

WMW Chapter 1045

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Planning

Misty green origin force surged in a boundless sea, containing absolute strength as it swelled and roared. This energy represented the Magus World itself, the power of its origin! Even Leylin, a rank 7 Warlock, was a mere ant in front of the might of these waves of origin force.

As a Warlock, Leylin had already assimilated this aura into his soul. The origin force didn't reject him, instead enveloping him gently and replenishing his powers.

"Almighty and pure, as expected of the Magus World. Only the origin force of the World of Gods could be of similar quality..." With his advancement to a demigod in the prime material plane, along with his experiences in that other world, Leylin identified the differences very quickly.

'It's not entirely impossible to reach peak rank 8 or even rank 9 if I could fully master this origin force...' Leylin's eyes held a trace of longing, but it was only a dream for now.

Through his acute senses, he felt that this roaring sea of origin force had an extremely powerful conscient sleeping within, with numerous broken laws seeping out. One could absorb some of the origin force, but if they wanted to monopolise it they would only be

courting death! Even existences such as Mother Core were not able to do as they wish.

'Even with Baator's origin force I can only wield the power my authority gives me. Ultimately it isn't mine, and can be taken away any time. The Hag Countess was a good example...' Leylin sighed.

Lords were like feudal emperors. They could only mobilise their troops freely when they themselves were powerful. Similarly, once a lord no longer occupied their position they would lose control over the World Origin Force.

This was why Leylin would not hesitate to leave Dis. It was fine to use strength that was not his in the short run, but he would only be courting death if he relied too much on it.

However, the scenario now was different. Although the origin force that he was absorbing was minute, but once he took it in it would become his own strength. It couldn't be taken away.

[Beep! Host is absorbing the Magus World's origin force, statistics rising...] Leylin smiled after looking at the indicator on the A.I. Chip. 'Rank 7 is just the beginning. I need to grow stronger, advancing in rank...'

Leylin relinquished control of his body, absorbing a large amount of origin force to be absorbed. After converting it using the laws of devouring, he turned this strength into his own. His mind and soul were focused on comprehending these laws.

The exposure to the laws of the world was a good thing for Leylin. With his body recently becoming a complete body of laws as well, his understanding of them was elevated.

First were the laws of devouring and gluttony, followed by

massacre, destruction, disease, and healing.

The World of Gods was simply a paradise for a Magus who wielded laws, the power of worship aiding their understanding of the world. As long as their worshippers continued to pray, a Magus would continue to grow in their understanding of their domains. It would aid them in their comprehension of laws.

This process was too fast, though. Leylin wanted to slow down, avoiding an unstable foundation. 'My path leads to destruction, and is covered in darkness and evil. In the future, it will consist of a foundation of time and space, and dreamforce is the bridging factor...'

Under such a conducive environment, Leylin repeatedly simulated the laws he'd comprehended, finding that there were some imperfections in his understanding that he corrected immediately. Time passed by without him realising it.

[Beep! Time has ended!] Leylin recollected his senses with the A.I. Chip's voice. Just as the voice sounded, the large doors appeared once again.

"Sigh... I wish I could stay here forever, comprehending all laws completely and only leaving when my body is satisfied with the origin force..." Leylin lamented as he left.

In actuality, that was just a farfetched dream. The origin force of the Magus World was extremely precious, and the World Will would grow furious if too much was absorbed at a time. There was a limited amount that one could assimilate. On top of that, there was a long queue comprised of beings who'd comprehended laws waiting for this small amount.

If not for Mother Core's preferential treatment and protection, Leylin

would not have had this privilege. Sometimes fairness was an advantage, especially to new people like him.

Having understood this, Leylin went to thank Mother Core personally, seeing one of her clones to express his gratitude.

'A.I. Chip, display stats,' Leylin commanded inwardly.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 7 Warlock, Bloodline: Targaryen. Strength: 223.51, Agility: 180.67, Vitality: 306.37, Spiritual Force: 579.86, Body of Laws. Law Comprehension: Devouring (100%), Massacre (58%). Origin Force Saturation Level: 27.99%]

'Mm, it looks like I can absorb it again. I'm not fully saturated with World Origin Force,' Leylin had a satisfied look on his face at the increase of stats. Compared to those Magi of laws who easily needed thousands upon thousands of years to advance, his speed was indeed frightening to everyone around him.

'However, the Magus World's data calculations are still different from the World of Gods. The worlds' laws are different, and cannot be changed. '

The World of Gods had its own unique laws, where each growth in one's statistics led to a more significant boost than the last. The Magus World was different, with the increase not significant.

'However, even with a conservative estimate I could even be stronger than lesser gods. Of course, that's ignoring their divine realms...' Leylin had a very clear understanding of his own strength.

"I have to visit Freya, Celine and the first level of the subterranean world..." Leylin shook his head, feeling extremely busy. He had many things to do, and with so many of just his direct descendants populating the area he had a headache ahead.

However, the Targaryen bloodline was strengthened through the flourishing of the Farliers. It gave him a bittersweet feeling.

Leylin had a detailed plan on his schedule. First, he had to look for his women, children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, nurturing those with talent.

Next would be a trip to Dreamscape. The Nightmare Absorbing Physique was a mystery, and the quality of dreamforce was changing. However, he had to find answers as to why the power of dreamforce fluctuated so, after all it was of utmost importance to his growth.

For a peak rank 8 to advance to rank 9, their paths needed to accommodate spacetime. One needed a good foundation that could endure that power, and choosing the wrong type of force would prove fatal to him.

This stringent condition had stumped countless ancient Magi. Leylin too had suspected that Mother Core was in this position, hence she could not advance another step. He'd never heard of someone being able to change their path after starting on it.

'Dreamforce is currently in a weak phase, and the dangers there are minimal. It's a great time to explore. Once I find what I need and digest it, it'll be ripe time to meet the Snake Dowager!'

Although the Snake Dowager had sent Leylin a message when he advanced to rank 7, Leylin had no intentions of carrying out his obligation immediately. She had to be kidding! With a thousand years on the contract, why would he act so quickly?

The Snake Dowager had cancelled all their previous enmities by laughing it off. However, Leylin did not think that way. She would still have resentment that he'd split the throne over the ten

thousand snakes, forcefully taking bloodline origin from her. She wouldn't be able to put it down so easily. If he could help her obtain the Shadow World, his path would be riddled with traps and danger.

Even if the Snake Dowager wanted to let bygones be bygones and sincerely work with Leylin, he did not feel that he was invincible now. It was necessary for him to explore Dreamscape before he fulfilled his contract with her.

Even if Leylin gained nothing from the exploration itself, he could completely understand his powers as a rank 7 Warlock. It would also give him time to absorb more origin force, stabilising his standing and prowess amongst his peers. By then. He'd be more confident in dealing with a possible pretense.

No matter when, no matter who, only people with similar strengths could bargain on equal grounds. This was something Leylin held a firm belief in, and would continue to believe...

With his speed as a rank 7 Warlock he could move anywhere within the Magus World in a moment. Leylin had returned to the core of the Ouroboros Clan, to Targaryen Castle, in but the blink of an eye. This place housed many of the Targaryen bloodline.

""Father!"" A group of Warlocks was waiting for him there, led by two handsome youths who resembled Leylin closely.

Of course Leylin looked young himself, but his eyes revealed his extensive experience and maturity. Standing side by side, the three looked like brothers and not father and children.

"Syre! Daniel! Rise!" Leylin smiled gently as he looked at his two sons, their mothers behind them with his other clan members.

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