In fact, Leonel had a feeling that the Life Tablet, or more accurately, the Wise Tablets might have actually used the Invalids as a blueprint to make this possible.

The Variant Invalids were a lot like Savants in that they couldn't progress through normal means, and they likewise couldn't reproduce through normal means.

But their Dimensional Methods seemed to all be related to nurturing their Ability Indexes, something that Leonel had simply never seen before.

Suddenly, Leonel's eyes opened.

That was not because he had sensed danger, but rather because... the entire army of Invalids had been wiped out. There didn't seem to be anything else to do here.

"Return," Leonel called over.

Whether it was Bracken or the ghoul, they both seemed to be in a mess.

Bracken's violet armor, conjured up by his King's Might, was broken and cracking in several places while his golden orbs for eyes seemed even more dim than usual.

As for the ghoul, it hadn't formed an armor when Leonel summoned him, but it was instead filled with cracked lines of crimson much like Leonel. Leonel saw that this actually gave it some Destruction Sovereignty that made its attacks more lethal.

But it was actually still missing an arm and a leg. Even its head was half ripped off, making it look far more ghoul-like than it had before, as though its original state wasn't enough.

However, Leonel also noticed that after the ghoul entered his Destruction World, it began to quickly heal, while Leonel himself felt some of his stamina being sapped away.

As for Bracken, it was the opposite. His situation became worse, but he was also so devoutly loyal to Leonel that he didn't seem to realize as he continued to kneel.

Leonel nodded as he thought of something, then waved a hand and sent Bracken into one of his Incomplete Worlds. Only then did Bracken begin to show signs of healing.

After that, he pulled the ghoul into his Destruction World where it seemed to begin healing even faster than before.

With that done, Leonel didn't have the time to stay and chat with the Dwarven Race as he shot into the distance. There was still more to do, far more.

The elders and Lumielle could only watch him vanish as their worlds slowly began to heal.

Chapter 2955: Void

Lumielle watched Leonel disappear with a complex light rippling in her eyes.

Was this young man really younger than even she was? Had he just wiped out an entire army by himself? She had lost count of the number of elders who had cursed and spurned him in the last few days. She, herself, preferred to take action personally, so she didn't like the idea of having to clean up the mess that someone else had made.

But Leonel was so focused on the number of problems he had to deal with that he didn't even stop by for more than the time it took him to wipe out the army. By the time they even had the intention to take action themselves, he was already gone.

A casual gift from this man had allowed her to take a step that had held her back for so long.

And now, she could finally see why that was.

Leonel didn't leave to be rude, nor because he could guess what they had likely been saying about him. Well, in reality, he could guess. It was just that he didn't have the mind to care about it for now. He only planned to deal with one situation at a time.

The Dwarven Race was in a weaker position than the Spirituals, so he had chosen to take action there first, but it had taken him an entire three days to clear out that army. By this point, the situation on the Spirituals' side might be even worse than how things had started off for the Dwarven Race.

He crossed the void at his fastest speed, rushing toward their location. His gaze exuded a frightening cold, and it seemed that the fatigue from the previous battle had already vanished.

Vitality rushed through him in torrents, and the wooden ring on his finger had already grown into a hand plate of sorts that protected the lower half of his fingers and the back of his hand. Golden veins rushed through it, and the more Leonel sensed it, the closer to the Life Element he became.

Bracken and the ghoul could be considered gains, but compared to this, they were not much. The ghoul was at least much closer, while Bracken would disappear very soon. Bracken was only meant to last for 24 hours, and it was only because Leonel had sacrificed several Fallen God Beast corpses with the help of Assimilate that he had lasted so long. In truth, he had probably invested more than he gained in return.

However, this Sylvan Heart had birthed a true Sylvan that had become one with him, much like the Florer family's methods. The more it grew, the more abilities of the Sylvan Race he could sense, and it was even slowly beginning to form a completely new life outside of Bracken.

In fact, if Leonel wanted, he could likely use [Breathe] and allow Bracken and his body to fuse once again, elevating the strength of both of them. The reason he didn't was because Leonel was still feeling things out.

Ultimately, the Sylvans were humanoids, not plants. While Leonel himself hadn't studied Force Herbs or things of the like at all, so he didn't understand their unique quirks and such. In this sort of situation, the further from the line of the plant kingdom he went-something that would certainly happen if he assimilated Bracken back into his original heart-the more problems there would be.

This was a side of his Lineage Factor that he had ignored for far too long, so it was hard to get a grasp on it in such a short time. He wouldn't even be able to make such progress had he not also become a Wise Sea Order.

Now, he would still have to make use of the fire aspects of his Lineage Factor as well. It had to be remembered that the Midas family was able to swallow flames to grow their

strength and power. Leonel definitely had many ideas about how to make use of this, all of which were reliant on the Creation Path.

As for the Radix family's ability to breathe Life into inanimate minerals and such... he had already tapped into that a bit the moment he made Little Tolly a part of his Divine Armor the first time. But it had far more potential than just that. What was holding him back was his comprehension of Life Force. But now, with Bracken's Sylvan Heart, that just might change.

Leonel raised a foot to take another step, but the moment he did, he suddenly froze. He came to a stop and lowered his leg, his eyes flashing with lightning.

"Are all Gods such cowards? You're already the second I've found slinking around in the dark."

There was a biting cold in Leonel's words, but there wasn't any surprise. He had been forced to spend three days in combat. If in that time someone didn't catch up to him, or at least find his whereabouts, they would be too foolish. This was part of the reason why he had chosen to leave. The location of the Human Bubble was only so well known because it was tied to his appearance. But once he moved, and especially after he woke up and could begin to protect his mind better, it would be much more difficult to do so.

At that moment, a humanoid woman with a body formed of brownish-green vines appeared. She had the silhouette of a woman and was no doubt one, even having the charming, smooth face of a beauty as well. However, the dull, unpolished orbs of gold that were her eyes made her seem more lifeless and cold than she probably was.

Willowyn.

Of course, to Leonel, all he saw was yet another Sylvan. It seemed that this annoying Race truly was the best at finding him. She had managed to do so even in the dead of the void. And this time, she wasn't in the weakened state Bracken had been in.

Chapter 2956: Unfamiliar Feeling

"Where is Bracken?" the woman asked.

"Where?" Leonel held up a hand. The smooth wood had begun to form veins that seemed both a part of and not a part of his arm at the same time.

Willowyn's expression shook when she saw this. She didn't understand what she was looking at immediately, but that aura, although slightly different, was all too familiar to her.

"You..."

She didn't know what to say for a long time.

In the history of the Sylvans... how long had it been since someone dared to take their Hearts? She was sure that, logically speaking, some had done so in the dark...

But to not only do it and then brazenly flaunt it around as though he didn't understand the implications...

Did he not understand the kind of power the Sylvans held? Of the God Races, if the Pluto were the number one most were unwilling to offend, then even though they weren't second in combat power, the Sylvans were certainly number two.

Some might argue the Beastmen simply because when they acted, they had no sense of propriety for anything.

Some might argue the Void Race because their Destruction capabilities were second to none. Offending them would probably bring your entire world down with you...

But even so, most had the consensus that this was the Sylvans.

They wielded too much information. A single word from them could bring down empires and cripple entire organizations. If they wanted to know something about you, it was almost certain that they could find it out, and they wouldn't even need to lift a finger to crush you.

In terms of intelligence and wisdom... they were truly second to none.

A single tweak to your ecosystem might cause your world to stop producing resources.

A single nudge could cause a civilization stronger than you to declare war.

If you were just a single person like Leonel was, there were so many paths to destruction that it was hard even to fathom properly.

To say that Leonel was playing with fire was an understatement.

But it was also precisely because of this that Willowyn didn't know how to react for a long time.

Loss? Suffering? When was the last time she, or any one of her people, had experienced such a thing?

They were lofty, untouchable, and in the best and most neutral position in the entire God Realm.

And yet, because of a tip that caught their curiosity...

One of their geniuses had died?

It was hard for her to feel anything other than shock. But soon, that shock became rage.

"...Actually dared..."

Leonel didn't say a word. Instead, with a single thought, Bracken appeared by his side.

"What are her weaknesses?" Leonel asked casually.

Bracken bowed. "She is terrible in close combat and has no real fighting experience, my King. Using ranged assaults will play into her hand, and she also has a lot of treasures on hand. Though, entering this void should have been beyond her abilities, and it's also likewise impossible that she found you here of all places with her own abilities. So I would suggest that my liege be wary of counterattacks and ambushes."

Leonel nodded casually. He had already thought of this.

Had Willowyn come to find him while he was in battle for the Dwarven Race, he would find it acceptable.

But on his way to the Spirituals? In the vast void where it was impossible to tell up from down and left from right?

No. That didn't make any sense. The only explanation was that someone had helped her find him. Or, more accurately, she had likely found a weakness to squeeze on.

After realizing that Bracken had been away for too long, she went about with her own investigation, and soon she found exactly what it was she wanted.

The question was who.

Leonel reached out a palm, and his spear appeared in his hand. He took a breath, and his body shuddered, tattoos beginning to appear once again.

He had no intention of taking a God lightly, no matter how many "weaknesses" they might have.

At that moment, Willowyn was truly in shock. With all of her knowledge, how could she not recognize what was before her?

The Northern Star Lineage Factor.

Stealing and harvesting a Sylvan Heart...

A member of the Fawkes...

Any one of these things could get you killed... no, any one of those things was enough to wipe out your entire family lineage.

And yet...

Leonel took a step forward and suddenly thrust out. Cracked lines of crimson appeared across his body, fragmenting and fracturing his tattoos as a halo appeared behind him, reflecting his Mana Core in a reflective image.

Willowyn was in stunned silence and didn't seem to notice the danger at all.

When she looked up, the spear had already appeared before her.

She stared at it, the tip reflecting in her dull golden eyes.

It really was rage. She didn't know what the emotion was because she had simply never felt it. Or maybe ever since she grew past the point of feeling anger about insignificant things because she was no longer a child... she had forgotten what it felt like. Even for her, it took a while to realize what it was that was stirring inside of her.

At that moment, her hair began to whip around like mighty vines, each one clapping like thunder as they shredded apart the sound barrier several times over...

Or, they would have had they not been in the void. But that reality only made them even faster.

Just when the spear was about to pierce through her chest, they whipped out all at once.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Each one was precise, each one landing in the same exact spot and expelling the danger of the spear in a single sweep.

Leonel felt his wrist shake and his shoulder almost rip out of its socket. His senses could grasp five whips, but his body only seemed to feel a single, layered strike.

His spear was blown back, and vines and roots began to spread out of Willowyn's body in a mighty tempest.

"DIE!" she shrieked.

Chapter 2957: Abyssal

It felt like danger was descending from all sides. No matter where Leonel's senses locked onto, he realized that there was no escape. It was suffocating, as though his mind itself was being forced to bow in the face of a power far greater than his own.

Even in a Mortal World, and restrained so much... a God couldn't be blasphemed against.

And yet, in the face of all of this, Leonel's gaze was frighteningly cold.

He met Willowyn's dull golden gaze. In fact, they were no longer dull, having begun to glow with such a bright vitality it looked as though the Ambrosia of Gods was combusting.

The vines lashed out, each one with a force capable of destroying planets and sundering stars. If it hadn't been for the fact they stood in the void, reality itself would have been lacerated to pieces.

Leonel took a step forward as though stepping into the embrace of a demon. His Destruction World superimposed with reality, and the void trembled and solidified.

At that moment, his Destruction World was easily ten times more powerful than it was usually. Rather than having to displace the laws of another world, or combat the corruption of Anarchic Force, it could just exist.

In that moment, the strength of the vines Willowyn deployed plummeted.

His spear struck out just a single time, the Mage Core to his back blooming as the cracks along his skin grew fiercer and more sinister.

The stroke of his spear carried a wisp of foggy red Destruction and in that instant, split into countless pieces.

Swift.

Like stars streaking across the skies, his spear ignored time and space, parrying all of the vines in a single instant.

His spear didn't collide with them head-on, gliding against their bodies and flicking them up, to the side, and toward the ground.

PA! PA! PA! PA! PA!

Finally, sound seemed to travel normally, and reality began to bend and warp in Leonel's Destruction World.

Even so, it was odd. It didn't quite feel... right. Rather than fighting back against being destroyed, the Destruction World seemed to relish in the feeling.

"[Star Fusion... Destruction]."

Leonel's gaze flashed and an unprecedented aura erupted from him.

Peels of crimson lightning erupted from Leonel's body, and he seemed to be wreathed in it all.

Even in her fury, Willowyn felt as though an explosion had gone off in her mind.

"Impossible!"

Leonel didn't even seem to hear her words. Wreathed in bloodied lightning, his spear rushed through the air.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Vines, roots, and blades danced. But every time the former two met the latter, they cracked and splintered, the bodies being shattered and falling into bits and pieces of ash.

Vitality churned within Leonel's body, counteracting the violent rampage of Destruction that ran through his body. His gaze remained cool and indifferent, every step he took like another move on the chessboard, pushing Willowyn further and further into a corner.

"ENOUGH!"

An explosion of gold surged out from Willowyn's body. Her greenish-brown vines became awash in complex golden runes that often simplified into jagged vein-like lines. They alternated between complex and simple in a dance that carried the vicissitudes of Existence.

It was an aura that was both like Auspicious Air and yet not.

It was one of the strongest Forces in existence, a fusion of Dream Force, Star Force, and Life Force. Even if all categories were ignored and a list of pure Forces were made, it would rank in the top 10 at worst, and likely easily top five.

Sylvan Force.

It was a Force of Life capable of fueling both the body and the mind with absolute ease, but this was only the most basic ability of the Force.

At its highest levels of Force Manipulation, Sylvan Force could make a person the center of their own world, a true Star. By making their Force the Stars and their body the Earth, they were able to create a Domain of all Domains, one where the laws in the region followed and obeyed their own steps.

Willowyn's aura erupted and her body grew from over three meters tall to easily over five.

At that moment, two Worlds clashed, one of creation and vitality, and the other of Destruction.

Leonel's spear never stopped, and he didn't seem to notice the change at all.

From the beginning, Willowyn had looked down on him, only using physical attacks to lash out. They said that the Sylvans were the most wise, and yet all Leonel seemed to see... was a Race of Gods that was just as arrogant as all the others.

Treating humans like ants, disregarding their lives, and yet in the same breath fearing them enough to cross Existence to hunt them down.

Leonel truly... looked down on them from the bottom of his heart.

The world seemed to react to his disdain and a thrum of vitality pulsed, crushing Willowyn's in a single bound before she could even build up momentum.

Trying to make your own world within his own... using her Dream Force to give it a kernel of Life...

She stood not a single chance. In fact, it felt as though she was the one who had provoked a God instead of the other way around.

The Sylvan's expression changed, coughing up a mouthful of blood. Since the start of the battle, regardless of how much power Leonel had displayed, or how shocked she had been, this was the first she had truly been injured.

She felt in that moment that had she not cut off her world early, her Sylvan Heart would have ruptured and exploded.

Leonel took another step forward, blood lightning crackling around him. He thrust out thrice, three lances of crimson bolts taking shape and ripping through the cascade of vines.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Three holes of massive proportion were blown through Willowyn's rainfall of whipped roots, almost making it to her main body.

At that moment, the smoldering smoke that came out from the corners of Leonel's eyes and his feet seemed to catch fire.

With his feet and eyes blazing, he looked like a Demon that had just taken a step out of the abyss of hell.

Chapter 2958: Cost

The ashen land of blood that had formed beneath their feet trembled, and ten Stars appeared behind Leonel.

Every time he attacked, he seemed to have made another breakthrough, and another surge of power followed it up.

It was suffocating to the point that Willowyn couldn't help but remember that pair of eyes that had shaken up the entirety of Existence.

There was a reason she had reacted so fiercely to those streaks of crimson lightning. That was because she recognized them well, though she had never seen them personally.

It was said that beyond everything, beyond the Northern Star, and beyond even those limits, there was nothing but a land of Destruction where primordial chaos reigned.

In that region, there was a hierarchy of energy, one that started from the lowest forms of Destruction and rose up to the very highest.

The lowest form was a smoldering wisp of smoke that looked like the dying embers of a flame.

The next form was a crimson fog, one that looked almost like paprika dancing into the wind after being blown away.

The next form beyond that was the very same Crimson Lightning that she had just seen, a form of Destruction so severe and heart-rending that it was the first of its kind that couldn't be sampled.

There were samples of the smoldering smoke and the crimson fog in the Sylvan Race's stores. But as far as Willowyn knew, no one but the Pluto had managed to catch a wisp of this blood lightning.

And now, she was seeing it right before her eyes, a form of Destruction that only the rarest of Void Beasts should have been able to use.

But worse than that, barely after she had gotten over its form, she saw the next.

When the crimson fog and the smoldering smoke made themselves a match in Heaven and were then sparked by the crimson lightning, they formed the first level of Destruction... or rather... the first level that had a true name that wasn't just formed from its form and color.

Prometheus Flames.

Leonel took another step forward and his Destruction World trembled. His eyes caught fire, and every step he took looked like a meteor falling from the skies.

The world fragmented and became bits and pieces of flaming mirrors. Willowyn had just been about to activate her Ability Index, but she found that she suddenly couldn't access it.

Leonel had truly cut off her connection with the world. Ability Indexes were bestowed by Existence... but if you were in Leonel's world, what right did you have to communicate with the world?

Whether it was Ability Indexes or Universal Force, in his world... you didn't have the right to use it.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Another three holes were torn through Willowyn's defenses. These three thrusts were even closer to her main body, and the fiery glow of her eyes dimmed. Her fury couldn't seem to keep up any longer, and she was quickly being crushed one step after another.

Every spear strike shredded everything in its path, and the world itself was forced to obey beneath Leonel's laws.

It could be said that this was the absolute worst place to try and ambush Leonel other than an Incomplete World. In this void... he had all the right to control any and all things.

Willowyn quickly found her vines being shredded apart with much faster speeds than she could create them. The world shuddered around her, and she coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Dozens of meters separated her and Leonel, and yet she could see those cold and indifferent eyes as though they were touching nose to nose.

They burned with a fiery flame, redder than anything she had ever seen in her life, and more violent than any meteor. They saw through any and all things, and with singular strokes, he destroyed everything that she could think of to use to counter.

As Bracken had said, her combat experience was near nil. With her overwhelming talent and power coming up with nothing to give, all she could do was slap out with the same attacks again and again. Even when she tried to go for variety...

It was all useless.

"Pierce."

Leonel spoke the word lightly, and yet it caused the earth to tremble. His voice was akin to a layered monstrosity, as though nine devils were speaking at the same time.

And when their voices began to echo, a Natural Force Art appeared before Leonel just as his spear thrust right through it.

It pierced through the air, through space, through time.

The spear strike didn't seem to have even finished just yet when a hole was torn through Willowyn's forehead.

At that moment, a violent aura came from her once more and it seemed like yet another Ancestor was about to take shape.

But this time, Leonel was ready.

"Piss off."

His Destruction World trembled and the connection that was trying to be formed from the outside world was severed.

In a distant world, an Ancestor of the Sylvans suffered backlash, shocking the entire Race. And yet, it had nothing to do with Leonel at all.

He grabbed out at the air and Willowyn's body surged toward him.

His arm pierced through her chest as he looked her in the eyes, his own dancing with smoldering flames.

Then, he ripped her heart out.

Willowyn's expression was painted with shock. Never in her wildest imaginations did she think that this would be the place she died... never did she think that she would lose her life to a human of all things... and never did she think he would do so with such

candor... such indifference... as though she was insignificant and her background meant nothing at all to him.

She realized in those final moments that she had made a mistake, not just in where she had chosen to ambush Leonel, but also not taking him seriously enough to prepare like she would have with an enemy that she actually respected.

And it cost her her life.

Chapter 2959: Halves

Leonel reached a hand forward and the world twisted.

"[Arise]."

He ripped Willowyn's soul out from her body, and this time, thanks to his World, her Ancestor couldn't even try to appear. In fact, they wouldn't even sense what happened here until he turned it off and left this region. By then, it would be far too late for them to do much of anything at all.

But even with her soul out of her body, Leonel didn't let her body off either. With a grab at the air, her heart was ripped out of her chest and appeared in his palm.

He took a breath and a familiar scene replayed itself. Slowly, but surely, a second ring took form on his other hand and the amount of vitality pumping through him skyrocketed.

Bracken and Willowyn were both on the same level, and with their vitality working in tandem to rage through his body, Leonel felt that his clear view of Life Force had reached an entirely new level.

Maybe soon, he would finally have a breakthrough that allowed him to push his Vital Star Force to the Creation State. However, he didn't have the time to waste on sitting around and waiting for that moment.

His Destruction World vanished and a wave of fatigue hit him. Quickly, his two rings pulsed through him, churning out waves of vitality.

The two Sylvans had basically begun to make his body their territory, and by now, it was probably impossible for anyone to sense them unless Leonel allowed them to.

Essentially, the very same methods that Willowyn had used to hide herself from the Beastmen, and the method that Bracken had tried to use to hide from Leonel, was playing out right here and now.

Due to this, Leonel had the Domains of two Sylvans concentrated on his body, which was allowing an even fiercer flow of Life Force to concentrate onto him.

With a wave of his hand, two spatial devices appeared in Leonel's palms. One of them was from Bracken and the other was from Willowyn.

He hadn't had the time to look at them previously, and he hadn't planned on doing so before, but since there were two Sylvans and not just one, he seemed to have come to an understanding.

It was impossible for two Sylvans to appear here for no reason. The fact that Bracken was so quick had already raised his alarm, but the fact that Willowyn had likewise done so was more than just a coincidence.

In all likelihood, they were part of the group that had bought information about the Invalid's Incomplete World.

This was huge for one important reason: they had come ready to compete.

With how weak the Sylvans were in head-to-head combat, it couldn't possibly be that they had spent so many points for the purpose of just relying on these two.

That meant only one of two things.

Either these two were only here to scout and more were on their way or were already here.

Or... they had come prepared in more ways than one.

The likelihood of the first was minimal for one reason: Willowyn had appeared to confront him on her own. If there were more of them coming, they would already be here. And after news of him being a Fawkes reached them, there was no way that they would be so casual about dealing with him.

That meant that these two had to have some good stuff in their spatial devices. Things that would help them protect themselves from other Gods.

With how expensive the price of the information was, they would be certain to believe that another God Race was their competition.

So the question was... what had they brought? And was it because Willowyn was too arrogant that she hadn't used them before she died? Or was it because they were difficult to set up normally?

After scanning their rings, Leonel found several interesting things, many of which were quite expensive, but none of them truly called out to him.

Yes, it was clear that these were the items of Gods. But it wasn't to the point that he would salivate over them.

Leonel alone had his fair share of wealth. After all, he had seen the best treasures in all of existence, and right now, he had two of them on hand, one being his Life Tablet and the other being the Segmented Cube.

Plus, he was now a God Armament Crafter. It was impossible for normal treasures to catch his attention because even in comparison to what a Sixth Dimensional God would wield...

He was already confident in making better treasures for himself.

However, after shifting through all the stuff he found relatively useless, and deciding how he would distribute them to those that needed them more than he did, he finally found what he was looking for.

With narrowed eyes, he took out a pair of keys. They seemed inconspicuous and he had almost overlooked them entirely. But his senses weren't so easy to fool.

These keys had a strong pulse of spatial energy to them. But it was ironically because this pulse was so strong that they were easy to ignore. That was because it felt like they were displaced through space and hovering in a sort of limbo that was external to their world. As such, they were easy to overlook... almost like a fly buzzing around dozens of kilometers from you.

But when they were in his palms like this, he could feel their heft. In fact, he realized that if he pulled them out of the spatial fluctuations they were hiding in, their size would dwarf his body.

What was more interesting than this was that the two halves of the keys were separated between their spatial rings. Willowyn had one and Bracken had had the other. And now that they were both present, they seemed eager to slam together. If not for Leonel's control, they would have already.

Leonel's eyes narrowed and he stopped holding them back.

Chapter 2960: Answer

BANG!

The halves of the key slammed together, and suddenly Leonel felt as though the world had been enveloped in a seal.

He was taken aback for a moment before his eyes blazed with realization. This was... truly too convenient.

This key couldn't be considered to be a God Armament. A God Armament was not only a classification of powerful weapons but also a sub-class of treasures that allowed themselves to fuse with flesh and blood.

Of course, The Hourglass was also capable of this. It was just that El'Rion hadn't reached this step yet, and it was also quite dangerous to form such synergy with it.

But that was also why it had the weight of a world in Leonel's hands, but had been as light as a feather in El'Rion's.

Under this sort of classification, this enormous golden key that rose up like a pillar into the skies certainly wasn't a God Armament. However, despite not being one, if Leonel was correct, it would light up at least 50 runes on the Truth Pillar. And that was a conservative estimate.

This golden key was capable of forming its own world within a world. It had its own World Spirit, and in this way, it was a lot like Anastasia, but far less sentient and only designed to do a single thing.

Anastasia was far more flexible, and though she had her flaws, she was more like a true human than any World Spirit Leonel had ever seen before.

But this golden key's World Spirit was pretty much a hollow husk. It was only designed to form a Domain within a world that could act as its own personal space.

Why was it that Leonel was so excited about this treasure? It was because it was exactly what he needed.

If he was correct, the plan for this treasure was for the two Sylvans to find a convenient space to establish it. Then, they would lay their roots and slowly take over the Incomplete World.

Because they would be separated from the outside, they would be almost impossible to detect. And even if they were detected by some special method, by the time their enemies came to stop them, it would either be too late, or even if a battle broke out, the winner would long be decided.

This treasure would essentially allow their unique method of laying roots to be injected with steroids. It would be like they were the World Spirit and they would have as much power in this world as Anastasia had in hers.

The best part was that the World Spirit that allowed them to do this, the World Spirit of the key, that is, didn't just have God Realm potential... it was a God Grade World Spirit.

As such, the limit of the power it could withstand was far beyond Leonel's imagination. Maybe only an Ancestor Sylvan would have the ability to overload it and force it to its limit. But even then, it would have to be an exceptionally powerful Ancestor.

By now, it was clear why this was such a boon to Leonel. He was only so powerful because in the void, there was nothing to restrict his Destruction World.

But if he summoned it in a Mortal World, it would only be maybe 10% as powerful. In a Demi-God World, it would maybe be only a tenth as powerful as that.

However, with this, he could create a Domain of his own that followed his laws. As such, it would be like carrying around his own personal booster for his Destruction World.

Unfortunately, there were several problems with this.

First, he was a human, not a Sylvan. This treasure was designed specifically to be used along with their unique Lineage Factor.

Second, because it was designed for a Sylvan, it followed the nature of a Sylvan. It was a path of Creation and vitality. If Leonel tried to make it fuse with the world of Destruction, which was everything opposite to this, then he might actually end up destroying the treasure before he could make proper use of it for long.

Third, this treasure was meant to be used passively, not actively. That meant that if his enemies were stupid enough to come to him, that would be fine. But in the case they didn't, he would have to pick up and move it, which would ultimately leave him vulnerable.

If he was correct, the Sylvans definitely had more than one of this treasure, and likely had many. That meant it was probably common enough that members of the God Race would recognize it and understand its weaknesses.

The reason he made this deduction was that they had sent two youths with this treasure, and their standing in their Clan wasn't nearly as high as El'Rion's to his.

In addition, it had to be remembered that when El'Rion wielded The Hourglass, he was doing it at the behest of the entire Pluto Race. The Pluto Race had only appeared on Earth to repay a favor they owed the Fawkes.

In that case, it made much more sense for him to have such a valuable treasure on him, especially since an Ancestor of the Void Race eventually got involved.

That was all to say that while he might be able to gamble that the Demi-Gods wouldn't see through the weakness of this treasure, the Gods certainly would.

That only left one option for him.

He had to modify this treasure to suit him.

Leonel was worried about doing this at all. The most valuable part of this treasure was the World Spirit itself. Its existence was what allowed it to function the way it did. Though the ores used to form it were likewise incredibly valuable God Grade materials, they were secondary.

He was confident that with his current level of skill, he could modify this treasure. It would just take him time.

One might wonder, then, what would happen to the Spirituals in the meantime. And quite frankly... Leonel didn't care.

That wasn't because he was cruel... but rather because he was certain he knew who had betrayed his location.

There was only one way Willowyn could have intercepted him like this, and that answer lay with the Spirituals.