

# Dimensional Descent -

## - Chapter 2801: Spear God

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"He shouldn't be this strong," Peacock said softly. He could feel the pressure of Leonel's steps and none of this was like what the reports said it would be.

Like he had said earlier, they already felt that sending this many was overkill. It was just that to compensate for any error in judgment, plus taking into account that they might hide away in the Dream Pavilion, the Invalids had decided that it was best to send a large army.

What they didn't expect was that not only would Leonel not huddle up and hide in the Dream Pavilion like they assumed he would, but he would come to match their might in a relentless fury...

All on his own.

Or so it seemed.

"Yip! Yip!"

Little Blackstar suddenly appeared on Leonel's shoulder. Leonel hadn't called him out, but the little guy had sensed the agitation and chose to make an appearance.

Without even the need to exchange a word between the two of them, they seemed to have already formed a tacit understanding and they suddenly split into two.

Leonel flickered toward Apex and Peacock while Blackstar dove into the army.

The carnage of the two of them combined seemed multiplicative of what Leonel was capable of alone. Their tacit understanding allowed all variables to be handled ahead of time, and in what felt like the blink of an eye, Leonel had already appeared before the two Variant Invalids.

"You go handle the beast, I'll deal with him," Peacock spoke.

"Don't order me around." Apex said indifferently.

Leonel had already attacked.

Judging by the conversation between the two, neither seemed to fear Leonel any more because of Bull's death. This might have been because Invalids didn't feel emotion the same as everyone else did, or it might have been because they were truly that much stronger than Bull...

But to Leonel the answer didn't matter.

His spear strikes seemed fuelled by his fury. [Domain] descended and suppressed the two Variant Invalids, while [Universe] layered with Leonel's Absolute Domain.

His blade seemed to warp physics to his whims, it wasn't just a distortion of time and space anymore, but it carried a variability and unpredictability that came when laws weren't just distorted, but they outright broke.

The momentum of his spear would change sporadically in an instant, a strike from the left might suddenly deviate and pierce toward their legs. His spear somehow seemed to be both everywhere and nowhere at once, and the instant these two faced it, the next words of their argument died down.

Peacock hurriedly formed several rainbow-colored feathers that took aim to defend him while Apex suddenly punched out thrice in quick succession.

A battle erupted between the trio and became very obvious, very quickly that their skill paled in comparison to Leonel.

It was like Leonel had truly become a God of the spear. He didn't think to move, his spear did the thinking for him. He moved from swift and fierce to gentle but firm. He changed stances on a whim and his spear seemed capable of both being endlessly flexible and hard to track, and rigid and unmoving at the same time.

Leonel still remembered a time where others had looked down on him for lack of his skill in the spear, he still remembered the humiliation he faced at the hands of Amery when he was told he wasn't worthy of the Spear Domain Ring at all.

But since that time, he had changed.

He was no longer the Leonel who had picked up the spear for no other reason than it was the most convenient weapon at the time.

He was a man who could feel the stroke of his spear in his breath and listen to its rhythm in his heart.

His raw power was far beneath these two...

And yet he toyed with them like children.

Cuts and gashes began to appear across the bodies of the two Invalids. They could see nothing more than a blur of silver, crimson and gold streaking through the air... that and a pair of eyes as deep as an abyss.

Leonel was shorter than the both of them despite being just over 6'9", and yet, at that moment, he might as well have been a looming giant.

Crimson plumes of fog billowed off of him in waves and his spear blade became like the connecting lines of a constellation. Every stroke was immaculate and beautiful in its purpose.

The Auspicious Air in the surroundings had grown to the point that it didn't even look like they stood in an Inbetween World any longer. Rather, it looked as though they were standing in the middle of a bronze and crimson sun, solar flares echoing out in all directions and filling the surroundings in a blanket of ancient light.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Peacock stumbled backward as Leonel's spear tip split into three. They divided themselves across time and space, and in that moment it looked as though he was about to hit three different locations at once, two aimed at Apex and the last aimed at the flailing Peacock.

Apex had no choice but to defend himself, feeling that this situation was quickly getting out of hand. Leonel didn't even allow them the opportunity to catch their breath. He seemed to be both everywhere and nowhere, his shadow was impossible to trace.

And then it happened.

The three blades, once aimed toward different locations, suddenly converged. They formed a line of blades in the air, vanishing from their originally intended targets and appearing before Peacock's forehead all at once.

The Variant Invalid's eyes opened wide but it was already too late.

PCHU!

PCHU!

PCHU!

His forehead was pierced three times so quickly that it almost sounded like a single hit. Each successive blow opened the wound larger until the last blew his head into a rain of blood and gore.

Leonel swept his spear out and destroyed what remained of Peacock's body, blowing it into a fine mist of crimson before it could even turn to motes of light.

## - Chapter 2802: Worth

### Chapter 2802: Worth

Apex's eyes opened wide.

Bull's death hadn't hit him very hard. He was objectively the weakest of them, and they were also sharp enough to see that Leonel had used what looked like a once-use technique to deal with him quickly, especially since right afterward Leonel's aura seemed to plummet.

However, what he didn't expect was that Leonel didn't even need to use that technique to deal with them.

The suppression around him doubled the instant Peacock died and he realized just the sheer level of terror that Leonel was able to inflict.

He wasn't even sure how such a Domain could be possible.

Even so, fear wasn't Apex's immediate emotion. He couldn't see the wounds on his body and when he looked at Leonel, there was a deep light that seemed to exude an inhumane air.

What was the most shocking about Leonel was that his Spear seemed to be so strong... and yet Apex only realized now that he hadn't sensed any Spear Force even a single time.

"You are strong."

Leonel responded with nothing more than a spear. He never paused even a single time, and his hatred had yet to be vented. His spear danced once more, another relentless barrage erupting around Apex like firecrackers.

There was just one left and victory should have been easy. He should have been able to take Apex down even easier than he had Bull. He already understood his combat style and by now, his Control Ability Index had a predictive model for the Variant Invalid that was more than 99% accurate.

And yet, after a trio of exchanges, Leonel realized that something was wrong.

Apex was still holding up. His situation wasn't much better than when he had been fighting alongside Peacock, but it wasn't any worse either.

Leonel realized this instantly. Most would have taken several more exchanges, but the moment Leonel got to three, he indifferently changed his tactics.

Apex had the very same tattoos as the Barbarian Race, this was the first thing that Leonel had realized the moment he saw this man.

Back then, Leonel had planned to take out both Somnus and Talon at the same time. According to his calculations, they should have been together. But Talon deviated from that plan and ended up staying behind in the Owlman Race's territory for a bit before leaving later on.

Leonel had found this odd. Back then, his predictive abilities were already quite extensive, and afterward, they only got better, especially with his breakthrough in the use of Auspicious Air.

When he recalculated his deductions from back then, there was still a better than 90% possibility that Talon should have appeared with Somnus.

But he hadn't.

Why was that?

Leonel wasn't sure at first, but this quick exchange with Apex had already given him an idea.

Apex was an Invalid of the Barbarian Race, and after becoming a Variant of great power, he didn't seem to have exhibited any special abilities.

Bull was practically made of metal, though that was his downfall. All Peacock and Apex saw was him use [Finality] to kill him, what they didn't see was the manipulation of Earth Force that did him in.

Peacock had fallen to Leonel, but his abilities were also quite exceptional. On the surface, it looked as though he was just manipulating sharp feathers to assault Leonel from all sides, but the reality was that his rainbow-coloured Force was actually multi-faceted and layered.

It had a mimicry ability that seemed capable of storing one ability for every one of the colors it exuded, and this mimicry seemed to extend well into illusions and tricks of the eye, blending attack, defense and even assaults on the mind all into one...

It was an exceptional ability.

Just absolutely useless before Leonel.

So what was Apex? Just a man who could punch things hard and happened to be battle thirsty?

No, there was something being missed here, and after the third exchange, Leonel understood what it was.

Premonition.

Apex's predictive ability without Peacock in the picture had actually increased. Now he didn't need to predict the actions of two people at once, but rather just a single one.

It could be said that Apex was the perfect counter for Leonel. Leonel's battle style had always been built off the back of forcing his enemy to make a mistake and then capitalizing, but Apex seemed to be able to allow the smaller mistakes and avoid the large ones outright.

How do you counter someone who could see the future?

Honestly, at the moment, Leonel was truly infuriated. He wanted nothing more than to wipe all of these Invalids out and he didn't want even a single piece of their power. They were all worthless to him and he wanted nothing to do with them.

But right now, he could no longer justify it.

"Elorin."

Leonel couldn't keep his rage out of his voice, but it didn't seem to matter at the moment. He and Elorin were not close to begin with.

"Kill him and you'll improve."

Leonel turned and began to walk away. But before he vanished, he paused.

"If you can't kill him and you let him escape, there's no need for you to return."

Elorin didn't say a word as Leonel vanished. He knew that Leonel wasn't mad at him currently, but he also knew that Leonel didn't have a very good impression of him to begin with. How could he have one of a person who would kill his own grandfather?

These were still things that Elorin didn't regret, and it could be said that he and Leonel stood on opposite sides of things. But that didn't mean that they couldn't use one another.

Elorin had been under Anastasia's teachings all the while, and if Leonel and Aina were first in resource consumption, it wouldn't be a surprise to say that he was third.

If he couldn't defeat this level of opponent by now even after how much Leonel had done for him.

It really wasn't worth it for him to return.

## Chapter 2803: Brewing Storm

Leonel tried to take deep breaths to calm himself down. His mood wasn't the best right now, and that was because he knew that there was much more to come.

What he needed was a method of dealing with all of this swiftly and decisively.

Because of his previous plan, he ended up having to rope in the Cloud Race and forced them to face the ire that the Nomads should have. But as a result, the Nomad Race was still scot-free right this moment.

He had been waiting for the Nomad Race to eventually make a move, but what he didn't expect was that the Invalids would suddenly appear like this.

Of course, Aina and he had already spoken about her leg and the issues that it might bring, however it could be said that this moment was probably the most inconvenient of them all for such a thing to happen.

According to his calculations, there was only a small likelihood to begin with that this would come back to bite them, and yet here they were.

Leonel's steps came to a pause and he closed his eyes.

The crimson fog around him slowly receded and the rushing rivers of his blood slowed down. The wave of fatigue hit him soon afterward, but after several deep breaths, his body recovered quickly, eventually shimmering as though he had just woken up from a deep rest.

His current strength was greater than even he expected. He was reluctant to take out his Spear Force just now, but what he didn't know was that even without his, his skill in the spear could be said to have touched upon a new realm entirely.

He was already used to battling those with greater strength than his own to begin with. Apex and the other Variant Invalids were probably around the Demi-God level in terms of raw talent, and they were two Dimensions above him, but he was still able to crush them.

In terms of raw strength, he was beneath them, but even then it wasn't far off. In terms of skill, though, he existed on a plane all to himself. They couldn't even be mentioned in the same sentence.

After his recent breakthrough, Leonel had already reached the Demi-God level in terms of raw talent as well. When it came to comprehension and raw skill, he was capable of leaping two Dimensions to do battle against other geniuses at the Demi-God level.

If it was a weak Demi-God, one of poor talent compared to the rest of their Race, he could probably kill an Eighth Dimensional one with the same level of ease.

If he really went all out and gave it everything he had, for a short burst he could probably match an Eighth Dimensional genius of the Demi-God level as well.

As for those of the Mortal Level, he hardly even considered them.

For a Mortal talent to match him they would have to have a Creation State Force. Anything less and they would be felled just like the Invalids had been.

Of course, if there was a Demi-God genius who had grasped a Creation State Force at the Seventh Dimension, it was also unlikely that Leonel would be a match for them.

But taking a step back, Leonel had realized something peculiar the more battles he fought...

Was the overall comprehension abilities of everyone in Existence really so poor? Or was it that he and his wife were on a level all to themselves?

He had met several Demi-Gods until now, but even the genius of the Owlans, Minerva, had only had a Higher Life State Force when Leonel met her.

Of course, he didn't believe that he was a match for her even now, and that was without knowing what kind of improvements she had undergone. But he still found it odd.

Was there a tradeoff for having that much talent?

The same Force in the hands of different people weighed completely differently. A Ninth Dimensional human with an Impetus State Force was no match for a Seventh Dimensional Spiritual with the same level of Force.

That was the gap in raw talent, one that couldn't be filled with just comprehension alone.

Could it be, then, that those with greater talent struggled with comprehending higher State Forces?

Was this the advantage of being human?

Leonel's thoughts wandered to the technique that Aina had gained from the Gathering of Kingdoms Stele.

Recalling the details of that technique, and how well it could change the fate of the Human Race, he felt that his deductions were quite accurate.

Footsteps suddenly echoed from behind Leonel. He didn't look back, but eventually a bloodied Elorin stood to his side in silence, his usual white tracksuit practically pasted onto his body by the crimson liquid.

"You were faster than I thought you'd be," Leonel said, his tone less forceful than before.

"It took three days," he replied.

Leonel pursed his lips and then nodded. It had only been three hours in Leonel's estimation, but he doubted that Elorin would lie about this. It seemed that either he was being vaguely philosophical about how he saw time versus others, or his Time Force had become far stronger.

"And your gains?" Leonel asked.

"I will need some time to digest them, but the change is fairly large. I feel less restrictions on my Ability Index."

Leonel nodded again. Finding a Variant Invalid with the perfect pairing ability for yourself was probably more beneficial than even using the help of the Tablets. At the very least, it took more effort and time to get the same results from the Tablets.

"Alright, you can go back. We'll likely have to go to battle soon and you'll have more opportunities to get stronger."

Elorin didn't say anything more and simply entered the Segmented Cube. His life was consumed by training these days and he wouldn't have it any other way.

Leonel closed his eyes again and stood there.

What kind of backlash would wiping out this Invalid army bring? He couldn't just sit on his hands and hope for this problem to go away.

## **Chapter 2804: Dangerous**

'The only path forward seems to be to take drastic measures,' Leonel thought to himself.

Right now, he still couldn't reveal that he had the Life Tablet. He also couldn't reveal that he had the Silver Tablet or else that would cause problems of its own.

The former he couldn't reveal because doing so would be as good as admitting that he had triggered a war Gods were involved in.

The latter he couldn't reveal for much the same reason. According to the world, it was the Wise Tablet of the Cloud Race, and they were currently facing assaults from all sides because of it.

Did he feel bad about using the same trick twice?

Absolutely not.

If it wasn't broken, why bother to fix it?

But that did put him in a bit of a bind.

The first thought he had was to raise the Dream Pavilion to the top 100. If he did so, then all this nonsense would be irrelevant because the ratios and formula would begin to tilt to his side. By then, he could finally use the large swaths of contribution points he had to exchange for another large-scale protective formation.

That way, the Human Race could hunker down and be safe for at least a short while.

Unfortunately, this idea had its problems.

For one, trading for such a barrier would almost certainly drain the rest of the Contribution Points that the Vast Dream Pavilion had.

Was it worth it to trade their quick pace of progression for security that might not even be permanent?

But that wasn't even the main problem, frankly.

Breaching the top 100 without the use of a Life Tablet was a tall order.

There were just too many problems all around, and it was difficult for even Leonel to wrap his head around them all.

However, panic wasn't the emotion Leonel was feeling right now. Instead, he felt the calm of a brewing storm.

In this whirlwind of chaos, there lay opportunity. The trouble was how much he should try to take advantage of it.

This time, there was no Gathering of Kingdoms or Gathering of Minds to give him a convenient platform. If he wanted one, he would have to create it himself.

Leonel's gaze flickered before he took a step and vanished.

...

Aina looked up when Leonel appeared before her, a questioning look in her eye.

"It's fine," Leonel shook his head.

"Doesn't sound like it's fine."

"I'm more mad at the audacity than the strength," Leonel explained simply.

Aina smiled, but didn't respond.

"How is it?" Leonel asked.

"Slow. It's harder to look at the world and grasp it at a lower Dimension. My Ability Index is weaker, so I can't see the complete picture as easily as I should be able to."

Leonel nodded. This was the real loss they had suffered after the Flaura drama. Without her Eighth Dimensional strength, it was ironically difficult to tell when Aina would make it back to her true strength.

That said, there was something else they gained other than Flaura's defeat, and that was proof that Somnus' information was truly potent.

"I think we're going to have to step it up a bit," Leonel said after a while.

"In what way?"

"Well, there are two ways to get the Bubble what it needs. The first is to enter the top 100, but there is another method."

"The Dream Force experts?" Aina asked.

"Yes. They've been under us for a while, but we've never had them officially join the Dream Pavilion despite them training beneath its influence. I'm going to speed up their growth a bit."

"We'll use the Forgetful Orbs and if my experiment goes well, I'll assassinate a few top level Dream Force experts to use my King's Might on."

"Isn't that..."

"Dangerous? Yeah. But I think it's about time the Human Race has more than just you and me."

## Chapter 2805: Now We Wait

Leonel appeared in a world of ice. He wore a fluttering cloak of white that would have looked perfect for an assassin if not for its bright shade. Every time the wind rebuffed against it, it would radiate a delicate sky blue light that made it look absolutely magical.

He was still experimenting with "cool" uniforms and he had to admit that he quite liked this one, especially when the white gloves and snowboarding goggles matched with it.

'Seven out of ten,' Leonel thought to himself. 'We can still do better. Much better.'

All this said, he didn't just wear this outfit for the sake of the looks. It was truly cold in this world.

This place was under the control of the Nomad Race, a special variant of them with skin that looked drained of all blood. They were especially lanky, and it looked as though they were in a constant state of hibernation.

This wasn't much different from Patriarch Khafra, but whereas the latter's situation was almost certainly caused by a technique of some sort, for the former, they were naturally born this way.

Leonel had come here for a very specific reason, and that was obviously to kill.

He had used Somnus' information to pinpoint a few likely locations where the Nomads were involved in Flaura's plot. Though he wasn't here just for revenge.

As he had said to Aina, he needed to speed up everyone's growth a bit.

"What weighed the most heavily on the Dream Pavilion's scale were Impetus State Dream Force users."

"Well, this wasn't actually true. Obviously, Life and Creation State users were even more important. But it wasn't realistic for Leonel to suddenly come out with a bunch of them, and even if he could, it would be foolish to do so."

"However, if Leonel could create a few hundred or maybe even thousand Impetus State Dream Force experts, that would be a game changer and shift the Vast Dream Pavilion's formula enough that he could finally purchase some top of the line stuff."

"In order to do that, he had used the souls of Gemmes and the other Deputy Heads in an experiment that worked better than anything he expected."

"He used [Assimilate] on the souls and the Forgetful Orbs. His goal was to create a Forgetful State that could find a balance between what the Deputy Heads had comprehended and what the person absorbing the new orb had comprehended."

"This way, they could easily make the comprehension their own, giving everyone a shortcut to progression."

"It had worked... almost too well. Well enough that Leonel almost understood why so many had ganged up on the Fawkes Family. It could be said that that side of his family comprised nothing but monsters."

"What Leonel hadn't considered, though, was the fact that most Fawkes could do nothing of the sort. Even if they knew of the three most powerful techniques, that didn't mean they could use or understand them. There was a reason Leonel had almost died earning the recognition of the Golden Tablet before he could do anything with it."

"There were only a handful of Fawkes capable of doing what he had done and was currently doing."

"Hm, there it is," Leonel thought to himself.

The icy wind whipped against his cloak as he pulled up the scarf that covered the lower half of his face. His snowboarding goggles flickered and images flashed by until he had peered into the Dream Pavilion that hung high in the skies a long distance away.

"Now we wait."

It took over a day before Leonel saw his target. The old Nomad left, soaring through the skies on one of his large palms with a substantial amount of speed. It looked as though he was tearing through the wind itself.

"Fast," Leonel's eyes narrowed. "More than likely headed for the city, there'll only be one suitable spot to catch him...."

Leonel shot forward. From high above, he blended into the snow so well that the Dream Force expert didn't see or sense him at all.

Time ticked by and when Leonel felt it was right, he suddenly sprang upward.

"A bow formed in his hand, and the skies were almost instantly blanketed by a rain of arrows. From afar, it might have even looked like a meteor shower had fallen onto the mountain range."

"The Nomad was taken aback by the sudden attack, but he reacted fast, looking for a place to dodge to, only to realize that Leonel's rain of arrows seemed to have an almost mysterious quality to them, as though they were both separate and together at once, as though they were the cogs in a machine rather than a random burst of attacks."

"Beautiful."

"It was the one word he could use to summarize it."

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

"The Nomad had no choice but to take the attacks head on, a frosty energy coming from him as he surged to prepare for a counterattack."

"What he didn't expect was for Leonel to suddenly appear behind him even amid his large Hands of God."

"Leonel had already swapped his bow for a spear, thrusting toward the Nomad's back with a swift momentum."

"The Nomad didn't understand what was happening. There was a strong spatial force around all of his Hands of God, suddenly teleporting by him shouldn't have been possible, and even in the case it was he should have at least sensed it before it was too late."

"An eruption of Water Force blanketed the region and a shimmering ice armor that almost looked like it was carved of diamond appeared on the Nomad's back."

**BANG! BANG!**

"The Nomad was sent flying forward as Leonel's spear bent into a crescent moon."

**BOOM! BOOM!**

"Plowing through the mountain range, the Nomad was beaten like a rag doll. He tried to stand to his feet quickly to escape, only to run the spear blade that appeared before him right through his own forehead."

## **Chapter 2806: You?**

Leonel grabbed out at the air, pulling the Nomad's soul into his grasp. After a quick look around, he vanished.

He was really tempted to ask Anastasia to blanket the world and find any good resources for him, but in the end, he stifled it.

Although he had just killed their Dream Pavilion Head, there were other Dream Force experts here. Anastasia couldn't even hide from human Ninth Dimensional experts, let alone this level of expert.

If he started leaving a hallmark of a strong sense sweeping over a world right after a Dream Pavilion Head died, then it would end up eventually coming back to bite him.

He thought about maybe using it to pretend to be some great, untouchable expert. But in the end, he shelved that idea as well.

Minerva likely knew enough about the Segmented Cube to draw the distinction, and unlike the rest of the world, she likely knew by now that the Segmented Cube was certainly in his possession once more.

'Next target.'

News of Dream Pavilion Heads falling spread quickly. It wasn't something that could be hidden, and by the time Leonel had killed half a dozen, his seventh target was already on high alert.

Unfortunately, he had to keep going. This wasn't nearly enough. He would need to kill three dozen at the very least before he was satisfied.

So he switched his targets from the Nomads to the Cloud Race.

There were simply too many Dream Pavilions, 9999 in total, and each one of them needed at least one Life State Dream Force expert or else they would end up in the same state the Vast Dream Pavilion had been in the past where they would have to give up ownership.

This gave Leonel a large population to pick from, and with Somnus' information, he was able to find the location of their Bubbles with ease.

Just when everyone felt that only Dream Pavilion Heads were dying, Leonel switched his style again and targeted more powerful Dream Pavilions with more than one Life State expert on their roster.

He moved through the Bubbles with a precise ease, and no one seemed capable of catching his shadow.

Even when there were ambushes set up, it didn't matter in the slightest.

With the setup of the Dream Pavilions, everyone knew immediately when a Pavilion Head fell. Dream Force experts were rarely schemed against. Although their overall combat prowess was weak, everyone knew that their intelligence and auxiliary abilities were top flight.

None of them could be underestimated.

But it didn't matter to this assassin.

And soon, the situation came back to bite Flaure once again.

There was only one person on the run who had the power to cause this sort of travesty and still leave unscathed.

The worst part was that although Leonel had targeted members of the Cloud Race that Flaure was supposedly using, the ratio of Cloud Race members to those of other Races was so substantial that it looked more like she was just trying to cover her tracks.

By the time Leonel vanished into the wind, not to appear again for a long while, it could be said that the number of Flaure's pursuers had truly skyrocketed as she gained the ire of the entire Mortal Race World as well.

Not all members of the Mortal Race were weak, they had their Gods as well, and there were some on the verge and close to reaching that level.

And unlike the Gods that couldn't descend, they very much could.

It was like Flaure had picked up a rock to throw it at Leonel, only to end up shattering her own foot.

Leonel returned to the Human Bubble not much over three months later, his "pockets" filled to the brim with Life State Dream Force souls.

Then, he got to work, carefully fusing the Forgetful Orbs and the souls together, creating a new treasure.

All this time, he had been thinking about one fatal weakness of this method, and that was the matter of Paths.

If one wasn't a Sovereign, a Path didn't matter. All you had to do was follow the Force and it would tell you everything you needed to know.

But if you weren't a Sovereign, forming a Dharma and an Idol in the future was impossible.

Without knowing what his grandfather was doing, Leonel couldn't casually risk the futures of all the Dream Force experts of the Human Race just for the sake of short-term gains.

This was why he needed to get Life State souls. By using the powerful comprehension and then "dumbing" it down to the Impetus State, he could get the benefits of both worlds.

That way, if there were any capable of comprehending a Sovereignty in the future, they wouldn't find themselves strapped by their foundation.

Essentially, he was using more than he needed to in exchange for a lesser result, so that he could help these fellows out in the future.

Rather than ruining their futures, he was actually giving them a sudden boost right at the start.

'This has promise,' Leonel thought to himself.

The location was unknown even to most currently present.

A man with a belly that reflected like polished brass beneath the light sat on a throne. His skin was as golden as the metal and the tattoos that covered his body were a crimson contrast. He looked like what a Buddha and gangster might look like if they fused into one, but his aura was much less amusing than his description...

Especially the opaque white orbs that were his eyes.

He looked down as he listened to the report. The world trembled around him even though he said not a single word.

"My disciple is dead?"

He put almost no force into his words, and yet it sounded like an avalanche, his bellow akin to meteors falling from the skies.

He didn't seem to have much of a reaction to these words. Instead, he looked to the side.

"You were the one who said that Apex must seal himself, correct?"

An elder by the side suddenly trembled.

## - Chapter 2807: The Right?

The elder fell to his knees, his sparse white hair falling loosely from his age speckled scalp. The wrinkles on his face told a tale just as old, but it was those pale white orbs that, murky and milky in their depths, painted the image of a man long past his prime.

Even so, the one emotion that pulled all Invalids together was the fear of death. They felt for nothing and wanted for nothing than constant improvement and survival.

When Apex's master turned his gaze to this old man, all of that carnal sort of need came rushing forth and he acted in the only way he thought might save his life.

Apex had been suppressed, but it was necessary. The actions of the Invalids this time around were risky. They were the public enemy of the world, maybe even more so than the Envoys of Creation and Destruction, or at the worst on equal footing.

To make such a large move without preparation was foolhardy, and this elder was right to make his suggestion. This seal had helped them reduce their odds of being exposed.

Unfortunately, the cost seemed to outweigh the gains.

They had lost not just one Variant Invalid, but three. Worse than that, they had lost several seedlings with good odds of taking their next step of evolution.

Somehow, not a single one of them had survived.

Apex's master looked away from the kneeling man as though he wasn't there. His mood was unreadable, his expression the picture of indifference. Without the irises and pupils of a human, there was no humanity to grasp onto.

"What is the situation with the war? Is it time yet?"

Apex's master moved on without giving a verdict.

The various ministers and Variant Invalids beneath him scrambled to give their reports, detailing of battles across Existence. The scope seemed wide and all-consuming.

"... the battle is in a stalemate, your lordship. However, there is a report that Minerva has succeeded in killing a Void Race member. This will escalate the conflict to new realms."

"There were already reports that a true genius would descend soon, but they seem to have been delayed. It's said that the Weapon Idol Battlefield has revealed itself and this has taken top priority over other matters."

Apex's master was indifferent to all the reports until this one. His head rose and the orbs of his eyes shifted, landing on the Variant Invalid who had just spoken.

The Weapon Idol Battlefield wasn't something to be unceremoniously dismissed. Even the Gods themselves would be interested, even if they had already formed their own Idols. The humanoid races all saw this Battlefield as their greatest treasure. If the Life Tablet was the magnum opus of the God Beasts of Creation, this battlefield was the kernel of humanoid hope and prosperity.

No one knew what had triggered its sudden rise, but to those of the present age, this was less important than its immediate use.

"How long."

Two words. Simple and direct.

"According to the reports, your lordship, it will still take another few decades to come into range. The location is exposed, but it would take an expert of your lordship's caliber to travel the distance through the void.

"Though lord is mighty, I would also advise against it. The God Races are certainly monitoring paths to the region, and while one is no match for your lordship, the humanoids are shameless and have no bottom line."

Apex's master fell into silence, looking away without another word. The reports continued and soon news of Flaura was mentioned.

"... our ally in the Dream Asuras has been targeted once more. She has come by more than once to ask for aid. During the most recent occasion, she brought us information about the Blood Sovereign. The implication is that she has more to give."

"Kill her."

Once again, another two words spoken just as indifferently.

But this time, they were met with silence.

Apex's master looked up and found that his entire cabinet had been frozen in time. His senses, however, told him a different tale.

They hadn't been frozen, his sense of time had instead been distorted to such a profound extent that it only seemed to be so.

But this wasn't an application of Time Force, it was one of Dream Force. An application so profound it was hard to say if there was another in the world capable of it.

"Demoness."

The words sent a shudder through the world. Existence seemed to fear this title as though it might corrupt and destroy everything.

Existence was already tending toward Destruction, but only insofar as it would allow it all to be reborn once more. Another Big Bang, another existential impetus to bring light to an all new world.

The reason Existence feared this woman was because she seemed primed to be rid of this cycle, uprooting and shattering it from its very core.

A woman with beauty beyond words appeared as a shimmering mirage in the skies. Her eyes were a bright purple that looked as though a star had exploded within them. Her nose was a delicate slope and her lips looked as though nature's brightest cherries had been graced by her gentle kiss.

The woman's hair flickered between a pink and violet color, a twin pair of horns curving up and back on her head more like a pair of horns than a Demon's pride and joy.

What was odd was that while her face was as clear as day, her body was obscured, almost like it was too obscene and blood boiling to be casually shown.

This was a woman who stood at the pinnacle of the world both in beauty and power... This was a Goddess.

She looked down at Apex's master, a gentle smile on her face that could melt one's bones. Pride exuded from her every orifice, and even while looking at the leader of the Variant Invalids, and even with a face carrying such a gentle caress to the eyes, it still felt like she was gazing upon an ant.

"Little Zephy... who gave you the right to kill my descendants?"

## **- Chapter 2808: Two**

### **Chapter 2808: Two**

Maybe the only person in Existence who dared to call him such a thing was this woman right here.

His name was Zephyrion, he was a mighty warrior, a man who struck fear in the hearts of even the Gods.

And yet this was also a woman he didn't dare to offend so lightly, either.

Only a fool would believe that the Demoness was here for the sake of protecting her descendant. She almost certainly had ulterior motives, and what those were remained unknown.

The Demoness continued to smile when Zephyrion didn't reply. Instead, she spoke herself once more.

"Know your place, Little Zephy. It wouldn't be nice for us to have a falling out."

Without another word, the Demoness vanished and the Variant Invalid Emperor's grasp on time returned.

He didn't believe that the Demoness had ever displayed this sort of power before. Even if she was scheming, she would do so in a way where many wouldn't understand her bottom line. If you thought yourself to have seen the true strength of the Demoness, assume it was 20% and you'd have a far better outcome.

This display of power, though... it was completely unlike her. Almost as though this time it wasn't a ploy or trick, as though this time she was truly enraged.

Zephyrion fell into silence and turned a deaf ear to his surrounding cabinet members. He wasn't sure what to make of this.

"Leave the Dream Asura be," he finally said many hours later. He didn't bother to check if his cabinet realized he was referring to something from over half a day ago by now and simply vanished.

\*\*

Leonel watched as the various Dream Force experts of the Human Race took his new creations.

Some of them were orphans, some were heads of households, some had been gangsters and others nuns. He had taken them all in, not giving them a choice one way or another.

In the past, his morality would have won out and he would have given these people the right to self-determination. But there wasn't time for that. There hadn't been time for that in a long while already.

He took them first and didn't bother to ask questions later.

By now, it had already been over a year since he had Anastasia find them. They had long since acclimated to the situation, and today they were shocked to receive such an opportunity.

One after another, they began to breakthrough.

After a year of guidance, most of them had already reached the Third or Fourth Layered State, the latter being a step away from Quasi Impetus, which was a step away from the Impetus State.

There were a handful that had already reached that Quasi Impetus State, and there were even two that had reached the Impetus State all on their own: Cindra and Eamon.

Eamon had been guided by Leonel for a long time already. His progress couldn't be understated and though his talent was weaker than Cindra's, he had a certain plasticity to his mind that made him very adaptable to both his circumstances and that of the state of the world around him.

Cindra, however, was on another level. Her ability to incorporate Light and Dream Forces together was exceptional. Her ingenuity had also shown Leonel the flexibility that Light Force could have.

Cindra hadn't awakened to her Snow Star Order status until late in life, so she had a lot of patchwork and guesses making up her foundation.

When she gained the talent to fill in those holes, she didn't lose the creativity that came with it, instead succeeding in forming an all-new powerful path.

Leonel's bar for these two versus everyone else was vastly different. In fact, he hoped that these two might form their Sovereignities today.

If their Dream Pavilion had not just one Sovereign, but three, they would leave the Pavilions beneath the top 100 far behind.

Leonel watched intently as they took the modified Forgetful Orbs, standing in silence as their auras began to grow and magnify.

From the Lower Impetus State they moved to the Middle, then to the Higher, then the Peak.

Time ticked by and three days passed in what felt like the blink of an eye.

Cindra's aura began to wane, and Leonel shook his head. It seemed that she wouldn't take that step.

He should have known. She was a Snow Star Order, not a Wise Star Order. Her use was rooted in battle, something that she was a skilled expert in.

Not all Dream Force experts were weak in combat, but most experts in combat did not have Dream Force for a reason. The two weren't mutually exclusive, but there also wasn't significant overlap.

'This is fine. Her gains are huge anyway-'

BANG!

Leonel's gaze sharpened as he turned his attention to Eamon.

To his shock, Eamon hadn't formed a Sovereignty, but he had broken into the Life State. This was out of Leonel's expectations. He hadn't expected anyone to take that step.

Eamon must have received a bout of inspiration from somewhere. This last step was taken by him alone. The Forgetful Orb didn't have the juice for such a change.

And yet, Eamon wasn't finished.

A flickering crown came into and out of existence atop his head. It was nowhere near as resplendent as Leonel's own, but it was no doubt the hallmark of a Sovereignty.

'Is this related to his Ability Index?'

Eamon had an analytical Ability Index not much different from Leonel's own. The trouble was that it was a lower level and rather than granting perfect Control over one's body; it granted limited control over one's soul.

Even so, it gave Eamon the ability to draw connections and conclusions that most would be unable to.

This was an excellent pairing ability with his Talismans, but Leonel didn't expect that it would suddenly help him to make such a great breakthrough.

A grin appeared on Leonel's face. It seemed their Vast Dream Pavilion would have two Sovereigns from now on.

## **Chapter 2809: Three Years**

Eamon slowly opened his eyes. The shock within their depths no less than Leonel's had been a moment ago. Soon, this shock was replaced by pleasure and excitement. His heart threatened to beat out of his chest, and his teeth were practically chattering as though he was cold rather than just trembling from his exhilaration.

Leonel smiled, genuinely happy for him and the Dream Pavilion both. Another Life State Sovereign was huge for tilting the balance of the formula. In fact, this might be enough, and the drastic measures he had planned wouldn't be necessary.

It almost made him want to stir more trouble just to gather more Forgetful Orbs. He had used them all up in this endeavor and the outcomes weren't bad at all.

There were a total of 1287 talents that Leonel had picked up, not including Eamon.

Of course, over a thousand had reached the Lower Impetus State, over 150 had reached the Middle, and there were still a few dozen who had reached the Higher.

Cindra and Eamon were the only ones to reach the Quasi Impetus State, though Eamon had obviously superseded that, leaving Cindra as the only one at that level.

But beneath them, there were still three others that managed to make it to the Peak Impetus State.

Although their overall numbers were still far lower than more than half the Dream Pavilions in Existence, when it came to the raw number of those in the Impetus State, they had comparable numbers to as many as 80% of the Dream Pavilions.

The only Dream Pavilions in the top one to two thousand would have more Impetus State experts, but where they really tipped the scale was with the addition of Leonel, Aina, and Eamon.

Eamon was at the Lower Life State now. Aina could match Leonel's comprehension and was at the Higher Life State.

In addition, Eamon was a Sovereign, which was an additional boost.

As for Aina, she could copy Leonel's comprehension, but from their experience they had realized that her actively using Leonel's Sovereignities was a detriment to her.

A Sovereignty was like a fingerprint, a unique path taken on by each individual expert. Taking on Leonel's Sovereignty would be like Aina changing the person she was. Even if she was willing, it would have an overall negative impact on her overall strength unless she was just willing to be a perfect mirror of Leonel.

That was something neither of them wanted.

Like this, the Vast Dream Pavilion had three Life State experts and two Sovereigns.

Of course, Leonel had had another trick in his back pocket, and that was to use captives from the Cult to make up the numbers. He was actually quite confident that he could bring a few of them to the Life State if it came down to it.

But in the end, he didn't have to go so far.

That said...

"Come out here."

Leonel raised a hand, and the handsome Somnus appeared. He was beaten and ragged, his gaze listless.

Leonel gave him a slap on the back that woke him up.

"Don't pretend around me, I don't have the patience for it."

Somnus subconsciously flexed beneath the weight of the attack, but that was the wrong choice. It just exposed him quicker.

With that slap, Leonel branded Somnus as a member of the Dream Pavilion, and like that, they had gained yet another Life State expert.

Somnus wasn't just an expert, though. He was a convenient shield, even if he didn't have the Dream Pavilion Head.

From what Leonel could tell, Somnus was only at the Lower Life State, another example of how higher Races seemed to be slower at progressing their Forces.

That said, Somnus had more than one Life State Force. It was just that Leonel had yet to bother to learn what the second was yet.

There was a reason why Leonel wasn't very afraid, though. With his King's Might awakened once more, branding Somnus' soul was easy.

He could have just killed Somnus and turned him into a loyal servant that way. The trouble with that was that if he didn't want Somnus to disappear after 24 hours, he'd have to find an object he could [Assimilate] him with. He only could imagine how valuable that item would have to be to match not only a Demi-God, but an exceptionally talented one at that.

Leonel had never run into anyone with two Life State Forces aside from him and his wife, even amongst the Demi-God geniuses. Somnus was clearly special.

Realizing his plight, Somnus played his role.

He didn't look much different from a human aside from his horns and the sparse scales beneath his eyes. With how obedient he was under Leonel's commands, it made him easy to accept for everyone.

Who didn't like a handsome face? It also helped that Somnus was maybe a little too charming.

'Perfect. This should be enough.'

Leonel left everyone to their tasks and entered the main Pavilion. Soon, he was before the exchange.

He had already calculated everything, but with how complex everything was, he still preferred to check with his own eyes.

Only then did he exhale a breath of relief.

"Good. Now, before those bastards change anything."

Leonel went all out and spent 80% of his remaining funds on a barrier.

It was hard to look at the long string of numbers and gain anything out of their meaning. At some point, the digits surpassed a point of human comprehension.

Instead, Leonel looked at it another way.

Even 1% of these funds could easily fund Leonel's current consumption for a century. He had essentially just given up 80 centuries of prosperity for a barrier that would be unlikely to last for more than a year.

But he needed to do it.

Time wasn't his friend right now, and if he could buy some, it was the best thing to do.

And yet, he wasn't done spending yet.

With another 20%, Leonel bought information.

It was about time to pave the path to the Sixth Dimension.

This world wasn't waiting around for him, so he would have to give it a huge surprise.

'There's just three years' worth of points left. That's how much time I have left.'

## **Chapter 2810: Refine God Realm**

Leonel clenched the orb of information in his hands. For it to be worth as much as 20% of their available funds, a fourth of the price to protect six fused Bubbles, one could imagine how valuable this information was.

It didn't guarantee success, but after scanning through his options, Leonel felt that there was no better path for him to take.

[Refine a World with God Realm Potential using your Natural Force Art]

This was what his father asked of him to reach the Sixth Dimension, and it was a tall task. The more he understood about the world, the more difficult he found that this task was.

Not only did he need to find a world capable of becoming a God World, but he also had to elevate his Natural Force Art to the point of being able to resonate with the entire world and then consume it.

What he had done during the Challenge Sequence, specifically in clearing the Force Art Tower, was a mirror of what his father was asking for. The trouble was that it was on a much smaller scale.

The trials in the Force Art Tower were specifically tailored so that they could be deciphered in this way. The world itself was formed of Force Arts, they weren't real to begin with. However, the world that Leonel would have to find wouldn't be fake. It would be real in every sense of the word.

That meant that he wouldn't just have to analyze Force Arts, he would be forced to analyze the world itself and interact with Forces that he had no concept or affinity with.

It was a fundamentally different ask and a task so impossibly difficult that it was hard to imagine how it could possibly be only the Sixth Dimensional requirement.

He was worried to even check what the Seventh Dimension asked of him, but much like with every other time, his father refused to allow him to even see it until he had completed the previous tasks.

This information that Leonel had gotten was related to this task. However, it wasn't one might expect at all...

It was information related to an Incomplete World.

This didn't make any sense on its face. An Incomplete World was, quite literally, the furthest thing from a God World. Even the Human Bubbles were better than it.

However, Leonel had remembered hearing something quite important when he first met El'Rion...

To the Gods, Incomplete Worlds were a form of currency.

Why was that? Why did the mighty Gods take interest in the least common denominator of Existence? What use could they have for them?

At first, he thought that it was similar to what the humans used it for: experimentation.

But that didn't make sense.

Leonel had learned that Incomplete Worlds couldn't sustain the birth of even Demi-Gods, let alone Gods. Their laws couldn't withstand it and their Regulators wouldn't allow it.

Even El'Rion had been suppressed when he entered the Dimensional Verse.

So that got Leonel thinking.

If they couldn't use it for experimentation, then what for? If they couldn't observe their own Race, then what would be the point in observing lesser Races? There was nothing that would be remotely useful to them.

After a long while of getting nowhere, Leonel took a different approach. He systematically went through the history detailed in the Life Tablet, slowly building an understanding for himself until it clicked.

The purpose of the Gods in using Incomplete Worlds wasn't for experimentation. Rather, Incomplete Worlds provided a blank canvas for growth.

An Incomplete World was exactly that: Incomplete. It was a world that missed maybe one step or several steps away from becoming a Complete World.

With special methods, it was possible to mend this world and harness it into a form that would become more than useful. In fact, such a mended Incomplete World would become the most valuable commodity in the world.

A blank slate with laws that were not inferior to the highest order worlds.

So the question was, then, why go so far? Why not just take over the weaker worlds? Why go through so much trouble?

This was the next thought that Leonel had, but this ended up clicking into place as well. The point was the blank canvas.

While mending such a world, its laws could be tweaked to meet the exact specifications of the God in question.

Imagine for a moment a world perfectly conducive to [Dimensional Cleanse], one that could practically replace all the layers of the technique for Leonel. If such a world was in his possession, did it mean that it could progress for him? Maybe it would create a new Race of beings perfectly in tune with the method, and over millions to billions of years of evolution, he could even see uses for the technique he could never imagine himself.

This was just one aspect, though, the blank canvas aspect.

But there was another, and that was "potential".

His father's dictionary had said very clearly that he didn't need a God Realm. He needed one with the potential of one.

What did this mean?

A Complete World was set in its potential. Improving it was highly difficult, and that was why even Gods of a lower Race had to transcend and enter the God Realms instead of just creating a new God Realm for themselves.

An Incomplete World was like a child in the womb, malleable and full of potential, not yet set in its ways.

In this situation, even an Incomplete World with poor potential could still be adjusted somewhat, bringing it to a new level.

It just depended on how much you were willing to invest.

What Leonel had just bought were the coordinates to an unclaimed Inbetween World? Its potential was rated as the absolute lowest. Meaning, even if it had succeeded in becoming a Complete World, it would have been no more than a Mortal Realm.

But this was all Leonel could afford.

If he wanted to use it to enter the Sixth Dimension, he had a lot of work ahead of him... and just three years to do it.

## **Chapter 2811: Pick Your Poison**

Now, everything was set. It was time for him to go.

Of course, he would be bringing his wife along. He couldn't bear to separate with her. But that wasn't the case for everyone else.

Leonel brought them all in for a meeting and smiled.

"Everyone, I'll be leaving for the next three years. It might be longer, but I will do my best to ensure that this doesn't happen because we don't have such breathing room.

"According to my calculations, the barrier should last at least that long. In that time, I hope that the Human Bubbles will gain some cohesiveness to it.

"If there's a need for you to go outside the barrier, you're all adults and I won't stop you. If that's the way you choose to train and progress, I will respect your decision.

"At the very least, in the next three years, there won't be any issues with resources or things of the like."

Leonel bid everyone farewell and then set off with Aina. The rest would be up to them.

This was the only path for him to get stronger. If he didn't take it, everything would be for naught.

Unless he gained the strength to fight with Gods soon, nothing would change.

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Aina exhaled a breath after hearing Leonel's plans. The two walked hand in hand through a desert plane, their destination a Nomad Race teleportation platform that would bring them closer to their destination. As for the way afterward, that would have to rely on Anastasia. The trouble was that since traveling through the void had no Force for Anastasia to pull on, they would have to fund it themselves.

"What happened to the other Incomplete Worlds, though? Weren't they under the control of the humans? We could just take one of them."

Leonel nodded. "I considered that as well, but there are a few problems with that.

"First, after they 'harvested' everyone, they basically imprinted those worlds already, ruining them. They basically fused those worlds and their Complete Worlds to complete the harvest, and that changed them from Incomplete Worlds to something stuck in between.

"Second, I went to speak to Vivak about it just to see what the situation was and if it was salvageable, but Vivak said they lost contact with them a long time ago. He believed they were lost to the void once again after I caused the six Bubbles to fuse back when we escaped the Cult."

The Bubbles fusing together changed all their coordinates. That meant they had no idea where the Incomplete Worlds were now. Who knew what happened to them?

Even the Gods couldn't reliably find things in the void, let alone the humans.

"The third issue is mostly speculations, but I'm pretty sure their disappearance has something to do with my grandfather. I would bet a pretty sum on it."

Aina nodded. She knew that Leonel always had a good reason for things, but making him explain things to her had become a guilty pleasure of hers, especially since she knew he couldn't be bothered to explain things to anyone else.

It made her feel special and a little bit willful.

Leonel smiled, sensing her good mood.

This time, he wasn't wearing what he had worn to assassinate the Nomad in the snow. Instead, he was wearing a tannish-grey outfit. He wrapped a scarf all the way around his face, neck, and head, leaving two exposed strands that billowed in the scorching heat.

A puffy pair of pants pressed against his skin beneath the harsh winds. They scrunched up around his calves and were tied down by a cloth belt around his hips.

The look was complete with a poncho that hung loosely from his shoulders.

Honestly, he liked this uniform a bit less than his previous white assassin's wear. He only rated it at a six.

Soon, the couple had made it to the teleportation platform and used it.

It was only after this that Leonel became serious.

Although he had bought this information, that didn't mean he was the only one to do so. In fact, he could see the number of people who had before him, and he had no guarantee that no one would buy it after him.

There were two people in total.

This wasn't the only issue he would face, either. Leonel had the body of a Demi-God now, he was no longer technically a Mortal. Even if he was only in the Fifth Dimension, just because of this, he would face suppression from the Incomplete World's Regulator.

It wasn't to the point of killing him like it had his father, but it wouldn't be pretty either. Every moment he spent in this world would likely be agonizing.

He wished that this was all he had to worry about, but unfortunately, his mind was sharper than that.

He had spent a ridiculous amount of money on information that others couldn't easily access. So, the question was obvious.

Who else would dare to do this?

Wasn't the answer obvious?

If he was lucky, it was a Demi-God. If he was unlucky, it was a God. A real God.

The trouble was that even if it was a Demi-God, Demi-Gods weren't even remotely on the same level as Gods. Weaker Demi-Gods couldn't afford to spend any amount of money on these endeavors.

That meant that if it was a Demi-God that had taken action, they were almost certainly in the Ninth Dimension. In fact, Leonel would go as far as to say that it was a guarantee.

If it was a member of the younger generation, then it would almost certainly be a God.

Of course, those of the Ninth Dimension couldn't step into an Incomplete World to begin with, so if it was a Demi-God they would be sending in weaker individuals to monitor the situation.

But if it was a God, they would almost certainly be entering themselves.

It was a pick your poison sort of situation.

One way or another, his life would almost certainly be on the line. There was no escaping it.

## **Chapter 2812: Another**

"Another bought it."

The voice was a bit gloomy, but it was difficult for it not to be in the situation. They already didn't have much room to maneuver and had been preparing for so long, but now there was another obstacle in their path.

"Who?"

"Don't ask stupid questions. You know we can't see that."

If Leonel was here, he would lament that he was right too often. Sometimes, it was nice to be wrong, especially in a situation like this one. But it seemed that he wouldn't be so lucky.

Both speakers were members of the Demi-God Barbarian Race, and both of them were Ninth Dimensional monsters with presences that could have caused the surrounding air to tremble.

Luckily for Leonel, the surrounding air was only reacting so fiercely because they were two Demi-Gods standing in a Mortal Realm. In fact, they were in the very same desert world that Aina and Leonel had just walked through.

Unluckily for Leonel, this didn't change the fact both were obscenely powerful.

"You already know that this transaction is locked on both sides. Maybe only the top three Dream Pavilions could take a look at who it was, but if we could ask them for help, would we be in this situation?"

The shorter Barbarian leapt up and slapped the much taller on the back of the head, feeling irritated.

The bigger Barbarian didn't even fight back, seemingly used to this sort of treatment.

"There's no other choice than to just move forward with the original plan. We have a few years' advantage. It'll be hard for any outsiders to get a leg up on us."

The truth was that they had found this world before it was even listed on the Dream Pavilion exchange. However, when they noticed the fact it had been listed, they had no choice but to buy it first, hoping it would be a deterrent to others.

Unfortunately, it wasn't.

Not long afterward, a second party bought this information, and now there was a third. There was no telling if there would be any more.

"We can stick with the original plan... but we'll have to speed it up a bit. The situation on the other side is becoming murky, and the moment Zephyrion makes his appearance, we'll have truly run out of time. The Barbarian Race will be screwed."

The two solemnly looked ahead, realizing they had no room for error.

Leonel had said that Incomplete Worlds couldn't birth Demi-God or God Races. He had also said that Invalids could only come from Inbetween Worlds...

So how was it that both Apex and his Master were Invalids of the Barbarian Race?

This was a secret that only the highest echelon of the Barbarian Race was aware of.

"Send in that annoying brat Talon. We don't have time to waste."

The void was a place that was difficult to describe. On the one hand, this was because the title of "void" was enough to encapsulate everything, but on the other it felt like it still wasn't enough.

Stepping into the void for the first time, Leonel felt this cognitive dissonance quite clearly.

Laws ceased to be. There was no up or down, there were no objects or things in the normal sense, and one even vaguely felt that life itself wasn't worth living...

It was like staring into the maw of a Void Beast, and yet this felt more grandiose, larger and though less imposing, far more ubiquitous and all-consuming.

It was easy for a person's mind to collapse into a place like this. At least Anarchic Force was something. It had a purpose and it could take action. But the void was nothing but existential dread.

It was akin to a reminder that it was possible for there to simply be: Nothing. The world didn't necessitate the existence of Something and it was just fine with wiping everything out and leaving nothing more than a blank slate.

It was this reality that the root of the existential dread was based on it.

At that moment, Leonel felt happy that he had Aina by his side for more than one reason. The feeling of her hand in his seemed to be the only anchor he had in the vast nothingness.

Even taking a breath couldn't bring him any solace when there was no air to breathe in to begin with.

With a look of determination, Leonel pressed forward, and the duo eventually reached a barrier. This was a good sign. At the very least, this barrier was "something", it was tangible, and it wasn't the void. This meant the Incomplete World they were aiming for should be on the other side.

Now, they just had to withstand the ire of the Regulator.

The couple pressed forward, holding one another's hands tightly as they began to force their way through.

Instantly, a chain lashed against Leonel's body. A searing pain made his eyes go red, but it wasn't just because of the pain itself, but what it reminded him of.

Was this the pain his father had experienced?

No, it was likely far worse than just this alone.

Feeling the chains digging into his skin, lacerating it and drawing on his blood, he remembered his father's final moments.

Those thoughts spurred him on.

He couldn't allow this to happen again. The next time someone came for his family, he would be strong. Strong enough to block and wind and rain, to palm the skies with a hand and split the earth with a stomp.

He pulled Aina into his arms, protecting her from the rage of the Regulator. Deep in his eyes, a cool indifference smoldered like an undying ember. His heart shone brightly and his Dream Force flickered, his mind becoming sharper and sharper.

His determination formed into the point of an arrow and pierced through the shadows, and soon he had walked out from the fog.

Standing at the edge of an unknown universe, he suppressed the roar he wanted to unleash within himself.

Three years. In three years, this world would be his.

## **Chapter 2813: Simple and Not**

Leonel took a breath and looked at Aina to check her condition. All things considered, she was doing far better than he was. She was only in the Fourth Dimension right now and that was a huge plus. The Regulator didn't lash out much at all, other than being a little pale, she was doing fine.

He, however... well, it was hard to find a single location on his body that wasn't injured, and that was just on the surface. The chains of the Regulator had no sense of space or distance, they could appear whenever they needed.

The wounds that could be seen with the naked eye were only the most obvious. The lacerations on his inner organs were where it got particularly bad. He had been skewered like Swiss cheese and there was hardly a part of his body, whether inner or outer, that was safe.

The worst part was that the chains had not vanished. They were still flickering into and out of existence.

'I need to deal with this.'

Aina was checking Leonel at the same time she checked her, and unlike Leonel, she didn't sigh in relief. If anything, her mood got worse. Leonel looked absolutely horrible. It was as though he might collapse any moment now.

"I'll be fine," Leonel said with a smile.

"You don't look like you're going to be fine. We don't have to do this, we can find another way. If I break through again, I can start focusing on Force Pill Crafting again. Maybe I can concoct a pill that can replace what you need."

Leonel smiled. In the world, Aina was probably only one of a select few who dared to say something like that. What kind of pill could replace the refinement of an entire world?

"Have you noticed?" Leonel asked.

"Noticed what?"

"You're in the Fourth Dimension, so it seems the Regulator didn't target you much, but it isn't as though I'm some sort of powerhouse. I'm only in the Fifth Dimension. So why is the gap between what the two of us experienced so large?"

Aina blinked in confusion before her eyes widened.

"Yeah," Leonel nodded. "I'm pretty sure there's a method of weakening the assault or obscuring the eyes of the Regulator. Remember, the Four Great Families managed to enter somehow.

"Yet, everything in history seemed to say that Ninth Dimensional Experts couldn't enter at all."

There were two examples of Ninth Dimensional existences succeeding in entering Incomplete Worlds.

The first he had seen was Shan'Rae's Ancestor, a monstrous existence who just directly suppressed the Regulator. Though, to be fair, he was only capable of doing this for a short time. The reason he left so quickly was definitely because he couldn't do this indefinitely.

The second was obviously the Four Great Families.

What was interesting was that the methods of the Four Great Families were somehow far more sophisticated than the Void Race member.

You could say that this was because the Four Great Families had preparation while the Void Race Ancestor had shown up on a whim after feeling that his descendant was in danger...

But was that the full picture? Was it even part of it?

There was something truly mysterious about the Four Great Families, and Leonel happened to have an infallible memory.

He might not have understood the inner workings of the Force Arts back then, but he had a clearer picture of them now. On top of that, his father had left him a hint.

He was meant to use a Natural Force Art to refine this world. This was obviously something he could only do after ensuring this world had reached the standard of God Realm potential, but it was a clue, nonetheless.

Wasn't a Natural Force Art all about resonating with the nature and matching its attunement?

In that case...

A subtle bronze aura began to radiate from Leonel. When it appeared and Force Arts began to flicker in his eyes, the chains began to lag, spending more time in an incorporeal state than they did a corporeal one.

Leonel exhaled a breath of relief as some of the pain ebbed away.

His body mended itself to some extent, and the weight on his shoulders lessened considerably.

"Alright, I'm good to go."

Aina looked at him with a skeptical glance, but it was clear that she had relaxed a small bit, too. Even so, the worry didn't fade completely.

"Are you sure? You seem..."

"Weak?" Leonel chuckled. "You're right. My body right now is probably closer to the first time I became a Fifth Dimensional expert than the second time. But my body is one thing, my comprehension and Force Manipulation are another.

"That said, this is only because I have a worse than superficial understanding of this world. This is just a stopgap measure so that these chains stop ripping me apart.

"The more I understand about this world, the weaker the suppression will get, and the closer to my previous strength I'll approach.

"Still, it shouldn't be too much of a problem to defend ourselves."

The strongest existences in this place should be just Eighth Dimensional. There were surely geniuses that could match those of Complete Worlds, but they should be few and far between.

Aina exhaled. "Alright, what do you want to do?"

"There are a few thoughts I have about how to get this world to God Realm potential, but we'll have to get a lay of the land first."

This was what Aina was most worried about. How was it even possible to allow such a weak world to reach such capabilities? She didn't even know where to start.

Then there was the fact that even if they succeeded, who was to say the fruit of their labor wouldn't be plucked by someone else?

Leonel grinned. "It's either simple or difficult. It depends on how you want to look at it."

Aina looked at him skeptically once again.

"What's with that look? Don't you know your husband's a genius?"

Leonel's grin widened.

"If we want to raise the standard of this world, we just have to fix all of its faults. When you look at it like that, isn't it obvious?"

"What do Incomplete Worlds have that Complete Worlds do not?"

Aina's brows shot up. "Sub-Dimensional Zones."

Leonel beamed. "Simple, really. We just have to clear them all... including the ones that mutated and swallowed up entire worlds."

"Then we'll take it from there."

## **Chapter 2814: Show Me**

Leonel and Aina ran into their first awkward situation quite quickly. Almost comically so.

Neither had any way of knowing much information about the Incomplete World until they stepped into it. The problem was that while the Dream Pavilion provided the coordinates and the orbiting formula, they provided nothing else.

The coordinates were, of course, the exact location it had originally been found at. The orbiting formula was one calculated based on the unique characteristics of every world, whether Complete or Incomplete. Essentially, it allowed you to pinpoint its location as a function of time.

Though an orbiting formula could change-or more accurately, certainly would over the course of a world's life-such changes only occurred over the course of millions to billions of years. For now, Leonel had no worries about the formula being incorrect any time soon.

This aside, while they had such information, what they didn't have was any knowledge of what was going on inside. So, they didn't realize that they had ended up in a non-human Domain until they touched down on a planet and found themselves surrounded by Oryx.

The Race itself was a surprise as well. That was because from Leonel's understanding, the Oryx were a very niche and uncommon Race. He had happened to stumble onto a small population of them on Valiant Heart Mountain, and Elthor, their prince, had even become a huge part of his people's combat strength, but it wasn't the kind of race he expected to find elsewhere.

As far as he knew, there were no Oryx in Complete Worlds, at least not ones born there naturally.

'Interesting...'

This was the first thought Leonel had when he and Aina were surrounded. Well, surrounded was a bit much. There were only three Oryx, and they were in the middle of the wilderness with no backup to speak of. Plus, the strongest of them was only in the Sixth Dimension, while the two weakest were in the Fifth.

Leonel could imagine why they were so confident, considering Aina was only in the Fourth and he was in the Fifth. But he didn't really take them seriously at all.

The scent the trio gave off was, expectedly, quite suffocating. Elthor usually suppressed his pheromones because he knew humans didn't like it. But usually, the stronger the scent, the more talented the Oryx.

Leonel had studied them for quite a while, so he knew that these three weren't very talented at all. Since this was a Sixth Dimensional fold of reality, though, they were likely among the strongest talents there were.

None of this was why Leonel found this matter so interesting, though.

Existence was still creating new Races, pitting them against one another and seeing which could come out on top.

It felt like the end of the world was coming closer and closer with the Northern Star looming overhead, but the truth was that Existence likely wouldn't be going anywhere for several more million years. Who knew how many new Races could rise and fall in this time?

For the Oryx to appear in the Dimensional Verse and here too... could it because Existence was prepping to create a new official Mortal Race?

It could be said that all Incomplete Worlds at least had one or two Races that rarely or never appeared elsewhere. This was the simple product of evolution, taking tiny liberties here and there.

This essentially meant that for one Race to appear multiple times, it meant that they had survived the countless years of evolution to still end up in the same state.

The only Mortal Races that could successfully accomplish this were the ones that Leonel and Aina encountered the most often.

The Human Race. The Nomad Race. The Cloud Race. The Spiritual Race. The Rapax Race. And finally, the Dwarven Race.

To the wider world, humans and the Dwarven Race were comically weak. But when one was speaking about evolution's victors, humans had earned their place. No one could take that away from them.

And now... maybe the Oryx were starting to take steps toward becoming the seventh Mortal Race?

Could Existence withstand that?

The Sixth Dimensional Oryx roared at Leonel, his vertical eye splitting on his forehead as the fur that covered its lower body bristled. A heavy ax with blades that spanned half his pointed toward Leonel in a threatening manner.

Leonel shook his head, realizing they were mad because he was ignoring them.

'My Dream Force didn't translate immediately... seems I have to b more deliberate.'

"ROAR! ... get down human or I will cut you at the waist!"

Leonel pursed his lips.

This threat was actually quite a big deal to Oryx. Their lower bodies were covered in fur and could be considered quite bestial, but their upper bodies were mostly human, aside from their third eye and horns.

When they entered their monstrous beast form, their lower halves "consumed" the rest of their bodies, so it could be said that it was the most important to their combat... at least until they awakened the abilities of their third eye.

This wasn't all either, and likely not the main reason the insult was so potent.

Their strong pheromones came from the fur in their lower extremities. Although some of it came from their hair as well, their fur was the best at trapping it. Telling a male Oryx you were going to cut them at the waist was no different from telling a human you'd castrate them.

With their strong vitality, the Oryx just might survive being cut at the waist, but then they wouldn't be able to attract women. At that point, they might as well die.

If this Oryx was using this insult, it could be said that he was very upset already, and Leonel found it a bit amusing.

With a thought, a wooden spear appeared in Leonel's palms. He smiled lightly and a confident sort of sharpness exuded from his body.

"Let's dance, then. Show me what that ax can do."

## Chapter 2815

Leonel took a step forward and struck out with the wooden spear. He used just a single arm, but the blade still seemed to sing.

It had been a while since he used a wooden spear, and somehow it felt to resonate more with him. A spear from his Emulation Spatial Force and Scarlet Star Force was powerful, but it was precisely because of that it lost the most integral parts of what it meant to be a spear.

His strike didn't have to be perfect, his Emulation Spatial Force made the blade sharp enough to cut through anything. It didn't have to be powerful. His Scarlet Star Force could blaze through anything.

But now, with a simple, unadorned spear in his hand, a white cloth fluttering around where the polearm and blade met, if he wasn't perfect, he really would be cut at the waist.

The Oryx had never felt something like this before. It was just a simple strike, but it somehow felt like there was no perfect response to it. He couldn't dodge it, he couldn't block it, he couldn't counter... there was no perfect response.

In the last moment, the Oryx unleashed a roar and lashed out. It wasn't like the warrior of the Oryx to simply bow down and accept death. If he couldn't find a counter rooted in skill, he would just have to brute force his way to victory.

'Oh?'

The digitigrade legs of the Oryx seemed firmly rooted into the ground, almost as though he had become an ancient tree. Earth Force fuelled his attack, and he swung down with all his might, borrowing momentum from the planet they stood on.

If the strike hit, Leonel's spear would indeed be blasted to smithereens. He didn't dare to use his Spear Force so casually anymore, so the wooden spear had no protections aside from the simple wood it was cast from.

Of course, this was from a tree in Anastasia's world, so it was Ninth Dimensional in character. But it had no other sorts of special qualities to it. Even if it wasn't shattered, it would definitely be heavily damaged.

But Leonel's reaction wasn't so fierce at all. His wrist tilted just the slightest bit, and the Oryx missed his spear by a hair.

Sparks flew as metal clashed against metal.

Leonel wrist tilted once more and the Oryx's ax was sent flying overhead. At the same time, his spear blade pierced through the Oryx's tough outer skin, slipping between two ribs with ease.

The blade stopped at that moment, causing the Fifth Dimensional Oryx that wanted to take action to freeze as well.

Leonel smiled. "It's best you don't move. If I press just a little harder, I'll puncture his lung. If I press a little harder than that, I'll skewer his heart. You wouldn't want that, right?"

The waves of Dream Force made the Oryx feel as though Leonel were speaking their language, and this made them more shocked than maybe even the swift defeat of their leader.

"Now, tell me, where is this place? Who rules this Domain?"

Leonel wasn't sure that this Dimensional Verse even had Domains. He had only come into contact with other Incomplete Worlds for a short time, but it was still enough for him to know that not all of them had the same setup.

Some had already been conquered entirely by one Race alone. Some only had two Races leading the charge. The number that were like Leonel's own and had multiple

Races divided across several Domains were actually a bit rarer in number. Usually, one Race or a handful would get the leg up in evolution and then take over most of everything, leaving scraps for everyone else.

The reason Leonel still asked this question, though, was because these few didn't seem surprised enough that he was human. Unless they were a bit slow and didn't notice until now, this was a pretty good bit of information to go off of.

"... This is the Oryx Domain."

The leader didn't understand how Leonel didn't know the answer to this question, but he still answered anyway.

Leonel was a bit surprised as well. He knew that the leader wasn't misinterpreting his question, calling this single planet a Domain or something like that. That was because the way his Dream Force translated was the same way his father's silver dictionary translated.

He was hearing the meaning of their intentions, not their arbitrary understanding of the word.

If this Oryx had said Domain in their language, but actually meant city, or planet, or even penis, that was the word that Leonel would hear.

This was also why it was very difficult for people to lie to him these days.

What shocked Leonel was that this world actually had a substantial enough Oryx population that they controlled a Domain to themselves.

"What are the other Domains?" Leonel asked. "Who rules them?"

The leader frowned, but he still answered once more.

"The Rapax Race and the Sea Gods."

Leonel blinked. Sea Gods? What was that?

Once again, these people had different words for their Races, but his Dream Force had still translated those terms into Rapax and Oryx, so the fact he had said Sea God couldn't have been a mistake.

He truly meant Sea God.

"Which of you three is the strongest?"

The Oryx leader roared. He would have even beat his chest if not for the fact there was a spear sticking out of it.

Leonel raised an eyebrow and chuckled. "So the Sea Gods."

The leader froze, and hints of embarrassment and defiance appeared on his face. In the end, though, he didn't refute.

'Interesting... two new Mortal Races, each substantial enough to own an entire Domain to themselves... And there are no humans in this world? But why?'

"There's no Human Domain?" Leonel asked. "But why did you recognize us?"

"There is no Human Domain, but there is a small Human Empire. It has managed to hang on, though it's hard to say if this will last for long..."

## - Chapter 2816: The Hard Part

Leonel raised an eyebrow at this information and soon got the information he wanted.

It seemed that there had once been a Human Domain in this Dimensional Verse, or rather the Sea God Verse as they called it, but it had been invaded and, unlike in Leonel's world, they hadn't managed to withstand the blow.

Unsurprisingly, many of the great powers had retreated to their territories in hopes of protecting their foundations instead of going all out to meet the enemy together. This happened in Leonel's world as well. The difference was that this Sea God Verse didn't have a Leonel Morales or his father to pick up the slack. So, the stupidity of the humans ended with their powers being wiped out systematically, one after another, until now there was just one bastion of the Human Race left.

In truth, Leonel and Aina's appearance wasn't all that surprising because many humans had fled their Domain.

Ultimately, if they had to make the choice between the Rapax, Sea Gods and Oryx, the Oryx were the best choice. The Sea Gods were too cruel, and the Rapax had a culture that was difficult for humans to grow used to. The latter couldn't necessarily be considered "cruel", but the end result of their actions wasn't too far off.

The Sea Gods enslaved humans and treated them little differently than cattle, but the Rapax had a military and battle culture that placed a great deal of pressure on their own citizens, let alone humans.

In the end, the Oryx were the best choice, but the Oryx Domain also wouldn't allow a large number of refugees to suddenly swarm their lands and start taking up their resources, either. That was why the leader had become hostile the moment he saw Leonel and Aina.

Their worlds were obviously the ones most targeted by humans. The weak humans wouldn't dare to casually step into the Eighth Dimensional Fold of Reality of the Oryx, so they obviously spread themselves across the weaker ones to try to get a foothold. The Oryx armies couldn't possibly deal with them all.

In the end, this was the result.

'Interesting... and kind of bad news at the same time.'

Leonel mulled it over, realizing that this situation wasn't the best for him.

If a new Race like the Sea Gods had managed to rise up in this Dimensional Verse, it could only mean that this Verse was very conducive to their growth.

Well... the problem with that was in the Race's name.

If they were a Race of Water Force experts, Leonel was truly screwed. This was because that would mean that comprehending this Verse's laws so that its Regulator would stop hounding him meant that he needed to comprehend the one Force he had basically abandoned.

"How unlucky..." he muttered to himself.

He wasn't too worried about their Water Force restraining his Scarlet Star Force. Everything in this world was relative. Even if these people could use the Void Star Force he had abandoned, the strongest Water Force there was, would their Force Manipulation match up to his own?

The main issue was that refining this world with his Natural Force Art required understanding of every aspect of it, including the aspects that allowed a Sea God Race of all things to thrive.

There was no escaping Water Force, it seemed.

'Well, let's take it one step at a time. First, I have to see if it's actually possible to help heal this world to a state where it has God Realm potential. Only then should I think about how to refine it and make it my own.'

'I also have to be cautious with my next steps because the two buyers before me will certainly have their fingerprints all over this.'

'If they were going to try to take over this Domain, their main target would definitely be the Sea God Race. Since I'm late, I have to take a different approach.'

Leonel's thoughts landed on the so-called final bastion of human freedom.

It seemed that he was going right back to his roots: protecting the Human Race.

He let out a sigh. It seemed he couldn't escape it.

Sometimes he felt that his childhood naivety about wanting to become a King who protected always came back to bite him. The universe had taken him a bit too seriously. Where was the leeway for being young and immature?

"You three come with me."

Leonel forced them into the Segmented Cube. He couldn't leave behind any traces, so he had to wipe their memories first.

The Emperor's Might Tablet had a method of doing this, but Leonel had never used it before, so it was a bit difficult to manage. The best he could do was rely on Anastasia to stabilize some things for him and suppress these three so that he could work.

Soon, he sent the three Oryx back and changed his sights toward what remained of the Human Bubble.

It would have been easy to find the direction with Anastasia, he could just ask her to scan the whole Verse. The trouble was that it would certainly be sensed by the wrong people now that there were members of the Complete Worlds around.

He could only use the brute force method and get himself some maps.

Leonel ended up spending the next few days planet hopping, stacking maps like ladders, always relying on lower-quality maps to find his way to stronger planets where he could get himself higher quality ones.

Soon, he had made his way to this world's Ancient Battlefield.

'This is where the hard part starts.'

Beyond this location was the Human Domain, but only in part. Much of it had been swallowed up, so there were definitely far more Sea Gods than there were Humans over there. He had to find a way to find the location of this last bastion of human life discretely.

'Shit,' Leonel cursed.

Sneaking into this Ancient Battlefield was too difficult. It had the most security of all locations across worlds.

It seemed he had been found.

Or, more accurately, he had been tracked from the beginning.