

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2841: What to Do?

The Rapax were a simple-minded race, but they weren't fools. Many of them understood immediately. Ultimately, they had still made quite a bit of progress through the Dimensions.

The first to understand was Xenothrall, and his expression became ugly. Once again, his claws lengthened and his tail left slicing winds through the air. The wind pressure alone could have cut someone in two.

It all settled in for them at once, and those that didn't understand learned from those beside them.

Down below, that was a clash of Overlords just now. With the strength the Sea Gods had displayed earlier, none of them should have survived this assault.

They had all seen it. They hadn't used any protective treasures, but rather relied on their own strength because there wasn't time to pull such things out.

And yet, while some had died, the majority had survived.

How was that possible with the strength they had displayed earlier? Could it be that they were really holding back earlier and had only come to put on a show? How was this acceptable?

The Rapax began to howl in agitation.

What they didn't know was that Leonel had purposely controlled the shockwaves to a level that the young geniuses could handle.

Originally, he wanted to fight them one by one, but he knew that the Sea Gods would never allow this, so he pivoted to another plan.

In this situation, there was nothing more important than optics, and he had won that game.

All he had to do was keep the shockwaves to a level that they could just barely handle, and make it fast enough that they didn't have time to bring out anything else to protect themselves.

The moment he landed, he already expected everything that had happened, and from start to finish, they had played into his hands.

Geniuses or not, there was no way these Sixth and Seventh Dimension "geniuses" could survive the clash of Overlords had Leonel not allowed it.

And the worst part was that it was the perfect scheme.

Even if the Overlord noticed, what could he do? Forcefully kill them himself?

Not only would Leonel not allow him such a chance, how could he have the stomach do so such a thing?

It was the perfect trap. As Leonel always said, the best scheme was the one the enemy had no choice but to wholeheartedly participate in.

The moment he took the first step, everything was already over.

And the best part was that Leonel had accomplished all of this without really throwing the face of the Rapax. The Rapax in the stands believed that their Race's geniuses had been holding back as well, whereas in reality, it was just that the geniuses of the Sea Gods were on an entirely different level.

The only ones holding back were the Sea Gods themselves. The Rapax had been going all out.

But... they didn't need to know that.

Leonel was playing the role of human who respected the Rapax. The gift of the Dimensional Verse's Rapax was the cherry on top. They believed in him wholeheartedly now.

Xenothrall turned an enraged glance toward the Sea God noble.

The others wouldn't know, but how could he not know what happened? He hadn't ordered his geniuses to do such a thing, so that could only mean that this noble was the one that told his people to hold back.

The Sea God hurriedly stood. "Xenothrall, this..."

SHUUUU!

Xenothrall's tail suddenly appeared at the Sea God's throat.

A Rapax could die, but their honor could not be impugned upon. He would rather die than have someone insult him in this way, and he knew each one of those geniuses below felt the exact same way.

This was the pride of the Rapax.

Xenothrall's tail trembled. He was truly infuriated at this moment, but the worries on his mind were heavier than the others. He was still somewhat different from the other Rapax. His thoughts were more meticulous.

Even so, his instincts really wanted him to strike forth. Even if it meant that Rapax taking on the wrath of the Sea Gods, he would prefer this to living the life of a coward.

If it was him alone, he would have already struck. But what about the Rapax who relied on him for their survival?

The Sea God noble held his hands up, trying to give a placating smile. But Xenothrall could see that he didn't have the slightest fear in his eyes. He didn't take Xenothrall's threat seriously at all.

That was the final straw.

Xenothrall attacked. His trembling tail became focused, and he pierced out.

The blade of his tail was only a few centimetres from the Sea God's throat, and yet the speed it exploded with in an instant was mind numbing.

The Sea God's expression became ugly, but he wasn't slow to react.

A shield of Water Force appeared around him.

BOOM!

The elevated noble region exploded, and a battle erupted in the skies.

Leonel watched all of this from below, trying to figure out the best next step to take.

He had done all of this on a whim because there was no better chance to turn this around. He had succeeded, but that also left him flying blind.

Should he help openly or in secret? Should he help at all?

Leonel's wrist trembled and the blade of his jet black spear ripped the Overlord beneath him to shreds.

With another sweep of his spear, every one of the Sea God geniuses was shredded to pieces.

The obvious answer seemed to be to help. But the problem was that he had just used the pride of the Rapax to instigate this situation. If he helped Xenothrall out, he would be stomping on that very same pride.

But at the same time, Xenothrall was an important cog in all of this.

There was certainly someone else behind all of this happening. If Xenothrall died, which is what looked would happen, then Leonel had no idea what the fallout might be. In fact, that might even help whoever was in the background.

Now he was stuck between a rock and a hard place.

What to do?

Chapter 2842: You...

Leonel still wasn't sure of exactly what to do. It was a troublesome position to be in. But ultimately, there was no other way to go about this.

At the very least, this current position was still better than what would have happened had he just stood to the side and did nothing. At that point, the Rapax and Sea Gods would become allies and then he would be screwed.

'Hm... something is still odd here.'

While he was certain that the Rapax had to be being controlled by someone, where were they?

Also, Xenothrall's actions didn't seem like he was getting marching orders from someone else. He reacted much the same way any other Rapax would. If he was being led by someone else, why not take this step?

Could it be that whoever was in the background was aware of the stubbornness of Rapax and decided to take this approach? Or was it that Leonel was wrong from the beginning and this olive branch the Sea Gods were extending was actually a method for the Barbarians to take control of both Races?

Leonel had just spent quite a bit of time in the Oryx Domain, but other than a minor breakdown of history, there was nothing else to see.

Because of that, it only seemed logical that the last of the three participants would be taking the Rapax as their refuge.

There was another reason Leonel felt this way, too.

The Sea Gods were an odd existence, the Human were an odd existence, and the Oryx were an odd existence. All three of these Races seemed to have the fingerprints of the Barbarians all over them, and it was this worry that had made Leonel so cautious to begin with.

The Rapax seemed like the only option for anyone looking to take things over.

The battle in the skies were quickly reaching its climax. Xenothrall was very obviously on his back foot, though it was unlikely that the Rapax present could tell the different. Those two Overlords were simply moving too fast.

Leonel looked down from the skies, and toward the scattered remains of the Overlord he had just killed. He hadn't allowed his soul to dissipate just yet.

'Should I use King's Might?'

That would be as good as admitting to several things he wasn't ready for yet. This made things particularly annoying.

He had already awakened the souls of the previous Sea Gods he had killed, but they didn't have any useful information at all. But an Overlord should be different, no?

Just as Leonel was being pulled every which way, the skies seemed to explode.

When he looked up again, his pupils constricted into pinholes. That was because what was high above him wasn't the battle between the Sea God and Xenothrall. Instead, they had both been blasted away, sent flying in different directions.

In their place, two Rapax stood. One of them had radiant blue patterns etched across their pill-shaped head and the other had green patterns of the same. Though, the latter green patterns seemed to be more elaborate and contained greater depths.

Even so, it seemed that the blue runed Rapax was in the lead, while the green runed Rapax was taking a back seat.

However, this wasn't what shocked Leonel. Instead, it was the fact that though it was subtle and hard to spot, how could Leonel not notice the chains of black wrapped around their bodies?

Leonel was speechless. He had found the third party that easily? Why were they exposing themselves so casually?

The Rapax were a simple-minded Race, but they weren't fools. If they had spent this much money to get the coordinates to this world, it would have required the pooled resources of several of their worlds. Why would they come here so casually?

To be fair to them, someone else might not have noticed those chains at all. The body of a Rapax was an alternating array of organic flesh and metal infused skin. From afar, and likely even up close, the chains just looked like extensions of themselves.

There were no shortage of Rapax that wore accessories like this.

The problem was that Leonel's senses were far too sensitive to not notice, and it left him confused.

Another point of confusion was that the green runed Rapax seemed completely transfixed on the spear in his hand... which didn't make any sense at all.

This black spear was, certainly, excellent by Incomplete World standards. But there was a reason that Leonel hadn't made use of it in a long time.

He was able to casually conjure a spear that was far better with this one on a whim, and there were even several spears in the Spear Domain Ring that were superior. But Leonel had abandoned even that ring.

It didn't make sense for a Rapax of a Complete World to care so much.

Rapax wasn't excellent Crafters, per se. But that was because they only specialized in the creation of one type of Craft: weapons. They also didn't even use conventional methods.

If Leonel walked into a Rapax's workshop right now, it would look more like a blacksmith's shop from 1500 AD Earth.

Even so, their weapons were some of the most sought after, and yet unpurchasable, items in Existence. That was because they treated their weapons so sacredly that they would never sell them for money.

They only gave it to those they deemed worthy.

The eyes of the Rapax told another story as well.

There was confusion, hesitancy, some killing intent, and then it went back to confusion.

After staring at the weapon for a long while, it seemed to have realized something, and then it looked at Leonel.

"You..." he spoke in a forced human tongue that sounded a bit gravelly and uncomfortable for him. "... You are Leonel Morales?"

Leonel froze, and if not for his sheer control over his body, he would have collapsed.

He realized who this Rapax must be now, but he also wanted to slap a palm to his forehead.

Chapter 2843: Third Purchaser

Leonel sighed inwardly. He had no plans to admit such a thing so publicly, but this was a huge issue.

Denying it wasn't enough when he was playing on a chessboard with so many intelligent people pulling their own strings.

He played his part and looked at the green runed Rapax with a deadpan expression that underlined his confusion. But his mind was already whirling at a thousand miles a second.

Soon, it was likely that his identity would be exposed, and he never thought for a second that it would happen this way.

If he was caught between a rock and a hard place before, right now he might as well have a meteor falling from above as well.

This was a terrible situation caused by the innocent words of a young Rapax.

This Rapax was, obviously, the very same one that Leonel had saved all those years ago. Back then, he could have absorbed his egg and gained a second Ability Index, but he hadn't because he chose to value the Rapax's life no differently than he would a human's life.

In Leonel's opinion, absorbing that egg would have been no different from killing a baby in its cradle just for a little of extra power. That was unacceptable to him.

Even now, after many of his views on morality had changed, he still wouldn't do such a thing. His morals might have changed, but his bottom line remained the exact same.

What Leonel didn't expect was that this moment of mercy and grace would come back to bite him like this.

Obviously, this was also the reason the young Rapax recognized the spear in his hand. This was the very same spear Leonel had received for saving him in the first place. The Rapax had respected his actions, and reciprocated in kind.

He let go of a string of curses in his mind, but he simply continued to stare at the Rapax without a word.

"... Maybe I am mistaken." The young Rapax shook his head.

Leonel sighed. This young Rapax prince was absolutely terrible at lying.

Reading the emotions of Rapax was tougher than doing so for humans, but Leonel had already observed them for long enough to understand the fluster when he saw it.

Clearly, the young Rapax understood he had said something he probably shouldn't have. But this was the first time he was meeting his savior face to face.

He had heard of Leonel over his life, and back during the war, he had even convinced the Rapax to not attack the Human Domain as a repayment of this favor. But he had never actually seen Leonel. That was also likely why he had completely ignored Leonel's disguise. What difference did it make to him if he didn't have a reference for Leonel's appearance in the first place?

Much like it was difficult for humans to differentiate Rapax, the situation was mostly the same in the vice versa as well.

The blue runed Rapax by the young Rapax's side gazed toward Leonel as well, clearly seeing through the latter's poor acting.

But unlike the young Rapax, he had seen and heard of Leonel Morales before. This human didn't look like him at all, and he didn't seem to be wearing a disguise. Was the young Rapax wrong?

There didn't seem to be anything wrong with Leonel's reaction, either.

If Leonel had reacted to confusion and an obvious flare up of emotion toward that end, the blue runed Rapax would have concluded that he was definitely Leonel Morales.

But real veterans of battle wouldn't act like that even if they heard something ridiculous on the battlefield. Their reaction would be just as deadpan as Leonel's own. Any fluctuations to your state of mind could lead to death.

The blue runed Rapax looked away from Leonel and toward the Sea God noble.

"Leave." He said plainly.

The Sea God slowly rose from the pile of rubble. "Is this how the Rapax treats its guests? We came with gifts and sincerity, as a group with open hearts and minds, but now I must leave alone? Who will compensate us for the death of our comrades?"

The Sea God's voice was filled with righteous indignation.

"Leave or you'll die with them."

The Sea God froze, not expecting that response.

It was clear that though he hadn't said as much, the blue runed Rapax was infuriated by the actions of the Sea Gods as well.

Clearly, they had a fundamental misunderstanding of the way the Rapax did things. All of this was unacceptable to them, and it crossed their bottom line.

The Sea God had no choice but to disappear into the horizon, realizing that if he did stay, he would be finished.

The blue runed Rapax then looked toward Leonel and Xenothrall.

"You two, come with me."

After saying this, he turned and flickered into the distance. The young Rapax gave Leonel a look and then flashed after him as well.

Xenothrall picked himself up and suppressed his injuries before following as well. Leonel was the last left. He hesitated for a moment, but in the end, he followed too. This could easily go south, but it was also the best chance he had to turn things around. Risk or not, it seemed that he would just have to rely on his spear.

...

Soon, the four were deep in a Rapax castle. Once again, it was entirely formed of bone, but what was more impressive was that it seemed to be the carcass of just a single, enormous beast.

It was likely that the first Rapax emperor of this world had slain this beast and thus built this castle as a memorial to their achievement.

It was in the basement of this castle that they met.

The blue runed Rapax ignored Xenothrall for a moment and looked right at Leonel.

"You are the third purchaser."

Leonel resisted the urge to give the green runed Rapax a glance. He still couldn't believe that he had been exposed like this, of all things.

Chapter 2844: Simpleminded

Leonel didn't respond, looking at the blue runed Rapax deeply.

"Third purchaser?" He asked.

"You don't need to try to hide it. My race is a bit simpleminded, but we aren't stupid. I can clearly see what sort you are."

Leonel's lip curled, and his body form changed. He grew ten inches and his features smoothed out, becoming more handsome. Not that it made a difference to the Rapax. To them, his change might as well have been a fox changing the tinge of their fur a bit. The Rapax were probably the only humanoid Race not obsessed with the actual human form. In a lot of ways, they were far more like beasts than they were like humanoids.

"No, you don't know what sort I am."

"Then why did you just expose yourself?"

"Because I felt like it. If you really knew something, it wouldn't take a kid's slip up to get you to question me."

The young Rapax blushed. Well, his runes lit up a bit and flickered as he turned away. But same difference.

"That's not a really good enough reason." The blue runed Rapax replied, sending a glance at the young Rapax. He had never seen Shadowclaw react like this to anything. "How do you know Shadowclaw?"

"I don't," Leonel shrugged.

"Is there a need to lie at this point?" The blue runed Rapax felt a bit annoyed by Leonel's condor at this point. Ultimately, he was in the Seventh Dimension. In fact, he was in Tier 7, the higher stratosphere of the Dimension. Leonel, on the other hand, was just in the Fifth Dimension.

In the Rapax culture, strength was respected above all, but Leonel had yet to do anything that made the blue runed Rapax respect him to that level. As far as he was concerned, the people of his Incomplete World were ants.

In line with that, from start to end, he didn't even look at Xenothrall. And by the same extension, Xenothrall kept his head lowered in deference to his strength.

This was how things worked, but Leonel didn't seem to understand that.

"It's not like that!" Shadowclaw hurriedly interjected. "When I was young, my egg was targeted by a lot of people. Leonel saved me."

The blue runed Rapax blinked in surprise, not expecting this. He had some understanding of Shadowclaw's situation and talent. And because the Rapax were the only humanoid Race that incubated in eggs, he likewise understood how valuable that egg would have been.

He had heard Leonel's previous speech, and he thought that it was mostly nonsense to drive a wedge between the Rapax and Sea Gods, but was he not lying?

"Let's get to the point, shall we?" Leonel smiled. "You clearly aren't here because you need the world itself. So why not tell me what you're after and then we can see if we can't work together?"

The blue runed Rapax's eyes narrowed. "How do you know that?"

"Because you wouldn't be so cordial with me otherwise. I also doubt that you would be colluding with the Sea Gods, either."

After learning that the Rapax of the Complete Worlds were involved in this, Leonel realized that he could deduce many things. After seeing the blue runed Rapax's character, he was even more certain.

The Rapax were a warrior race. If their goal was to take over the world, then they would never team up with another. It would be seen as beneath them to team up on a single party.

That meant that to the Rapax, their goal wasn't the same as the Sea Gods at all. Only that way would their honor be intact.

The other, more tangible explanation was that it would have been foolish of the Rapax to purchase this world's information otherwise. This was because they were a Mortal Race.

It had to be remembered that Leonel pretty much dismissed the idea of a Mortal Race purchasing this world because it would take far too many resources. The risk wouldn't be worth it to them, especially when they couldn't guarantee the outcome.

For the Rapax to purchase this information anyway, after there was already a purchaser before them, could only mean that their goal wouldn't clash with the Barbarians, and they had a method of ensuring that they could get in and out unscathed.

The final nail in the coffin was, obviously, that they were so cordial with Leonel.

Though part of that could be because of Shadowclaw, it wasn't enough when the wellbeing of an entire Race of people was at stake.

The blue runed Rapax remained silent for a long while.

Leonel's smile didn't fade as he extended a hand.

"How about we introduce ourselves first, then? My name is Leonel Morales. What's yours?"

The blue runed Rapax looked at the hand and eventually extended one of his own. Barbed in sharp blade-like claws, it latched onto Leonel's. But not an ounce of blood was shed.

BANG!

The air around their hands exploded, and ripples spread out in all directions. Xenothrall was forced several steps back, his body barely stabilizing when he was already over a hundred meters away.

"..."

The blue runed Rapax was stunned. He had expected to at least slice into Leonel's hand, but nothing of the sort happened.

"My name is Dreadmaw!" His voice boomed.

He finally seemed to relax. In a twist of irony, when Leonel displayed his strength, he felt more instead of less at ease.

He retracted his hand and gave Shadowclaw a glance.

"We came here because of a disturbance. Some of our plans have to be accelerated because we need to be prepared for the Idol Battlefield. It is the most important ritual of our race and we have saved for generations for this moment. This is only our first step.

"Somewhere in this Incomplete World, there is an anomaly. It is a mutated Sub-Dimensional Zone that we've decided is very important for Shadowclaw's growth. Unfortunately, we do not know exactly where it is..."

As Dreadmaw continued to speak, Leonel was truly speechless.

This Rapax Race... weren't they a little too trusting and simpleminded?

Chapter 2845: Oracle

Leonel found it all to be so amusing. Rather than distrusting him because of his strength, Dreadmaw actually trusted him more. It was so paradoxical. But this was exactly how Rapax were.

It didn't take much effort at all, and suddenly Dreadmaw was telling Leonel about plans he should have kept close to his vest.

It was almost certain that only the highest echelons of the Rapax knew of this information, yet here he was spilling it all.

After getting over the amusement, though, Leonel realized something else.

This was all triggered by the Idol Battlefield? Then didn't that mean that it was his fault that the Rapax were involved in this at all?

No one knew even to this day that Leonel was at fault for its early appearance. In fact, until Leonel heard of information circulating about it, he hadn't been aware of what he had done either.

But in the end, how could he not put two and two together?

He had felt his Spear and Bow Forces communicating with a distant plane, even though he had mostly been out of it during that time.

How could he not understand that it was his fault at that point?

Was this a good thing? Or a bad thing?

It was hard to say. Who knew if the zone Dreadmaw was speaking of wasn't something that he'd be very interested in as well? If it was something that could help Shadowclaw progress, then how could it not help him as well?

At the same time, it would be difficult to get the Rapax to actually help him fight against the Barbarian Race because they might see it as "ganging up".

Plus, they had come here without any intention of clashing with the Barbarian Race at all. So even if they didn't have such a culture, they might reject it anyway, just purely because of the difficult position it would put their Race in.

Alliances might have worked had they also been a Demi-God Race, but how could they be willing to go up against one as a mere Mortal Race themselves?

Dreadmaw and Shadowclaw wouldn't have even come to the Rapax of this Incomplete World if not for the fact they needed information on this Zone they were looking for.

As for the mutated Sub-Dimensional Zone itself, Leonel had his own thoughts about it, things that kept him... curious.

How had the Rapax sensed it? How were they so sure that it would be helpful to Shadowclaw without even coming across it first?

He could only conclude that they had something similar to the detection treasures that Leonel had once relied upon. These were devices that could give information about the parameters of a Zone without ever stepping inside.

If Incomplete Worlds could have such a thing, how could these larger worlds not?

The only reason Leonel was questioning it in the first place was one very specific reason...

Incomplete Worlds were so valuable that they were the preferred currency of the Gods. How could finding them be so easy?

So how had the Rapax, a Mortal Race, done so?

Dreadmaw finished his explanation and looked into Leonel's eyes.

"You might know this already, but we have no plans of getting involved with whoever is currently in control of the Sea Gods. So how exactly would you plan to work with us in the first place?"

"The Zone and its treasures are not something that we are willing to give up or share. We also cannot afford to offend a Demi-God Race, not given the current situation in the world. A good deal of might not even notice if a Mortal Race suddenly vanished from Existence. It's happened before and it can happen again."

Leonel didn't respond immediately.

He was almost certain Dreadmaw was referring to the Human Race, and he wasn't exactly wrong, although they hadn't been quite wiped out. That said, was there much of a difference?

Given the fact everyone was focused on the war between the Void Race and the Owlans and Fallen God Beasts, it really might fly under the radar if the Barbarians were to suddenly attack the Rapax out of revenge.

Even under normal circumstances, few would care. But in these ones...?

This put Leonel in another tough situation. How could he best take advantage of the Rapax when all the matters he needed them for were likewise things they weren't willing to do?

In the end, he didn't have enough information.

"First, how about I settle for a reading of the Rapax's historical records?"

Until now, he had only managed to read the history from the Human Race's perspective. As for the Oryx, he obviously hadn't been able to. Much of the information he had gathered over there was built from eavesdropping and speculation.

If he could get another piece of the puzzle, maybe it would be more obvious what he was dealing with.

There were too many actions taken by the Barbarian Race that he didn't quite understand.

Dreadmaw gave him a confused look, but in the end, there was no reason for him to refuse.

Soon, Leonel was going through the records of the Rapax, if they could even be called that. They felt quite bare bones, but this had its benefits as well.

The Rapax were bound by their honour and culture, so they rarely, if ever, embellished tales. They always told it exactly like how it was, even if it made them look bad.

As Leonel began to cross-reference what he had learned from the Human Race with this recounting, he found that several pieces of the puzzle were being swiftly filled.

That was when he stumbled onto something that made his eyes narrow.

The "Oracle".

That was something referenced in this history again and again. It told of a woman of the Sea Gods capable of seeing the future and how she not only single-handedly allowed them to rise, but was also capable of passing down her ability...

Just how similar was that to the Barbarian Race's abilities?

Chapter 2846

The word "Oracle" in the Rapax language was not quite a noun. It was more like a cross between one and a verb, being used to refer to action just as much as it did a noun.

Many words in the Rapax language were like this, making it quite confusing to read. It was like constantly describing people by what they could do rather than who they were. Like always calling a person a "soccer player" because they played soccer, as though they didn't have a name of their own.

But this was natural in their culture. That was because they respected what you did far more than who you were or who you might be related to.

As such, they never referred to this person by name, but it was clear and obvious who they were referring to.

At the same time, it also made one thing stand out to Leonel... and that was that this title was being passed along again and again. In that case, could it be that what they called Oracle was their translated version of Wise Sea Order?

When Leonel pieced this together, he also came to understand something else.

He had already concluded that the Barbarians were almost certainly acting for the sake of raising their station in Existence to Godhood.

In that case, was it a coincidence that the Sea Gods happened to share one of the core abilities of the Barbarians in that case?

Not just this, but it would also explain several other things.

Why did the Sea Gods suddenly attack before his rain plan could take full effect? How was Sashae so decisive? How had the Sea Gods appeared here in the Rapax Domain right before he had been set to arrive?

He had already learned from Dreadmaw that their arrival was not even more than three days ago. They had all this time to establish a connection with the Rapax and only just managed to capitalize on it?

Could it be that his feeling was correct? That feeling of being watched, or at least that he was being outmaneuvered on several fronts?

He even began to wonder if the arrival of Shadowclaw was also within this "Oracle's" plans for no other reason than to expose his real identity.

Maybe that was a bridge too far, but Leonel didn't dismiss the possibility. In this sort of situation, he couldn't afford to ignore any possibility.

He took a breath and exhaled.

There were only two pieces of the puzzle that he was missing.

If it was the case that the Barbarians were trying to find a path to evolution, what role did the Races they picked perform?

And second, how exactly did helping these Races to evolve help them out? Leonel wasn't aware of any method like this, and it was likely that understanding it could help him understand exactly how he might be able to counter the Barbarians.

If this method required a mass genocide similar to what Simona's mother had done to the Constellation families... were the Sea Gods aware? Couldn't he exploit this as well?

If the Sea Gods had no idea that they'd be sacrificed for the good of the Barbarian Race, would they still be so willing to help?

This was all still speculation, but Leonel did have one good avenue to find out.

The Human Race was definitely not part of the Barbarian Race's plan. If they had been in the past, they at least weren't any longer.

In all likelihood, the main target of the Barbarian Race had been the Cloud Race that was previously destroyed thanks to the help of that "mysterious" hero.

That seemed to suggest that the Barbarian Race almost certainly needed some sort of sacrifice to reap their harvest.

But why not check?

If he could find a method of learning about the Cloud Race's history, he could really pin down exactly what happened and make future plans.

Since he had already been exposed, he would just have to go all out.

Soon enough, the world would learn just the kind of weight his name held. In that case, he would just have to let the Barbarian Race know a little earlier.

"Anastasia, map out the whole Incomplete World for me."

Anastasia was surprised by this command, especially since Leonel had put so much effort into telling her just how careful they had to be. But now he had done a complete 180.

Even so, she followed through.

"It will take a couple of days."

Leonel nodded. He already knew as much. Last time, when he had been trying to find a Vital Star Force Innate Node to help Aina, it had also taken a while.

Even the Rapax, who certainly had Gods among their ranks, didn't have a method of quickly finding the mutated Zone they were looking for. If there was one thing that Incomplete Worlds were, it was impossibly vast, filled with endless empty space.

It wasn't easy to find everything in them. And in this regard, Leonel had an advantage.

He had been hiding this advantage for the sake of his identity, and also the fact that exposing it might also reveal that he still had the Segmented Cube, which would in turn reveal that he likely still had the Life Tablet as well.

But since they wanted to play games, he would play games with them.

There was no gain without loss. He had already taken a huge risk by coming here. If he allowed it to slip from his fingers now, there would be no going back.

As expected, there were several forces hidden in the Incomplete World that sensed this all-encompassing sweep, but since Leonel didn't care, neither did Anastasia.

Leonel walked out of the library, having read everything.

His mind had already shifted to the next topic. And that was whether he should tell the Dreadmaw and Shadowclaw where the Zone they were looking for was when Anastasia inevitably found it.

He had already saved Shadowclaw's life once. He didn't owe the young Rapax anything more.

If this Zone was useful to him, he would take it without hesitation.

Chapter 2847: Resonating

"I'm going to spend the next few days here," Leonel said to Dreadmaw.

Dreadmaw didn't react much to these words. He didn't care very much at all. Instead, he was focused on the powerful sense that was constantly washing over them.

When he finally looked at Leonel, he seemed to be frowning.

"Are you related to this?" Dreadmaw asked.

Leonel looked up and then shrugged before walking away.

Dreadmaw blinked as Leonel vanished into the castle, presumably just randomly taking up a room for him. He wasn't sure how to react to that answer. Leonel didn't confirm it or deny it, which actually left him even more confused.

Unfortunately for Dreadmaw, he wasn't nearly as good at reading human mannerisms as Leonel was at reading Rapax habits. So to him, Leonel's shrug was no different from nothing at all.

Obviously, Leonel knew this and took advantage.

In the end, they weren't partners, and if the situation warranted it, they would likely clash. Leonel couldn't hope to rely on Shadowclaw's favor to win over the entire Rapax Race. That would be foolish.

He had to do this on his own.

...

Entering the room of bone, Leonel chuckled.

The Rapax "beds" weren't mattresses at all. Instead, they were pods that looked like crystal clear pods. Inside, there was a goo thicker than oil, but not quite as dense as jello. When they slept, they would be enveloped within it.

Leonel didn't mind, and actually leapt into it. Feeling the cool liquid envelop him, he actually let out a visible sigh of comfort.

He didn't feel wet, and the odd liquid didn't even block his ability to breathe normally. It just felt like he was covered in a slightly cool to the touch material that pulled his body temperature down to the perfect level for sleep.

He would definitely have to try out the different methods of the various races, because this was certainly far better than a mattress.

He wondered, though. How did the Rapax reproduce like this? It must be that they did so elsewhere. This wasn't exactly conducive to sexy time.

After he had his fun, Leonel pulled out the black spear once again, hopping out of the pod.

While he could lounge around for the next three days, he didn't have time to waste like this. Plus, he had something else to occupy his mind, much like he always did.

During his battle, he had sensed a very odd resonance, one that made him feel like he could refine the Rapax Domain immediately should he choose to do so.

With his senses, it was impossible for him to be mistaken. This meant that his Spear Force was, indeed, a viable method of moving forward. He just had to fuse it with [Final Destruction]'s circulation method and he would be good to go.

Of course, he couldn't do this now. If he could just refine any world, he would have already started comprehending the foundation of this world instead of wasting all this time running around.

The reason he needed the Barbarian Race dealt with first was because he would have to clear all the Zones in this world first before he even began to take later steps. It was also difficult to comprehend anything if he had to watch his back every second.

But now, he seemed to have found some light at the end of the tunnel.

Holding the spear in his hands again, he took a breath and closed his eyes.

What he was looking for was what exactly he was resonating with.

Although Leonel understood he had to refine these worlds, he still didn't quite understand what that meant. What were the mechanisms at play? What was he resonating with? What would happen to the Regulator if he did so? Would there be a backlash? Something else?

So Leonel took a day, feeling out the sense the black spear was allowing him to feel. Slowly, he began to sense what it was.

Once again, it was the Second Dimension, the location where the Impetus of Life resided. It was also the place where the Dream World existed, and even further, it was the same location as his Destruction World as well.

It was also the location of the Regulator.

If Leonel was correct, his father was essentially asking him to understand this world even better than the Regulator itself, so much so that it saw little to no difference between himself and it.

In this way, he would replace its role in the Second Dimension and, as such, making the world his own.

The fact it took Leonel of all people a full day to fully grasp this, this was obviously easier said than done. But at this point, there was little choice left in this matter.

'In that case, let's try something out.'

"Anastasia, have you finished a map of the Rapax Domain?"

"Yes," her reply came swiftly.

"Give me the location of all active Zones at and above the Fifth Dimension and above. Give Aina all the ones at the Fourth Dimension. We're setting out."

"Okay."

Leonel didn't want to test the Regulator too much, so he wouldn't break the rules. He would stick to the Zones he was allowed to enter.

As for their entry limits and such... did he still need to be concerned with any of that?

So long as there were no surprises, he might be finished before Anastasia was done mapping out the entire Incomplete World.

Leonel set off and began to clear the Zones one after another. Dreadmaw and Shadowclaw probably weren't even aware that he had left.

He didn't concern himself with this.

The sudden closing of so many Zones was peculiar to the Rapax, but as a simple-minded Race, most didn't notice that anything was wrong yet. They just assumed that one of their own had done it.

Surprisingly, Leonel also found that completing these Zones deepened his understanding of the world around him as well.

He got to see so many different types of techniques and methods molded by the laws of this world that he was quickly building an array of understanding in his mind.

When he stepped out of a Zone, the number of which he hadn't bothered to count, Anastasia's voice rang in his ears.

"Finished."

Chapter 2848: Danger

Leonel's eyes lit up. This was excellent timing. He was almost finished with the Zones, but he also didn't want to completely clear them just yet.

As he had gone about clearing them, Leonel had realized something unfortunate... that being that clearing these Zones wasn't going to be enough to raise the potential of this world to the standard that he needed.

Not only would he need to clear them, but it seemed that he would need to continue until all the worlds were raised to at least the Eighth Dimension.

Thanks to his comprehension of what it meant to resonate with the world, he was beginning to get a deeper understanding of how the world around him changed as he exerted influence on it.

Thanks to that, at least in the Rapax Domain, he could tangibly feel the shifts in its potential as he cleared the Zones one after another.

This was yet another problem that he would have no choice but to face. He wasn't even sure where to begin.

It had to be remembered that not all planets had Eighth Dimensional potential. The reason Earth was so valuable in the Dimensional Verse was precisely because it was the first planet of the Human Domain born with such potential.

But that didn't mean that it was helpless either.

Back then, thanks to the birth of their Constellation, the Morales territory had also risen to the Eighth Dimension despite originally being a territory with only a Seventh Dimensional ceiling.

This meant that while his task had gotten even harder, it still wasn't impossible quite yet. In fact, Leonel had two solid potential paths that he could take, and he was beginning to understand that there was at least a method to his father's madness.

The first was to pick the only Eighth Dimensional world of the Rapax Domain and force it to swallow and raise the potential of the other Folds of Reality in its vicinity. Once that was finished, he could then focus on the individual worlds.

With the help of the Eighth Dimensional world, it should be easier to raise their standards as well.

The second path was to focus on each world individually, raising each one of them to the Eighth Dimension independently.

The first path was obviously the easier path, but Leonel wasn't quite yet sure if it was the one that he should take.

Was it possible for a single world to encompass all that it meant to be a Rapax? Would he be changing the world instead of resonating with it if he tried to use such a shortcut?

The latter was obviously the much more difficult task, but it left a lot of room for flexibility. On top of that, by focusing on one Fold of Reality at a time, Leonel could

likewise get a much larger scope and few of the world, missing in all those tiny details he missed while dealing with everything else.

In the end, Leonel knew that he had to take the tougher path. He didn't have the luxury of potentially screwing this up, so taking the lazy route was never the option.

The question, then, was how could he raise the standards of each individual Fold of Reality? In truth, the question would be the same regardless of which path he took, because in the end, the Eighth Dimension simply wasn't enough.

By the end of all of this, Leonel had to allow all the Eighth Dimensional Folds of Reality he created to resonate with one another, ultimately creating a Ninth Dimensional world. Only that way would it meet the bare minimum requirement to be a Mortal Realm.

This was the other reason he chose the much tougher second option. If the Ninth Dimensional World created in the end wasn't good enough, then he would have wasted all of his time.

But, if he gave it the greatest chance possible, by fusing together as many high-quality Folds of Reality as possible...

He might really have a chance of succeeding.

As for how he would raise the standards of these worlds, wasn't that obvious?

Constellations.

It was how the Morales had done it, and it was how he was going to have to do it.

Unfortunately, that meant not only comprehending several more Constellations himself but also doing so in a fashion that would resonate with the people that populated the Fold of Reality.

It could only be said that entering the Sixth Dimension this time was going to be impossibly difficult. His father must have been madly cackling while he wrote out this technique. It could only have been created by a sadistic person.

Leonel really didn't want to know what entering the Seventh Dimension would entail if this was how difficult it was to clear the Sixth already. He hadn't even quite begun to move through the Fifth Dimension yet because he needed to absorb World Spirits with God-level potential to do that.

It was all a great headache.

But it was undeniably the kind of power that came with it.

Leonel had a feeling that once he succeeded, maybe his body would no longer even be of a Demi-God standard. Even if he didn't quite reach the standard of a God in the end, he should certainly reach the pinnacle of Demi-Godhood.

At that point, his only competition would be the geniuses of the God Races.

As it should be.

The map that Anastasia created began to project in Leonel's mind and he got quite the lay of the land. He had the location of each Zone in the region, and soon he spotted the mutated anomaly that Dreadmaw was speaking of.

But what was curious was that there wasn't just one, there were three.

"Anastasia, did you analyze the Zones?"

"Yes, I did."

"The three large mutated ones that almost look like Domains themselves. What are they?"

Anastasia hesitated a bit, but Leonel was patient, wondering what made her react like this.

"... They're very dangerous... I don't know what happened, but they've been touched by Gods."

- Chapter 2849: Clash

Chapter 2849: Clash

Leonel's pupils constricted when he heard this. What sense did this make?

"You mean that it's a God-level challenge?"

"Not exactly... but unlike the normal Zones here... I wouldn't trust that only Races of this world would appear."

"Show me their objectives."

"Okay."

[Name: Fleeting Cloud]

[Entry Limit: -]

[Clear Requirements: Resurrect the Cloud Race]

[Side Quest: Raise Cloud Race to the standard of True Mortal Race]

[Side Quest: Find mutated issue with Cloud Figure and fix it]

[Hidden Quest: Create new race of the Demi-God standard]

[Objective: The history of the Cloud Race is a long and storied one. However, under mysterious circumstances, they were destroyed by the people of this world. Time tells of a hidden force that obstructed their hope and blinded their light. Eradicate this blight on their history and help them to recover to their previous peak]

Leonel blinked after reading the first.

He was used to the first few lines. Entry limit, the quests and hidden quests were all normal. But this objective was something different and must have been something that Anastasia added herself.

While the words were shocking themselves, what annoyed Leonel the most was that these "objectives" would have been very useful back in the days he actually needed them.

Unfortunately, Anastasia was mostly asleep during those days. She couldn't have helped him, even if she wanted to.

Regardless, the words themselves were shocking.

The Cloud Race? Raising to the standard of a true Mortal Race? Creating a new Race?

What kind of objectives were these?

The words about a hidden force in the objective also should have been what Anastasia wanted him to be wary about. There was no doubt that this was related to the danger of the Zone and also why she said it was dangerous.

Leonel was inclined to believe her.

He also didn't think that the name "Fleeting Cloud" was a coincidence at all. Wasn't that also the name of the last surviving human Empire? At least because he saved the Human Domain, that is.

Leonel moved on to the next.

[Name: Third Eye]

[Entry Limit: -]

[Clear Requirements: Awaken the Third Eye]

[Side Quest: Illuminate the path of the Oryx, push them into a state of Hyper Evolution]

[Side Quest: The Pheromones of the Oryx aren't as simple as they seem. Find a path for them to thrive that exists beyond just the Third Eye]

[Hidden Quest: Create new race of the Demi-God standard]

[Objective: The Oryx have always been a Race with a small population. Their fertility rates are low and their infant mortality is exceptionally high. It is said that this is because they hold a great amount of power in their bodies, power that cannot be withstood by their mortal shells. Other tales tell of a mysterious force pressing them down and using them as guinea pigs for their experiments. Be wary.]

Leonel's brow creased, feeling that this was becoming harder and harder to get a read on... and yet at the same time, he felt that the image in his mind could have been brighter even if it tried. It might as well have been calling out to him, telling him exactly what he wanted to see while whispering and obfuscating the secrets of the world.

The last only seemed to confirm the thoughts swimming about in his mind.

[Name: Wise Sea Order]

[Entry Limit: -]

[Clear Requirements: Break the shackles of the Sea Gods]

[Side Quest: Improve the weakness of the Sea Gods to freshwater]

[Side Quest: Grasp the secrets to the omnipotence of the Sea Gods]

[Hidden Quest: Create new race of the Demi-God standard]

[Objective: The Sea Gods are a mysterious Race that has never existed before and may never exist again. Legends say that they were once part of a mighty Race, distilled down and mutated to the point of non-recognition. Be wary, as the power lurking in the depths of their soul is not to be trifled with. They are existences that rule the Seas, and might one day rule the lands as well.]

After reading through the last, Leonel received exactly the confirmation he was looking for.

One after another, it painted the picture clear as day.

Weren't these three Zones representing the three Races that the Barbarians were using to break into Godhood? And in that case, were they using these Zones much like the Zones of the Void Palace had been used in the Dimensional Verse? As places to harvest and test out their gains?

Leonel was slowly starting to get a picture of what was happening.

Experimenting on the current Races was good, but it was hard to test and retest your results.

However, if you set a standard in a world, and then slowly tweaked the initial conditions to your liking... and then you allowed Zones to be formed that acted almost like a freeze frame of time...

How much more progress could you make like this?

It was just like the Dwarven Zone back in the Void Palace. They were able to clear it over and over and over again, using it for training. Leonel had even been able to get an understanding of the Dwarven Race's Force Arts by entering that Zone.

If he had wanted to use it for experimentation, couldn't he had done exactly that?

"Anastasia, show me an image of the correct situation of those three Zones."

"Okay."

The images were projected into Leonel's mind, and he nodded. It was as he expected.

Anastasia had left out some key details, like the fact those three locations were all being heavily guarded.

It seemed to be under the supervision of multiple different Races, but Leonel wasn't a fool. He bet that there were several disguised Barbarians among them, and they had a vested interest in ensuring that not a single person entered.

Leonel suddenly grinning ear to ear.

Of course, that wasn't because his task had suddenly gotten so much more difficult. It was because the Rapax were wrong.

They would have to clash with the Barbarians whether they wanted to or not.

Chapter 2850: Blow

The Rapax had come with the assumption that their goal wouldn't interfere with everyone else's, but in the end, it seemed that only Leonel's goal was completely different. That said, whether Leonel liked it or not, he would definitely have to clear those three Zones if he wanted a shot at raising the standard of this Incomplete world to a decent level. These three Zones were probably the biggest obstacle.

They were so large that they took up entire Domains. It was no wonder this world only had four Domains while Leonel's own Incomplete world had had several more. The question, then, was how best to take advantage of this.

He already knew that the Rapax didn't like to team up with others to accomplish their goals, but how stubborn would they be? And also, what if he didn't make his own involvement obvious?

There was another problem as well.

Leonel simply didn't trust the Rapax to perfectly clear the Zones.

What Leonel needed wasn't just for the Zones to be gone, but he needed even their Hidden Quests to be perfectly cleared. Only that way would the issues in the Folds of Reality be perfectly smoothed out and give them the best chance.

The Rapax presumably only wanted to enter for a very specific purpose, so it was unknown if they would go all out to clear the Zones properly, like he would. So he also couldn't justify letting them enter alone.

What was interesting was that these Zones were so warped and mutated that there was no entry limit at all.

That could be a good thing or a bad thing, depending on how he looked at it.

On the one hand, it was unlikely that anyone could stop him from entering the Zone based on that alone.

But on the other, it meant that he couldn't do that either. After he entered, there would be nothing stopping others from doing so as well.

Although Zones had a bit of a timer that would allow them to slowly close even if the limit wasn't hit, with how powerful the Barbarian Race was, how could such a slow timer impede them?

There was another matter that probably was the most difficult to deal with, and that was the gateways and treasures the Barbarian Race was using to keep the Zones stable. It was similar to what the Void Palace had used back in the Dimensional Verse, but far more elaborate, and obviously much larger as well.

The problem wasn't the gateways themselves, but rather what they represented.

If the Barbarians wanted to use the Zones for experiments, it obviously meant that they wanted to enter and leave as they pleased. What did this mean? It meant that even if the objectives were cleared, the Zones wouldn't necessarily close down.

If Leonel wanted to ensure that clearing the quests also meant closing the Zone, he would have to actually destroy the gateways first, and that was dangerous for several reasons.

For one, the Zones were so abnormally large that they could easily begin to swallow up the whole Incomplete World, and that wouldn't be good for anyone.

This meant that he would be on a timer from the moment he destroyed the gateways. If he wasn't fast enough, everything would be for naught. Or, even worse, the three Sub-Dimensional Zones could fuse into one and cause an even greater mess.

The second problem was the most obvious, that being the Barbarian Race.

Even if he somehow defeated all of them that were here, that didn't mean that they couldn't just send more in. He was impossibly outnumbered, and just relying on the Rapax wouldn't be enough.

Leonel fell into his thoughts. They moved in overdrive, and he was truly trying to grasp at something that felt all too elusive.

Soon, he had a maddening thought.

'... It's possible. Since we're already being crazy, might as well go all the way.'

...

Leonel appeared before Dreadmaw and Shadowclaw, a smile on his face.

"I have some information you two might be interested in."

"What's that?" Dreadmaw asked.

"The location of your Zone."

Dreadmaw's slit eyes opened wide, staring right at Leonel.

"Where is it?"

He asked the question quite straightforwardly, making Leonel chuckle a bit.

"You should listen first, because the details aren't what you're going to like. You were wrong about your goal being different in the third part. In fact, there are three Zones like the one you describe, and each one of them is being guarded by them."

"You know who this third party is?" Dreadmaw suddenly asked.

"I might. But that's not information I would necessarily give you, now is it?"

"But you're giving us information about the location of the Zone we're looking for?"

"Well, I've told you I know where it is, but I haven't told you exactly where it is. Also, you should know my words are true, or else how would you have still not found it after all this time? They're clearly taking steps to hide it on top of guarding it with some of their strongest."

Indeed. The Zones were as large as entire Domains, they were practically impossible to spot. Clearly, the Barbarian Race was using special methods to hide them. Leonel just hadn't quite looked into it yet. Whatever they were, it clearly hadn't bothered Anastasia even the slightest bit.

"... And you want us to fight these people?"

"Well, to be clear, you would have to fight them, regardless. Unless, of course, you're willing to throw away all the money you spent getting this information in the first place. Are you willing?"

Dreadmaw and Shadowclaw looked toward one another. They truly weren't. That was the accumulated wealth of countless generations. They hadn't touched any of that money since the last time the Idol Battlefield appeared.

Shadowclaw was far from the only one they were investing in, but it was certainly a heavy investment, nonetheless.

"What do you want to do?" Dreadmaw asked slowly. "The Rapax are not cowards who gang up on others."

Leonel chuckled. "I just want to blow up some stuff."

It was time he flipped the table.

It was absolute madness, but that was exactly what he wanted.

He wanted to fuse all three Zones together.

Chapter 2851: Path

These last few days had allowed Leonel to comprehend and calculate a lot of things.

Though fusing the Zones into one was the move of an absolute maniac, it was also one that he felt like, after some calculation, was also a viable path to take.

There was one very obvious problem in his path to perfect this Incomplete World by clearing all of its Zones...

And that was the problem of what had happened to Zones that had already long since failed?

Just looking at those three enormous mutated Zones that had swallowed up three entire Domains, had they not already bent and twisted this world beyond recognition?

Could just clearing Zones that had already swallowed up so much of this world's potential be enough?

The more Leonel thought about it, and the more he learned, the more unlikely he felt that it was.

If he wanted to do something unprecedented, like raise this world to one with the potential to become a God Realm in the future, then he would have to do something equally as unprecedented.

Back in the Dimensional Verse, Leonel had entered a Zone that allowed him to even take over the body of a real God like El'Rion.

Now that he thought about it, this was absolutely unprecedented and shocking.

He had truly felt what it was like to have the body of a God, and because of his Ability Index, he could perfectly recall this experience.

What was shocking, though, was that every time he did so, it felt like he was trying to recall memories from his Enlightened Self. The memories were so numerous and detailed that it was still too much, even for his current self to go through.

As such, it could only sit there, useless in his psyche. It was also a reminder of just how large the gap between his current self and real Gods were, even if they were just a child like El'Rion.

But this wasn't why Leonel was thinking about this now. What this memory put into context was that these worlds and their Regulators certainly had the latent potential to

suppress and make fools of even Gods. It was certain that El'Rion never expected that he would actually have his body taken over like it had been.

And this was all done through the power of a Zone.

When Leonel leapt onto this line of thinking, he began to create several formulations and form up a plan.

Leonel: "What if he could harvest the strength of the Zone to forcefully elevate the standard of this Incomplete World to reach the level of his needs?"

Leonel: "What were the Barbarians trying to do all this time? Wasn't it to create an elevated form of themselves? They were clearly close to succeeding, or else they wouldn't be investing so much funds or manpower."

Leonel: "And if the Objectives of the Zones spoke about breaking past the level of Demi-God, didn't that mean that the Zones also had such potential?"

In that case, the task before Leonel was clear and obvious right now.

After some calculations, he felt that it was viable. But first, he needed to crush the stabilizing gateways just enough that the Sub-Dimensional Zones would fuse, but not enough that they would immediately swallow up the entire Incomplete World.

And for that, the Rapax were a useful pawn.

Dreadmaw and Shadowclaw looked toward one another again. They realized that at this point, they probably didn't have much of a choice.

Dreadmaw: "I will give you two time to make preparations. If you need to call the others of your Race here, that'll have to be something you do soon."

"It will just be the two of us," Dreadmaw said.

Leonel gave him a look, but then he understood. They hadn't come here to start an all-out war. And, apparently, Shadowclaw wasn't the only one they were investing in.

In that case, this made sense.

Leonel shook his head. This was disappointing, but not the end of the world.

"We will need to secure the Ancient Battlefield first, one way or another. I will mobilize the Human Race. You must do the same for the Rapax."

"Why?"

"Because, as I told you, the Zones have mutated so far that they take up entire Domains. But you must have been to the Ancient Battlefield already, right? Have you thought about why there only seem to be four entrances and exists? The Ancient Battlefield should have a path to all Domains, so why doesn't one existence for any of these three?"

Dreadmaw's gaze flicker and Leonel nodded before continuing.

"This third party has clearly set up some sort of elaborate ruse or protective formation. We'll need to secure the Ancient Battlefield so that we can actually find the location of these paths to begin with. Only then can we take action."

Leonel explained a rough outline of his plans before leaving.

"Anastasia, give me a detailed few of those gateways."

Leonel wanted to fully analyze the treasures suppressing the Zones from growing any larger and stabilizing them.

He needed a plan, a perfect plan. One that could deal with a woman that could supposedly see the future.

Leonel didn't believe that there existed such an infallible ability. Even Aina's clairvoyance of her own body had its limits. An ability that could supposedly see through the future of so many wide-ranging things was bound to be imperfect.

He just had to find where the crack was and force his knife in with a twist.

Leonel's gaze glowed.

He could see a path toward making this Incomplete World his own.

Chapter 2852: Surpassed

Leonel entered his workshop, his mind racing. It was hard to tell exactly what he needed, but the possibilities felt endless. Unfortunately, sometimes, having too many paths to take was as good as having none.

What he needed were a few good paths so that he could focus all of his attention on them.

His gaze flickered as he took a breath.

Since things had already reached this point, he would go all out.

The Human Domain couldn't be considered to have returned to its height. The time that had passed had been too short, and the turmoil had yet to return to a state of rest.

However, Leonel had already said it once before.

He hadn't come here to play King. He had a very specific purpose, and the stability of the Human Race had nothing to do with him.

He had already saved them once. Without his existence, they would have already been wiped out by the Sea Gods.

As such, he didn't hesitate for even a moment as he mobilized them in full force and began marching toward the Ancient Battlefield.

The blood of the humans boiled. They had been suppressed for years. The idea that they could have their revenge like this, and so quickly, was something that moved them all.

Very few had the insight to see that this wasn't the smartest thing to do. And even if they did, they could only sigh and keep their thoughts to themselves.

The reality was that even these intelligent scholars had no way to explain how it was that Leonel had been able to accomplish what he already had. Who were they to say that he wouldn't be able to do this as well?

Who could have ever guessed that the Humans would ever come back like this?

As a result, even those that felt that this wasn't the right path simply didn't dare to say anything. At this point, who had the right to doubt Leonel?

At the same time the Human Race was mobilized, the war cries of the Rapax echoed throughout the skies. They roared, stomping their feet and slapping their tails.

Unlike the humans, they didn't need a reason. It had been too long since they had been to war. The excitement bubbled up from the depths of their souls and they formed a tide that rushed toward the Ancient Battlefield. Practically the entire Incomplete World could hear their call.

Amidst them, Dreadmaw stood, his gaze focused.

He could sense that Leonel wasn't 100% on their side, it was an intuition he had as a war. The Rapax were an incredibly pure race, so they were more sensitive to certain things than others would be. Their culture might seem barbaric to others, but this was simply their way of life.

Even so, he felt that he didn't have much of a choice in this matter... Leonel didn't leave them much of a choice.

The only path was forward.

The Oryx Emperor was a man older than even Emperor Fleeting Cloud. His skin was wrinkled and long, grizzled hair of white and grey fell down his back and overtook his fur.

He wore white robes that draped over his body, and his eyes looked so aged that they held a milky whiteness with just the faintest hints of blue. It was hard to distinguish between his irises and the whites of his eyes at all.

And yet, the valiant aura he exuded was suffocating.

At the moment, he sat in a garden, his third eye hidden beneath the folds of his wrinkles. He leaned forward in his chair, a cane of white oak that looked somewhat like a mage's staff keeping him upright.

When a sudden Force spread through his garden and a figure appeared, he didn't even react. But it was hard to tell if it was because his senses and reflexes had deteriorated so much, or if it was because he simply didn't care.

"There is a disturbance on the Ancient Battlefield. Mobilize the strongest armies of the Oryx. We are going to war."

The figure vanished, and the old Oryx Emperor still didn't respond. He continued to stare off blankly into the distance before he unleashed a sigh.

The sigh echoed across the whole of the Oryx Domain, and as though hearing a call, several female Oryx rushed in. Each one held a piece of armor.

They appeared before the Oryx Emperor as he stood to his feet.

He didn't move again, but the maids stripped him of his clothing and clicked his armor into place, one after another.

After they were done, it all looked comical. The armor was far too big for the hunched old man and it even looked more like a cosplay gone wrong than anything else.

But it was at that moment that the old man swapped his cane for a great sword, one with a blade tall and thicker than his body.

The sigh echoing through the Oryx Domain suddenly became a roar and the old Oryx' body expanded. His horns grew polished and vibrant and his skin smoothed out. White fur erupted across his body and soon he stood at more than five meters tall.

He almost lazily slung the great sword over his shoulder and began to walk.

Reality shattered before him as though opening up a portal and he continued to move forward, crossing entire worlds as though he were taking a stroll.

As he moved, his aura continued to grow. Leaping before the Seventh Dimension and then entering the Eighth.

Even without trying, his strength permeated an entire Domain, his power shaking the bounds of the Incomplete World and almost shattering it entirely.

And yet, he seemed somehow capable of staying just beneath what the Regulator was willing to allow.

Leonel stood not far from the entrance to the Ancient Battlefield, looking up with a pensive expression.

To think that the Oryx would have someone who surpassed the bounds of Overlord.

Chapter 2853: Third

Leonel closed his eyes.

The only person he had ever seen to exhibit this level of power while under the constraints of being born and raised in an Incomplete World was his father. When he sensed it, he almost found himself getting annoyed, but he was able to remain quite calm in the end.

This Oryx Emperor wasn't nearly as powerful as his father was. But since he had chosen to be the lapdog of the Sea Gods and Barbarian Race, this would only end in one way.

Leonel's eyes flashed open. "We'll end this as swiftly as possible."

BANG!

The ground beneath his exploded, and war erupted.

Leonel appeared high above the Ancient Battlefield. He had never seen it from this perspective before, but standing there, and watching the armies swarm beneath him, he felt a mysterious feeling in his heart.

He could practically sense the thoughts of the Regulator and how it didn't want this to happen. It was something that Leonel never thought would happen.

The Regulator didn't have emotions, it functioned solely based on instincts, instincts that should tend toward helping their world to evolve. It was clear that the Regulator felt that this was a detriment to the overall situation, and yet it could do nothing about it at all because most of the involved parties were members of its world.

If the Regulators were infallible, then even the Gods wouldn't be able to do anything about their existence. The fact that they were used as currency exchange was more than enough to paint the picture of the true reality.

Leonel slotted this into the back of his mind, not sure if it would be useless or not in the future, but still willing to take note of it, nonetheless.

BANG!

Leonel descended and landed amidst a sea of Oryx warriors. He calmly took out the black spear, its black fog radiating out in all directions.

When he said that he would end this early, he meant it with every fiber of his being.

Of his three-year time period, two months had already been eaten up, and he felt like the guillotine was about to be dropped on his neck.

He seemed to have a great deal of time, but how could the Barbarian Race be easy to deal with? Even if they were, how long would it take to clear the monstrosity of a fused Zone he was about to create? And even if that was easy, how long would it take him to refine the world to the level he wanted for it?

With all of this on his mind, he chose not to waste any time.

The head of the Oryx Emperor would be his.

He pointed his spear forward and looked right at the white beast man. He stood so tall and his great sword was no less imposing than himself.

When the Oryx Emperor spotted Leonel, he acted before thinking or even speaking.

His great sword slashed down, and the world seemed to be split in two.

Leonel gazed toward this attack indifferently. He could feel the number of people paying attention to him at this moment.

Until now, the Oryx army alone had been able to counter both the Rapax and Human armies and the Sea Gods had yet to appear.

This reality made Leonel feel that something else was coming. Unless the "oracle" had lost their powers, they almost certainly knew that this was coming.

However, the last two times she had predicted Leonel's actions, they ended in her loss, regardless. The first time being when he appeared in the Human Domain, and the second time being when he appeared in the Rapax Domain.

As such, she likely had no other choice but to take a different approach. It was either the Sea Gods were gearing up for a powerful assault, or they were bolstering their defenses around the defenses of the three Zones.

Whichever it was...

It didn't matter.

PPSSSHHH!

The Oryx Emperor's Sword Force was like a splash of water in the ocean. It rippled across an invisible sphere that surrounded Leonel's body, moving around and up and over him.

There wasn't a loud sound, and it almost sounded like a fast wind suddenly whistling by.

Leonel's Absolute Domain was on an entirely different level. Standing there, his Spear Force didn't have to activate for a sphere of invulnerability to be formed around him. Everything was his spear, and other Weapon Forces could only bow down.

At that moment, his spear flickered.

The separating Sword Force was suddenly forced into a single point before it pierced ahead, appearing before the Oryx Emperor in the blink of an eye.

The old Oryx was caught off guard, neither expecting his Sword Force to be dealt with so easily, nor for it to be stripped from him and used against him.

How was that even possible? How could you use Sword Force as Spear Force? And why did it feel even stronger than his own?

BANG!

The Oryx Emperor quickly blocked before his chest, his heels digging into the ground as he slid back hard.

Leonel watched this calmly. He had actually managed to block a blow.

Although Leonel didn't display it, he knew that his Spear Force had reached a new level even after entering this Incomplete World. He was barely a fraction of the way away from the Creation State.

Of course, he hadn't used his Spear Force just now. But it was still more than this Oryx Emperor should have been able to deal with.

The cheers of the humans came from his back as the Oryx Emperor looked solemn.

He looked up, his murky eyes meeting Leonel's gaze.

At that moment, he realized that he couldn't hold back.

Slowly, his third eye began to open up, and the world froze.

A violent swirl of Time Force took shape, and the battlefield froze, even the cheers of the humans falling on deaf ears as even sound failed to travel.

The third eye was just as murky as the other two.

But the power it held was on another level.

Chapter 2854: No Longer

Of all the Forces in the world, Time Force was the one that Leonel ran into the most rarely. In fact, he had never even truly battled one himself.

Old Hutch's grandson was defeated by James, while that mysterious participant of the Gathering of Kingdoms was defeated by Aina. Leonel himself couldn't remember ever facing such a person.

What he was wondering now was if this was an Ability Index or a Lineage Factor. If it was the latter, he would have to change his approach because there would certainly be more than one of them. And it became clear a moment later that it was the former.

A beam of light came from the Oryx Emperor's forehead and appeared before Leonel in the blink of an eye.

It was entirely undodgeable, even for Leonel, who was far above the standards of this world. It was clear that it was relying on Time Force.

Although there should have been a lag between when the technique was activated and when it landed on Leonel, it was instead like it had happened instantly.

Leonel immediately felt himself slow immediately. Even his Absolute Domain couldn't seem to block it. Time Force seemed to be beyond his ability to assimilate and strip away from an opponent.

The Oryx Emperor charged toward him, and it suddenly felt to Leonel like he had returned to the Valiant Heart Zone and was facing Normand the Speedster once again.

The difference in their speed was so great that it felt like in the next second, he would be split in two.

But much like he had when he faced off against Normand, Leonel used the exact same trick.

Just as the Oryx Emperor raised a foot to continue his stride, a rock subtly appeared right in the path of his foot.

He didn't even notice it.

Controlling Earth Force was almost impossible under normal circumstances. Controlling Earth Force in the midst of all of this Anarchic Force was definitely impossible.

Even with all his battle experience, the Oryx Emperor never expected for such a thing to happen.

He stumbled, but quickly regained his balance. Unfortunately, by then, Leonel's Scarlet Star Force erupted.

His Destruction Sovereignty thrummed to life, and the Time Force acting on him was shredded apart.

Since his identity had already been exposed... shouldn't he show the world his true strength?

It didn't matter what Force it was. With how powerful his Destruction Sovereignty was now, this level of Time Force wasn't able to latch onto him for long at all.

At the same time, Leonel's spear had thrust out once again.

The Oryx Emperor hurried to block again, another beam of light coming at Leonel's attack to slow it down. But the aura of a Destruction Sovereign shrouded everything Leonel did, making his block slow.

Leonel's spear tore through the Oryx Emperor's shoulder, and the great sword that had moved to block came a moment later. Unfortunately for the Oryx Emperor, his own attempt at a block caused Leonel's spear to rip into, up and out of his shoulder.

The old Oryx growled, his armor shining and the wound that appeared on him quickly closing.

Leonel watched this indifferently, not feeling much. Had he been using his Spear Force, that wound would have never closed.

In that case, since the Oryx Emperor didn't want to give up, he would apply his Destruction Sovereignty to his blade as well.

The old Oryx leapt to his feet quickly and began to counter, but Leonel's spear thrust out thrice in quick succession.

By the time the third landed, the Oryx hadn't even countered even once and his armor suddenly crumbled to ash.

"You are not my father's match."

The Oryx looked into Leonel's eyes in confusion, not understanding what he was talking about. But when the spear thrust through him, all he felt was the scent of death.

He would truly die... just like that.

Leonel pressed a palm against the Oryx Emperor's forehead and forced him to kneel.

The old Oryx felt its body crumbling from the inside out. The power of Destruction Sovereignty was even more potent in an Incomplete World where the world's laws had no ability to stabilize what was happening.

This also made the chains around Leonel suddenly tighten as the Regulator grew agitated. Clearly, it was scared that he might destroy the entire world.

But Leonel now had a deeper understanding of the Regulator now than he ever had before.

It worked on instinct and a strict set of laws... but it was also somewhat like a child. It had emotions, or rather thoughts, that could be misconstrued as emotions, and it could be... coaxed.

The Dream World and the Regulator both exist in the Second Dimension, and by using his access to the Dream World as a medium to communicate with the Regulator, Leonel could actually calm its agitation and reassure it.

Of course, if he truly crossed the Regulator's bottom line, it wouldn't hesitate to destroy him. This was why, while the Regulator could be said to have something that was adjacent to emotions, it still wasn't quite like this.

However, Leonel was beginning to learn how to weaken the suppression he faced, and by extension, he was gaining more and more access to his true strength.

He even had a feeling that methods the others used to deal with the Regulator and break its rules worked similarly to this. This should explain how the Four Great Families had been able to descend as Ninth Dimensional existences.

If it was truly related to Dream Force as well, it might also explain why the Barbarians didn't have methods that were as good... especially if the Four Great Families were remnants experiments of the God Beasts of Creation.

If things continued like this, Leonel might be able to regain all of his strength.

By then, he would really have a chance to ensure his victory.

A BOOM! echoed through the Ancient Battlefield.

Seems they can't wait any longer.

Chapter 2855: No Longer (2)

Leonel finished suppressing the Oryx Emperor and sent him into the Segmented Cube. Time Force had always been interesting to him, and the evolution of the Oryx of this plane was equally as interesting. At the very least, the Barbarian Race had succeeded far better than Leonel ever had.

In this regard, it was actually a bit embarrassing. That was because, unlike the Oryx in this world, the Oryx of the Dimensional Verse were in a state of Hyper Evolution. That meant it should have been even easier for Leonel.

In truth, if the Barbarian Race knew that Leonel had a hoard of Oryx in a state of Hyper Evolution, they'd be champing at the bit to take them away from him.

It was definitely important for Leonel to get Aina to see what she could glean from the Oryx Emperor, who was clearly the biggest success story of this race.

After seeing what Aina managed to do with the Sea Gods, Leonel had more confidence in this. Plus, he didn't forget that one of the Quests of the Oryx Sub-Dimensional Zone was related to Hyper Evolution.

Once the three Zones fused, it was hard to tell what might happen. So, Leonel had to give himself as much advantage as possible on this front.

Leonel looked up to find a sea of eyes in triplets. The fury of the Oryx had begun to boil over, but he directly ignored them. Looking off into the distance and seen a sea of Sea Gods rushing into the battlefield.

'Finally. Now I can really do this.'

Leonel took a step and appeared high in the air. Taking a breath, it felt like all the Anarchic Force in the region was suddenly forcefully dispersed. In its place, purified air rushed into Leonel's lung.

The longer he spent on the Ancient Battlefield, the clearer his understanding of the Regulator became, and the more of his original power that he recovered.

Filling himself up to the brim, his spear tip suddenly trembled.

Emulation Spatial Force caused the black tip of his blade to glow silver-gold and he suddenly pierced out just a single time.

The scene could only be described as Armageddon. Streaks of spear light filled the skies and dispersed like an umbrella, pooling downward and killing the armies below in waves of thousands.

The earth trapped them from below, and the spear reaped their lives from above.

If Leonel had wanted to start such a massacre, he could have done so alone. He didn't need to bring the Rapax and Human Race with him.

Obviously, since he had done so, there was a purpose.

At that moment, four powerful auras that surpassed the realms of Overlord shot out from the Sea Gods.

Leonel's spear spun in his hands. He took a step and the armies beneath his feet were directly flattened into meat paste. He took another step, and the earth shattered, crumbling to dust and forming a crater that spread across hundreds of meters.

His aura continued to climb and the flickering chains he had hidden across his body grew weaker and weaker.

Then, his spear thrust out toward the oncoming party.

He parried a trident with one motion and tilted his head slightly to dodge another. He kicked out in a fluid motion and shattered the chest of one, while swiping down with his spear to deal with the last.

Each one of his movements wasted not the slightest hint of energy. He was so fluid he seemed to embody water, almost like he was in the process of comprehending the way of the Sea Gods.

He was entirely unrestrained. The weaker the Regulator's suppression was around him, the clearer his mind became and the easier everything became to comprehend.

His wrist flickered and an arm shot into the air. The Sea God had actually managed to dodge the main damage, but he didn't seem to care much at all.

His spear continued in the same arc, slapping down on a trident's pole arm.

He removed a hand from his spear and punched out toward the side, forcing a Sea God to take several steps back.

His hand returned to its rightful place, and a head flew into the skies.

The armless Sea God roared and rushed forward, but Leonel simply thrust out once. His spear seemed to follow an unpredictable trajectory, streaking through the flaws in the Sea God's technique and then ripping a hole through her throat.

Leonel's black spear spun once more, a blade appearing on its butt and forming a dual scythe that twisting around his waist.

A cyclone shot out with him as the center and the four Sea Gods were shredded to pieces.

From start to finish, everything was so smooth and unbothered. Leonel didn't even use his Forces even a single time.

He really listened and felt, trying to understand exactly what this world wanted.

Ironically, as he listened and became more in tune with the world, the Regulator released its pressure even without him coaxing it.

When his comprehension and his control over the Dream World layered atop of one another, he had already regained more than 50% of his true strength.

Against this kind of power, those of this world didn't stand even a single chance.

The roar of the humans deafened the battlefield as Leonel closed his eyes.

In the far off distance, Dreadmaw and Shadowclaw's gazes were filled with shock. Shadowclaw reacted first because he was quite used to Leonel's feats, but Dreadmaw had a difficult time reconciling.

They had vision unlike those here. They could see things they couldn't as well. How could they not feel that the Regulator was slowly beginning to accept Leonel?

What level of comprehension was this?

Leonel slowly opened his eyes, and a crown of Dream Force formed above his head. At that point, although he wasn't truly back, he felt like he could use much of his methods once again.

With a step, the ground rumbled and three enormous hidden Force Arts were revealed, shocking everyone.

They could no longer hide from Leonel.

Chapter 2856: Leonel Morales

The first time Leonel came to the Ancient Battlefield, he hadn't sensed these Force Arts at all. All this time he had been wondering one very simple thing...

Why?

He didn't think himself to be infallible, but when it came to matters of Crafting and Force Arts, at least below the God level, there shouldn't be enough of a gap for him to be completely fooled.

At first, he thought that it was because he was suppressed. This was a good explanation, especially given what he was feeling now. The weaker the Regulator's suppression became, the more he felt that he could sense.

Even so... he felt that this wasn't good enough.

His Dream Force was simply too powerful, and those with Dream Force stronger than his own couldn't enter this world, even if they wanted to.

So how could his vision be obscured?

The only answer to this question was that the Barbarians were ahead of him. They had managed to change three entire Domains because they had comprehended them so perfectly that they were capable of fundamentally changing it.

That was when Leonel realized that he wasn't the only one capable of comprehending an incomplete world, and it was naïve of him to expect that he would be the only one to ever have such intentions.

This essentially meant that compared to the Barbarian Race, he was even lacking in this matter as well.

Essentially, to make a complicated matter simple, he hadn't noticed the Force Arts because, to his senses, they were no different from a part of the world. It was akin to a Natural Force Art, but on an elevated level.

If Leonel didn't have Anastasia to tell him that there were definitely three enormous Sub-Dimensional Zones, he would have likely had the wool pulled over his eyes for a long while.

But since he knew they were certainly there, how could they continue to hide from him? Thanks to this, Leonel was finally able to understand.

It was a reminder to him that he might feel himself to be on the same level as Demi-God Crafters, but there were such a broad range of disciplines and applications of said disciplines that he wasn't nearly experienced enough to say that he was infallible.

He slotted these things to the back of his mind and then grinned.

The reality was that his inability to find these Force Arts was at most a small setback. But the moment he found them, it was a huge boon.

That was because the Barbarian Race had already done all the legwork for him. With a single glance, he had already memorized these Force Arts.

Using his Ability Index, he simulated what it would mean for the three Zones to fuse based on these Natural Force Arts. And once his analysis was complete, he was certain that he had a deeper understanding of what would happen once these Zones combined than anyone else.

"Attack!" Leonel roared.

The human and Rapax armies reacted in kind.

The weakness of a Force Art designed to be a Natural Force Art of a world was that it was likewise restricted to the strength of this world as well.

Even for Leonel, it would take a long while to destroy these Force Arts because of how large they were. They protected entire Domains, so how could Leonel hope to deal with them? Even if there were flaws, because the Force Art relied on the laws of this world, they could be easily covered for with the support of those very same laws.

As such, there was only one way to take down these Force Arts...

Power.

And for that, he needed numbers. Large numbers.

The Oryx were caught off guard by what was happening. What were these Force Arts? They had no idea. Plus, why were they so obsessed with breaking them?

This led to a lull where the Oryx were stuck in a no-man's-land. They weren't participating, but they weren't stopping the humans and Rapax either. If they fought now, it would just be for the sake of doing so.

After watching their Emperor be captured and so many of their own die, it was too difficult to muster up such courage.

The two armies began to bombard the three Force Arts, and they were quickly deteriorating. At this pace, it would be at most 30 or so minutes before they collapsed.

Leonel stood in the air, his spear laxly pointed toward the ground. He was waiting, still waiting.

It was impossible that the Barbarian Race and the Sea Gods would allow this to continue.

Although the Sea Gods were still on the battlefield, much like the Oryx, they were watching in confusion. They clearly had no idea what was happening, either. The information about all of this clearly hadn't spread.

Leonel suddenly smiled.

BOOM! A powerful aura erupted.

Talon, or rather the Sea God he was pretending to be, tore a path forward.

When he saw Leonel, his eyes widened in shock before he became absolutely furious.

He unleashed a barrage of attacks toward the Races beneath him, but Leonel's aura flickered along with his spear, dispersing them all.

"Just as weak as last time." Leonel commented indifferently.

Talon's eyes bulged, his small and large hammer appearing in his hands as he rushed toward Leonel.

BANG! BANG! BANG! The duo exchanged several blows, but Talon was forced back again and again, unable to withstand the changes. While Leonel had gained more of his strength, Talon's improvement by comparison was much slower.

This was a different in Dream Force and comprehension. This was the difference between a Wise Star Order and a normal man.

It was in his bones to document, to learn, to assimilate.

What could a Barbarian do about that?

BANG! Talon was sent flying back, crashing into the ground and leaving a crater that nearly split the Ancient Battlefield in two.

"LEONEL MORALES!"

The roar filled the skies as Talon's disguise was ripped apart.

Finally, the true Barbarian had made his appearance.

Chapter 2857: Sorry

Leonel looked down at Talon and then smiled.

"You've lost weight," he said with a chuckle.

Talon's gaze flashed with red.

He truly had. He had been a burly man, proud of iron belly and rippling muscles. But right now, he looked like a skeleton painted in loose skin. Chains flashed in and out of existence on him, and his own blood pooled down his body every time he tried to pull on more and more of his true strength.

He had been in the Incomplete World for too short a time and his comprehension couldn't compare to Leonel's, on top of the fact his Demi-God constitution and Dimensional level were above the latter's as well.

Even so, despite the smile on his face, Leonel still felt like he was staring into the maw of a giant.

This would be his first battle with a true Demi-God, and he could already feel the pressure.

Red tattoos flashed over Talon's body, and his hammers flashed with lightning.

One hammer was long and had a head as large as his body. It seemed to have grown in size once again. Wild arcs of lightning bolted around it.

The second was smaller and was the very one he used to Craft.

Standing there, despite the weakness of his body, he truly seemed to be the reincarnation of a war god risen from the dead.

His red runes flashed again, and he vanished.

Leonel's gaze narrowed. 'Fast.'

He side stepped, not reacting to Talon's burst of action, but rather its precursors. If he waited for Talon to move first, he would be too slow.

He could feel the aura of a Tier 4 from Talon, the radiant suppression of a Seventh Dimension existence blooming forth.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Leonel met fierceness with skill, his wrists trembling after every attack, but the smile slowly fading from his eyes as his mind began to churn.

He parried one hammer and closed the distance. Taking advantage of the range, he flashed a palm toward Talon's chest.

Unfortunately, Talon had one weapon with an exceptionally long pole arm, and another with a short.

He viciously swung his hammer at Leonel's arm, imagining the scene of it erupting into shards of bone and flesh.

Leonel hardly reacted to this at all. His arm flashed with Light Force and Talon swung through empty air.

The Barbarian genius' expression flickered. But in a swift motion, he used the momentum of his swing hammer to likewise pivot to the side, sidestepping Leonel's palm.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The echoed of battle shook the skies, but what was shocking to those that could barely follow was that neither seemed to be able to hit the other, and when they did clash, it was purely weapon on weapon.

One's analytical abilities were on a different tier entirely.

The other seemed to be able to peer into the future, reading and reacting before it even happened.

It was clear to Leonel at that point that his skill might be far above Talon's, but it was more by design than coincidence or a lack of talent.

Talon didn't have to put a great amount of skill into his attacks because he could rely on his race's clairvoyance to bolster it.

He was the ultimate warrior, with wild strength and a fearless bearing.

At the same time, his Lineage Factor was able to make his body read and react as though he could see tens of steps ahead.

If not for the suppression of the Regulator, this would certainly be several fold more exaggerated.

Facing this clairvoyance, though... Leonel was incredibly calm.

That was because he felt that his Control Ability Index could counter it.

One was by instinct, and the other was by deduction.

And if he memorized the runes that covered the Barbarian Race and incorporated it into a Natural Force Art...

And then used his Dream Force Sovereignty...

Leonel took a step forward, and a crown bloomed above his head as robes danced into being on his body, fluttering in the wind.

"I said this once before..." Leonel said lightly.

Auspicious Air filled the skies and an incomplete Natural Force Art bloomed with every step Leonel took.

The battlefield seemed to flip. For every ten strikes of Leonel's that hit air or were blocked by Talon, one slipped through, nicking across his skin and lacerating his flesh.

"... in a battle of Crafting, you stand no chance at all..."

Leonel's voice echoed once more.

His spear flashed, leaving shadows in the air that blotted out the skies. His blade seemed to be everywhere, a single strike seemingly capable of appearing in three places at once and piercing flesh just as many times.

It was truly beautiful, especially as flashes of lightning dispersed and sparkled in sparks of gold and yellow.

"... you didn't believe me, and were crushed nonetheless..."

Talon felt his blood boiling, but there was nothing he could do. He felt like history was repeating itself.

Leonel was improving so quickly in battle that it didn't make any sense, and seeing the beauty of his spear's dance, Talon couldn't help but wonder if the path of the Barbarian Race was truly wrong.

"... But I want to apologize to you..."

Leonel's spear spun in his hands, slamming down.

BANG!

Talon's hammer slammed into the ground and nearly cracked the Ancient Battlefield in half.

Fragments spreading for hundreds of kilometers and the Barbarian fell to a knee.

"... I told you that if it was a battle, you might actually stand a chance..."

Leonel's spear flickered once more and one of Talon's arm flew into the air along with his other hammer.

Blood sparkled a translucent ruby color as it arched amidst the dreary darkness of the Ancient Battlefield.

Leonel had to admit that it was the most beautiful blood he had ever seen.

"... But I lied. It seems you never stood a chance in either."

Leonel's spear pierced through Talon's chest, pinning him to the ground.

A rumbling echoed through his body as his foggy silver gold robes fluttered.

Chapter 2858: Complacency

Every one of Leonel's words was like another knife through Talon's heart. The Barbarian knew that Leonel was only speaking so much precisely to attack his psyche, but did it matter when it was true?

He still remembered Leonel's words from back then, and right now, he was being forced to face them again without even a chance to refute.

He couldn't even feel the pain in his chest. It wasn't greater than what the Regulator had done to him. And even if it had been, it wouldn't overcome what was in his heart.

His psyche had taken a great blow and his gaze became a bit vacant.

The vitality of a Barbarian Race existence was massive, probably even more than Leonel and his Life State Vital Star Force, even when his Northern Star Lineage Factor was taken into account.

As such, definitely the blade through his chest, Talon wasn't even close to dying, but did it matter?

BANG!

At that moment, the first of the enormous Force Arts shattered to pieces. Clearly, though their battle felt fast to the two of them, it had lasted quite a while.

At the same time, Dreadmaw didn't even quite know what he was looking at.

Did a human... just beat a Barbarian? Since when was such a thing possible?

Even for the geniuses amongst geniuses of the Mortal Races, existences that managed to become Gods in the end, such a feat was too impossibly rare.

It was one thing if it was a normal Barbarian, but for such a thing to happen to a clear genius like Talon? The Rapax couldn't even wrap his head around it.

However, these thoughts couldn't occupy his mind for long because a rush of energy began to fill the Ancient Battlefield.

A surge of Force rushed in and Anarchic Force began to clash against it to hold it back.

It had to be remembered the Zones were known as huge attractions to Invalids. Back on Earth, soon after the Metamorphosis, Leonel and Aina often had to fight off hoards of them in order to access Zones.

This was precisely because of the Force they radiated.

Sensing it now, and on such a large scale, it wasn't just Dreadmaw who was in awe, but Leonel as well.

Leonel especially began to gain a different outlook of Zones. It wasn't just that they were gathering Force, they were quite literally expelling it on an enormous scale.

Sub-Dimensional Zones might, quite literally, create Force!

The weight of such a discovery left Leonel speechless. This was huge.

But it wasn't done yet.

The cracking of the other two Force Arts was reaching a fever pitch and soon and second shattered.

BANG!

The wave of Force doubled.

Leonel's gaze flickered several times over.

He had been right. Observing these Zones was on another level entirely. He felt that his comprehension of the Incomplete World was advancing by leaps and bounds.

But he also knew that this was just the beginning.

The Force Arts were merely protecting the gateway to the Domains. The actual Zones were still within, were protected by several more Barbarians, and there was also the protective gateway around them all.

The only way forward was to destroy them all.

Leonel took a breath, suppressed Talon and then put him inside the Segmented Cube.

He wasn't in a rush to move as the third Natural Force Art was about to collapse.

There had been something that he was worried about all this time.

Why did it feel like Talon had spent such a short time in this place? He didn't seem to have had time to adapt to the Incomplete World at all.

The answer seemed obvious to Leonel.

It was an obfuscation, an attempt to pull the wool over his eyes.

Of course, the Barbarian Race wouldn't have guessed that Leonel would deal with their genius so quickly. Nor would they expect him to have Anastasia and be capable of finding their Natural Force Arts.

Ultimately, this Incomplete World was almost certainly a mission taken on by the upper echelon of the Barbarian Race.

Talon was just a junior.

Leonel was under no illusions that he would just be able to beat up some kids around his age and claim something even the Gods found valuable.

If he wanted this victory, he wouldn't have to just force Talon to take a loss...

He would have to force the Barbarian Race itself into submission.

And the kind of task that was could only be said to be on another level entirely. In fact, it might very well be asking for death.

Leonel slowly exhaled.

BANG!

The last of the Natural Force Arts shattered, and yet there was no movement at all.

Leonel watched calmly, but even after several seconds, the Barbarian Race didn't seem to have realized that their protective measures had been destroyed.

Was this possible?

Of course not. They should have known from the very moment he began to attack them.

In that case, it could only mean that they either didn't care to act, or didn't feel that it was necessary.

Taking a step back, Leonel understood why immediately. If he was in the shoes of the Barbarian Race, at first he would be worried. To them, the likelihood that the other two parties were Gods was high. Even if they were other Demi-Gods, they would have to surely be wary.

But now, one party had been exposed as Leonel, and the other was almost certain that Rapax.

Between these two, how could they be worried at all?

A pair of Mortal Races wanted to compete with them? Was that a joke?

It only made it worse that the Barbarian Race had a huge advantage after having found this Incomplete World long before anyone else.

It was natural that they were a bit complacent.

But was it truly complacency? Or was it something else entirely?

Leonel's lip quirked into a smirk.

Taking another deep breath, an odd aura started to emit from him. Deep within him, the Life tablet stirred.

Since he was stepping onto center stage, he would have to show the Barbarian Race that he didn't fear even the Gods, let alone Demi-Gods.

Chapter 2859: Where?

Leonel hadn't been there when Nilrem created the Merlin Trial Sub-Dimensional Zone. He had no idea what the Tablets had been capable of in the past.

But in the time that Leonel had had them in his possession, how could he not put a great deal of effort into studying them?

While he wasn't taking advantage of the most obvious abilities, this wasn't because he was a fool.

To Leonel, the techniques of the Tablets meant less to him after receiving the Godlen's Inheritance.

He had already had a huge issue with consolidating his talents. He couldn't stretch himself so thin by learning so many different kinds of techniques, so he had ignored them for now.

As for the ability to fuse and improve Lineage Factors and Ability Indexes, Leonel had already given his brothers and allies more than enough to chew on for several years. And for himself, he had yet to run into any Ability Indexes or Lineage Factors that moved him, so he likewise didn't feel the need to use it on himself.

For a long while, the most useful abilities of the Silver and Life Tablets to Leonel were their abilities in Challenge Sequences, and also their usefulness in terms of the history they held. Without the former, he would have been screwed over several times over and maybe even lost his life. Without the latter, he'd be flying blind a lot of the time.

As a man born in an Incomplete World, it wasn't exactly easy to learn about the history of so many families and organizations across countless universes.

Even so, once again, that didn't mean that Leonel had stopped analyzing the Tablets, and it was while researching that he noticed something curious.

The Second Dimension was the holder of many important things.

It was where the Regulator resided. It was where worlds like the Dream World or the Shadow World resided. It was where the impetus of life and consciousness resided... the location of where Dream Force bloomed.

What was interesting about this tidbit of information was that the Tablets seemed to be able to exert a great deal of influence on the Second Dimension. Wasn't that precisely why it was so useful during the Challenge Sequences? Wasn't that why it could fuse and change Lineage Factors and Ability Indexes? Wasn't it why it could copy those very same abilities from others, just from the faintest contact?

All of this could be brushed away until Leonel had a flash of inspiration.

What was a Sub-Dimensional Zone, exactly?

Back in the Void Palace, Leonel had entered a Dwarven Race Zone along with Aina. It was then that he realized that quite literally everything within a Zone was forged out of Dream Force.

Back then, he had somewhat thought about what this could do for him. He wondered if he could use Dream Force to copy or create other Forces, but he had ended up abandoning this path.

For one, he couldn't figure it out at the time, and how could he? His Dream Force wasn't even at the Impetus State. What right did he have to mimic a world's usage of Dream Force?

And second, he already had too many abilities. What use was copying others going to do for him other than put more on his plate? It was best if he focused on what he already had.

After that day, Leonel didn't really think about that moment again. And it felt even less necessary to think about after he left the Incomplete Worlds behind. What need was there to think about Zones when he would never come across them again?

And then it all clicked.

When all of these things were linked together...

The influence Tablets could exert over the Second Dimension...

The fact Zones were entirely constructed of Dream Force...

The fact Zones didn't just pop up out of nowhere and had to be constructed based on the existences that already influenced the Incomplete World...

Leonel realized something quite simple.

Why couldn't he use his Life Tablet to change the Zones?

The Life Tablet trembled in Leonel's Ethereal Glabella, and at that moment, so too did the Sub-Dimensional Zones.

He spread his arms wide and the pressure only seemed to increase.

He could feel a great deal of information flooding into his mind, information far more detailed than anything even Anastasia had been able to give him. He could even see a clear path toward exactly how to perfectly clear the Zones.

But he didn't enter either one of them.

"Fuse."

Leonel's gaze flashed and the pressure he exerted reached its peak.

...

On the other side of the Force Arts, the Barbarian Race had already taken off their disguises.

Honestly, they were a bit bored. After realizing they were just facing Mortal Races, there was nothing to even get worked up about.

They had already been dissatisfied with the higher ups making them wait around and hide like scurrying rats. Even if it were Gods on the other side, they would have wanted the chance to battle.

Of course, this would have been a stupid decision had there actually been Gods on the other side. But no one ever accused the Barbarian Race of being intelligent. That was why Talon's existence was such an anomaly for them.

One of the Barbarian Race commanders yawned.

He was known as Ratine and he was probably one of the stronger existences here. He was in Tier 7 of the Seventh Dimension, and though less talented than Talon, he had already acclimated and had gained much of his weight back.

"Fury, are we just going to stand here? They already broke down the barrier. Why not go wipe them out already?"

Fury, a Barbarian Race member with a head of fiery red hair, stood in silence. Suddenly, he frowned.

Where was this feeling coming from?

BOOM!

Chapter 2860: Analysis

Leonel stood in the skies with his hands spread wide. He looked focused, but his mind was actually reeling in shock.

There was a great amount of pressure being placed on him, but what surprised him the most was how truly... easy it all was.

Yes, even his own mind was being overloaded. Even so, this wasn't necessarily because he was fusing the Zones into one. In fact, he felt that he could actually do this with a thought and then let the Tablet handle the rest.

The overload of his mind was coming from all the options the tablet was giving him.

He realized at that point that while his deductions were correct... they weren't nearly correct enough. It was almost to the point of irony.

Not only could he fuse these Zones, he could change and tweak aspects of them, change variables, warp the personalities of those within...

The list felt endless, and it was precisely because of this that he was being so thoroughly overwhelmed.

It was like the Life Tablet was treating the Zones like a blank slate to be drawn on. It hardly even considered the people inside to be real at all.

That was when the realization hit Leonel.

The Valiant Heart Zone... its people... hadn't the Silver Tablet treated them so casually as well? Hadn't they treated lives so cheaply that they could be directly resurrected when he so pleased just in exchange for a little bit of energy?

Did that also mean that a Wise Star Order had created the Valiant Heart Zone? Why? And for what purpose?

He thought about everything the Zone had taught him...

It was its existence that made him find purpose and decide to be a King... before then; he was just aimlessly meandering through life because the influence of his future self was far too strong.

But it was also because of this Zone that he had realized that life wasn't so cheap. He couldn't casually bring people back to life, because in a lot of ways, after dying once, the person he had come to know was already gone.

The first lesson had given him a reason to keep going, even if he didn't have Aina in his life. If not for this purpose of being a King, after Aina broke up with him, who knew what he might have done? Would he have done something he regretted for the rest of his life? Would he even be here at all...?

And the second lesson... what kind of carnage would he have caused if he still insisted on resurrecting his father?

He still remembered back then he swore to trigger a cataclysm just for the sake of starting another Timeless Event. How many people would he have killed? Would he have ruined the Human Race again before it even got a chance to rise back up?

These memories came flooding back to Leonel and he couldn't help but wonder...

Was someone guiding him?

Leonel could only push those thoughts away because what was happening right now was too profound.

He hadn't been ready for this at all.

Should he keep the Zones the same? Should he tweak them? Was there a benefit to tweaking them? Should he fuse them and then tweak them or tweak them as is?

The information flooding his mind was so overwhelming, and Leonel had truly been caught with his pants down this time.

It was like he had gorged himself on a great steak, only to not have enough room to enjoy a Wagyu A5 cut he hadn't expected.

Had his plan worked? Yes. But he didn't realize until now that he could have plotted for an even better path until right now.

He didn't have the time to analyze to exactly what the best path to take was, and the worst part was that he felt if he did choose the perfect path, he would be able to cut away several steps he would have otherwise needed to bring this Incomplete World to the peak of perfection.

The moment the Barbarian Race noticed that the Zones were about to fuse and that their protective gateways had become useless, they would almost certainly rush here at their fastest speed.

He had at most a few minutes, at worst a few seconds.

His mind simply wasn't strong enough yet to analyze all of these variables.

He spiralled, ready to grit his teeth and just follow through, not the plan he had to begin with when he froze.

"Anastasia, analyze this for me!"

Before the little World Spirit could respond, Leonel began to pass on a great deal of information to her.

As he did so, he began to rapid fire several parameters he wanted her to focus on.

"... Focus on the Forces that most align with this Incomplete World to your understanding... Prioritize evolution, Hyper Evolution preferably... diagnose whether Water Force is a natural powerhouse of this Zone or not. If so, focus on it. If not, reject it outright... The Cloud Race... Ignore the Human Race... Find what other Races might have been superior here and focus on them..."

The string of thoughts came out of Leonel's mouth faster than most could understand. It even sounded like he was rambling.

Even so, for Anastasia, it was almost too easy.

Leonel was nowhere near being capable of mapping out a whole Incomplete World in just three days, but it was a simple task for Anastasia and she never seem overloaded.

On top of that, Anastasia had always been capable of grasping far more details with his Internal Sight than Leonel's mind could withstand. That was why he always had her dumb it down.

And now, he had realized maybe a bit too late that she was the perfect analytical tool.

"... Double check all the Zones you've mapped. If they are useful, let me know and I will fuse them..."

Leonel finished giving his orders out in not even a second, and he felt that the world was about to collapse.

The Barbarian Race was coming.

Unfortunately for them, Anastasia had already begun to give him a string of information.

The Life Tablet trembled and Leonel's gaze burned bright.

