

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 3001: Battle Ax

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Leonel looked up into the skies, resting his spear on one shoulder while Little Blackstar sat on his other. Ships that looked eerily similar to the battleships of the Dimensional Zone appeared in a group of four. At their helms, existences that Leonel had simply never seen before appeared... He recognized not even one of them.

However, what he did recognize was their flowing hair.

Green hair and green eyes.

Golden hair and golden eyes.

Blue hair and blue eyes.

Red hair and red eyes.

There was only one group of families that they could have possibly been.

Still, Leonel didn't seem too surprised by their appearance, as though this was just to be expected. There had always been something fishy about the Four Great Families. They had depths that he couldn't see through, and held secrets that were hard to fathom.

But when they appeared, he could feel the Life Tablet tremble. This trembling wasn't out of fear, but rather because it had sensed something that it recognized. And that could only be the second Life Tablet, the Legacy Life Tablet.

Leonel had realized that there was something weird about the Four Great Families long ago... that was because they had too many treasures that the rest of the world seemed to ignore.

For example, the Emperor's Might Tablet, the Blood Sovereign Tablet... both of these things were endlessly valuable.

The Human Race had been regulated so far that they were forced into hiding behind a formation for years of their lives, and yet no one remembered that these things existed? No one wanted to take them for themselves?

Even if it was for the sake of not allowing the Fawkes to return, the Emperor's Might Tablet should have certainly been at least confiscated. And the Blood Sovereign Tablet was useless to anyone without Blood Force affinity and should be especially enticing to those with Blood Sovereignty.

And yet, these things were put on display to be traded for.

Of course, there was no way that the Four Great Families had meant for these things to come to Leonel's hands. In fact, the matter back then had been a plot of the Three Finger Cult, so it was very likely another machination by the Demoness to allow him to reach this point.

Whatever the truth was, it didn't matter much to him. Since things had already reached this point, there was nothing else to consider.

That was how he felt until he saw two more figures.

The decks of the enormous battleships that seemed to rival the Primordial Terror in size were filled with people, but Leonel's gaze was too sharp, and these two weren't particularly obscure either. In fact, they seemed to hold positions that were quite high, standing there on the deck of the Brazinger family's ship.

The Scorned Queen Beauty.

And Goggles.

Leonel raised an eyebrow, but the light smile on his face didn't fade. If he could stare the Demoness in the eyes, the hatred that he had for these people couldn't even be compared.

A woman his father rejected and a fool that chose to betray him for basically nothing in return. Not only did he still win that battle in the end, but Goggles then had to flee, only to end up beneath the skirt of yet another woman.

With a single glance, Leonel could tell that this idiot had fallen in love with yet another woman that he had no business falling in love with. But... that was also an interesting thing to see for him, nonetheless.

Goggles' betrayal had infuriated him not because of the betrayal itself, but rather because of what implications it had for the life and death of his father. But it also made him accept that death wholeheartedly.

Seeing how Goggles was still such a fool for love made Leonel realize that he wasn't completely different from the Goggles that he had known...

Still, life was interesting, sometimes. Maybe a different decision or two would be enough to turn you and your best friend into lifelong enemies. But likewise... a different decision or two was precisely what made you the best of friends in the first place.

Knowing what those decisions were was probably part of maturing and growing up... that was what life was...

And it was also why, even in the face of all this pressure, even knowing that 90% of those here were both far more powerful than himself and wanted his head on the chopping block...

He could still calmly smile.

BOOM!

The Manifestations of the Great Families began to appear one after another.

The Brazinger family, led by a man with a stoic face, was the first to act. His aura rose into the skies and an image of him appeared above, high and mighty.

At first, it seemed to be just a hollow Manifestation, but then God Runes began to rush into it one after another.

Under the shocked gazes of those present, a normal Ninth Dimensional expert became a Dharma wielder in a flash.

But he wasn't the only one.

One after another... man, woman, child... Dharmas took shape. Thousands of them at once.

At this point, even the Gods that had descended could no longer remain calm. These were still Dharmas and not Idols. However, even amongst the God Races... would a single Race even have this many Dharma experts?

Reaching Godhood didn't suddenly become easy because you were a member of the God Race. In fact, the higher the talent, the more difficult it was. That was because distilling everything you knew and could do into a Dharma, and then subsequently an Idol, was far too difficult.

But the Four Great Families seemed to have a built-in shortcut.

And yet, it wasn't over.

Just as the bearded Brazinger at the helm seemed to be about to take action to breakthrough once more, he seemed to sense something.

'Hm?'

He looked down and met Aina's gaze. Then, with a wave of his hand, Aina's battle ax was ripped out of her control.

Chapter 3002: Meals

Chapter 3002 Meals

Leonel's eyes narrowed, but he pulled on Aina's hand to stop her from running after it. Even so, when he looked at his wife's bloodied hand, and then back to the bearded man... he had already decided his death.

Aina's battle ax soared through the air so quickly that others couldn't catch it even if they wanted to. It soared through a distance that would have covered several Bubble Worlds in the past and landed in the man's hand with a resounding BOOM!

"HAHAHAHA!" His laughter echoed through the skies. "My Brazinger family will rise today! The Heirloom of the Battle God has returned!"

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

At that moment, the man's Dharma raised a hand and grabbed out at the void. Streaks of crimson lightning flashed and reality tore apart.

The shock of such a matter couldn't be measured in words. With so many God Runes descending, the world was impossibly more sturdy. Even in his Destruction World, Leonel felt that his knees were creaking as his body was forcefully suppressed to the ground. The pressure of the God Realm was unlike anything that he had ever experienced before, and Leonel thought that he was already used to stepping into higher worlds by now.

That was when the hand of the bearded man... or rather the hand of his manifestation, reached into the void. No, it wasn't the void. Leonel could sense something on the other side calling out to him, something that was particularly... Destructive.

That was when Leonel recalled the words of Willowyn and her mention of the different stages of Destruction and the forms they took. Leonel understood, then. This was the edge of the world that existed beyond the void. It was the Destruction Barrier that existed beyond the Northern Star.

Leonel had vague recollections of his future self going around the Northern Star to see what lay on the other side... No, these weren't recollections, but rather vague feelings, more like intuitions. His future self might be gone, but these things lingered. He

remembered clearly that his future self had walked to the end of all there was only to find... nothing.

Now, this man was pulling a weapon out from this world of Destruction. Of course, that didn't mean that Leonel's future self had been unable to find it. It was more accurate to say that by the time Leonel had become so strong, whatever the man was taking out now was meaningless to him... it might as well have been nothing at all.

Leonel held Aina back still. He had always felt that her weapon was too inferior. He had asked Aina many times if she wanted him to make another for her, but she always insisted on it. It made sense. The weapon was a treasure given to her by her father, one of the few gifts she had ever received from Miel. So how could she want to give up on it even if their relationship was a bit strained right now?

Just as Leonel was about to promise to get it back for her, Aina's aura flared. At that moment, a Manifestation appeared to her back as well, and the moment it did, even the Dharmas that had formed from the other families came to a halt, forcing the four other families, who seemed about to summon their own treasured weapons, to stop in their tracks.

"Who allowed you to take what's mine?!"

Leonel looked at his wife's side profile, then obediently stood to the side. Originally, he thought that she would be forming a Dharma right now as well, but she didn't do this. With Aina's Clairvoyance, she should have realized that taking the path the Brazingers had was possible long ago. The fact she hadn't meant that she had her own reasons. And it also meant that she was confident in taking back what was hers with her own strength.

The skies cracked with black lightning and everything rolled. At that moment, everyone seemed to understand what was happening and the bearded man's expression changed. This was bad. When he formed the connection with the other side, everything would be fine if he won a quick victory and took the spirit for himself. But if he failed to do so quickly, then he would expose the location of the Brazinger family's greatest treasure and open it to being stolen.

Only the four families knew just how important these treasures were, but the moment their auras leaked...

Flashes of light shook the world, all of them coming from the eyes of monsters with strength beyond imagination. Even the Primordial Terror looked at that crack with narrowed eyes, having opened them the moment he sensed the change in reality.

Aina's manifestation rose high into the skies, towering more than ten times the height of even the largest Brazinger Manifestation. It seemed to become its own world.

Leonel coughed and looked around a bit awkwardly. It seemed that he wouldn't be the one causing trouble this time, but he was still going to have to clean up the mess. As expected, Aina's hand suddenly grabbed at the void and then...

CRACK.

A second portal in space aimed toward the very same location appeared. And now, everyone suddenly had two places to target. Unfortunately, compared to the Brazingers who not only had a large battle station and thousands of Dharma experts, there were just the twelve of them here.

Leonel sighed again. Who asked him to be a good husband?

"Let's go, boys. It seems we have some battling to do."

"Sis, I need at least three meals for this!" Raj called out.

"I need four!" Milan spoke out.

Remembering Aina's cooking, even Arnold couldn't help but rub his nose and sheepishly raise his hand, wanting a piece too.

Leonel grinned wildly, let go of Aina's hand and then rushed ahead. His Destruction World would be their anchor, Blackstar would be their spirit, and their blades would be their hearts.

A tide of Gods rushed toward them and the twelve of them faced off against the world.

Chapter 3003: Palpable

Leonel took a breath and his smile vanished. There was a sharpness that thrummed through him at that moment that couldn't be denied from shining forth.

He took a breath and he waved a hand, his spear vanishing in favor of a bow.

With every step he took forward, his momentum continued to roar forth. His halo appeared behind him once again, reflecting the colors of his Mage Core. But this time, in its midst, his Life Tablet had risen above it.

Fluttering butterflies and motes of violet light loomed around Leonel and the last bits of his smile faded from his eyes, being replaced with a deep, dark chill.

At that moment, whether they wanted to admit it or not, those on the battlefield felt like the temperature had just plummeted by a few degrees.

Leonel's brothers surged forward and his own Bow Force exploded forth.

Two halo-like bracelets appeared, hovering around Leonel's wrists. The God Runes in the surroundings churned and Leonel's Bow Force seemed to grow stronger and stronger along with it.

A Natural Force Art suddenly took shape before Leonel's arrow. It happened so quickly that it looked like golden motes of light racing through a maze in one instant, but in the next, it reflected a gorgeous gold that carried the complexities of a lifetime.

Leonel sucked in a breath and the God that had died on his Destruction World was suddenly pulled toward him. Or rather... his soul was.

It looked as though nothing at all was left.

But how could a soul vanish before Leonel's eyes?

Under normal circumstances, this existence was simply far too powerful for Leonel to do anything about. But when he said he would show them fear...

He meant it with every fiber of his being.

The Life Tablet thrummed and the soul was forced into a corporeal state. And then, Leonel opened his mouth and spoke words that the God Realm had hoped it would never have to hear again.

"[Assimilate]."

BOOM!

The arrow in Leonel's hand suddenly became so large that it seemed more lance than arrow. One of his arms was completely overshadowed by it, and yet he didn't seem to notice.

For just a moment, even with the struggle of Aina and the bearded Brazinger still ongoing, Leonel had become the center of the battlefield.

Today, they would learn to fear the Fawkes once more... they would learn the name of the Morales family... they would learn that the Human Race wasn't just present to be trampled upon.

TSU.

The moment Leonel loosed his arrow it seemed to vanish. No one, not even many of the Gods, could track it.

And when it appeared again...

BANG!

The body of a God, someone that had already long formed a Dharma, shattered.

Silence.

It was palpable.

The man was standing right in the midst of a group of Gods, a mere blink away from the Primordial Terror, and yet... they were now no more than a rain of blood.

The Life Tablet trembled, and before its might, a soul couldn't hope to escape.

Leonel drew his bow again and another lance appeared.

Death.

True Death.

They could feel it.

Until now, Leonel had killed many Ninth Dimensional existences, but he never forced them to face a true death. But that wasn't because he was unable to.

With the Life Tablet, he could snatch their souls away because with the Life Tablet, even Ninth Dimensional existences could be revived. So, he could store them in the Life Tablet if he wanted, effectively stopping them from ever reincarnating. It would be just as effective as True Death. The reason he never had was because much of the time he had the Life Tablet, he was one, unable to use it to its fullest degree, or two, trying to hide it.

Even so, this was different. This wasn't just a trick to stop the Ninth Dimensional existences from returning. This was exactly what it sounded like.

True Death.

The power of Leonel's arrow wasn't just because of [Assimilate], he had the backing of Drake's Gun Force, and more importantly... Blackstar's Destruction Idol.

When he used [Assimilate], the souls were already destroyed almost beyond repair, and this was ironically what allowed him to [Assimilate] them so easily.

And yet, he managed to keep more than half of the power that would have otherwise been lost to him.

One Shot. One Kill.

One Kill. One True Death.

Before anyone could even react, Leonel had already loosed a second arrow. The coldness in his eyes this time was even more piercing. He didn't speak a single word as he killed another God.

It was only at this moment that the world seemed to react.

Fawkes!

It was a name that sprouted the root of fear in most. The ones with the fiercest reaction were surprisingly not the Gods, but the Four Great Families themselves.

Leonel stood with his hair billowing in the wind, flames echoing out from his feet and the corner of his eyes. His blazing intent seemed to mark the world for death as he took another breath, reaping a third soul.

[Assimilate].

SHUUUM.

A third lance-arrow formed and suddenly Leonel became an existence that couldn't be ignored.

His smile had vanished, and they had all reached the point where they wanted it to come back. It was only now that the playful Leonel was gone that they understood just how good they had had it just now.

Chunks of Celestial Terra meat appeared around Leonel and he cast [Life Steal]. In an instant, his body thrummed with life and vitality once more as he released a third arrow.

He didn't speak, he didn't taunt, he didn't joke. He was just a lethal killing machine, killing with every step he took.

His brothers hadn't even managed to reach the front line yet, but the entire forefront of the enemy had been shredded to pieces.

Goggles watched this scene with a slight tremble in his pupils.

Chapter 3004: Know Fear

Leonel's Destruction World moved and Ten Stars rotated high in the skies, revolving with various colors. As his brothers ran, the land moved with them and soon...

BOOM!

The Destruction World and the frontline of the armies crashed. Leonel seemed to have ignored everyone else, not aiming for the weakest enemies, but rather, the strongest. The very Gods that had descended from above, who were the cause of all of this, were the very ones that he targeted right from the beginning.

His brothers unleashed their might and their uniforms connected with one another, amplifying their power. The sounds of guns fired, but they were almost immediately surrounded. It was too difficult for them to kill in one shot like Leonel could... But that didn't mean that they could do nothing.

Drake was the only one that stayed behind with Leonel. He slowly pulled his sniper rifle from his back and exhaled a slow, turbid breath. Then he squeezed the trigger. Arrow and bullet flew through the air in a beautiful symphony and suddenly two heads exploded at once.

The pressure on James, Joel, and the others lessened considerably and they found that the movements of the Gods were becoming easier to predict. As powerful as they had become, it was hard to match the combat effectiveness of Gods that had lived hundreds of times longer than they had. But with the support of Leonel and Drake, the movements of the Gods were too restricted and there was little they could do.

Drake's eyes and Leonel's seemed to flash like lightning, capable of seeing through anything. Sometimes, with just the smallest bit of intention, a God wouldn't dare to move to a region, only for the target of Leonel and Drake to be completely elsewhere. And that was when the first of the Gods fell by Joel's hand.

Leonel took a breath and his eyes flashed with a blazing light. He knew that this status quo wouldn't be able to last. The enemies were both too numerous and powerful. If he wanted to overturn the situation and not sacrifice even a single life, he would have to take drastic measures at every turn possible.

"[ARISE]!"

Violet flames burned and Leonel's King's Might thrummed with life and vitality that could overwhelm a star. Before, using [Assimilate] was so easy only because the soul was already destroyed by Blackstar's Destruction Idol. However, the difficulty of using [Arise] on Gods was made obvious by Shan'Rae's resistance. If Leonel wanted to do such a thing now, it would essentially be impossible. However, it wasn't a matter of skill or will... it was a matter of energy.

With enough energy, he could do anything. He had even been able to [Assimilate] an Infinity Beast with Tolliver thanks to a Vital Star being present. Leonel knew that so long as he could solve the energy problem, he could solve everything. But doing such a thing was easier said than done... Unless he made a sacrifice.

Shan'Rae suddenly appeared by Leonel's side and she pressed a hand against his back. Large numbers of stars in her body began to blink out of existence. The blazing light in Leonel's eyes became brighter and brighter as Shan'Rae grew dimmer. At that moment, the slain God rose.

"My King!" He roared across the battlefield then surged into the army with a suicidal sprint. The expressions of several Gods changed. They could vaguely understand how Leonel had managed the first. He had the support of two True God Idols, as well as the help of the Life Tablet to keep the destroyed soul together for long enough to fire out the remaining energy. But this... this made no sense... Their brains were fried and they found it difficult to accept.

The Fawkes were feared, but it was well known that it was difficult to wield corpses even at the same Dimensional Realm. Usually, the average Fawkes would have armies a Tier or two below them. Genius Fawkes would be able to have some at their level and a few Tiers above. But no one... No one had ever heard of someone using these infamous Emperor's Might skills on someone that was an entire three Dimensional Realms above them.

If this was possible, how could the Fawkes have ever been eliminated?! This time, it was all [Dimensional Cleanse]. The power of the Stars had been within Leonel's body for many years, but he had only used [Dimensional Cleanse] to improve the speed of his recovery and nothing else. But that had all changed when he thought of a simple question. Why did his number of Stars correspond to his number of Nodes? Why did his father use these nodes as the foundation for [Final Destruction]? They were obviously meant to be centers to solve the largest problem with his current stage of [Final Destruction]... energy accumulation!

A normal person, even if they could gather up the resources necessary to move forward from here, would be entirely unable to absorb it without millennia or more. How could Leonel possibly wait thousands of years just to reach the Seventh Dimension? And who knows how much longer to reach the Eighth and Ninth beyond that? Would his lifespan even be long enough for that? But this changed his perspective on things, and it also opened up another path to him.

Right now, Shan'Rae was just at the Sixth Dimension, but the energy stores within her weren't necessarily less than any top tier Void Race member. In fact, it might be even more. The problem was that her body was too weak to expel it all at the same time. But now, with Leonel extracting it...

Shan'Rae's dimming body suddenly thrummed with life again and several more galaxies and stars appeared to replace the ones that had vanished. ... She was the perfect battery pack. Now, the real fun would begin.

Leonel drew another arrow and a lance formed once again. The lance of gold suddenly flared up and became a dense den of black flames that drew a line across the world. He hadn't forgotten. Today, it wasn't just the Fawkes that would shine, but also his grandfather's path. Before this woman his grandfather had once given his life to... Leonel would display the might of a Morales man.

His lips parted for the first time since his onslaught began and he spoke two words.

"Know Fear."

Chapter 3005: He Would Be

Leonel released his arrow and it was as though the entire world was painted in black. He recalled the painting that he had seen thanks to Mo"Lexi.

He and everyone else had stood there, witnessing the tragic horror of war. The rivers of blood, the mountains of flesh. Everything seemed to be a reminder that life was too fleeting, that spending time on a battlefield wasn't glorious, but rather left tragedy in one's wake.

But there was a deeper level to this painting as well. It was one that told of determination.

It depicted the strewn-about corpses of more humans than Leonel could count. There were more dreams, more goals and aspirations, more hopes than he could ever hope to understand or fathom... all dyed in red.

There was no glory, no grand achievement waiting on the other end, there was just death and more death.

Leonel remembered how immature he had once been in the past. In that immature state, he wanted to change the world, to usher in a new order where even the weak could be protected.

As he grew strong and suffered himself, he forgot those dreams and aspirations. Even after he walked out of that shadow, he didn't return to his former self.

He had seen too much. He had done too much. Experienced too much evil and been too evil himself.

However, that day he stood before the Spirituals' Throne, he had felt something odd.

Every fiber of his being had wanted to wipe the Spirituals out down to their last man, woman, and child.

What right did they have to enjoy life while the Human Race was living on pins and needles? What right did they have to smile, to laugh, to experience joy, when it came at the cost of sacrificing everyone else?

He had wanted to uproot them all, to show them what true despair was, to force them to experience what his wife would have had their plans succeeded this time.

But in the end...

He chose not to do it.

The world was a very interesting place... on the one hand, the naivete of a child was looked down upon, but on another, the words of a child were the most honest thing in the world.

Deep inside, if not for the influence of his future self, Leonel would have become a man who hated bloodshed, and who, while he could enjoy battle, didn't want to use it as a means to suppress those inferior to himself. What was the point?

He loved to win, not because of victory itself, but because of the satisfaction of outmaneuvering an opponent so much more powerful than himself. That was what made it fun, that was what fueled him.

And maybe, it was also because it was so impossible that he had once wanted to bring peace to the world.

Leonel had thought, for a long time, that that piece of him was forever gone, that maybe... that had never been him to begin with.

But now he knew different.

The words of a child were often the most honest... being naive was sometimes the most beautiful thing in the world, but it could also become a double-edged sword.

But today, he would allow the world to establish this dream once more. He would allow that childish heart of his to sprout.

Hearing the calls of horror that echoed from the Northern Star, he could see that it, too, didn't want to die.

Seeing the sinister, twisting faces of the Four Great Families, he felt a bone-deep distaste for traitors. He could practically see the horrified gazes of the Fawkes of the path. He could see the dreams of an entire Race crushed by the greed of just a few.

And right now, he wanted to be the man that shouldered it all. The man who stood tall, gathered up the grievances of his people, and turned it onto the world.

The crown above his head flickered with gold, violet, and black. It grew larger and larger until it seemed as though his oppression would suffocate the world for all that it was worth.

There would be nothing that would stop him today... because he wouldn't allow anything to stop him.

SHUUUU!

BANG!

The arrow cut through the world and Gods fell by the dozens. Their powers were mowed down, and without even a second to breathe, Leonel began to cast [Arise] again and again.

In what felt like a single blink of the eye, Shan'Rae had been considerably drained, and Leonel's side had gone from barely under a dozen to just over a hundred.

But what was more fearsome than that was that Leonel's crown was only growing larger. And when he spoke, the world listened.

His Summons were all brought forth wearing violet armor. This violet armor was not only a manifestation of Leonel's King's Might, it was what kept their souls in a solid state and capable of interacting with the world, and most importantly...

It was completely under Leonel's control.

So when the armors were formed this time, they were linked by a mysterious Natural Force Art and the world's energies thrummed around them.

Under the command of Leonel's mind, they began to work together seamlessly. And just like that, the battlefield that had already been separated into countless armies gained yet another, all at the behest of a single young man.

When Leonel's army had grown to 200, Shan'Rae finally collapsed.

"Farewell, my King!" She shouted out boldly as though she was afraid that the world wouldn't know that she had once served Leonel. "Long live King Morales!"

The roar echoed across the battlefield, but Leonel seemed to have not heard it at all.

Sweat beaded down his forehead and a world-collapsing battle seemed to have shaken everything.

Leonel took a breath, his heart rate steadying into a calm rhythm. No matter how heavy the burden was, no matter how devastating the pain.

He would carry it.

He would be a King.

Chapter 3006: His Own

"LEONEL MORALES!" The furious roar of Mir'Kael split the skies. The final chains that had been suppressing the man were unleashed, but he also no longer dared to fight Elysium. The latter had grown too powerful.

Due to this, Mir'Kael had retreated from the battlefield, taking advantage of Elysium's breakthrough to hightail it out of there. After all, Mir'Kael was only in the Eighth Dimension and didn't yet even have a Dharma. It wasn't his place to fight Elysium who now had an Idol and was near the pinnacle of the Ninth Dimension.

However, when he saw Shan'Rae fall like this, and was even so proudly proclaiming her allegiance to Leonel even in her death, he was furious. When he saw that Leonel didn't even acknowledge her existence, he was so angry that supernovae dotted across his body, high-volatility solar flares raging out of his body and incinerating everything near him, including even his own members of the Void Race. However, Leonel completely ignored him.

This sort of ant wasn't even qualified to participate in this battle. How dare he call out his name? Leonel's crown thrummed and he pulled back his bowstring once again.

However, just as he was about to loose an arrow, his heart skipped a beat. Leonel's head leaned to the side and an arrow whistled by him, shooting off into the distance. It was so fast that his eyes still couldn't track it, and even his Dream Force was slow to react.

The only reason he had been able to notice it was because the moment it streaked through the Domain of his Destruction World, he could feel it. Leonel's gaze sharpened as he looked in a certain direction, only to find a woman with beauty beyond words sitting in a lotus formed of wooden hands. Goddess Evergreen. "You have the smell of my followers on you," she said lightly.

It seemed that Leonel's actions had finally brought out a true powerhouse. If not for his Destruction World, a single arrow would have killed him. Let alone him, even Blackstar and Drake hadn't been able to react, but it was impossible to blame them.

The two of them had only just broken through. Compared to these monsters that had had their Idols for tens of thousands of years at worst, they were too inferior. It also had to be remembered that Force Manipulation wasn't everything.

There was still the matter of Dimensions to consider as well. Blackstar had only just entered the Eighth Dimension, and Drake was only at Tier 1 of the Ninth. Comparatively speaking, Goddess Evergreen was at Tier 5 of the Ninth Dimension.

She wasn't an existence that any one of them could compare to, and for very good reason at that. Of course, not all Tier 5s were created equal. There had even been members of the Human Race who had entered the Ninth Dimension and could be considered to be at the fifth Tier as well.

The difference was a matter of foundation, Dimensional Method, and constitution. All things considered, Goddess Evergreen was still considered to be a young God and had a lot of room to grow. And, even with that considered, her Dimensional Tier was actually higher than most True Gods.

Still, Leonel found her words to be ridiculous. He was someone who dared to tell the Primordial Terror to check his belly, why would he care about having killed Evergreen's subordinates way back in the Dimensional Verse? In fact, he had already long since forgotten that he had actually done such a thing.

He remembered being warned that killing Evergreen's apostles would lead to problems. But even after that, he had wiped out their lineage. He had done so much killing afterward that he couldn't be bothered to care.

And right now, Leonel wasn't in the mood for quippy remarks. He had come to kill. Leonel raised up his bow and it vanished into a spear.

The Ten Stars to his back trembled and the flames out of the corners of Leonel's eyes and the bottoms of his feet reached a fiery inferno level of blaze. The Ten Stars rearranged themselves and then suddenly burst into light. "[Star Fusion]..." Leonel took a breath as the shattered Stars above began to rearrange themselves, taking shape. Soon, they formed the Morales Constellation.

And yet, they weren't finished just yet. BOOM! Pillars of Universal Force began to descend from the skies. "... [King's Might]..." Leonel's body became bathed in violet light and his hair seemed to grow as long as a river.

The support of Blackstar and Drake thrummed through his veins, and in that moment, his body seemed that it was finally able to handle the brunt of their power.

"...[Constellation]..." The miniature motes of light, formed from the shattered and scattered stars of his [Dimensional Cleanse] foundation, formed countless miniature Natural Force Arts. These Natural Force Arts came together to form the Morales Constellation and a cycle of Creation and Destruction were formed before them all. Leonel raised up his spear and the Constellation above reacted the same.

Goddess Evergreen couldn't help but frown. It definitely wasn't a Dharma, but the power that it could bring down even surpassed one. In terms of sheer quantity, it was more than she had ever seen.

But what was truly shocking wasn't the shape or the technique... it was the fact that it was calling down Universal Force through a conduit. Universal Force was known for one thing and one thing only... Allowing one to transcend the Dimensions and battle with those far above you in Tiers. Leonel had studied Aina's manifestation for a long time, and their minds were even connected as one.

Having simulated her progress for her many times before, how could he not understand the technique inside and out? Unfortunately, this wasn't enough. He was lacking something the Four Great Families had, so even when he tried to replicate it, he couldn't.

So instead... he scrapped the entire idea. Since he couldn't copy theirs, he would just make his own. Leonel raised up his spear, his battle intent peeling through the skies like a bolt of lightning.

Chapter 3007: Thrust Forward

Leonel took a step, and his figure seemed to encompass the world for a moment. Behind him was his wife, fighting a battle that he couldn't help her with. Before him were his brothers, holding off the frontline and blocking off all the rabble. He only had one job: deal with all those that they couldn't deal with.

He took another step and suddenly vanished. The eyes of Evergreen flashed with a dense green color that was much less emerald-like than his mother's. It was dark, but not in a sinister way. Instead, it was more of a deep, floral green, one that one would see in a dense Amazonian forest. Wood Force soared through the air, and countless arms and palms descended.

Leonel's gaze flashed. He immediately noticed something that made his heart palpitate. The attacks of a God, even the simplest ones, all carried an air of mystery that most could never see through. It held a cadence that fused with the Laws of the world, humming along with them, hiding their intentions within their folds, and only breaking free of those restraints when it suited them. It was a hodgepodge of laws he recognized and ones that Evergreen had created herself. It was a sort of magical martial art that

couldn't be explained in just a few words. But if Leonel had to, it was as though they had incorporated Natural Force Arts into their very combat style.

Against such existences, if you tried to have a normal battle, you could be crushed. Luckily, Leonel wasn't normal. Even his own Dream Force wasn't able to see through such a combat style. It was still at the Higher Creation State, after all. It wasn't prepared to see through an Idol-supported battle style, Sovereign or not. However, Leonel wasn't alone. He had the Life Tablet. It only took a single move of his intention for the Life Tablet to imprint this Natural Force Art. Its mysteries reflected in Leonel's mind, and he expelled all other distracting thoughts.

In one moment, it had felt like there was simply nowhere to dodge. In the next, Leonel's spear flickered as he cut along the side of one of the many arms, slightly delaying its descent and splitting it in two. He weaved out of the way and struck out with his spear again. His body and his spear seemed to have formed a single unit. When his feet glided, so too did his spear. When his head swerved to the side, it would come with a slicing arc that left a trailing wake of flames, gold, and blackness in its wake. Afterimages of himself were left in series, and suddenly, there seemed to be just as many Leonels as there were palms in the skies.

His mind didn't seem overloaded in the slightest, and even with the pressure of the computation that was necessary, he still seemed capable of reading dozens of moves ahead, even against such a God. He realized by the thousandth exchange that precisely because of the battle style of the Gods, his Control Ability Index in combination with the Life Tablet was nothing short of their bane.

TSSS. Leonel suddenly appeared high in the skies, swiping out his spear a single time, and yet causing thousands of slashing blades to erupt in a spherical storm. All the blade lights that he had released in the previous exchange seemed to linger in the air and then explode out at once, causing countless splintering strands of wood to blast apart.

Leonel stood high in the skies, his hair billowing and his eyes carrying a fierce intent. *Spear Dance*. It seemed that he had already touched the threshold of Godhood long ago. Spear Dance was precisely a rudimentary method of how the Gods battled. It used a Force Art to gather together strands of Spear Force and erupt with a Force Manipulation level beyond his limits.

However, Leonel hadn't realized just how amazing it was for him to have thought of such a thing until this moment. And now, Spear Dance would play a completely different role. His spear tip trembled and then became completely still. He remembered just how steady his father's blade always was, how it could face off against the Stars and the Laws of the World without shaking even the slightest bit. No matter how much power, no matter what the odds. Thrust forward.

Two halo-bracelets appeared around Leonel's wrists and suddenly expanded violently. Nothing would stop his blade. He pierced forward, and all the world's spears seemed to

howl in unison. God or not, the moment Leonel's spear manifested, their own veered out of control, no longer listening to their commands. In this space, there could only be one spear master.

SHUUUU! SHIIIIING! The spear light was too fast. It appeared before Goddess Evergreen in the blink of an eye, and she felt her heart skip a beat. She had put up several defenses, but they were either slow or torn apart like cheap pieces of paper. It was only when the spear light was already in front of her that she realized that Leonel had somehow reverse-engineered her battle style and struck forward with what she could only call an anti-Natural Force Art. One wreathed in Destruction.

It could be said that in the entire world, this spear was the one thing that she couldn't properly fight back against. She unleashed a delicate shout, and she realized that skill wasn't going to cut it. If she couldn't overwhelm Leonel through normal means, she could only use raw power. A twin pair of lotuses appeared in each one of her eyes, both rotating in opposite directions. A wooden lotus of hand appeared above and another appeared below her. One was formed of a heavy, hard, dark wood that looked almost black. The other was formed of a delicate soft wood that seemed to almost be a pale gold. The moment they appeared, a grinding energy rocked the world, and Evergreen struck out.

Chapter 3008: Nature

"Only Nature is Eternal."

She spoke these words in a voice as sweet as honey and as delicate as dew. And yet, the God Runes that were still merging into the Demi-God Realm reacted just as fiercely nonetheless.

BANG!

Evergreen's palm struck out and met Leonel's spear. There was a slight struggle before the spear light was shredded to pieces.

A yin and yang sort of energy became like pestle and mortar, grinding down against all the energies of the world.

Evergreen sat in a lotus position in the middle of these two floating wooden structures.

These two were the halves of her Idol, a rare Dual Idol.

The lotuses in her eyes suddenly stopped rotating as though they had just snapped into place. At the same time, a great amount of hair-raising danger flooded Leonel's senses, but his reaction seemed as though he didn't notice at all.

The Constellation high in the skies above him suddenly moved. It stretched out a hand and plucked at the stars, drawing two fingers, pressed together, in an arc that formed the body of a bow. Its second hand moved toward the middle of the bow's body and the strings of the universe played a heavenly tune that formed the bowstring.

A lance-arrow was drawn that focused its attention on Evergreen.

Leonel didn't want a long, drawn-out battle. He had come here for victory.

God or not.

She would have to fall beneath his blade.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Reality exploded and the void seemed to pierce into it, spreading out its tendrils as the half-formed God Realm Runes were slow to repair space.

Leonel moved and his spear arched through the air.

A battle the likes of which could sunder the skies and shatter the earth erupted. Leonel's spear moved with the grace of someone who had experienced thousands of battles, and the palms of Evergreen seemed as endless as Nature itself, ever-present, ever-existing, ever-changing.

Leonel had lost count of the number of souls he had taken to be able to stand here today. But that wasn't a badge of honor. He remembered a time when he knew the exact number, and he knew that he could have continued to know the exact number had he continued to count.

Leonel had lost count of the number of souls he had taken to be able to stand here today. But that wasn't a badge of honor. He remembered a time when he knew the exact number, and he knew that he could have continued to know the exact number had he continued to count.

But he hadn't.

He knew the reason why. It was because he didn't want to think about it. He didn't want to think about the number of people that had fallen beneath his blade because he could no longer say that he was proud of it.

However, today, he could feel the heaviness of those deaths with those blades. The more he fought, the less the power of Blackstar and Drake seemed to matter, and it was more like the heftiness of his spear was being entirely dictated by the raging waves in his heart.

He parried an arm of white-gold to the side and slashed down to crush a black wooden palm. The world seemed to be concentrated into his blade edge, and every attack he levied carried the air of the master of a spear.

His spear was arrogant, unruly, and unwilling to be blocked or stopped by even the slightest thing. And when it erupted...

It destroyed.

ROAR!

The pores of Leonel's body opened wide and large amounts of Universal Force flooded into his body.

All those that saw this scene were taken aback. Everyone knew that Universal Force was an atmospheric support. It wasn't a Force that could be taken into your body.

Many had tried, only to end up severely injured or even dead. However, the sudden explosion everyone was looking for didn't happen.

The elegant grace of Leonel's spear returned. From elegant to simple and once again back to elegant. He carried the mysteries of the world in his blade and the weight of it on his back.

Leonel exploded forward and the Northern Star pulsed.

Tolliver pierced into Leonel's skin, thrusting itself into the pockets of hidden layers that stored the tattoos that danced across his body, and suddenly the two had become one.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Blackstar's Destruction Idol thrummed and Drake's Idol pierced through the veil.

Leonel appeared before Goddess Evergreen, staring into her lotus pupils with a cold indifference that pierced into her soul.

His spear thrust out and she parried with a palm, striking out at his chest.

Leonel seemed to have already seen through this, using the momentum of the parry to glide his body to the side and make his target small.

Evergreen's palm passed by him and ripped a gash through his military wear and chest with just the wind pressure alone, but Leonel didn't seem to notice as he carried his momentum forward, driving a knee right into her chest.

She actually dared to remain seated when she was facing off against him, and she paid the price for it.

His knee exploded with Gun Force and what must have once been a beautiful chest was minced to pieces.

Evergreen was blown away, but Leonel had already taken a step forward, swinging down his blade with all the force that he could muster.

It truly felt as though the weight of an entire world concentrated onto its tip. Everything happened so fast that others didn't even have time to react to the fact that Leonel was thoroughly beating a God who was already well known for her talent.

Whether it was insight, sharpness, or deduction... she had lost in all aspects but raw power.

However, Evergreen was a ruthless character herself. Despite her injuries, there wasn't the slightest fluctuation in her eyes. Her hands suddenly pressed together in a seal as Leonel's blade was about to cut her in two.

In order to attack her like this, Leonel had to come in between her Dual Idol... and there was a reason that most did not dare.

A grinding force appeared above and below Leonel and his skin instantly erupted into shredded pieces of flesh, in the next instant, it would be his body.

But at that moment, his Spear Dance erupted for the second time in battle, countering the grinding force.

His eyes, even dripping with blood, carried the same coldness.

His spear exploded with strength and drove into Evergreen's head.

This battle was over.

PCHU!

Leonel froze as a bowl-sized hole appeared through his chest.

Evergreen fell toward his Destruction World below, her beautiful head cut in two.

"That's enough." Two more Gods, exuding auras even more powerful than Evergreen, appeared on either side of the spinning lotuses.

- Chapter 3009: Fusing

Chapter 3009: Fusing

Leonel took a breath only to find that he didn't have the lungs to breathe with. Aches and pain wracked his body, as though despite the fact he hadn't taken many injuries during his battle with Evergreen, his body was still reminding him that he was way out of his league.

He took another breath and hacked up blood, but the coldness in his eyes didn't fade. He never lost his focus for even a moment and he had already taken out several lumps of Celestial Terra meat.

The two Gods, Zoltene and another that Leonel didn't recognize, surged forward. This second God was none other than Solaraan, but whatever his name was didn't matter much to Leonel. It made no difference at all.

No matter who stood before him, he would cut them down. That was the promise he had made to himself.

It didn't matter how much his body broke down. It didn't matter what the odds were. It didn't matter that they were existences that had ruled over lands and even time itself for countless years.

None of it mattered.

The halos around Leonel's wrists trembled and his Spear Force surged.

These very same Gods who so many feared were doing their best to ensure that he couldn't heal himself. They were going out of their way to stop him.

They had felt what fear was, but they hadn't let it settle in yet. They still dared to raise their blades, they still dared to attack him, they still dared to insult the dignity of a King.

[Life Steal].

BANG!

Leonel's Spear Force broke into the Middle Creation State and his aura thrummed. Scarlet Star Force thrummed in his kidneys and rampaged throughout his body, fusing with the Universal Force within him to create something new.

Universal Force had always been something that couldn't be incorporated into the body, but when it came to fusing with Forces, it did so with absolute ease. There wasn't a Force in existence that it wasn't compatible with, and now that it was in Leonel's body, it was being forced to follow the path of Leonel's Forces as well.

Creation and Destruction. Destruction and Creation. A cycle of the two that seemed to mean the same thing, and yet represented something entirely different.

One Innate Node was Creation to such an extreme that it became Destruction.

The other Innate Node was Destruction to such an extreme that it became Creation.

When they worked together, they formed a cycle of yin and yang that made Evergreen's lotuses look like nothing more than child's play.

Leonel copied Evergreen's methods into the Life Tablet, used it to analyze them, and then replicated that very same thing with his body.

In an instant, he had created a new Spear Dance that dazzled the world.

He took a step forward as the hole in his chest was quickly patched together. His spear danced through the air, ethereal and hard to grasp. Sometimes it would multiply into thousands, and at other times, it would suddenly fuse into one, erupting with a level of menace and Destruction that couldn't be matched.

Every Force it came across was easily sliced into two. But what made it worse was that these very Forces would wrap around the blade, infusing themselves into Leonel's strike and strengthening it further.

The cycle of Creation and Destruction ground down even the presence of Gods' Idols, forcing them into submission and stripping them of their essence.

Then, they became Leonel's own strength.

Eight enormous palms descended from the skies, each one seemingly being associated with a new and different Race.

Leonel had seen these before. The toddler that was very much not a toddler had a similar ability. It was what revealed to him the Races that were in cahoots with the Nomads.

However, compared to that little kid's palms, these were on an entirely different level.

There was a blue hand with rough skin and dragon claws that looked like it could come from no other Race than the Pluto. When it descended, Leonel felt as though time was distorting and it was difficult to get a grasp on exactly what was happening around him.

There was a hand that reflected the Stars and galaxies. When it descended, space was frozen and a formerly short distance felt like it was light years away.

There was a hand that carried the essence of shadows, hidden and discreet, impossible to track and even more difficult to spot.

The last hand was completely and utterly normal. It could have come from a Nomad, or a Human, or a Cloud Race member. It looked so completely and utterly normal, and yet it also seemed to carry the most mysteries.

When these two sets of four palms appeared, Leonel didn't seem to have anywhere to escape to. There was only death awaiting him.

But then his Spear Dance descended.

The lotuses of Evergreen seemed to have been co-opted, beginning to follow a law that was much higher than their own. Who cared about the cycle of nature when the cycle of creation was right before them all?

The lotuses rotated out of instinct and shredded the attacks of Zoltene and Solaraan apart.

Leonel gasped for breath, but he had already taken another step forward. Blood dripped from him in waves, and the only part of him that didn't seem injured were those eyes.

Deep and unfathomable, unwavering and unmoved in their conviction.

He moved against the Gods with the confidence of a man who stood above the world.

His Mana Core tree rippled behind him, reflecting with his halo, and the Life Tablet shone with a bright light.

BOOM!

Leonel's spear descended and the world seemed to fall into a whirlwind of chaos. There was nowhere to escape to.

It was like even with all these Gods here, Leonel alone controlled life and death.

SHUUUU!

The eight palms in the skies hurriedly overlaid one another, and it was at that moment that down below, Evergreen's split head finished fusing.

Chapter 3010: Button Nose

Leonel felt like the lotuses were about to be stripped from his control. Just as he was about to deal a death blow, Evergreen awoke and her Idol shook. She didn't manage to rip the control back from Leonel immediately, but the slight change was enough for Leonel to be thrown off and for the backlash to cause his inner organs to rupture once again.

Zoltene and Solaraan weren't slow to take advantage. Two of their four palms, each, whistled forward. Even before they reached Leonel, the pressure alone was like a mountain descending from the skies.

Gravity twisted and time stopped. Space compressed and reality folded.

Half of Leonel's body was destroyed in a single instant of time, and it seemed that in the next instant, he would be churned into minced meat.

Taking advantage of Leonel's sudden faltering and the subsequent backlash, Evergreen ripped her lotuses back under her control entirely and then began to grind them downward. Facing attacks from the front, the back, above, and below, there was simply no escape.

BANG!

There was no suspense. Leonel was crushed to ash. Even his blood was minced and compressed at such high pressure that there was nothing but wisps of charcoal remaining, fluttering through the air.

Aina faltered slightly in the skies. She knew how much Leonel and the others were fighting for her, and that because of this she had to do her best to claim victory as quickly as possible, but it was also because of this that she couldn't focus.

"LEONEL!" She roared.

Aina suddenly coughed up a mouthful of blood in agitation and rage as the Brazinger family's Heirloom was wrestled almost completely out of her control.

But the moment she sensed this, her fury seemed to have reached a completely different level.

"GIVE IT TO ME!"

Aina's roar dyed the skies red and this time it was the bearded Brazinger who found himself flying back.

The Brazinger family's Lineage Factor was triggered by Aina's fury and for the first time in a long while, she found herself losing herself to a boiling lust for blood.

This hadn't happened since the Joan Zone so long ago... and even Leonel didn't know why such a thing had only appeared once and then vanished.

He had assumed that maybe it was because of Aina's Clairvoyance.

Ever since Aina could remember, she had always had a voice in her head that told her to kill herself. Of course, this was because her Clairvoyance had already seen through the fact that she was a God Childe and would have to do so to unlock her true potential. But it could be said that this was the one command that she never truly listened to.

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Ever since Aina could remember, she had always had a voice in her head that told her to kill herself. Of course, this was because her Clairvoyance had already seen through the fact that she was a God Childe and would have to do so to unlock her true potential. But it could be said that this was the one command that she never truly listened to.

However, back then, she was doing her best to separate from Leonel. She didn't know anything about his talent at the time and had believed that she would only harm him.

Her thought process was simple. She wanted to kill all the Brazingers first, and only then would Leonel hopefully still be there to wait for her.

That moment in the Joan Zone was actually driven by her Clairvoyance. It wanted her to go all out because it knew that even if she died, there would be something even more mighty waiting for her.

But what her Clairvoyance didn't account for was Leonel almost dying in order to save her.

After seeing the state Leonel ended up in because of her, Aina never went so far again. She didn't want to see Leonel bedridden because of something she did ever again. And ironically, it was exactly this moment that led to her being so overprotective of Leonel, the very thing that led to their breakup in the first place.

However, that moment had other cascading effects... For one... Aina never truly tapped into the greatest strength of her Lineage Factor. She always held back because she didn't want to end up in a situation where Leonel was putting himself on the line for her.

And yet, what happened in this case? Here she was, still struggling with an enemy, while everyone else was on the verge of dying.

She was so furious that she didn't even remember to check the fact her wedding band was still tattooed on her finger.

Aina's hair became blood red, and her eyes followed suit soon afterward. The battle ax trembled fiercely and suddenly began to struggle against the grip of the bearded Brazinger all on its own.

Wings appeared behind Aina, extending out from her hips and her hair grew so long that it formed a river of blood.

Skeletons and melted flesh zombies tried to claw their way out of her hair, but they seemed suppressed by some sort of violent pressure that pushed them down. This pressure didn't come from the universe... but rather, Aina herself.

And now, she suddenly chose to release them.

Howls filled the air as the Brazinger family Heirloom zipped through it, slapping into Aina's palm with a resonant, thunderous BOOM!

At the same time, a shadowy spirit in the form of the Heirloom pulled itself out from the crack in space, ripping through reality and entering the Heirloom at the same time.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

"DIE!"

Aina raised her ax high, and then a shocking scene occurred.

Space rippled and the hook of the battle ax seemed to catch it. Almost like a pin in a blanket, Aina punctured the veil and then ripped it down.

God Runes flooded the surroundings and an ax blade that sundered reality itself peeled down from above, aiming right at Evergreen.

Evergreen's expression changed and chaos reigned on the battlefield.

And yet... as though there weren't enough surprises today, another figure suddenly appeared high in the skies.

It was a young woman with long blue hair and striking blue eyes. She would have been inconspicuous if not for her adorable, button-nosed appearance. She should have been in her twenties, yet she could easily pass off as a naive high school girl still growing into her own.

That was when, before this woman, another crack similar to the one that had just closed on Aina's end appeared.

No one noticed this woman until it was too late and the Adurna were caught off guard.

When Leonel's brothers, beaten and bloodied, looked into the skies, they were caught off guard as well.

Little Nana?

Chapter 3011: Overwhelming

The moment Little Nana appeared, it seemed obvious what her goal was. She caught the Adurna family off guard, and piggybacking off Aina's moment, she reached in and grabbed at the spirit of a shield.

The shield was truly beautiful. It was completely transparent, reflecting various shades of blue as though one was looking at clear ocean waters rather than a treasure. Though... this sort of sight was a treasure in its own right.

"STOP!" The head of the Adurna family brought out the physical shield, and her hair whipped wildly in the air as she tried to fight back.

Little Nana paled as she felt the spirit of the weapon almost slip out of her control. It was clear that the affinity she had for the weapon wasn't nearly as high as Aina's. Or, to speak more conservatively, the gap between herself and the head of the Adurna was far smaller than the gap between Aina and the Brazinger head.

Little Nana's face turned red once more with exertion. She had a look of determination in her eyes, but it was hard for her not to feel despair.

She had come out at the perfect moment, done everything right, but in the end, it felt as though her blood just wasn't pure enough.

This was what hurt the most. She hated the way the Great Families did things, obsessed with their bloodlines, obsessed with their purity. The number of people that they had hurt because of such things was far greater than just Aina alone. She had to watch her own brother being treated as inferior only because he was born with weaker talent than her own.

She wanted to prove them wrong, she wanted to do what Aina had done and slap their faces by having yet another one of their weapons land in the hands of someone with "weak" blood. But now, it looked as though she would fail, and that frustrated her to the point that tears pooled in her eyes.

She grit her teeth and pulled hard, using everything she had in her body, even her very soul and lifespan, but it just didn't seem to budge.

...

Aina didn't seem to have noticed Nana's appearance at all. She was so infuriated that the world was painted in red.

Her blade split the world in two and appeared before Evergreen so quickly that the Goddess didn't seem to have time to react.

Evergreen had used a great deal of her God Force to repair her head and escape death, then she had to wrestle control away from Leonel once again.

Leonel's attack had carried two God Forces, one coming from Blackstar's Destruction Idol and the other coming from Drake's Idol. Resolving those two energies to heal herself had taken a great deal of effort.

But as though that wasn't bad enough, the laws that Leonel controlled were above her own. Her Idol should have been her own personal weapon, but because of the laws she built them on, they were designed to be one with the world and grasp power from the world as well... the true essence of nature.

Because of that, she had to overwhelm Leonel's Creation and Destruction Sovereignty first before she could take control back, and after the bad state she had already been in, this took a great deal out of her. She had barely used what she had left to kill Leonel.

Although Gods could recover with extraordinary speed thanks to their Idols, Aina's fury was simply too fast.

Luckily, she had support. Zoltene and Solaraan were still both present and their floating palms were in the region.

Unluckily... a sea of monstrosities came from Aina's hair. It was like everything and anything she had ever killed came out in droves. They fed on the blood that had already been spilled on the battlefield, especially the God Blood that had come from Evergreen.

The blood of a God contained such overwhelming power that Aina's body overflowed. Her irises became impossible to see as her eyes were replaced by foggy crimson mists. The strength of a single roar rocked the world and the two Nomad Gods were overwhelmed in a single instant of time.

In that moment of utmost fury, Aina grasped a small bit of clarity... just enough to notice that Evergreen was actually a human. No, a Spiritual... No... there didn't seem to be a difference between the two.

"Traitor."

In the madness, this word alone was enough and pierced right into Evergreen's heart.

Aina's coercive voice had returned. It clapped like thunder and collapsed the mind and spirit. Evergreen realized too late that she could do nothing at all as the blade appeared before her.

It was right then that the Primordial Terror slowly looked over. It was highly dissatisfied. These subordinates were absolutely worthless drivel.

It snorted just a single time, and all of Aina's momentum dispersed at once. The river of blood vanished, the skeletons, ghouls, and zombies were blown to ash, and Aina's Heirloom bent back so far that it almost flew out of her hands.

Aina's body froze, not out of fear, but because she felt as though she had met an immovable wall. Veins popped up across her forehead and arms as she tried to press past this wall, but no amount of strength seemed to be enough.

She was right there, just one more step forward. But the power of the Primordial Terror was like an unfathomable chasm.

Right then, as though to pour salt into a wound, the call of a majestic bird pierced through the skies, followed by the roars of a tiger and the thunderous cadence of a dragon.

The Fallen God Beasts were no longer fallen.

They appeared across the horizon, their bodies as large as worlds and their wills no less imposing.

It seemed to be the period at the end of a story, a cap on the skies themselves, and the final swan song of Existence.

Their power was too overwhelming.

Chapter 3012: Why Not?

Aina was finally blown back, unable to withstand the carnage. Up above, Nana seemed to have finally lost her battle. The portal had slipped away into a sliver and was moments from closing. At the same time, Drake tried his best to support James, Joel, and the others, but the tide of enemies was too large. It was even to the point that most of the powerhouses were directly ignoring them, lazily allowing their subordinates to take aim.

There were a lot of sayings for what one would experience when the end of their lives came. But there were a lot fewer when it was about the end of the world.

There might have been a song or two, but nothing as profound or daunting as the real thing. There was nothing as beautiful as seeing one's life in a final spurt of consciousness, there was just nothing but endless suffering and pain.

It was hard to tell what these people even wanted. Sure, maybe the Primordial Terror truly wanted to see the end of everything. As the true Beast of Destruction, that was all it wanted. But what about everyone else?

The irony was that most of them were just selfishly pining after their own desires.

The Four Great Families had just wanted to survive. They did it at the cost of betraying their own Race.

Evergreen was the truest devout follower of nature and the course of it. In her eyes, death and destruction could only give way to life. That was the way things had always been, and that was the way it would always be. The actions of the Gods to try to extend their lives beyond reason had always disgusted her.

The God Beasts wanted a return to their former glory and power... they had been knocked down from their pedestal, so how dare anyone else have the right to rise above them...

Some only wanted short-term gain... some only wanted revenge... some were chasing after something much larger at the expense of everyone else.

But regardless of what it was, the reality was laid out before them all. There was no fighting against this.

They were too weak.

Aina coughed up several mouthfuls of blood so scarlet it hurt to look at. She rolled across the ground and felt as though every bone in her body had just shattered. And yet, she didn't seem to feel the pain. She could only wonder if there was something more that she could have done.

Her husband had always managed to find a way. Was she truly so useless without him?

She suddenly remembered a conversation she had had with Leonel a long time ago. Back then, he admitted that she was more powerful than he was... but then he had said something interesting.

... If we were to fight, I would beat you ten out of ten times... no matter how strong you are...

It should have been an insult, but she had never taken it that way. It was part of what attracted her to Leonel, part of what made him the man she loved so dearly.

He always had the confidence to face off against anything no matter the odds.

Aina weakly lay on the ground, barely able to hold onto the Heirloom of the family she despised the most in one hand, and only able to stare into the skies.

But even so, she used the last bit of her energy to look at her finger. She raised her hand into the skies as though trying to block out the sun, all to look at her left hand.

She stared at the wedding band. Even with the sharp rays of the sun beaming down, it looked so clear in her eyes.

"Can you really do it again...?" she whispered.

She had already reached a point of blind faith in her husband. But even then, right now, she felt like maybe the best chance they had was to just die together.

It was a shame. She had really wanted to see their house full of kids...

Aina took a weak breath and tried to stand. Her wounds had already more than 50% healed. Ancient God or not, the healing capabilities of a Blood Sovereign weren't something that most could fathom.

However, it was when she was using her battle ax to stand once more that a voice echoed through the cosmos.

"[Instant Recovery]."

Aina looked up, recognizing the voice and the skill, but it was hard for her to feel very happy. It didn't seem to change much at all. But at the very least, she could see her husband's face again.

At least, that was what she thought until the voice rang out again.

Leonel, who had been ice-cold these last few hours, suddenly chuckled.

"Wife, what'd I say about believing in me?"

Aina looked up and suddenly felt the urge to roll her eyes. These odds weren't normal odds, alright? How about cutting her a little slack?

Leonel still hadn't appeared. It was as though he was everywhere and nowhere at the same time.

But right at this moment, there was a certain Variant Invalid who was completely infuriated, watching all of his hard work vanish before his eyes.

Before, despite the fact they were perfect for him, Leonel had left the Incomplete Worlds of the Invalids and the worlds of the Fallen God Beasts alone. That was because their worlds were part of the grand plan of breaking through the barrier of the God Realm, and that was precisely what Leonel needed to happen so that the target that was on his back could weaken a bit. If they failed, he would definitely be screwed.

It was ironic. In this cascade of selfish actors, Leonel was definitely one of them, and in the end, he had fed into the plans of the Demoness and the Primordial Terror just like everyone else.

Unlike them, though, he planned to fix it.

Across the Demi-God Realm, Force Arts began to appear one after another.

Leonel needed eight more Incomplete Worlds and he happened to have already analyzed these ones...

So why not take them?

Chapter 3013: Die

If Leonel was being honest with himself, the situation wasn't ideal. Of these eight Incomplete Worlds, he would only really like three of them.

The first was the most obvious: the Incomplete World of the Invalids. This was their strongest world, one that was already comparable to a God Realm.

The reason this was perfect for him was precisely related to the last large breakthrough he had had in his comprehension of Destruction and Creation. That had allowed him to gain four Sovereignties, two Destruction Sovereignties, and two Creation Sovereignties. The two formed a cycle with one another, splitting into pairs and occupying one of his Innate Nodes each.

One of his Innate Nodes represented Creation taken to an extreme and ultimately leading to Destruction.

The other of his Innate Nodes represented Destruction taken to an extreme and ultimately leading to Creation.

The differences were subtle, but with both having taken on the character of two Sovereignties, the power of his Innate Nodes had reached another level entirely. Right now, even if there were higher Forces on the rankings, Leonel didn't believe that he would ever swap out his Scarlet Star Force for any one of them.

The remaining two Incomplete Worlds were attached to the Fallen God Beasts and the Owlans respectively. These worlds were obscure and not even used by these two Races as anything more than a countermeasure and a backup plan. However, they were key to the plan as they were conduits to allow communication between the Incomplete Worlds of the Invalids and the Complete Worlds of the Owlans and Fallen God Beasts.

The Fallen God Beast Incomplete World was perfect for Leonel's physique. He had already sacrificed his Northern Star Lineage Factor for the sake of increasing his constitution, and this Incomplete World perfectly filled in that role.

The Owlans World was, unsurprisingly, perfect for his Crafting. Of course, it wasn't as simple as the world representing Crafting. The umbrella of Crafting encompassed too many things for a single Incomplete World to be able to cover them all. Instead, it was more accurate to say that if the Invalids' worlds represented Destruction, then this world represented a special type of Creation, one that could breathe life into the influence of the mind.

It was a world that heavily favored Dream Force, and where the Dream Plane practically became a blank piece of paper where one could draw whatever they wanted into existence.

These three Incomplete Worlds were perfect for Leonel, and if he had a choice, he would just take them and ignore everything else.

But he didn't have a choice.

As such, he could only forego the perfect set of Incomplete Worlds and exchange them for the power that he needed right here and right now.

For the last five Incomplete Worlds he needed, he filled them with the Invalid Incomplete Worlds that he had already wiped clean, taking them in and linking them.

Leonel had already had this plan in mind the moment the portal to the God Realm was open because it was clear that at that point, the Incomplete Worlds were no longer needed. The problem he was facing was a matter of how.

He originally planned to find a chance to escape the battlefield, but then the Brazingers appeared and Aina ended up losing her Heirloom.

At that point, there was no way that he would leave his wife behind.

Someone else might have been frustrated by the turn of events, but Leonel might have changed once again, but he hadn't forgotten his promises.

There was a point in his life where he cared so little about the world around him that he felt like the only thing that mattered was his own happiness and that of those he loved the most dearly.

That was no longer necessarily the case. He had begun to feel some responsibility for the world again, especially when he heard the cries of the Northern Star that he had always taken as a boogeyman of sorts.

However... hell would freeze over before he would allow his wife to suffer the slightest inconvenience.

So, even though it wasn't the easiest path, he had chosen to take the one that would satisfy his wife, himself, and the world.

He abandoned his body, fused his soul into the Dream Plane, and contacted all of the planes at the same time.

The strength of a Life State Dream Force was already capable of communicating with the Dream Plane in these worlds. However, most wouldn't, especially not when it left your soul so vulnerable.

It could be said that Leonel suddenly entering the Dream Plane in the midst of so many Gods took balls heavier than Stars themselves. Yet, not only had he done it, he had expanded his soul across worlds, communicating with them all...

And then refining them.

The moment he spoke the words the Gods hadn't heard in generations, a humanoid figure that seemed large enough to match the Primordial Terror appeared high in the skies.

His body thrummed with lights of gold, and for a moment... he seemed to be an Idol in and of himself.

Leonel could feel the power of his Stars being drummed up to another level entirely, and though the Incomplete Worlds that he had chosen weren't perfect in every way, there was no denying their power.

His body shook, and it was then that everyone seemed to notice that Leonel's Destruction World had never vanished. It stood there, tall and proud, protecting his brothers and his wife...

Before it suddenly violently expanded.

From a few dozen meters, to a few hundred meters. Then from a few hundred meters, to several kilometers.

The true strength of Final Destruction bloomed and it no longer seemed to care about the suppression of Gods in the slightest.

If before, the flood of power from Blackstar and Drake had been filtered through a tiny hole, the real floodgates had suddenly opened. Now, he could use their true power. "Die."

Chapter 3014: Synonymous

Leonel's voice suddenly became frighteningly cold. His body hadn't even fully reformed yet as God Runes soared through the air and implanted themselves within him. [Instant Recovery] was being pushed to the very limits, and that was precisely Leonel's intention.

The purpose of [Instant Recovery] was to return to one's peak condition, but its actions and execution were variable. The first variable was the level of the Northern Star Lineage Factor that you had reached. Back then, because Leonel had only reached the Snowy Star Owl level, it was difficult for him to heal from an injury like the one Amery had left on him.

However, now, Leonel had not only integrated with the perfect Northern Star Lineage Factor but also had the support of Tolliver. In the grinding and destruction of his body, he had hidden Tolliver's soul in his Ethereal Glabella. Both of their bodies had been destroyed at once, but that didn't stop them from piggybacking off of one another to maximize the use of this [Instant Recovery].

And the second variable was, of course, what did peak condition mean? Obviously, that should refer to whatever Leonel's peak state was. But what if he was in the middle of a breakthrough and used [Instant Recovery]? For every second that passed, the definition of Leonel's "peak condition" changed, and due to that, [Instant Recovery] had to continuously add more and more energy to make up for it.

Leonel was essentially using [Instant Recovery] as a cheat to quickly gather up vast stores of energy, and he was relying on his Stars to incorporate with and withstand that large influx of energy. His body was quickly becoming more and more perfect, but he struck down with impunity.

BANG!

He had unlocked an infinite energy glitch in reality itself, and he was going to use it.

Evergreen, Zoltene, and Solaraan were enveloped by a palm. They all let out roars, but Leonel's strength was easily tens of times what it had been before. Before anyone could

react, the palm landed and silence rose into the skies. When everyone saw the result, they felt their hearts tremble.

Solaraan was dead.

Evergreen was so badly mutilated that it was hard to tell she had ever been a person to begin with.

Zoltene barely managed to prop himself up, but his previous calm indifference had vanished into the wind. It felt like he was experiencing the greatest humiliation of his life.

"[Arise]," Leonel said coldly.

[Instant Recovery] pulled in even more vast stores of energy in an attempt to keep Leonel's mind from being instantly drained. This time, he was trying to make a real God into his puppet. The amount of energy required couldn't be explained in just a few words.

BANG!

Solaraan's body and soul exploded, but Leonel only released a snort, his enormous body grabbing out.

"[Assimilate]."

He raised his large golden arms into the world and formed a bow that shocked the soul. He raised it up to the oncoming God Beasts in the distance and a sardonic grin quirked his lips.

BANG!

Solaraan's life and vitality were all concentrated into this bow.

The Fallen God Beasts, now evolved to become God Beasts once more, had only just arrived on a rainbow of glory, only for a bloody trail to follow them.

The head of a Celestial Storm shattered... a vibrating, rotating hole was torn through the wing of a Celestial Ember that tried in vain to dodge to the side... a White Spectral Tiger tried to use space to dodge out of the way, only to feel its control over it collapse and explode, killing it beneath its own abilities.

The Celestial Ember that thought it had managed to survive with a crippled wing was only happy for a short moment before its entire body exploded, an overwhelming, flaming intent eating it alive.

One arrow, three Gods down.

"ENOUGH!"

The roar of the Primordial Terror echoed.

Thunder boomed, and the skies caved in. Many weaker existences found themselves falling to their knees, unable to keep up. The absolute weakest among them bled from their orifices, dying outright.

The rage of a Primordial Terror could paint the skies in red. They were the very essence of Destruction itself, they were the harbingers of death, the knights of the end of all things...

And Leonel didn't care.

Why had the Primordial Terror acted to stop Aina earlier but did nothing to stop Leonel's palm?

The answer seemed to be that Leonel had just acted too fast... but was that really true when you were talking about an existence of this caliber? No matter how much "infinite energy" Leonel felt that he had, he still knew it was nothing in the face of this behemoth.

Leonel knew the truth.

The Primordial Terror didn't stop him because it couldn't. This concentration of pure Creation was precisely what it couldn't stand the most.

Leonel grabbed at the air, three beast corpses the size of worlds appearing in his grasp.

His other hand moved, and he ripped the souls from their bodies.

"[Assimilate]."

Three arrows formed, one wrapped in raging green storms, the second wrapped in violent spatial tears, and the last blazing with crimson gold flames.

The corpses vanished, and he nocked all three arrows at once, his breathing perfectly in tune with the world.

Every single one of them aimed at the Adurna family battleship.

"Who told you that you could bully one of my own?" Leonel asked, his voice as cold as ice.

The Adurna family head felt her soul leave her body.

In that fleeting second of horror, Nana, who was still doing her very best, managed to squeeze the crevice that was about to close back open again.

Leonel's gaze flashed with a cold light, and he released all three arrows at once.

He had said it already. He didn't care what the odds were; he would find a way.

Today, the name Leonel Morales would be synonymous with fear.

Chapter 3015: Three Arrows

Leonel's arrows didn't even seem like normal attacks anymore. Instead, they seemed to be like natural disasters.

One carried the essence of a storm, blowing and shredding apart everything in its path.

Another carried blades of space that distorted everything they came across, crushing and grinding it to dust.

The last was like a blazing inferno, scorching everything and carrying a hidden heart of fury. Despite the power of the first two, this one still somehow seemed to be the most powerful despite also being the simplest.

The Ember Force of the Celestial Embers was like play putty in Leonel's palms, bending to his will and accepting his grace as though he was the one and only true overlord of flames.

The panic in the eyes of the Adurna family was palpable. The defenses of their battleship were quickly pulled up and a large amount of Force poured in from all directions.

BANG!

The first Celestial Storm arrow landed. It clanged against the defensive shields, whipping winds convulsing as strikes of lightning came down from above in a booming cadence.

The shield shook and quaked, but eventually managed to remain firm. Unfortunately, this was only the beginning.

The White Spectral Tiger arrow came afterward with an instant ferocity. Although it was an arrow, when one looked at it, it felt as though they were staring into the maw of a roaring tiger or watching as a mighty claw descended from the skies.

Although it was just an illusion, it felt like no matter what they did, it would be entirely impossible for them to ever block such a blow. Just the artistic conception alone felt too perfect... as though they weren't even staring at the White Spectral Tiger any longer, but rather the Borne Banes of the past.

They realized too late that this artistic conception was so perfect precisely because of the existence of King's Might.

Everyone else could only look up in shock and horror at these majestic beasts, but when Leonel looked at them... he only saw a series of Force Arts.

BOOM! CHI! CHI! CHI! CHI! CHI!

The White Spectral Tiger arrow was different. Rather than being an area of effect assault, encompassing the entire shield like the Celestial Storm arrow had, this arrow instead formed a burrowing drill. Various shades of black and silver spun around one another in a vicious cycle as they rotated at high speeds, focusing on a single weak point of the shield.

Sparks flew and the embers that formed set fire to the world below. The energy scattered through the armies, and they found themselves dying by the droves. Hundreds of Owlans didn't even have the chance to defend themselves before they were burnt to ash or shredded to pieces by the spatial storm.

BOOM!

The arrow shattered apart, the shield still managing to remain. However, by this point, the cracks had already begun to spread, jetting out in all directions as though they were racing through a jagged maze. Sometimes cracks would suddenly meet and fuse into one another, forming a much larger piece of substantial damage that made the hearts of the Adurnas inside shudder...

That was because they knew that a third arrow was still coming.

The shield was already rapidly absorbing energy from the surroundings to heal itself. It was clear at a glance that this was a truly magnificent creation. It was likely that even if the Primordial Terror attacked this shield, it was unlikely to be able to destroy it in a single blow.

But there was a difference between Leonel and the Primordial Terror.

Leonel was a God Armament Crafter and a citizen of Earth.

These battleships were likely things that the people of this world had never seen before. It wasn't that they didn't have battleships, but rather that they had never seen battleships in this form factor.

But he had.

And to him, it was nothing more than child's play.

BOOM!

The third arrow landed.

People expected a huge commotion; maybe sparks would fly like before, or maybe it would trigger an area of effect cascade that enveloped the entire shield in flames and burnt it to ash.

However, this wasn't what happened.

The blazing inferno of the arrow suddenly concentrated into a single line, so concentrated that it no longer looked like an arrow of fire, but rather a perfectly polished ruby that had taken the shape of an arrow. It looked so gorgeous that it felt more appropriate for it to be on display in a case or an auction rather than being used to attack. Even the sharpest Bowman in the world would feel hesitant to fire such a beautiful arrow.

And it was precisely this arrow that pierced right through the shield as though it wasn't there, leaving behind a hole so tiny that even with all these experts around, many had to squint just to see it...

But that squinting wouldn't take place now... because they were too focused on where the arrow appeared.

It whizzed through the air so fast that if one blinked even a single time, they would miss it. And even if you kept your eyes peeled, your strength might not be great enough to deserve to witness its strike.

In that instant, it had already appeared before the eyes of the Adurna family head.

Her eyes widened, and her heart plunged down to the depths of hell.

She had no choice but to erupt with her greatest strength, bringing out the Adurna shield to block in front of her at the same time her skin became a reflective, gem-like consistency. It looked as though she had coated herself in perfectly sculpted glass-like scales in the shape of delicate ovals. And yet, despite how delicate it seemed, the strength they exuded was on another level entirely.

BOOM!

The arrow collided against the shield, and she was sent flying backward. She moved back so fast that she seemed to be a streaking meteor, slaughtering hundreds of Adurna who were unlucky enough to be in the way.

Chapter 3016: Come!

Little Nana realized that this was an opportunity that Leonel had grasped for her, and she unleashed a delicate roar. With a rush of energy, the spirit of the Adurna shield was wrestled back into her control. The split in space opened wide, and she reached out her little hands, grasping the spirit and pressing it against her chest.

Little Nana felt a sharp pain, but she gritted her teeth as blood seeped through them. The spirit rampaged through her Nodal Pathways as though trying to find room for itself and then rushed upward, spiraling through her spinal cord, digging into her brain, and plunging into her Ethereal Glabella.

Tears of crimson fell from Little Nana's eyes, and she seemed about to die at any moment. It was ultimately too much for her. However, she continued to grit her teeth. Even though she knew that she would die, she would definitely take this spirit with her.

Although it couldn't be destroyed, she could fling it somewhere the Adurna would never be able to find without millions more years of effort. At the very least, then, she would have done her part. The Four Spirits were weapon souls; this much was obvious enough. But this didn't do justice to the kind of shocking reality this was.

The Life Grade was known as the pinnacle of craftsmanship, and it was a process of melding ingredients so perfectly that a treasure could act much like a novel Force of its own, having its own tendencies and personality. However, these so-called tendencies and personalities were just illusions, much the same for Forces.

A long while ago, Leonel had stumbled onto a mine that had sucked an entire region dry of its resources because of its so-called "personality." However, was the Force a real living thing? Absolutely not. Rather, it was more like a law of the universe, and it had instincts that followed those laws. The weapons of the Life Grade were much the same. Not one of Leonel's Crafts was going to just get up and start talking to him any time soon. These Spirits, however... well, they still weren't true living existences and were just bundles of instinct. The difference was that they didn't rely on materials but were self-sufficient.

They were a weapon that existed at the very pinnacle of the Life Grade because rather than gaining their instinct through the fusion of several already existing Forces and Ores, they gained them through... Idols. The Four Spirits of the Four Great Families were Inherited Idols Crafted into weapons, and by virtue of this, they were an existence that stood on a level all their own when it came to other Life Grade weapons.

Although they weren't considered God Armaments because they didn't necessarily meet the requirements outside of special circumstances, they were no weaker than the top God Armaments on the list, and maybe even more powerful than them. And, what was most shocking was that as Idols, they were capable of giving one access to the power of an Idol, but there was a weakness...

The so-called special circumstance needed for them to be used as God Armaments relied on bloodline purity. Part of the reason the Four Great Families were so obsessed with purity was because this was the only way to make use of the Armaments.

Unfortunately for Little Nana, the Spirit was dissatisfied with her Bloodline Purity. But it was only a bundle of instincts. Since it was dissatisfied, it could only make room for itself the only way it knew, and that had led to Little Nana's body reaching a half-dead state.

Leonel saw this and wanted to help, but before he could even think of a method, he was already being besieged. Several battleship cannons aimed toward him, and the feeling of danger spiked. If these battleships scaled anything like the starships of the Dimensional Verse, the danger didn't need to be explained.

If just one of these cannons landed squarely, a God like Evergreen would be easily blasted to smithereens. Plus, he was such a large target right now. Leonel's gaze became cold. He would just have to trust Little Nana to take the next steps on her own. However, he did say something first.

"Don't let a lifeless shell dictate what you can and can't do." Leonel's voice penetrated into Little Nana's mind as he suddenly slammed his palms together.

The world thrummed and shook as an enormous golden key appeared and slammed down before him.

Just when it seemed like Leonel was about to use this key to set up a Domain, he actually slammed out a palm and shattered it. Right now, he was too large to use his usual weapons... so he would just have to make a new one.

He grabbed at the air, and Tolliver, who had been dormant, hiding away in his Ethereal Glabella, suddenly thrummed with life.

From deep within Owlán territory, the two Truth Pillars seemed to have sensed something and soared into the skies. ... On the ground, Aina's gaze was slowly solidifying. She looked at the enormous golden figure in the skies that was her husband.

Fluttering white feathers with an aura of gold cascaded around him, and despite being the weakest of Dimension on this entire battlefield, he still managed to be the center of attention.

She coughed and wiped the last bit of blood from her body, her state already returning to over 90%. In that case, she would have to stop moping around and do her part. Her heart thrummed, and her manifestation appeared high in the skies once again. But this time... it, too, was holding the Brazinger battle ax.

Aina's aura soared to a new level entirely, and she took a step forward. She really wanted to see if the Primordial Terror would still dare to stop her from killing. ... Leonel's gaze blazed with battle intent, and he waved a hand, the World Spirit of the golden key being wrestled into his control as bits and pieces of its former form whipped about. "Come!" He roared. At that moment, the two Pillars of Truth rushed toward him.

Chapter 3017: I Guess I Am

BOOM! BOOM! Minerva's eyes opened wide. The moment the carnage and destruction began, she had been forcefully taken away by her parents. Although she had completely formed her God Constitution now, she was still much too weak to participate in a battle of this level.

In the end, she could only grit her teeth and watch from afar. However, when the Pillars of Truth appeared, her pupils couldn't help but tremble. Those pillars were the treasure of their Minerva Race. They had been passed down for generations, but they had never reacted like this at all.

It was just unfortunate for Minerva that she wasn't aware of the history. And those Owlans that did... well, their gazes could only become incredibly solemn... even Elysium. And yet, not a single one of them did anything about it because they knew that it was entirely useless.

What was the purpose of the Pillars of Truth? The obvious answer was that they could test the grades of crafts, but that was surface level to their abilities, a history that Leonel was well aware of.

The Pillars of Truth had a far more important purpose, or else it would be impossible to spend so much effort on two treasures. Just think about it for a moment. Master Crafters wouldn't be Master Crafters if they couldn't analyze the good and the bad of their own Crafts. If they couldn't do at least that, they might as well give up on the profession entirely. In fact, even lower class Crafters had this ability so long as the treasure was within striking distance of them.

Pouring so many resources into a pillar just to tell you things that you already knew was the pinnacle of foolishness. Still, rich people tended to spend their money on foolish things. Who was to say the Minerva hadn't created it just because they could?

But the real reason was much deeper. The first was surface level again. The 99 leaves of the pillars represented the pinnacle of Minerva innovation. The existence of the pillar was like telling others that this was a height that they could never achieve. Since the Minerva could create a treasure to sense this grade, it also meant that they could easily create a treasure of such a grade.

The second reason... was to pick the Head of the Minerva Race. Only by surpassing all other Crafters would you be worthy. Or, most accurately... only by increasing the standards of the pillar.

99 runes had always been the peak, but what the peak meant changed with every passing generation. The Minerva had a very strong culture, and they were also very strict. Crafters of new generations had an advantage over the old because they had an additional pair of shoulders to stand on. As a result, only by surpassing the old could you be worthy of being at least comparable to them.

It was a simple logic that made perfect sense and it was also one that made the commitment the Minerva had to innovation and progression obvious.

What was amusing this time, though... was that Leonel didn't yet have the ability to light up all 99 runes. He had improved greatly, but he wasn't yet on that level. Unfortunately for the Owlans, neither could they.

The Minerva were an intelligent Race that realized as hard as they pushed for innovation, it was impossible for every generation to be better than the one that came before it no matter how many shoulders there were to stand on.

Sometimes, the path previous generations had followed led to a dead end, and then it would be up to the new generation to forge a new one. How could they be expected to surpass the old in that situation?

In the end, the Pillars of Truth were also designed to weaken their standards if enough time passed...

And who thought the Owlans would have fallen so far? They had put so much effort into becoming powerful combatants that they no longer had Crafters capable of standing toe to toe with Leonel. But that still left one question.

The Minerva weren't stupid. How could they allow one of their treasures to fall into the hands of an outsider? Even if a better Crafter came around, it wasn't just like they'd let them take what they wanted without regard.

So how had Leonel done it?

The answer was simple. Didn't Leonel have their magnum opus in his hands? The Segmented Cube wasn't just meant to be another Craft, it was a method of the Minerva

to save themselves. They were creating a new world in hopes that it could survive even without the support of the Northern Star.

In the end, they failed miserably and even ended up destroying themselves in the process, on top of leaving Anastasia in an odd limbo state where she was more person-like than any World Spirit before her, but still not quite living.

This was all to say that... Anastasia had all the protocols necessary to control the treasures of the Pillar of Truth, and there was no one in the Owlans good enough to override her. So...

If Anastasia said Leonel was an Owlman, well...

Leonel grinned.

"I guess I'm an Owlman."

BOOM!

Leonel reached out and the Pillars of Truth slammed into his palms. Energies swirled and Little Tolly thrummed with life, growing so large and expansive that it even compared to Leonel in size.

Leonel took a breath as the beams of light came to him and soon a beautiful spear had formed in his large hands.

It had runes that looked like delicate leaves running up the side of its body and a head of gold. The blade shone menacingly in the light and it gathered up all the truth in the world, responding to Leonel's call.

Leonel took a step forward and an armor swirled around his body.

The Pillar lit up and in an instant, over 50 runes shone down on the skies and the laws of the world bowed to Leonel.

Chapter 3018: The Reason

Leonel swung his spear down just a single time and the world roared. He barely had to put much effort in at all. The Pillars of Truth were the closest thing to all-encompassing Idols. They worked by reading the laws of the world and capitalizing on them to read the potential of the treasures in front of them.

As such, the Pillars of Truth were Regulators in some senses and a Force of their own in others.

They weren't quite like the weapons of the Four Great Families and they weren't designed to be weapons in the first place. But...

They were close enough.

Leonel's Crafting skill was on display for the world to see. If he had had a few days... no, even a few hours, just how many runes would have lit up? How much more powerful would the spear he was wielding be?

And yet, in just a few seconds...

BOOM!

The beams of light shattered apart. Those with sharp vision could see that it had almost nothing to do with Leonel's strength. It was like the laws of the world had acted on their own, shredding it apart.

These people had surely overestimated Leonel. He hadn't just thought of this on the spot. He had had this design in mind for a long time already, but he was missing the pieces he needed.

Who knew that Willowyn would deliver them to him with open arms?

The golden key's ability to stabilize and form a world of its own was exactly the bridge connection the Pillars of Truth needed to go from treasures that just read the laws to treasures that acted with and controlled the laws.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The destructive laws rushed along the beams and back toward the battleships. They thrummed and shook before flames erupted across their bodies.

Screams filled the skies and the Four Great Families were filled with horror as they witnessed a massacre.

But Leonel had already turned his attention away from them, his gaze looking down and across to meet the deep brown gaze of the Primordial Terror.

Leonel had known from the very beginning that unless this Primordial Terror was dealt with, there would be no peace today. He could kill as much as he wanted, he could devastate the Four Great Families and the Gods that followed along with this farce. But unless the head of this turtle was put into a jar...

It would all be for naught.

He had brought out everything he had. Every fleeting thought, every sudden plot, every inch of his brain power had been poured into this moment.

Right now, this was the absolute greatest strength that he could pull out on such short notice. He simply had nothing more to give.

If this wasn't enough, he would have lied to his wife and in the end... they might truly have to die together.

He would never allow that.

Leonel's gaze turned subtly to the struggling Nana. Blood poured out from her orifices, but she had a stubborn look in her blue eyes.

He turned toward his brothers. They were still fighting a bloody battle below. They were broken and torn, but they stood their ground, and with the support of Drake's sniper rifle to their back, they were mowing down the enemies below. Their teamwork was simply seamless.

He looked toward his wife. She had a foot pressed down on Evergreen's chest, having minced it into nothing more than a pile of flesh. Her battle ax fell and the head of a God flew into the skies.

Aina seemed to sense his gaze and she looked up as well. The blood of Gods covered her from head to toe, her hair forming a long river of crimson that skeletons continuously climbed out of, unleashing unholy hell onto the surroundings.

And yet, when she gave him a light smile, it seemed as though everything else had faded away. She had a touch of beauty to her that no other woman he had ever seen could match up to. He didn't care what anyone else said. She was the most gorgeous woman in the world.

A crown of violet appeared above Leonel's head and his aura flared.

BOOM!

His Dream Force transcended, moving from the Higher Creation State to the Peak.

Gorgeous violet winds, motes of light, and butterflies fluttered around him.

"I guess I was wrong. I do have more to give."

Leonel's Innate Nodes thrummed and Tolliver formed an enormous pair of silver-gold wings to his back.

Blackstar morphed and changed, becoming an enormous Void Beast.

ROAR!

Dense darkness matched with peerless light as Leonel raised a spear.

He, himself, looked incorporeal, as though motes of gold light had come together to form him.

Blackstar's roar seemed to have completely shed the last bits of his childish innocence.

"Die."

Leonel's voice rumbled, carrying the cadence of the world. The power of Alexandre's Ability Index shook the world.

It was just a single word but it carried everything that Leonel had in him.

In a single bound, he appeared before the Primordial Terror and slashed down. He gave it everything he had and he would never give it anything less in a battle of this caliber.

This thing was the root of all the evil in the world, it was the root of every horrible thing that he had experienced in his life, it was the reason that the world would inevitably come to an end.

It was the reason his uncle was nowhere to be seen, the reason his father had died, the reason his wife had been so heavily injured.

It was the reason he had once almost lost his mind, the reason his life was nothing but fighting and bloodshed, the reason he couldn't start a family with his wife.

The violet winds blew even harsher around Leonel, crashing wills of Creation and Destruction forming a contradictory storm.

"So it's you," the Primordial Terror suddenly spoke and the world lost its momentum as though it had just been erased. "That makes things easy, then."

Leonel couldn't react.

The spear he had just created was shattered into a rain of pieces. The treasure of the Minerva could stand up to a single blow, and neither could he.

His figure was blown back, the motes of light shattering and the violet winds dispersing as though they had never been there.

Finally, his crown winked out of existence.

Chapter 3019: Peace

Leonel felt his consciousness nearly blink out of existence. If not for the fact that [Instant Recovery] was still active, maybe it truly would have. He felt, facing this force, that his own Destruction was far too lacking.

His Destruction World cracked and nearly crumbled. He barely managed to hold it together with a strand of consciousness. He knew that the moment it disappeared, his brothers would lose one of their main supports. Anything could happen to him, but he refused to allow anything to happen to them.

He had promised... He had promised...

Leonel coughed up a mouthful of blood, or rather, he thought that that was what happened. But everyone saw something completely different. It was like bits and pieces of his soul were being expelled. He barely managed to keep it together when his mouth was closed, but the moment it was forced out, Runes of Destruction flashed and burnt those pieces to ash.

Just a single casual motion from the Primordial Terror had almost destroyed him down to his very essence. Even [Instant Recovery] couldn't seem to keep up. As fast as he was recovering, his soul was trying to dissipate at double the speed. It didn't even seem like he was being attacked, but rather that his soul was taking the initiative to disperse on its own, unwilling to remain in the world.

Leonel landed on the ground heavily, the shards of the Pillar of Truth scattering across the wall and falling like meteors. The destruction was grand, but they had little to do with him at all. Aina's eyes widened in the distance. Her instinct was to run over, but her feet were rooted in place by the logical voice in her mind. Nana faltered for only a moment as tears of blood fell from her eyes. The strain was great, but as great as it was, she knew that she couldn't give up now. Leonel's last words still rang in her ears. No matter what... she had to take the shield.

The eyes of Leonel's brothers turned bloodshot. Their weapons cut with greater ferocity and they unloaded their guns without the slightest intention of conserving their strength. If only they could kill faster, if only they could wipe this army out fast enough, maybe they would be able to help in some small way.

Leonel coughed up a mouthful of soul once again and his weakness was practically palpable. His large golden avatar collapsed and the silver wings formed by Tolliver wilted. He weakly tried to communicate with his Metal Spirit, but there was no response from Tolliver at all.

Leonel felt as though a blade was cutting into his heart. Tolliver had been following him for so long. It had always been by his side, and though it had a little rivalry with Blackstar, it never caused him problems. The world thought that he had a lot of strengths, but his greatest strength was probably the Metal Spirit that had kicked off his Crafting journey to begin with. And now...

A great amount of rage filled Leonel's heart, but there was nothing that he could do. Fury did nothing for him at all. It just fell into an endless, fathomless pit, doing nothing for his body at all.

"Are you angry?"

The rumbling voice echoed. Leonel couldn't even lift his head up to see who spoke, but even if he didn't have such a great memory, it would be impossible for him to forget this voice... because it was impossible for anyone to forget it. When the Primordial Terror spoke, it was like the world shuddered. The voice was so deep that one's bones vibrated and one's inner organs shifted and quaked. It was as unfathomable as an abyss and as endless as the void itself.

"You have no right to feel anger."

The Primordial Terror's voice continued to rumble. It didn't seem like it was shouting, but the world reacted no differently.

"I should have known by your smug smile and careless words who you were. Blessed by the Northern Star, granted talent beyond what most could imagine, with a mind that easily comprehends the most complex things... not only were you granted everything and deserve nothing, but you actually had the audacity to stand in my way before you had fully grown.

"And for what? A woman and her tantrum?"

Aina's heart shook, understanding what the Primordial Terror was referring to immediately. Tears fell from her eyes.

"Why bet on a person as foolish as you? The Northern Star granted you everything, but what did it give me?"

"I see nothing but endless abysses. My mind plays the Destruction of worlds and the collapse of everything I know. I feel the urge to kill my brothers, my siblings, my wives, my parents, my family.

"And I can't control any of it."

Every word spoken was perfectly spaced, almost as though they were just as perfectly picked. Not a single one was out of place and it seemed like these words had been beating in the Primordial Terror's heart for eons.

"Do you know why that is? Violet Winds?" The Primordial Terror continued calmly. "It's because Existence needs balance. So that you can be happy, I must suffer. So you can be powerful, I must be weak.

"You enjoy laughter and jokes, do you not? Surely, you should laugh at such a thing. It's a joke that the Northern Star plays on you as well.

"I exist to make you suffer so that you can push through and evolve. Don't mistake its favor toward you for goodwill. It will never allow you to break its rules, as it won't allow me to break them either.

"So I have played their game to this point, and today, I will lay the final steps of my plan. Since I was created to destroy, I will do exactly that.

"Very soon, the world will cease to be in its entirety. And when that time comes, I will finally be at peace."

Chapter 3020: You Win

The Primordial Terror was nothing but a hamster that had grown strong enough to step out of its wheel. It saw the world for what it truly was, and it was because it did that it knew that there was no escape. It thought by becoming strong enough, it would be able to escape its fate, only to realize that it had bound itself even more firmly to it. Now, the Northern Star took him to be the only arbitrator of Destruction, the main cog. Even if he wanted to die, he couldn't. The thoughts never stopped, and they only grew stronger. Destroy. Destroy. Destroy. Leonel looked up into the skies because it was the only thing he could look at. He coughed again and his soul dispersed some more. By this point, he had already tried several times to get up, but nothing he did worked. His body was broken down to practically ash. [Instant Recovery] was rumbling, but it was too diluted, focused on trying to recover a soul that couldn't seem to be recovered no matter how hard it tried. I promised...

The words echoed in his ears again and again, and he couldn't seem to hear the words of the Primordial Terror at all. He didn't care about its sob story. He didn't care whether the Northern Star had picked him or not. He just wanted to get up. He just wanted to do what he said he would do.

Tears fell from Aina's cheeks in droplets. Each one seemed to contain a hidden, reflective crimson that vanished the instant you stared too closely. She could feel Leonel's thoughts more clearly than anyone else. Although he had shut out all

distracting thoughts in order to focus and didn't feel hers as clearly, she had no such qualms. Every single attempt to get up was like another dagger through her. She covered her mouth with a hand, trying to prevent herself from convulsing into a mess. Even the three God corpses that were littered around her didn't make her feel even the slightest bit better. Even if it had been the corpses of the Brazinger family laying around her, it wouldn't have mattered. She had realized the moment she took Leonel's last name that nothing mattered to her more than he did. She had once said that she would only change her name the moment the Brazingers most wanted her to keep it. But she forgot all about it the moment Leonel proposed. It was like anything she went through would be fine so long as she was by his side. Their problems of the past felt so insignificant, and there were many decisions that she had made then that she would never make now. But now, none of it seemed to matter. She bit her lip so hard that more blood fell, rolling down her chin and falling to the ground. Her gaze was entirely crimson and she seemed to have sworn something in her heart. If Leonel died, then there was nothing else that mattered anyway.

Leonel coughed again. What must have been at least half his soul was gone. He wasn't used to his soul feeling so weak. It was his greatest strength. And yet...

"You need me."

The voice echoed in Leonel's head, but it certainly wasn't the Primordial Terror this time. Leonel continued looking into the skies as though he hadn't heard it at all. The sound of rattling chains echoed in his mind and a hidden crimson reflected in his pupils.

"So stubborn. I guess you haven't changed as much as you thought."

Leonel turned a deaf ear. His mind was too focused. He needed a way out, and he needed it now. He was the beating heart of his group, he couldn't die now. He had too much to do, too many people to support, too much revenge to claim.

"Look at that. Your little wife is crying. She looks like she's ready to do something pretty crazy. What do you think would happen if she took the Brazinger Heirloom's soul into her body?"

Leonel still didn't respond.

"Your brothers are holding up pretty well. How long do you think they'd last without you, though?"

The skies seemed to swirl with crimson colors as time slowed to a crawl. Every breath felt like it took years. Even as Leonel's thinking speed slowed with the injuries to his soul, it was still incomparably fast compared to everything else.

"Think about it. They have Incomplete Worlds to bolster them now, but how much energy is it going to take them to improve now? Without a resource bank like you, this

will probably be as far as they go in their lives. And now, thanks to you, they've gone and offended practically the entire world. They can't improve, they're stuck at this strength, and they've offended everybody. You've really gone and screwed them over, huh?"

A hollow chuckle rang out.

"Then what about your little wife? The moment you die, she's definitely going to lose her mind. But she doesn't have the necessary strength either. She's the only one even remotely close to as talented as you, but you didn't give her the chance to grow either. "She was right, you know. You keep jumping into danger. And somehow, you've regressed back to your old self. You want to play hero and hold back with your current strength? Who do you think you are? "I guess when you're dead, you won't have to be there to witness your little wife become a breeding tool for the Invalids. I'm sure they'll treat her well and pamper her more than you ever have."

The skies turned entirely crimson in Leonel's eyes. At the moment, his expression was as calm as water.

"I guess I haven't changed at all, huh...?" he said to himself.

"Alright, you win."

His voice echoed with even more reverberating power than the Primordial Terror. However... it didn't seem like he was speaking to the earlier voice at all. At that moment, the chains rattling in Leonel's ear shattered.

BOOM!

A strong violet Force rushed out in all directions. Leonel's aura began to soar by leaps and bounds, his collapsing soul solidifying in a single instant. A roar filled the skies. The last time this aura appeared, Leonel had wiped out three races of beings. Today, he was going to show the Primordial Terror what true Destruction was.

The aura of a Dream Asura rose in a violent vortex, shattering the dome of the skies.