

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2861: Mistake

BOOM!

The entire world seemed to explode forth.

In a single instant of time, three entire Domains fused into one. The Incomplete World shuddered on its foundations and in those last moments, Leonel sent a glance toward Dreadmaw and Shadowclaw. From here on out, it would be up to them if they wanted a chance to accomplish their goals.

Then, the entire battlefield was swallowed up by a blinding light.

Leonel had known from the beginning that his odds of destroying the gateways one by one were a nigh impossible task. The Barbarian Race was too powerful, and he didn't think himself to be infallible. That had already been proven once since he entered this world.

Instead, that was just what he had told the Rapax duo. He had already felt back then that this had a good chance to succeed.

Now, everyone would be on the same playing field. Whoever stood on top at the end of this Zone would be the one to claim victory.

And Leonel had already stacked the deck in his favor.

The Ancient Battlefield fell into silence as the enormous Sub-Dimensional that now took up half the Incomplete World stabilized.

A familiar Sea God beauty suddenly appeared on the battlefield, but her expression wasn't nearly so calm. A deep frown was etched into her gorgeous features as hesitation flickered in her gaze.

Sashae appeared by her mother's side, a golden tablet pressed into her bosom as she folded her arms over it.

Without a word, her mother stretched out a hand, and Sashae handed the golden tablet over.

However, after a few seconds passed, nothing happened.

This made the Sea God Empress tremble.

There was only one reason her golden tablet couldn't influence the situation of this Zone.

Life Tablet.

She hadn't known if such a tablet existed, but now that she was aware, she understood why it was that Leonel was unmoved by her daughter's use of the tablet. How could he be harmed by a tablet inferior to his own?

However, the fact that this Sea God Empress now had such information... was precisely the kind of variable that Leonel wanted to avoid.

Unfortunately, there was no other way to secure this victory.

He would just have to hope that his gains outweighed the detriment.

If not, the Human Race might truly be wiped out this time.

He had already offended his one connection to the Pluto Race in El'Rion by leading him by the nose. He had thoroughly offended the Owlans and now the Barbarian Race. It was also likely that after lying to the Rapax, he had offended them as well.

He had killed the hope of the Nomads by slaughtering their Patriarch and many more of their members, and now there was a Dream Asura on the loose that wanted nothing more than to take his head.

If the Void Race and Fallen God Beasts found out that they had led into a war by the actions of a mere human youth...

What would the result be?

Leonel squinted hard.

The first thing he felt was a great amount of pressure. What shocked him was the fact that this pressure was even greater than what he had experienced when he first entered the Cataclysm Zone.

But the trouble was back then he was just a young man with the foundation of a genius born in an Incomplete World. How could that compare to his current self?

He had the constitution of a Demi-God, and even if he was suppressed by about 50% now, there was simply no way that such a world should be capable of making him feel like this.

And that was when he grinned wildly.

If this Zone could make him feel like this, it meant that he had succeeded. Only if the pressure was so great could it mean that he had truly begun to pull out the hidden potential of this plane.

When he cleared it, he would almost certainly have succeeded.

But that was when Leonel cursed under his breath.

Finally, he realized why it was that he was squinting. There was a torch placed right before his eyes while the rest of the room he was in was pitch black. Without the torch, he likely wouldn't have been able to see his hand even if he placed it right before his face.

What was worse than this was the fact that he was completely naked and his arms and legs were spread out wide by chains. He hung from a wall and his wrists were already chaffing.

As for the torch before him, it was some interrogator barking at him in a language he hadn't translated quite yet.

"... What are you smirking about?!"

BANG!

A fist drove its way into Leonel's gut and he blinked speechlessly. It ached a little, and it was clear that this person hadn't held back. But he had already mobilized his Force properly when he saw it coming.

The real reason he was speechless was that he hadn't even considered that this would happen.

He had accounted for so many variables, but he focused on only the most important things. He thought that whatever situation he came across, he would be able to deal with easily enough.

And while that was true, he didn't expect to be transferred into the body of a weak Human Race youth who seemed to barely be 12 years old.

Leonel almost wanted to laugh. In fact, he did laugh, ignoring the ravings of the man before him.

This was actually a joke. He should have accounted for this. He had once been transferred into the body of a person in a Zone before. It was just that he assumed it was an anomaly.

That was a mistake, clearly.

'Still making mistakes.'

Leonel clicked his tongue.

This body might be weak, but his Force Manipulation was still there.

In addition, this wasn't a bad thing in the slightest. In fact, he wanted to laugh about how good this was.

Chapter 2862: Wall of Text

The situation was so good that Leonel couldn't believe he had lucked into it instead of thinking of it himself.

If he was someone else's body, that meant that so was everyone else. He didn't particularly care for or fear the Rapax, but the Barbarians especially, if they were stripped of their powerful bodies, what chance did they stand against him? This was the perfect win-win-win.

Back when he, his mother, and Aina had entered a Zone like this, all three of them had been transferred into the bodies of others. This made Leonel fairly confident that everyone was dealing with the exact same situation.

In that case, what did he have to fear?

The only worry was what would happen once he left the Zone. But while he was in this Zone, wouldn't it be his playground?

"How dare you?!"

A rain of fists landed on Leonel, but he directly ignored them again. Instead, he pulled on the Life Tablet and began to pay attention to exactly what the goal of this Zone was.

This was only one of his advantages, and he would be sure to take advantage of every single one of them.

Not only that, but he would end all of this as quickly as possible, because it was the only way he could secure victory before the Barbarian Race had time to react.

[Name: Plight of the Sea Gods]

[Entry Limit: -]

[Clear Requirements: Return the Sea God Verse back to its original state]

[Side Quest: Raise up the Cloud Race]

[Side Quest: Revive the Spirituals]

[Hidden Question: Birth the Oracle and Wise Sea Order]

[Objective: The Sea God Incomplete World was meant to be the location of the rise of a new race. Until now, Existence has been too heavily skewed toward land animal. There are no God Beasts with water constitutions and there is no prominent race with such affinities either. Although there are plenty of humanoids with Water Force affinities, there cannot be said to be a Race with such capabilities.

[The reason for this is as a result of a weakness of Water Force in comparison to Earth Force in giving life to Force and allowing others to flourish. The Sea Gods were meant to be Existence's way of striking this balance and achieving a new equilibrium between the Race. Although they would just be the start, once they were established, many more would appear by their sides.

[Unfortunately, before the Sea Gods could truly flourish, they were interrupted by an unknown entity. This entity descended with a tablet and granted them unimaginable prowess and knowledge.

[Akin to giving humans fire and helping them lead themselves to their own destruction, the Sea Gods began to accelerate their own growth with this new potential they were given. Unfortunately, their paths taken were flawed and filled with trouble... the result of trying to hatch chicks before they were prepared.

[In the end, the Sea Gods harmed themselves and ended up with a fatal flaw that wasn't simple to fix at all. And it was at this point that the Barbarian Race appeared.

[Realizing that the Sea Gods had characteristics that they could use for themselves, the Barbarian Race began to assimilate and control this Race, controlling their every movement and restricting their growth from their natural path down a new one.

[In this same vein, the Cloud Race also struggled. Their Cloud Figures, capable of borrowing from the future to strengthen themselves, was incredibly enticing to the Barbarian Race as well. They were the first to fall as their methods were tweaked and assimilated by the Barbarian Race.

[It could be said that the fusion of the Cloud Race and the Human Race was the perfect balancing act, allowing the Barbarian Race to grasp the exact mutation that they needed.

[In the collateral damage were the Spirituals who the Barbarian Race attempted this assimilation with first. In truth, the assimilation with the Spiritual Race was successful. The trouble was that it made the Spirituals far too powerful and difficult to manage. As such, the Barbarian Race directly killed them all, wiping their existence from the annals of history.

[The Oryx and Sea Gods are safe for now, but only because their use has yet to run out. Steer them back toward the right path and set all to as it should be].

Leonel was floored by the wall of text. He already knew that the Life Tablet would give him far more information, but what he didn't expect was that it would blur the lines between the Zone and reality, even talking about things that happened outside of the Zone as though it were natural.

It was basically allowing Leonel to fill in the gaps for things he had no idea about. Now, he had managed to completely understand things that he could only speculate about in the past.

But what truly caught his attention was this mysterious figure that, for some reason, deposited a golden tablet within this world.

Why?

Did that mean that there was truly a fourth party involved in all of this? Was it the same party who left a Silver Tablet in the Dimensional Verse? Or was he someone else?

As he was deep in thought, a bucket of frigid water was dunked over his head.

Leonel shook his head and looked up for the first time in a while.

Before him stood a burly Cloud Race member with a tummy so large that it looked like it might burst out of the leather straps that a covered him.

"Alright, that's about enough." Leonel suddenly said.

"What did you-"

CRACK!

Leonel flexed his wrists, and the surrounding chains crumbled to pieces. He pulled at his ankles too and they too cracked and shattered.

"You-!"

Leonel punched, and the head of the guard shattered.

"[Arise]."

Leonel didn't waste any time at all, pulling the torturer's soul out of his body. He felt no need to have any sympathy for a man who would torture a child like this.

Chapter 2863: Ten Years

Leonel grilled the man and quickly got the information he wanted. He really wanted to know what the purpose of capturing a 12-year-old child was, least of all a human.

It turned out that he had a constitution that the Cloud Race decided was perfect breeding, and that just left Leonel sickened. Stealing children for the sake of breeding?

However, remembering the words of the Life Tablet, Leonel was fairly certain that this was a culture spurned on by the Barbarian race. Even so, that didn't mean he had to forgive the Cloud Race for doing such a thing.

He took a breath and shook his head. He was apparently also supposed to help the Cloud Race out, so he wasn't exactly in a position to wipe them all out.

Many races had done horrible things over the history of Existence. This was something Leonel knew intimately after studying the Life Tablet for so long. There were no objective good or bad Races, so there was no need to waste his time and ruin his future trying to get petty revenge in a Zone of all things.

It was best he focused on the task at hand.

In the end, it seemed that the reason they were torturing him rather than pampering him was because they wanted to corral and curb his sense of self. They wanted him to be a breeding animal, not a lover. It was more efficient to "breed" with several Cloud Race women than it was to impregnate one Human Race woman at a time, so this was why little human boys were chosen instead.

Leonel found this quite interesting. It went to show just how much of a choke hold the Barbarian Race had over the Cloud Race in this place. It also made Leonel realize that he had to be wary.

Although he might be lucky that the other Barbarian Race members were in other bodies now, that didn't mean he was necessarily in the clear.

Who was to say that there weren't a few Barbarian Race members who were native to this Zone monitoring things from the shadow?

As for why he felt that the Barbarian Race would likely have strong control over what was happening here, that was because Races across time and space were usually fiercely protective of their women.

To use them like this to give birth to children outside of their Race was quite novel given the historical context.

'What should I do now?'

Leonel hummed, looking at his hands. As expected, Anastasia wasn't there, and it should mean that Aina was still inside as well.

He wasn't worried about this as it had happened to him once before. It just meant that until he separated from this body, he wouldn't be able to access such things.

But he wanted to clear this Zone as perfectly as possible. Separating from this body would be a detriment to that.

Also, it wasn't necessarily easy. It took the power of an extremely powerful God the last time it happened.

Leonel tossed this idea from his mind.

The main issue was that the guards couldn't give him enough information. When he asked for details about exactly what the Cloud Race was trying to accomplish, he shrugged his shoulders and just said that the combination of Cloud and Human Races was extremely powerful.

What Leonel wanted to do now was to understand how exactly he would "elevate" the Cloud Race. What did the Zone mean by that?

The moment Leonel thought of this, he was surprised to find that an answer came to him. He couldn't help but laugh.

Having the Life Tablet was really too convenient.

According to it, raise up the Cloud Race meant helping them find harmony with the Human Race, erasing the animosity of the latter, and making the former more accepting.

Leonel shook his head.

Taking a deep breath, he started.

...

Thus began a legend that spread slowly, but surely. Starting as a little boy, Leonel freed the slaves of the Human Race and waged a silent war against the Cloud Race.

He changed their sentiments slowly, mostly using his Dream Force to influence them over long stretches of time.

Leonel already realized that the time ratio of this Zone was ten to one. So, for every ten years he spent here, just one would pass in the outside world, and it took him precisely that long.

He had no choice but to take so much time. He didn't want the Barbarian Race individuals who were certainly hidden in the weeds to expose him, and since their "breeding" project was continuing, they didn't care to pay much attention to the little details of how daily life in the Cloud Race proceeded.

Like this, over time, "breeding" became intermarrying and intermarrying became love in matrimony.

By now, it was certain that the Barbarian Race members who had become stuck in this Zone along with him were starting to grow antsy. Ten years had passed and yet they hadn't seen a sign of Leonel.

In fact, contrary to this, Leonel actually used their existences to help him as he found each one of them.

It was impossible for them to hide from the Life Tablet. Leonel picked them all out with ease every time he came across them, and yet they had no idea what was happening around them.

The best part was that forcefully breaking out of this Zone would only ruin their years of work. In the end, as Leonel had said, they could only help him.

However, it was also clear that their understanding of exactly what was happening in this Zone was limited. Their usual detection methods weren't working on this Zone and they had to use more conventional means.

That was when Leonel got information about how many of them had given up and had begun to set up a large-scale formation to completely shatter this world.

'Seems the easy mode I've been playing on couldn't last forever.'

Leonel grinned.

But that was fine too.

Giving him ten years to prepare? They were asking for a loss.

Chapter 2864: Show Me

Leonel now had the body of a 20-year-old.

These years, he had made unexpected leaps in his comprehension, and if not for the fact it was much slower than when he was in the outside world, he would wonder why it was everyone didn't take advantage of this.

Unfortunately, the laws of Incomplete Worlds were exactly that, incomplete. As such, even with far more time, it was difficult to make advancements.

That said... this Zone wasn't normal by any means. When Leonel first entered it, it gave him a great deal of pressure.

After some time, he realized that part of that was because he had been in the body of a child. Still, that didn't mean that this world couldn't exhibit a great deal of influence and power, and that likewise made its laws very interesting to study.

In the end, while Leonel didn't make as much progress as he would have in the outside world in the same 10-year span, he had made about three years' worth of progress.

Essentially, that meant that Leonel had exchanged a single year for three, a huge boon.

Likewise, as one might expect, his strength had exploded forth.

The only shame was that his original body was already too weak to display all of his Force Manipulation, and this body was even less capable of doing so...

But did it matter?

Holding an ordinary wooden spear in his hands, a light smile played Leonel's features.

'Three days should be enough... Three days to bring this to a close.'

...

Leonel moved through the world, crossing large distances as the ground shrunk beneath his feet.

He seemed to be at complete peace. If there was anything that made him sad, it was the fact he hadn't seen his wife in so long.

Even a few days was too much, but a decade?

If not for his strong mental fortitude, he would have already given up on this Zone.

Leonel was only 27 years old to begin with. A decade was more than a third of his life. Even if Aina had been by his side, wasting so much time in this Zone would have been difficult.

But now that it was all coming to a close, he could finally exhale a breath.

Leonel came to a stop.

He stood at the edge of a sheer cliff that fell toward a vast black ocean. The skies were storming, and the waves crashed against the cliff face with such force that large boulders fell into the dark depths from time to time.

Leonel gave this only a glance before he lifted his head and looked off into the far off distance.

It was hard to spot, but there were patterns of waves that seemed... irregular.

It looked like in the middle of the ocean, there were rivers running through. They seemed separated as though in an entirely different world, and it was precisely these currents that was the Force Art Leonel was looking for.

'The Barbarians aren't even a Race well known for their Crafting, and yet they're capable of such things. Then there's the Minerva who are capable of constructing a city of Natural Force Arts. There's still much to learn.'

BANG!

The sound came suddenly, but Leonel had already moved before it reached him.

The cliff he had been standing upon exploded as though a wild beast had taken a huge bite out of it.

He stood at the edge of the new end of the cliff, his simple linen clothing fluttering as though he had never moved at all.

His gaze shifted upward, and he saw a Sea God standing in the skies with a fierce gaze. However, he could tell in an instant that it was a disguised Barbarian.

'As expected, they don't have the capability of shedding the bodies they had been transferred into. Since they're trying to destroy this Zone, there's no need for them to put in so much effort into trying to maintain this form if they don't have to.'

Leonel was confident in using the Life Tablet to return to his former body. The reason he didn't was because he wanted to clear this Zone perfectly. But the Barbarian Race obviously didn't have the same goal. So the only explanation was that they couldn't.

Of course, after ten years of preparation, Leonel had long since confirmed this. But this was the first time he was clashing with them head-on, so it felt good to confirm the truth.

After confirming this, Leonel's wrist flickered.

The Barbarian Race man in the body of a Sea God couldn't even react.

His glabella was pierced through, his eyes opening wide before they slowly dimmed.

As Leonel had said... he had made a great deal of progress.

He couldn't advance his Dimension, nor his body, and he couldn't fully access his Force Manipulation either...

But if he made three years of progress with Forces...

Then he had made ten with his spear.

His spear mastery was already on a level that most would never be able to fathom in a lifetime.

Trapped in the body that wasn't their own.

These Barbarian Race members didn't stand a single chance.

Leonel took a step off of the cliff, but it looked as though he was still walking on flat ground.

The raging waters beneath him were forced into a state of calm, the tsunami-like waves being suppressed into a steady and cool surface.

Barbarian Race members disguised as various Races began to surge out of the waters, but every time one appeared, Leonel simply struck out a single time.

The black waters were quickly becoming dyed in red.

"This is very disappointing," Leonel's voice boomed. "Don't tell me I spent all of that time preparing for no reason.

"Show me the strength of a Demi-God Race!"

Beneath Leonel's roar, an invisible sphere pushed a crescent shape out of the water, forming a crater that extended for miles.

At that moment, Leonel spotted a bright red light streaking out from below.

Chapter 2865: Dilemma

BANG!

Fury burst through the surface of the water, looking toward Leonel seriously.

"Who are you?"

Leonel's response was a spear strike.

Fury's pupils constricted into pinholes, his body seizing. It felt like he was facing the simplest spear he had in his entire life, and yet it had blocked off all his paths of retreat.

He couldn't fathom how anyone could have such skill in the spear.

The Barbarian Race wasn't known for their skill to begin with. They focused on overwhelming power and used their omniscience to make up the gap.

However, that didn't mean they couldn't understand skill when they saw it..

And it also didn't mean that barbarianism wasn't its own type of skill... just in a different form.

Fury knew that he couldn't meet this strike. He immediately accelerated into a retreat.

Leonel's spear came to a stop just a meter from him, but blood still split his forehead in two, a shallow wound cracking open.

Leonel shook his head.

In truth, Leonel knew that his largest disadvantage in this world was the short time he had spent practicing.

Even back in the Dimensional Verse, he was always playing catch-up. Again and again, he came across people who had far more experience than himself.

He had only entered this world when he was 18 years old and it had been less than 10 years since then... at least in real time spent outside of Zones.

However, now he had suddenly clawed back 10 years and had spent much of the time diligently polishing his fundamentals.

On top of that, it had to be remembered that he was quite aimless for much of the time. His father hadn't given him [Final Destruction] until after his death, so he had been flying blind on his own.

So Leonel not only regained so much time, but he had done so with a better understanding of how to progress and what this world expected of him.

When these two things came to a head...

It could only be said that he had truly become a monster.

His wrist flickered again, and then again.

Fury continued to accelerate backward, trying to rush away, but every time another hole would appear in his body.

He was walked down, and every step Leonel took forward was another on his heart.

In this Zone, the advantage of humans shone so brightly it was glaring.

In exchange for their high talent, not a single one of the Barbarian Race members Leonel had come across had a Creation State Force.

And it showed.

At this point, beneath the God Realm, Leonel didn't believe that anyone without a Creation State Force could withstand more than a few blows from him.

"Since there's nothing else, just die."

Leonel had come here for a great battle, only to be disappointed greatly.

This was the drawback of his new Dream Force path, it seemed.

He had put so much effort into Respecting the Barbarian Race that it seemed he had over prepared.

But he couldn't deny that he had benefitted.

"WAIT!" Fury roared.

Leonel's spear didn't pause, piercing right through his chest and heart.

"Do you..." Fury coughed up a mouthful of blood. "... have any idea..."

Leonel pulled out his spear and chopped his head off.

He didn't feel like listening about who he had offended and what the consequences would be. He had had heard enough.

He was well aware of who he was offending.

He just didn't care.

Leonel looked down at the waters. With a stomp of his foot, the rest of the Natural Force Art was shattered and the currents of the ocean went back to normal.

'Raise up the Cloud Race is finished... Revive the Spirituals...'

Leonel shook his head and chuckled.

When he checked what the Life Tablet wanted him to do to solve the latter, he almost couldn't believe it.

He had randomly thought once before that the Spirituals and Human Race were far too similar. The difference only seemed to be a matter of soul, and it was also in large part because of this that he didn't dare to confirm what race Fox's fourth hand came from.

But he didn't expect that he was actually right.

Reviving the Spirituals only required helping the humans to evolve. In fact, the two could be spoken of interchangeably.

When Leonel learned this, he also realized that this must be how Flaure controlled the Spiritual Race.

And for Leonel, who had personal experience in how to separate the soul from the body and use it as his strength, this Side Quest was even easier.

The Clear Requirement was just to return the Sea God Verse back to its original state, so clearing the Side and Hidden Quests would be enough to meet that bar.

This meant that there was just one task left for Leonel.

Birth the Oracle and a Wise Sea Order.

Leonel had been thinking for a long time about this Hidden Quest. Even the Life Tablet couldn't seem to give him a real answer. Well, at least not one with an answer as definitive as he had received for the others.

However, there was still a clue.

Much like the objective had said, there had never been a Water based God Beast.

Among the Northern Star Lineage Factors, there were Spatial Forces, Dark Forces, a few variant Forces...

But none of them were water.

Though Leonel thought of this, there was little he could do about it. It wasn't like he could just create a new Envoy-level beast. If he could, wouldn't he already be invincible?

In the end, there only really seemed to be one way to do this.

[Hidden Quest: Birth the Oracle and Wise Sea Order]

The answer seemed obvious. It was in its name. He had to have a child and pass on his Lineage Factor the normal way.

There didn't seem to be any other way, and it left Leonel in a dilemma.

Passing this Zone was the only way for him to gain the strength to protect his family and his friends. There was simply no other way. He couldn't afford to waste these points he had spent, and he had no ability to protect this Incomplete World for an extended period of time without first refining it into himself...

But he also had no will to betray his wife.

But how could he birth a Wise Sea Order without impregnating a Sea God?

Chapter 2866: Sea

This dilemma had stalled Leonel for a long while. No matter what, he didn't even think of taking the easy way out.

With 20 years left, even if he didn't force a Sea Goddess to lie in his bed, it still wouldn't be difficult, not to mention leave with enough time to still try several times to birth the child that he needed.

There were certainly plenty of men who would have done it. No one ever accused Sea God women of not being exceptionally beautiful, but Leonel simply had no interest in taking such a step.

In his opinion, part of protecting his wife meant protecting her heart. That was just as important as anything else. It was the very same reason he was so enraged every time someone slighted her, even in the smallest way.

Even if he was willing to force his wife to take on such a burden, what would happen to his child? Could he just leave them in the Zone, using them like a one-way ticket to strengthen himself? What kind of man would he be then? Wouldn't this child likewise be part of his family?

There were multiple things wrong with this path.

Knowing that this path would bear no fruit, Leonel thought of many other things.

Maybe attempting to pass on his Bloodline, maybe studying his body to try to replicate the Lineage Factor, he even thought of using the replication abilities of the Cloud Race to attempt to reverse engineer the Northern Star Lineage Factor.

But each of these paths took more time and expertise than he had.

Maybe if he had Aina by his side, he could rely on her to make the attempt. But he didn't.

It was difficult enough to create a systematic method of helping the humans separate their souls from their bodies-at least one that didn't require being eaten alive like he had.

Doing this felt like a bridge much too far.

That was when Leonel realized something.

The option to impregnate a Sea Goddess only appeared because he had the Northern Star Lineage Factor to begin with. So what would someone else have done?

It had to be remembered that Hidden Quests didn't have to be cleared. In fact, neither did Side Quests.

So, technically speaking, a person wouldn't have to do anything to clear this Zone.

But what was interesting was that usually, a Sub-Dimensional Zone would have a time limit, one where the bare minimum Quests had to be cleared or else you would be trapped within forever. But according to the Life Tablet, there wasn't one for this Zone.

That meant that unless every single Quest was cleared, this Zone would never close.

Didn't that mean that unless one was a Wise Star Order like Leonel, they would never have such a chance?

And now... hadn't the Barbarian Race chosen to use the sea to break free of this impossible to clear Zone? Why was that?

Leonel was the anomaly of this Zone...

So if he couldn't take advantage, wouldn't it be because he was simply too foolish?

If there was no Wise Sea Order, if he needed to birth an Oracle, he would just have to become the person that cleared these requirements himself.

Leonel stood high above the ocean, taking deep breaths. He closed his eyes, steadying his breath.

This was a thought he had had ten years ago, not a conclusion that he had come to now. It was just that while he had decided on what he should do, he had no idea how to execute the how.

What did it mean to be a Wise Sea Order? Why did the Barbarian Race choose to use the ocean to break through this world instead of drawing the formation in an easier manner?

The answer to the latter was obvious to Leonel. That was because the natural state of this world leaned toward Water Force. Even without the intervention of the Barbarians, the Sea Gods would be the prominent Race of this world.

However, that still didn't answer the question.

'As important as minerals and variations of Earth Force are to the body... how could it be more important than water?'

Earth Force was the anchor of Force. Its existence allowed the energies of the universe to settle down and flourish.

In that case, Water Force was the anchor of Life. Its existence allowed living beings to maintain their lives.

It was a convenient explanation, but it didn't really resonate with Leonel. It felt like he was missing something.

Why Earth and Water? Why not Fire? Why not Wind? Why not any one of the other Forces in existence?

And what was so important about Water that it deserved to be granted a Star Order title?

The Wise Star Order name was called as such, not Wise Earth Order, so why was Wise Sea Order so important?

However, what was interesting was maybe the simplest thing. Something so simple that Leonel had neglected it for a long time.

The word Sea didn't just mean water. It was perfectly defined as a body of salted water.

How did oceans and seas become salty? Wasn't it because of run-off from the Earth?

In this case, could it be that this entire time, Water Force was just a smoke screen? Could it be that this entire time, from the very start, Wise Sea Order referred to both Earth and Water?

Then what was the purpose? Why trying to create a mirror of Wise Star Order in this way?

When Leonel thought about it, the answer to this seemed obvious as well...

If the Northern Star would be the death of Existence.

Then shouldn't life be the counter to this?

He had been wondering who it was tossed a Golden Tablet in this world... it seemed that for once, this person didn't have sinister intentions.

Instead, they were seeking a path to survival for not just themselves, but the entire world.

In that case, Leonel would oblige them.

BOOM!

Leonel's eyes shot open, and the oceans began to churn wildly.

Chapter 2867: Mana Core

The key to this change was the title of Wise Star Order. Leonel thought a lot about it. In fact, he had spent an entire ten years on exactly this problem.

What did it mean to be a Star Order? What did it mean to be a Wise Star Order?

Leonel had his answer.

The light in Leonel's eyes glowed even brighter.

When Leonel first awakened his Star Order, officially becoming a Wise Star Order, he had felt it more clearly than he ever had before.

However, it was only thanks to Aina that he was truly able to understand.

The protocol that Aina created to allow his Lineage Factor to rely more on his soul than his body was precisely what he needed.

The core of a Wise Star Order was in their soul. In these years, Leonel had realized that precisely the difference between Star Orders and those who just carried the Northern Star Lineage Factor was how much their soul was involved in their strength.

Those in the latter group were existences who could only strengthen their bodies, pulling on the affinities granted to them to power themselves.

However, the former used their soul and bodies, reaching into a state and level the latter couldn't match up against.

This was why Star Orders were able to pull on much more power even from the weaker levels of the hierarchy... it was because they were able to access far more of the Envoy's power!

In that case, this meant that the key for Leonel to be able to become a Wise Sea Order resided in his heart.

He had not a single idea how to do this until he realized that he had the perfect medium...

His Mana Core.

From the beginning, the existence of the Mana Core had always been a bit of an anomaly to Leonel. He went through waves of using it heavily and then ignoring it because sometimes he would think of great methods to put it into action, and at other times his personal strength would long surpass those methods, making it difficult for him to do much of anything with it. In the latter cases, using it at all would have been more a waste of his time than anything else.

However, years ago now, he had made a great breakthrough.

Using his Mana Core and his comprehension of Force Arts, Leonel had been able to crush Patriarch Khafra and clear the Force Art Tower with great ease.

By using his Mana Core as a proxy and his soul to analyze the world, he was capable of creating the perfect Natural Force Arts, ones that were capable of countering the Force Art Tower near instantly every time.

Then there was his enlightened self... the version of himself that stopped holding back and pulled the Dream Asura bloodline out from its hidden depths...

It had to be remembered that Leonel's Mana Core hadn't always been the elaborate tree of Force Arts that it was now. It was once far more simple and bland, looking much more like a real core.

Leonel had never truly understood why his enlightened self had decided to change it to what it was now...

It was a looming tree with leaves that danced an array of colors, each one for the various Forces he had managed to comprehend and each one a complex Force Art of runes. The longer you looked, the more complicated it seemed to become.

The more Leonel thought about it, the more it reminded him of Natural Force Arts.

Runes... that was the name he had chosen to randomly give the markings on his two Innate Nodes, so he had transferred the name over to the Mana Core as well.

But weren't they just Natural Force Arts? Natural Force Arts perfectly tailored to one set of Forces? Natural Force Arts, if taken to their logical extreme...

Could replicate the effects of Innate Nodes as well?

This was a shocking realization, but it was one that Leonel also cared little about.

His interaction with El'Rion had told him that to the Gods, creating Innate Nodes was nothing special at all. If it was up to El'Rion, he could have ten Innate Nodes and it wouldn't even put a dent in the wealth of the Pluto Race.

No.

Why this really mattered was because this meant that Leonel had a perfect method to achieve exactly what he wanted. Right here and now.

The main quest wanted him to return the Sea God Verse back to its original state. He could sense the natural state so clearly through his Mana Core.

Using it to communicate with the world around him, his Mana Core began to change.

Leaves of fire and space and darkness began to fall as though summer had just ended.

In their place, gorgeous leaves of bronze and sparkling sapphire began to grow.

The trunk was the same.

Its main body looked as though it had been carved out from brass, shimmering like gold, and on its body complex runes of radiant blue were carved in step by step.

Leonel could feel it clearly.

If before he could only speculate what it meant to be an Oracle, now it was all but certain.

What did it mean to be a Wise Sea Order?

You needed the foundation of a Wise Star Order to build upon.

It was the communication between the Star and the Sea that became the power of a Wise Sea Order.

If in one breath you could gaze into the Stars and in another, you could ground it in reality...

What part of the world would you not understand? What couldn't be in your grasp? What could your mind not control and what could you possibly not see through?

BOOM!

Leonel's Dream Force tore through the barrier of the Creation State with such forcefulness that the world was nearly torn apart.

Slowly, the Zone began to crumble into motes of light as the Hidden Quest was cleared.

Chapter 2868: Refine

Leonel completely ignored the crumbling world around him. The moment he sensed the Zone had been cleared, he shed the body he had been using all the while and pulled his wife out from the Segmented Cube.

Aina didn't even have a chance to react before Leonel wrapped his arms around her tightly.

He breathed in her scent and only now did he finally feel at peace. He didn't even really care about his success, nor did he care to pay attention to the changes in his surroundings.

It had been ten years since he saw his wife. A day was too long, let alone so much time.

Aina bit back the words she was going to say and hugged Leonel back, burying her head in his chest. She could feel his emotions clearly.

This last year had been hard on her, but how could it match up to the ten years of Leonel?

Not being able to sense whether he was dead or alive was probably the hardest. She just kept staring at the tattoo of her finger, wondering if it would disappear in the next second.

Leonel took a deep breath and smiled.

"You didn't go and find another husband, did you?"

Aina pinched his waist, and Leonel winced.

He coughed. "You've grown stronger."

Aina smiled, cheek still buried in his chest.

"Of course."

Leonel grinned. Aina had returned to the Eighth Dimension.

Unlike Leonel, Aina had been in Anastasia's world, a perfect world equivalent to a God Realm. With so much time to meditate and focus on her progress, she had managed to find a new breakthrough path and had finally stepped out of the Fourth Dimension, returning to the Eighth.

Not only that, but she was several times more powerful than the last time, as expected, thanks to her rebirth method.

"Okay, stay right here," Leonel said.

"You're leaving again?" Aina frowned.

"Hell no. I just want eye candy while I change the world."

Aina smiled, but that didn't stop her from giving Leonel another pinch.

Leonel took a sharp breath, half in pain and half in focused meditation.

At that moment, the Sea God Verse rumbled.

As the motes of light descended, Leonel could feel it transcending, and quickly, it reached his standards.

His Mana Core trembled, and the light of the world seemed to concentrate on him.

Every Star across the Incomplete World suddenly exploded, sending beams of lasers all around. These lasers connected with one another, forming an enormous array in the blink of an eye.

...

Outside Sea God Verse, the situation wasn't very good. At least it wasn't for Leonel.

The Barbarian Race had already realized that something was wrong and a familiar burly and skinny pair of Barbarians stood outside the world.

The Barbarian Race was still trying to keep what was happening here a secret, so they couldn't mobilize too many of their Race.

But according to the information they had received, they were facing off against two Mortal Races, and this confused them.

The people they had sent in were getting outplayed by mortals?

Suddenly, the skinny Barbarian Race man flipped a palm. His pupils constricted.

"Dead. They're all dead."

"WHAT?!"

The skinny Barbarian Race man slapped a hand over mouth.

"What do you think you're doing, exposing your aura like that? Do you want to send out a beacon to everyone?"

"Piss off!" The burly Barbarian ripped himself free. "This doesn't make any sense."

"They entered a Zone... the only way I see for them to have lost their lives like this is if they lost control of their own bodies."

"Even so, their Force-"

"Leonel Morales attracted a lot of attention because of the sheer number of Life State Forces he controls. If he was also granted a stronger body than the others in the Zone, then this was an inevitable result."

"What about Talon? If he's dead, that woman will kill us."

"... He doesn't seem to be among the tally. But there's also been no word from him, either. They sent him out in the first wave and he just disappeared."

"That brat couldn't be playing hooky, right?"

BOOM!

The two looked toward the Incomplete World simultaneously. Their eyes went wide as they could, the world slowly shrinking before their eyes.

No, it wasn't shrinking. It was common knowledge that Incomplete Worlds looked far smaller from the outside than they were on the inside. So what the hell was happening now?

...

Leonel held onto Aina, feeling every corner of the world.

He was still in Tier 1 of the Fifth Dimension. Technically speaking, he should have been absorbing one World Spirit with God Realm potential.

However, right now, Leonel was killing two birds with a single stone.

World Spirit orbs began to appear around him, one after another. At the same time, World Spirits from the Sea God Verse surged toward him, fusing and improving them.

Tier 2.

He absorbed the first.

Tier 3.

A second.

Tier 4.

A third.

His power surged, improving by leaps and bounds.

The more his strength soared, the more access to his Forces he gained.

Slowly, he was beginning to feel the true power of the Life State and he realized just how much he had been being screwed over.

Tier 7.

Tier 8.

Tier 9.

Leonel raised his head to the skies and roared.

At that moment, the connecting Stars all converged with him as the center as though he had become the centerpiece of his own Constellation.

Leonel's Constellation Realm entered the Silver Grade.

His True Dream Sovereignty reached the Silver Grade.

His True Destruction Sovereignty reached the Silver Grade.

Leonel's aura blazed so brightly it seemed that he had truly become a star of his own creation.

Standing in the center of the world with his wife in his arms, he truly felt invincible.

And that was when he poked a hole right through the Sixth Dimension.

His aura skyrocketed once again, his violet hair fluctuating wildly.

The Sea God Verse completely converged, fusing into Leonel's body.

The couple found themselves standing out in the expanse of the void, two Barbarian Race Ninth Dimensional experts staring at them in shock.

Chapter 2869: A Little Longer

"Oh, hello."

Leonel looked at the two Barbarians and smiled. They were completely taken aback by his reaction.

Leonel didn't even look like he understood who they were. He was just holding onto his wife and grinning at them.

In an instant, Leonel had already seen through these two. Not only could he use the Life Tablet to understand their Lineage Factors and Ability Indexes, but he could also very clearly feel their Force Manipulation level.

Both only had Quasi Creation State Forces. He wouldn't have taken them very seriously even before he broke into the Sixth Dimension, let alone now.

What was curious, though, was their Ability Index.

The two seemed to be twins and had a rare Ability Index that linked the two of them together. This amplified their strength and allowed their battle capabilities to increase exponentially.

As such, it would be inappropriate to look at them simply by their Quasi Creation State Forces. Together, they were no weaker than a Ninth Dimensional expert with a true Creation State Force.

But this was just one aspect of their strength. The increase to their Force Manipulation was only one matter.

Whether it was their Lineage Factor, techniques, or anything else, they were all amplified several times over.

It could be said that they were approaching the strength of the Ancestors of the Barbarian Race.

Of course, they were still quite a distance away from that level. But they were certainly established elders.

Leonel was able to see through all of this in a single glance, and he didn't even have to exchange a single fist.

This was due to a combination of his new Wise Sea Order status and the Life Tablet. The world was his oyster.

"... You are Leonel Morales."

"I am."

Leonel nodded. There was no point in trying to hide it since things had reached this point.

"Are you aware of what you've done?"

"Do I look like a fool to you?"

"Yes!" The burly Barbarian roared.

His voice powered through. If a normal existence stood between them, they would have been shattered to pieces.

And yet, it only blew Leonel's hair back.

"Hey, hey. You're so noisy. Can't you see I'm trying to enjoy a moment with my wife?"

The pupils of the two constricted. How could a human be unmoved by a roar of theirs?

"Also, calling me a fool when you should know that your nephew is in my possession... is a little bit ironic, don't you think?"

Aina hadn't just been training all this time. Or, more accurately, it could be said that her methods of training weren't all related to silent meditation.

In the Segmented Cube, there were the bodies of two Demi-Gods, and after her experience with dissecting a Sea God corpse, she realized that there was another way for her to progress.

Talon provided a unique opportunity for research because the clairvoyance and omniscience of the Barbarian Race were very similar to Aina's own abilities.

While she did this, she conveniently found out a great deal of information from Talon which she had given to Leonel after he existed.

"You-!"

"You know, I thought more of the Barbarian Race. But your geniuses aren't very strong, and it seems your elders aren't very smart as well.

"I heard that there's an Ancestor of your Race in love with a little boy like Talon? Don't you think that's a bit weird? Haven't you heard of grooming?"

The Barbarian Race men blinked in confusion. They didn't have a word for what Leonel was talking about, but hearing Aina have to stifle a laugh, they were instantly infuriated. Even the more level-headed between the two still felt like ripping Leonel's head off his shoulders.

"I wonder. If Talon dies, what will happen to the two of you?"

Their expressions darkened, and they fell into silence.

"If Talon dies, what will happen to you?" Talon's skinny uncle asked in a rumbling voice.

"I've offended far stronger people. I'm not moved."

They sneered. "Then why are you speaking so much?"

"Why? Because I want to hold my wife for a little longer and didn't want to have to fight just yet."

Leonel sighed and finally released Aina's waist.

He pulled out a spear. It was simple and wooden. Even the blade was formed on an equally simple iron spear.

And yet, the two couldn't take their eyes off of it.

Aina pouted. "You're not going to let me fight? It's been so long."

"You want to?" Leonel asked. "I don't really mind. If anything, I've been doing too much fighting, though they were a bit weak."

"No, you go," Aina said after a while, a mysterious smile spreading across her face.

Seeing the look in her eye, Leonel's blood boiled.

Ten years... the only way that Leonel could describe it was that his balls were truly too heavy right now.

He looked away. It wouldn't be a good look if he entered battle with a raging boner.

"Old grannies! Piles of shit! Cradle-robbing Ancestors who target babies of their Race!"

Leonel began to chant, and if at first, the Barbarian Race men were confused, the last line completely infuriated them.

"I'll kill him!"

The burly uncle rushed toward Leonel. He didn't even pull out a weapon, punching out with a momentum that could shatter the world.

Leonel smiled and pierced out just a single time.

Fist and blade tip met, but there was no sound at all.

Aside from a puff of wind, everything was silent. It was like the both of them were just sparring and had had no plans to harm each other at all.

Suddenly, the burly Barbarian hurriedly retreated.

He looked at his fist in shock.

There was nothing on it but a small dot of blood, but it was precisely this that shocked him so much.

"You... how..."

A Sixth Dimensional expert had done this to him? How was such a thing even possible?

Leonel swung out his spear and tapped it at the air, causing ripples to spread out like a once calm lake.

"Come together. Don't waste my time."

Chapter 2870: Overplayed

"How dare you?!"

Both brothers roared. This time, even Talon's skinny uncle couldn't withhold his fury. He felt that he was going to explode just the same.

But Leonel stood tall and proud. His spear was slightly pointed toward the ground, his gaze carrying the weight of an entire universe.

"Show me what a Demi-God is capable of."

BANG! BANG!

Leonel pierced out twice, and the two brothers hurried to block. Their power multiplied atop of one another and a shield of Earth Force took shape.

However, to their surprise, the sharp air of Leonel's spear spun and twisted, pulling their Earth Force into a spiral and stripping it of its strength.

Their expressions changed, and they hurried to retreat even further.

A line of blood formed on both of their forearms, their arms trembling.

"How was that?" Leonel asked, looking back at Aina.

"It was alright."

"Just alright?"

Aina smiled sweetly. "9.63 out of 10."

"Ah, a generous score."

"I'm giving you a handicap."

"Why's that?"

"My bed's a bit cold."

Leonel's pupils constricted, and something moved beneath his waistline. He hurriedly looked away, beginning a familiar chant.

"... Cradle robbing Ancestors!"

Leonel and the Barbarian Race men clashed once again.

A hearty laughter filled the skies as Leonel's spear danced and Aina's marks became higher and higher.

The twins had long since realized that they had to take this battle seriously, but no matter how hard they tried, they couldn't seem to bridge the gap.

Leonel didn't seem to be using any Forces at all, yet he suppressed them from every feel and angle. It was so natural that...

"Creation!"

The two roared at once, the realization shattering their world view.

The Creation State wasn't just a level of stronger Force Manipulation, it was a complete change of state. The Creation State was located in the First Dimension, a Realm even Regulators could not touch.

Someone with a Force of this level could feel and see all things. Someone with a Dream Force of this level...

Was an untouchable monster.

Fear gripped their hearts, and their arms trembled.

"Calm down."

The skinny Barbarian spoke first.

"Haven't you noticed? Do you think he's barely managed to harm us because he's really toying with us? Isn't it obvious that he can't?"

Leonel looked over from teasing Aina. "Sending secret messages? Do you think that's possible?"

"Sure. I can tell you quite boldly. It's my Dream Force that broke into the Creation State first, so my offensive power isn't as great as my combat skill."

Hearing Leonel boldly admit this, they shivered. But the fact he could hear their secret communication was even more shocking.

Creation State Dream Force... truly, only such a thing could exhibit such strength.

Leonel tapped his spear at the air and ripples spread. It looked like Leonel was playing around with reality, the fundamental laws of the world being pulled and twisted around his spear.

"So, feel better?" Leonel asked with a smile. "I can't harm you. So why aren't you attacking yet?"

The burly Barbarian could hardly take it anymore and was about to rush forward, but his brother stopped him once again.

"What do you want?"

Leonel blinked, as though confused. "What do you mean by that?"

"I know you're trying to get something out of this. Is there a need to beat around the bush anymore?"

Leonel smiled. "I thought I was just stalling."

"You've proven your power. That's enough."

Leonel chuckled. "Honestly, I'm not really that interested in talking with the two of you. You're unable to decide anything."

The skinny Barbarian's eyes narrowed.

He wanted to say that Leonel was overestimating himself... but was he?

At this point, he was only weaker than the Ancestors of their Race. Maybe only a handful of elders and true geniuses could bring out his full strength.

The worst part was that geniuses like Talon clearly weren't enough. Not only did they have to be geniuses on the level of Talon, but they would have to at least be in the Eighth Dimension.

This was all too suffocating.

This didn't even make logical sense, and yet the reality was right before them. If they still refused to accept it, they would simply be too ignorant.

"... No matter how talented you are, it is just you. You cannot expect to speak as equals. Our deaths will not change anything."

"Just me?" Leonel blinked. "Wife!"

Leonel looked back toward Aina and she took a step forward.

BANG!

In that instant, both twins erupted in a rain of blood. It was so devastating that even Leonel thought for a moment that Aina had killed him. But he dismissed the thought because he knew that Aina wouldn't make such a mistake.

Soon, the mist of blood cleared, and the two men appeared, shaking. There wasn't a single inch of their bodies that wasn't injured. It looked as though their skin had been cut up into ribbons.

Blood Sovereign!

Leonel blinked, not having expected this either. Aina had never been able to control the blood in the bodies of others before.

The moment he had this thought, he found that a certain something was moving beneath his waist.

"Hey! Hey! Hey!" Leonel called out. "Are you trying to embarrass your husband?!"

Aina appeared by Leonel's side in a fragrant breeze. She clasped her hands behind her back and almost cutely looked downward, a charming smile on her lips.

Leonel covered his crotch. "Behave."

Aina giggled and let Leonel go. She knew that if Leonel wanted, stopping her would be easy. Didn't he, too, have a Creation State Force? In fact, it was one that happened to synergize with his Control Ability Index, which granted him perfect dominion over his mind and body.

"Understand now?" Leonel asked with a smile.

"Indeed."

The sudden voice made Leonel's eyes narrow, but his smile didn't vanish. This person wasn't here at all. Rather, only their voice and presence were.

When one had a Creation State voice, distance was almost meaningless, so long as you had something to lock onto. The First Dimension was inappropriately described as the simplest of the Dimensions in Earth's physics, but this wasn't entirely wrong either.

It was the simplest, but that was because it could hold the whole of Existence in a single dot without latitude or longitude.

In the First Dimension, distance was meaningless.

If not for the limitations of his body, Leonel could certainly project his mind to anywhere in Existence he so pleased. This was the power of the Creation State.

But even though he couldn't, that didn't mean that he feared this person. Since he dared to act, he also dared to execute. And now that he had a Creation State Dream Force, he didn't fear anyone beneath the God Realm finding his location if he didn't want them to.

"You must be Annalsia." Leonel said.

"... It's been a long time since a junior has dared to call me by my name."

"I heard that you're quite fond of juniors, though," Leonel blinked innocently as though he didn't understand he was insulting her.

The two Barbarians were flushed in cold sweat, holding that Annalsia didn't assume it was they who gave him this information.

"You've misunderstood," Annalsia said calmly. "My husband's reincarnation could hardly be considered robbing the cradle, now could it?"

The two Barbarians were even more shocked. They wanted to call out and ask Annalsia why she was telling an outsider this, but did they dare to question this woman?

"Well, there could be much philosophical debate about that one," Leonel said with a chuckle.

"Oh? Do tell."

"It's just human race trivialities," Leonel said with a wave of a hand. "When society grows too peaceful, people love to debate worthless matters."

"Now I am even more interested," Annalsia said with a chuckle.

"Well, alright." Leonel obliged. "If Talon is truly your husband's reincarnation, is he considered the same person or a different person now? Is a person their memories? Their souls? The sum of their experiences? Just their bodies?"

"Even if he was your husband in a past life, should he still be considered your husband now? Is he even his own person anymore if you've already forced an old identity onto him? Have you not ruined the point of his reincarnation?"

The two Barbarian Race men held their breath, trying to pretend like they weren't thinking about what Leonel was saying.

After a while, Annalsia chuckled.

"Talon did say that you were quite annoying. I don't believe that you care very much about this at all. You're only doing so to attack my mind. I have to say, your open schemes are quite conniving because they work.

"You are a diligent young man with a bright future ahead of you. You are arrogant, but it seems to be quite warranted. I have to say that I am greatly impressed by you.

"But, you have still overplayed your hand. I wonder what the world would think once they realize you're the one who triggered a war of Gods and Demi-Gods?"

Leonel's pupils constricted into pinholes.

Chapter 2871: Him

Leonel didn't reply. In fact, after a while, he seemed to have returned to a perfect state of calm. He stood there, waiting for Annalsia to speak again.

He could almost sense Annalsia's frown. His reaction was too calm from her, and she didn't quite seem to like it.

But what did that have to do with Leonel? He was overplaying her hand? It more so seemed like she had, playing this card way too early in these negotiations.

"Pretending to be calm only works if the enemy doesn't have your weakness," Annalsia said indifferently.

"Your voice doesn't sound as playful anymore," Leonel replied just as indifferently.

"Neither do you."

"The difference between us is that on the one hand, your indifference is because of anger. Mine is because of disappointment. I thought the moniker of Barbarian was just a misnomer. I didn't expect it to actually come with the expected stupidity."

Annalsia's tone became icy. "You're playing with fire, boy."

"Am I? I think you've forgotten that your husband is in my hands, first of all. Second, why would you be threatening me with something that everyone could find out? The only explanation is that you've found out using a method that only you're aware of. That only leaves one explanation: The Sea Gods and their Golden Tablet.

"Although there's a chance everyone is aware and you're actually just subtly offering protection... one, I don't believe the Barbarian Race would be so bold to offend Gods so openly, and two... do you take me for an idiot?"

"You think I called you out to give you the reins? Do you not understand who has the power here?"

"If I dare to force even Gods into a war, what the hell can a few Demi-Gods do to me?"

The frigid cold in Leonel's voice only seemed to grow. He had wanted to do this the amicable way, but it seemed that the only way these God and Demi-Gods understood was the way of force.

Didn't they quiver beneath the terror of the Plutos? The Voids? The former Minerva?

In that case, he would become that terror instead. His life wouldn't be dictated by anyone else anymore.

Annalsia began to laugh, but it too came from a frigid cold.

It was obvious that Leonel had exposed her. The information she received was, indeed, from the Sea Gods. Most accurately... the Wise Sea Order.

However, now that he had exposed it, Leonel didn't need to say what the problem was in so many words.

First, even if it was true... how would they prove it without the Golden Tablet?

All this time, they had left the Golden Tablet with Sashae's mother because it was useless in their hands but very much the opposite in her hands. There was a reason everyone wanted a Wise Star Order. Otherwise, the Tablet alone could only be used for menial tasks, comparatively speaking... well, if a menial task was resurrecting the dead.

However, in the hands of Wise Sea Order, she could foresee things a long way ahead.

It had to be remembered that the Barbarian Race wasn't a Crafting Race, nor were they well known for their secondary professions.

So how had they managed to create such a path for themselves?

The reality was that they put such a great emphasis on Sashae's mother because she was the key to all of their success until now.

Of course, the Barbarian Race had their experts. But there was a difference between having a few geniuses in a field and an entire foundation. If one wanted to elevate an entire Race, the second was mandatory.

This meant that while Leonel hadn't said it, it was obvious that he didn't hold on to just one of the Barbarian Race's weaknesses, but two of them.

Not only did he have their world hostage, he had one of the key pieces to their rise... no, he had two key pieces - both Talon and Wise Sea Order.

As he had said, since he dared to play with Gods, he dared to play with Demi-Gods.

How would the Barbarians even prove what had happened without Wise Sea Order here? How could they have guessed that Leonel would refine an entire Incomplete World himself?

Even if they could retrieve Wise Sea Order, would they be willing to expose to the world that they had a Golden Tablet? Not only that they had one, but that they were even capable of using it? Whether it was the first, and definitely the latter, how could they be alright with such a thing?

Then let's say that everything went perfectly and the Barbarian Race was willing to take such a risk, would the Void Race admit that they had been led by the nose by a kid? A human, of all things?

At worst, Leonel would have to deal with some situations in the dark, but even then the Void Race would have to be wary of entering Demi-God and lower Mortal Realms, and the suppression that they'd experience once they did.

Then, once again, even if everything went perfectly until that point, would the war just end at the drop of a dime?

It was clear to Leonel from the beginning that the Fallen God Beasts had been looking for a reason to trigger this war, and after it became clear he realized that the Owlans weren't as cowardly as he assumed and many of them had wanted this war too.

Of course, there was no doubt that once this information came out, the Human Race would face an extinction level event again...

But that was then, and this was now.

Back then, the humans had been caught off guard, betrayed by their own, and surrounded by enemies. They had never thought that things would end up going this way.

Leonel had seen all of that history personally, and he knew it like the back of his hand. Both what was mentioned in the Tablet and what wasn't...

But now, not only would they be prepared...

They also had him.

Chapter 2872: Stalling?

The imposing aura Leonel was releasing was resonating and suffocating. Even from such a far-off distance, Annalsia could feel it with impossible clarity.

He realized that no matter how young they were, underestimating a Creation State Dream Master was a fool's errand.

When she had received the information from Wise Sea Order, she had thought that it was a joke. The implication was absolutely ridiculous, and even going back to review the footage of the Gathering of Minds, she still had no idea how Leonel had managed to pull it off.

What it also proved to her was that Leonel wasn't nearly as impulsive as he had made himself seem. In fact, it was almost too obvious that his recklessness was just a persona he used to lower the guards of others.

He had been forced to defend the Vast Dream Pavilion or else the Human Race would lose its last line of protection, and this proved to be fruitful as it was only because of the Dream Pavilion that the last Human Bubble was currently under heavy protection.

But had he not been forced into the spotlight like this... what would have happened? How would he have grown? Would any of them even be able to react by the time he could already stand tall on his own?

No... that was the wrong way to think about it because he was already standing tall.

Wasn't that exactly what he was doing here?

A Creation State Force... at not even 30 years old...

There were no more than five such individuals that she knew of who could accomplish such a thing, and every one of them was a Demi-God. Such existences didn't have the right to appear in Mortal Races. As for those above the Demi-God Races, Annalsia simply didn't have the right to know.

"Then how about we let cooler minds prevail?" Annalsia said after a long while. The edge to her voice wasn't completely gone, but the two Barbarian Race men were taken aback that she had actually taken the initiative to yield slightly.

Leonel sneered inwardly, but a smile still surfaced on his face.

"This is, of course, what I would prefer as well. There's no need for us to be at loggerheads."

"Then will you return the Incomplete World and my husband to us?"

"That much is already impossible. However," Leonel continued before Annalsia's temper could flare up once again, "that doesn't mean that I cannot help you."

"... How?"

She really wanted to ask how Leonel could possibly hope to help out their Race when he was so weak, but she refrained... because it would mostly be out of anger rather than truth.

He had already done so much she couldn't explain. Who was to say that he couldn't do it again?

Leonel chuckled. "Aren't I better than any 'Wise Sea Order'."

Leonel didn't feel the need to tell them that he, too, had become a Wise Sea Order. His status as a Wise Star Order was more than enough.

The difference between him and Sashae's mother was that she was a Wise Sea Order and a Wise Sea Order alone. However, Leonel had assimilated both Sea and Star, forming the perfect soul constitution.

"You would be willing to come and follow all of our orders?" Annalsia sneered.

She was right. The reason the Sea God Empress was so convenient was that they could maintain perfect control over her. While on the other hand, because they were in an Incomplete World, they could tweak and change things with greater ease.

Without these two variables, it would be very difficult to accomplish the same things.

And how could Leonel be willing to be under their control? Even if he did, that would only make them even more wary.

"It's a lot easier than you think," Leonel chuckled. "Unlike your Wise Sea Order, I can do more. I can even find you a second Incomplete World and reconstruct these exact same circumstances for you."

Of course, this was only a new ability that Leonel gained. Between his Creation State Dream Force and the Life Tablet, scanning large areas and finding pockets of abnormal Dream Force was easy.

You would probably have to enter the God Realms to find someone better at finding Incomplete Worlds than himself now. And even then, you'd be hard-pressed.

And, of course, telling Annalsia this was definitely a risk.

But it was one he was willing to take.

Because he had the capital to do so now.

"... Let's say I believe you. Why would we go through all this trouble?"

"For one, it's hardly trouble. It would take me at most a year to do this for you. Plus, like I said, I'm better than your Wise Sea Order. Let alone putting it back in the same state, I can make it better. Or..."

"Or?" Annalsia frowned.

Leonel grinned. "Or we don't have to waste our time with any of this shit. If I'm the greatest Crafting talent in Existence, then my wife is the best Force Pill Crafting Talent Existence.

"If you give her two years, she can raise the constitution of your husband to the God Realms. Then we can revisit this."

The pupils of the two Barbarian Race men shrank and Annalsia's consciousness clearly shuddered.

"... You're stalling."

Who hadn't seen Aina's poor Force Pill Crafting performance? It sounded like Leonel was just trying to stall for two years.

However, considering her tone, it was already obvious to Leonel that she believed it, or else she wouldn't sound so unsure.

"Wife, it seems like they want to see something," Leonel looked toward Aina with a grin.

Aina rolled her eyes but still stretched out a hand. The globules and mists of blood that had spread from the two men suddenly surged toward her.

They formed a rotating rose that slowly closed its petals. After just a few seconds, the layers of the rose began to unfurl.

In a beautiful display, a pill took shape at the center, glistening with runes as the rest of the rose wilted to ash.

Chapter 2873: Mutation

Leonel held Aina's hand as they walked through the void. The meeting with the Barbarian Race had already ended, and Leonel had managed to buy himself the remaining two years.

Originally, he didn't want to take this step. He had no desire to help out the Barbarian Race so much. But two things had changed this situation.

First, what Annalsia revealed about Talon and second, Aina's strength.

Leonel hadn't been thinking much about it, but he should have known that he wouldn't be the only one improving during this time.

Right now, it was hard to tell which among the two of them was stronger, and that was precisely enough for Leonel to take this sort of step.

Together, the two of them could handle this.

But more importantly than that... Talon was a weakness.

Talon didn't say that Annalsia was his wife, but only because he wasn't yet aware of this. All he knew was that this Ancestor was very fond of him. He had yet to reawaken his previous skill and memories.

It seemed like a foolish mistake for Annalsia to reveal this, but Leonel understood. Wasn't it just love? Would he take any chances if Aina were in the same situation? Would Aina if it was the vice versa?

It was also a subtle warning to Leonel as well to not do anything to Talon that was beyond the point of no return, or else nothing would be able to stop her view.

As strong as Leonel had become, he wasn't yet prepared to deal with such an Ancestor level character. Such existences often had high level Creation State Forces, and a rare few might even have Dharmas, only a few steps from forming Idols and becoming real Gods.

The fact that Talon was important to her already couldn't be hidden. Leaving no doubt about the degree to which he was could only help her at that point.

When Leonel considered these things, he realized something.

The ability to find and change Incomplete Worlds was even more important to them now than Aina's Force Pill Crafting.

That was because there had been a huge change inside of Leonel...

When he was breaking into the Sixth Dimension, he had chosen to take the World Spirits of the Sea God Verse to complete the Fifth Dimension.

It had to be remembered that the requirement for the Fifth Dimension was to absorb a World Spirit with God Realm potential per tier.

Leonel had skipped that by making use of the World Spirits of the Sea God Verse after he had perfected them, thinking the result would be the same.

The good news was that he was correct in part. He was definitely in the Sixth Dimension right now.

The better news... or the worst news, depending on how you chose to look at it, was that he wasn't entirely correct.

There was a change to the Dimensional method.

Instead of accepting a World Spirit per Tier, his Destruction World had expanded and seemed to want to accept an Incomplete World per Tier.

Leonel was stunned by this change, especially since he was already in the Sixth Dimension.

This mutation seemed to mean that he could continue to progress through the Dimensions while also being able to add to his foundation whenever he wanted without having to return to the Fifth Dimension.

The most shocking part about this was that every time Leonel absorbed an Incomplete World with God Realm potential, his entire foundation would be revamped and his strength would take a huge leap forward.

Leonel could already feel that if he managed to absorb a second Incomplete World, his body would no longer be a limiting factor to using his Force Manipulation.

That meant that he would be able to use the full brunt of a Creation State Force even as a Sixth Dimensional existence.

This was a shocking change and one that even Leonel's father hadn't seen coming.

No, it wasn't that Velasco hadn't seen it coming, but even he had some sense of propriety.

His asks of Leonel were already ridiculous. If he wanted his son to also absorb 10 Incomplete Worlds, one for each of the Nodes he had formed, he would be sending him off to death... as though he hadn't been already.

What Velasco hadn't predicted was the existence of the Life Tablet and Wise Sea Order's helping Leonel to find usually impossible to find Incomplete Worlds.

Of course, finding Incomplete Worlds would be the easy part. Finding ones that he could probably mold to fit his future path was another matter entirely.

However, Leonel was entirely unworried.

This trip had been so troublesome because he needed to face off against a Demi-God Race. But now that he could find Incomplete Worlds that hadn't been interfered with, would he even still have to deal with the same issues?

So what if he ran into an Incomplete World that wasn't perfect? He would just go to another. And if it was only close enough... didn't he have the Life Tablet to mold it?

Leonel felt that with these last two years of time he had bought himself, he would be able to find at least one more Incomplete World that fit his requirements.

Then the question remained...

Why had Leonel mentioned that he could find Incomplete Worlds at all? Why did he reveal both of his trump cards to Annalysisia if he was only going to have Aina step forward?

Of course, he had his reasons.

The last time he "revealed" something he shouldn't have, he forced a certain Dream Asura into a dead end. Even now, she was either dead or still running for her life.

How could he slip up?

The best part about all of this wasn't just that he had his wife's hand in his own and he felt as light as air...

But what he had seen when for the requirements to enter the Seventh Dimension of [Final Destruction].

He had been worried, especially since he mutated the technique. Who knew what he would have to do now?

But it was so simple he couldn't help but laugh.

[Elevate all Forces to the Higher Life State]

[Comprehend Gold Constellation Realm]

[Comprehend Gold True Destruction Sovereignty]

[Comprehend Gold True Dream Sovereignty]

[Good luck gathering enough energy, Seed]

Leonel chuckled and shook his head. Good luck, indeed. He probably needed an astronomical amount of energy now to step forward even one Tier. If he absorbed more Incomplete Worlds, it would only get worse.

But he should have known.

Everyone up to the Sixth Dimension was laying a foundation and in the Sixth, that was when you would choose your Path. That was how things had worked back in the Void Palace, and though he hadn't double-checked in this world, it should be how things worked here as well.

After reaching the Sixth Dimension, his father didn't have any other ridiculous requirements for him outside of Comprehension, and that was a huge sigh of relief.

Now, he could finally press his foot to the gas.

"We're here," Leonel suddenly said. He looked down below and smiled. "Traveling through the void sure is convenient."

Down below, there wasn't an Incomplete World. No, this was a very familiar Spiritual Bubble.

He wouldn't be Leonel Morales if he didn't take advantage of the fact he now knew the secret of the Spirituals, now would he?

Chapter 2874: Good

Leonel was hit by a wave of nostalgia when he entered the Ma'at Bubble for the first time in so long. Even if it wasn't for the fact it had been 10 years inside the Zone, it had still been over a year in the outside world.

But with that realization came a reminder of a memory that still filled him with fury.

He hadn't forgotten how the Spirituals had tried to use his wife as the fall-guy for their issues.

He wasn't sure what had happened since then...

But he also didn't give a damn.

This time, he didn't hide his presence. Instead, he strolled into Spiritual territory boldly.

BANG!

Leonel stretched out a foot and shattered the gates to the Spiritual Race palace.

He was too fast, and his actions were too sudden. No one could have expected that a human would appear here and cause trouble to this level and fashion.

Although it had been a year, too many knew the fact of Leonel and Aina. When they understood who it was had appeared, they were even more shocked.

"HALT!"

Leonel didn't even bring out his spear. He punched out several times and a silence fell. There were no whistling winds, no claps of thunder. It was like his fist wind had suddenly teleported across space, appearing before the chests of the Spirituals and shattering their chests.

The guards fell one after another, not a single one managing to withstand even a single fist.

Emberheart City was thrown into chaos. No one could have expected for something like this to happen.

The Spiritual Race was unlike the secluded Dwarven Race. They were so confident in their power that they didn't put up barriers to anyone coming to their worlds and usually there was only a minor check for fierce criminals, but nothing else.

How could they expect a terrorist to suddenly appear like this?

The Emberheart Knights were mobilized swiftly. Leonel could only chuckle while nodding in appreciation. Despite so many years of peace, it seemed that they were still sharp.

Unfortunately, they were too weak. It seemed that they still weren't taking him very seriously.

The armies of crimson-armored men looked powerful and imposing, and they even seemed to have treasures capable of allowing their powers to resonate, but too many of them were in the Seventh and Eighth Dimensions, the best only had Impetus Forces. And while their cooperative Force Art seemed powerful enough to allow them to face off against Life State, Ninth Dimensional existence...

Who were they facing, exactly?

Leonel saw through the flaw in the formation before it was even formed. The Force Arts in their armor couldn't hide from his eyes.

With a single fist, the quickly forming cauldron in the skies shattered into countless pieces. The shards fell from the skies, and the backlash cracked their armor, causing their Force to flow in reverse.

Every one of the Knights spit up a mouthful of blood and fainted, their Nodal Pathways almost shattering completely.

This was something that rarely happened, but in a situation where a Force Art was linking the power of so many, these knights had had no option but to open themselves up to this sort of backlash.

Usually, things would never go so poorly, but facing Leonel who had grasped their weakness perfectly, and attacked at an opportunity that was just as perfect, what chance did they stand?

Every troop of knights that tried to stop Leonel and Aina found themselves in the exact same situation.

The later groups had already activated their formation and cauldrons of blazing flames filled the skies, and yet the difference was little. With just as much ease, Leonel crushed them. If there was any difference at all, it was that he had to put a little bit more power into it.

"It's you-!"

Leonel looked up and saw a familiar human. It was the very same man who had overseen the previous farce. Honestly, Leonel couldn't be bothered to retrieve his name from his memories.

He simply took another step, his wife's soft hand in his left, and his right balled into a fist.

The wind rumbled once again, but just like every time before, there wasn't a single sound.

His arm became like his spear.

BANG!

This time, there was a sound. It didn't come from Leonel, but rather from the collision. To his surprise, the old man had managed to fight back a bit...

Sort of.

The old warrior was sent flying into the distance, his armor shattering and blood erupting from him like a geyser.

Leonel shook his head and indifferently continued to move forward.

As expected, it was only a matter of time before the truly powerful existences were alerted. And Leonel finally came across the existence he most wanted to see.

"Leonel Morales?!"

Lord Emberheart stood in the air, his eyes flickering with shock.

He couldn't believe that it was actually Leonel. Although he knew that he had offended Leonel, he never really took it seriously, especially after his wife had already defeated Leonel in the Challenge Sequence.

Even if there would be consequences, it certainly wouldn't be so soon. How long had it been? A little over a year?

Lord Emberheart's expression became malevolent after he understood what was going on. He looked toward the half-crippled knights and his expression flickered, but he still felt it was acceptable. Leonel had already proven his talent as a Crafter.

However, whether his actual power could live up to that was another matter entirely.

"Good." Leonel suddenly said.

Lord Emberheart didn't know why, but when he heard this word, he trembled from his head to the tip of his toes.

Looking into Leonel's eyes, he saw the rage of a man who had been suppressing himself for far too long.

Leonel took a step into the air, patting his wife's shoulder and leaving her on the ground. Golden steps bloomed beneath his feet and soon he stood on the same level as the Emberheart Lord.

Chapter 2875: I Don't Care

Leonel had done a great deal of things he hadn't wanted to, purely for the sake of survival.

He had his wife participate in the Gathering of Kingdoms alone. He had lost the Gathering of Minds on purpose. He lost against the Spirituals on purpose and had even been forced to help the Spirituals out of their predicament afterward.

The first he had done for the sake of hiding the true extent of his talent. The second he had done to pitch the Owlans into a despair of their own causing. The third he had done so that he could face off against the Nomads and stop Somnus' sisters' plans... and the last he had done to deal a final blow to her.

Each one of these things were matters he hadn't wanted to do, and that last one especially left the most sour taste in his mouth because it was also the one that had happened the most recently, and it was also the one that had enraged him the most.

The Spirituals had tried to humiliate his wife, and in the end, for the sake of dealing with Flaura, he had had no choice but to help save them.

This sort of grudge had been brewing in his heart for a long while.

He bet that they had been living very comfortable lives this last more than year. Their greatest threat was gone, and even if she came back, she would be more focused on dealing with him rather than them.

"What-."

Leonel punched out.

The expression of the Emberheart Lord changed, and he hurried to block, but he was sent flying through the skies.

Leonel kept moving. With every step he took, he sent out another punch.

Anyone paying attention could tell that he was clearly using less strength than he had against the formations, holding back because he could.

He didn't just want to crush the Emberheart Lord, he wanted to absolutely humiliate him.

The Spirituals liked making spectacles of people and humiliating them in public, right? In that case, he would give them a taste of their own medicine.

Leonel didn't care about anything in this world aside from his friends and family.

Everything else could take a backseat.

And in that case, the top of his list was ensuring that no one could slight them.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The thunderous booms began to echo. From a completely silent style, Leonel chose the most overbearing and outrageous method as though he wanted to engrave everything into the minds of those watching.

The sights. The sounds. Even the smells.

He wanted to engrave this memory into their very souls.

The armor Lord Emberheart wore was slowly being shattered. Blood leaked from his lips and he realized that he couldn't even mobilize his flames properly.

He caught a chance and suddenly sent out a flaming javelin, but Leonel casually raised a hand and caught it out of the air.

Leonel pressed his palms against the ends of the javelin and crushed it as though bunching up paper. The Emberheart Flames that their noble family was so proud of were unceremoniously crushed.

Leonel flicked a finger, and the flames came barreling toward the man, moving so swiftly that he couldn't dodge.

BANG!

Lord Emberheart was sent flying backward, crashing into the wide double doors of the Emberheart Palace.

The last of his armor shattered, and he lay in a broken heap, his breathing weak and his aura dimmed.

The city fell into silence as Leonel stood in the skies.

"A year ago, the Emberheart Lord slandered my wife. Since you believe us to be barbarians, I'll show you what real savagery can do. If you want a chance to come out unscathed today, I suggest you bring forward everything you have or show me some sincerity, or else I will raze the Ma'at Bubble to the ground.

"I promise that if I cannot do it today, you can wait patiently for today's date next year and see if I won't be able to do it then."

BANG!

At the moment Leonel's voice descended, a surge of light came from inside the palace and a familiar figure appeared in a blur by the Emberheart Lord's side.

It was none other than the Emberheart Lady.

Leonel didn't stop the wife from checking on her husband.

Slowly, the Emberheart Lady stood. She gracefully walked to the edge of the top of the palace's wide set of stairs. She looked up at Leonel and her expression seemed calm, but there was a hardly disguised fury in the depths of her eyes.

Flames danced down her long hair and in that moment, she seemed to be two decades younger.

The last time Leonel had seen her, she already had faint lines of age. But it was clear that since then, she had had some great improvement.

Leonel clearly sensed the aura of the Creation State.

Not just the Creation State, but the Middle Creation State.

He couldn't help but chuckle. "It seems the Spirituals have more secrets than I knew."

Lady Emberheart's pupils constricted, but she had no idea what Leonel was referring to. How could she know that Leonel had seen through her Force Manipulation standards before she had even released it?

"... I am willing to let this go if you turn and leave now," Lady Emberheart finally said lightly.

She could understand Leonel's fury, and she had even said that they were in the wrong for this matter before. However, between the feelings of one man and his wife, versus the survival of an entire Race, the choice was obvious.

Now that things had already come so far, she had no intention of allowing Leonel to trample all over her Ma'at Bubble. Things would have to come to an end right here and now.

Leonel flipped a palm, and a wooden spear appeared in his hand.

Nothing else seemed to change but this, and yet the air was still and even the echo of Lady Emberheart's voice was completely suppressed.

"Stop talking. Today, the world will know that no matter what reasons you might have, the Morales name isn't something you try to stain."

Chapter 2876: Eaten Up

Lady Emberheart's gaze lost all emotion. Her robes fluttered just before she vanished. When she appeared again, her palm had struck out.

Leonel saw this and left his spear to the side. Pulling a fist back, he punched.

Pat.

It was a soft, unadorned attack. His knuckles met her palm.

Lady Emberheart's eyes opened up wide before she was suddenly sent flying back.

BANG!

The Emberheart Palace nearly crumbled on its foundation as Leonel took a step through the air.

"Bring out all the strength you have," Leonel said uncaringly. "It's because you take my Human Race so lightly that you thought you afford to offend us, but not the Dream Asuras."

"Today, I'll show you that you should have picked someone else."

Leonel's aura surged as he watched Lady Emberheart use her body to protect her injured husband from the rubble. A device on her fair arm vibrated, and he sucked in as she struggled to her feet, pushing the piles of debris off of her.

This time, her indifferent gaze was filled with hints of trepidation and coldness.

With a flutter, a ribbon around her waist extended, wrapping around her arms and coiling around her.

Suddenly, it snapped out, and Leonel's gaze finally sharpened.

It was about time.

His spear twisted in his palm, and he struck out to meet it.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Lady Emberheart didn't move from her location, but she forced Leonel into the skies, moving him further and further from the city.

Leonel knew that there was something odd going on with Lady Emberheart. The last time he had seen her, she wasn't even at the Peak of the Life State, but now she was suddenly at the Middle Creation State?

Such improvement didn't even make sense for him, let alone her.

When he saw this, he was immediately curious. It was clear that there was another secret of the Spiritual Race, and the strength she had exploded with just now proved it.

But Leonel wasn't moved in the slightest.

The scene suddenly became chaotic. It was as though Lady Emberheart's red ribbon had covered the whole sky, appearing everywhere at once. Leonel was oppressed and attacked from all sides.

But that was when he placed his second hand on his spear once more.

His aura changed, and he pierced out several times in quick succession.

BOOM!

Hundreds of strikes landed all at once, leaping through space and time to break its very laws.

It was like a claw of red had been stripped of its power and torn apart in the air. Leonel, who had been about to be enveloped, appeared amidst the rain of crimson fabric.

He took another step forward, and a vortex of spherical wind rotated around him.

[Domain].

The technique layered with Leonel's Absolute Domain and at that moment, the wisps of flames that had been about to take shape shattered into fluttering butterflies.

Leonel took another step forward, and he thrust out with his spear.

[Finality].

The skies were split in two.

The clouds above him, despite not being his target, parted like the Red Sea.

The air below him split, forming a void as sharp as a laser beam.

Before the blow even landed, the temporary void began to collapse, the air around coming together with such fierceness that it boomed like a clap of thunder.

Lady Emberheart's pupils constricted.

It didn't feel like she was facing the spear, but rather the world itself. How was it possible to display this kind of strength without calling forth Spear Force?

It was likely Leonel had grown detached from the need to use the Force at all. He had returned to a state only the Ancestors of Weapon Forces knew, one where strength was dictated by skill and not the Force itself.

It was skill that birthed Weapon Forces. Not Weapon Forces that birthed skill.

And in this lane...

Leonel had skill in spades.

Lady Emberheart's ribbon quickly formed a rotating drill before her, meeting the strike head on.

But her pupils constricted when she sensed that Leonel had already appeared to her right... and her left... and above her... and below.

Her eyes widened, but her reaction wasn't slow.

Her chest began to glow, and a fiery eruption of Emberheart Force surged.

Its Force Manipulation began to soar, quickly crossing into the Creation State. Her power seemed to increase ten times over, and in a single sweep, her ribbon fluttered, forming a protective vortex around her that danced with flickering flames.

Leonel hadn't expected such a change to take place and his spear was repelled again and again, his Light Force mirrors shattering as he was sent flying back.

Leonel felt his inner organs shake and rattle, his bones nearly collapsing. The heat licked against his skin and would have already swallowed him whole had he not been a wielder of two Scarlet Star Force Innate Nodes.

'Her Middle Creation State Force is definitely not Emberheart Force. She has two Creation State Forces?'

Leonel's gaze narrowed.

Until now, he had never met an enemy with more than one Force at their highest State. Even the geniuses were no different.

'... This is no different either. I understand. Her Emberheart Force is only at the Peak Life State. Even this is shocking because it definitely wasn't so powerful when I last met her, either.

'But Emberheart Force is a Fire Force that feeds on emotions. She's using her Dream Force Path to bolster and enhance this aspect. That means that when she broke into the Creation State with her Dream Force... in reality, she gained two for the price of one.'

This was out of Leonel's expectations, and it was a form of Force Manipulation that he had never seen executed before. It could only be said that Lady Emberheart was a true genius. If not for the weakness of the Spiritual Race, she would've long since formed a Dharma.

Leonel looked down at his spear as its body crumbled to ash, eaten up by the flames.

Chapter 2877: Amazing

This was the second time in Leonel's life that he had lost a spear like this. Each one came from a memory that he would always remember, and both times were due to his negligence.

This wooden spear wasn't a powerful spear. It wasn't even of the Black Grade. But it had followed him for ten years and had seen a great many things. It was actually the spear that had followed him for the longest time of them all.

Leonel wasn't a sentimental person, he just didn't like the feeling of losing something he hadn't wanted to lose.

He didn't move as the spear burned away. It was as though he couldn't sense Lady Emberheart accumulating power.

Suddenly, he took a breath and sighed.

The world fell into silence as he grabbed out.

Scarlet Star Force and Emulation Spatial Force took shape.

A magnificent spear was born into the world. The winds howled, and the sun seemed to shine even brighter than normal.

Runes began to appear like dancing butterflies and fairies.

When Leonel clutched it, a spear howl filled the skies.

Leonel spun his spear just a single time, and the flames in the surroundings vanished like a wisp of smoke.

Lady Emberheart was instantly exposed. Amidst the ribbons and flames, she met Leonel's gaze, and a cold shiver sprung up her spine.

Leonel vanished and appeared before her. Lady Emberheart felt the sharpness of the spear before it even landed. It felt like a knife was already pressing against her throat.

She tried to mobilize her Emberheart Force, but it didn't listen.

She pulled on her Dream Force, but a Crown appeared above Leonel's head and it was as though she was forced to bow her head before a Sovereign.

They suddenly exploded into a flurry of exchanges. Every one of Leonel's strikes felt like it was aimed at a vital point, and every step along the way, Lady Emberheart felt like a single mistake would end her life.

Leonel thrust out his spear thrice, and Lady Emberheart's ribbons rushed to meet them. But in a twist of time, they seemed to fuse into one, becoming a sweep instead.

Lady Emberheart's ribbons were swept to the side as a fourth thrust appeared before her throat.

She hurriedly retreated, trying to grasp everything with her Dream Force, but it was as though Leonel could see through everything at once.

The spear blade vanished through space and appeared at the back of her neck instead.

Lady Emberheart was forced to reel forward, laying her body horizontally across the air and twisting her waist. Her ribbons spun along with her body, creating an all-out defense that rebounding against Leonel's spear strike.

Leonel retracted his spear and his figure trembled just once, his power concentrating and his Force surging.

[Universe].

The speed of Lady Emberheart's spin was suddenly slowed considerably and the danger she posed was likewise weakened.

Leonel calmly took a step back out of the way, his spear thrusting out again.

This time, it seemed to multiple dozens of times over, his blade appearing everywhere in and around the spinning woman, and each one was targeted right at a gap.

The ribbons snapped close.

CHING! CHING! CHING!

Sparks flew and Lady Emberheart accelerated again, trying to drive her human drill right through Leonel's chest.

With a step, Leonel vanished and appeared high above her. However, in Lady Emberheart's senses, it was as though he was still standing right there.

Little Tolly flourished to life on Leonel's arms and suddenly armor appeared over him that shook the world.

Leonel spun in the air horizontally along with Lady Emberheart and swiped out with his spear.

BANG!

Lady Emberheart was sent flying downward, but Leonel wasn't done yet.

Natural Force Arts bloomed as the wiggling tendrils of silver-gold all over Leonel's body.

Nine magic circles suddenly appeared in the air all at once. The smallest was in front of Leonel, and the largest was before Lady Emberheart and her quickly descending figure.

Leonel calmly looked down as she fell like a meteor.

Then he thrust out just a single time.

His spear blade pierced through the first magic circle and that was when those watching saw a scene they would never forget.

It started as a small trickle, but then it passed through the second Force Art and became larger... then the third and became even larger.

Suddenly, the beam accelerated, and it passed through each subsequent magic circle like a gushing geyser.

Lady Emberheart looked up as she fell and her heart turned hollow.

The golden beam of light had grown so large that it could swallow up an entire city.

There was nowhere to dodge, nowhere to evade. The only saving grace was that the battle had moved far enough that they were no longer above the city.

Her body was swallowed up whole.

BOOM!

Leonel stood in the skies, taking deep breaths.

He had completely suppressed her, but that was because he relied on his Ability Index, and he happened to perfectly counter her. Her flames were almost useless against him and her strongest Force, Dream Force, was also worthless to him as well. Everything was under his control from start to finish.

But that belied the effort it had taken.

If he was honest, he truly hadn't expected for the Spirituals to have such a powerful existence. Well, at least not one that was outside their known Ancestors.

The beam of light slowly cleared and Lady Emberheart lay in a crater, beaten and battered, with not the strength even to raise a hand.

Leonel could sense several auras rushing at him from the distance, but he just waved a hand.

Lady Emberheart's throat practically teleported into his hand.

Standing here in the skies, spear in one hand and Creation State Ninth Dimensional existence in another, he seemed lofty and untouchable.

Leonel raised his head and laughed to the skies. He had been suppressing himself for far too long.

This felt amazing.

Chapter 2878: Good

Leonel stood high in the skies, laughing so loudly his voice boomed across the Ma'at Bubble. He could sense the auras coming, but he didn't seem to care in the slightest. It was as though he had no limits.

But then he suddenly cleared his throat.

"Wife!"

Those watching from the sidelines couldn't help but be speechless. What happened to his imposing bearing? What happened to the arrogance that rose to the skies? What happened to the will to pierce through all things?

Aina suddenly appeared by Leonel's side, barely stifling a laugh.

Leonel wrapped an arm around her shoulders and leaned on her. His Divine Armor disappeared, and he touched the back of his hand to his forehead.

"I don't think I'm going to make it," Leonel said exaggeratedly. "Let me put a baby in your first so that you'll always remember me."

Aina's laughter couldn't be held back at this point.

Down below, there were a few poor souls that had tried to surround her to threaten Leonel. Half of them were dead, as Aina clearly wasn't nearly as merciful as Leonel was.

In truth, they could have been considered to have gotten off lucky. Had Leonel had the bandwidth to pay attention, just for their intention alone, he would have done something far worse than just slaughter them.

It had to be remembered that all of this started only because the Spirituals dared to slander Leonel. What would he have done if he had seen this?

Although he was tired, he wasn't tired to the point of being helpless. Not by any stretch of the imagination.

If he had to, let alone just heavily injuring the Emberheart Lord and Lady, he could directly kill them.

BANG!

The air exploded as several elders appeared in the skies.

Leonel's gaze narrowed when he saw them.

Indeed, the Spirituals had a great secret. Although there were only three of them, every single one had Higher Creation State comprehension.

This most definitely wasn't normal. In fact, it was almost certainly the case that only the Spirituals could boast such a thing.

And Leonel was almost certain that this was still just the tip of the iceberg. There were certainly even stronger existences hidden in their depths.

Interesting. Truly interesting.

"Child, you are far too unruly!"

An old man with a long, wispy reddish grey beard roared in fury. His eyes seemed to contain exploding galaxies.

Leonel looked him in the eyes and chuckled.

"Do something about it then, old man."

That seemed to be the final straw. The old man roared and was about to attack, but he was stopped by a man who looked identical to himself.

"If you have vented your fury, you can go now," the second man said softly.

"Oh?" Leonel smiled. "You're not worried about me coming next year?"

The second old man's brows furrowed.

"If you come next year, we will not show as much mercy."

Leonel fell into silence, and he suddenly stood up straight. At that moment, his "fatigue" seemed to have vanished entirely.

His gaze flashed with a blue light and Quasi Creation State Vital Star Force filled him with so much vitality it seemed like he wasn't just healing, but rather giving, adding years to his life.

All three elders felt their hearts shake when they heard this.

Leonel grabbed at the air, and wisps of Spear Force began to form. They were just small arcs of light, looking like fireflies fluttering in the day, and yet the entire Ma'at Bubble began to tremble.

A large golden bracelet began to take shape around Leonel's wrists as his hair whipped around wildly in the air.

Fear began to grip the hearts of the Spiritual elders.

"Mercy?" Leonel asked.

He suddenly clenched his fist, and space shattered. A wild array of fragmented pieces of void took shape around Leonel. It seemed that the closer the Spear Force got to forming, the more destruction there was in the surroundings. It felt that if Leonel went as far as to fully form it, the entire Ma'at Bubble would shatter.

At that moment, Lady Emberheart, who was still struggling on the ground, felt a fear grip her heart. Her expressions changed when she realized that it wasn't coming from her, but from the World Spirit of their world.

This fear and trepidation gripped the hearts. It seemed that Leonel could really destroy their Bubble whenever he wanted.

A Bubble was the foundation of a Race. Its World Spirit was perfectly curated to their Race and their path. There were probably very few Bubbles that were worthy of helping one to progress along the Emberheart Path.

Even if Leonel didn't kill anyone else, just destroying their Bubble alone would be far too great a blow. Plus, how could destroying a Bubble not come with drastic consequences? More than 99% of their population wouldn't survive such a thing.

The closer the Spear Force came to condensing, the more devastating the feeling of despair and destruction became. The elders felt that they couldn't even get close without being shredded to pieces.

How could they even fight back against this sort of Force? Was this a legendary Dharma? Wasn't that the only explanation for what they were seeing here?

"Wait! Wait!" The second elder called out in a panic. "Our Ma'at Bubble will formally apologize to the Human Race and the Morales family for our folly!"

The feeling suddenly vanished and the wisps of Spear Force flickered into the distance, destroying mountains and razing down land for hundreds of kilometers.

The World Spirit of their world groaned and cried out in pain, a reality that shocked them to their core. A normal amount of destruction could never cause the World Spirit to react like this.

Their hearts trembled in terror as they looked at Leonel. How could one young man be such a monster?

"Good." Leonel pulled his hand back, concealing its trembling and pain. "Why didn't you just say so from the beginning?"

Chapter 2879: True Monsters

The elder with the wispy beard almost lashed out when he heard Leonel say this, but he just barely managed to restrain himself. If he really went so far after what he had seen, he would practically be cosigning the entire Ma'at Bubble to death.

How could they know that it was mostly just a bluff?

'It's still so difficult...'

Leonel shook his head inwardly. It seemed that he would really have to find a second Incomplete World, maybe even a third before he could use his Weapon Forces without feeling like the world was collapsing.

The truth was that the aftereffects of this world crumbling were just a product of poor control. Of course, just having poor control wouldn't lead to this, or else all Forces would be so dangerous.

Instead, it was clear that this was only possible because of how strong the Spear Force was to begin with.

Honestly, it was a bit annoying to Leonel. How could he comprehend something that he couldn't control?

In the past, it made sense because his Innate Node wasn't something that he had personally comprehended, and unlike others, his had been taken at birth so he hadn't been able to grow acclimated to it.

But this time, the issue was that his body was far too weak to withstand it at all.

This wasn't entirely the fault of the Force. Even so many years later, his Spear Force was still greatly unsatisfied that Leonel had forced it to make room for his Bow Force at the same time.

It was the clashing of these two that had led to this problem and ultimately shot himself in the foot like he had.

There wasn't much that Leonel could do about this until he had the body to withstand it all.

Of course, he could still forcefully summon it if he really went all out. But the question was how long he could sustain it for and what kind of backlash his body would face without it.

But now that all of his Forces were at the Quasi Creation State, and his Dream Force was at the Creation State itself, it was only a matter of time.

Just like his father had said, he just needed an obscene amount of energy to progress in his Dimensional Path.

"Now that we've come to an understanding, shall we?"

The elders looked toward Leonel in confusion.

"Don't look at me like that," Leonel said with a smile. "We can start our cooperation now. Let's go."

Leonel strolled past the elders, and when they realized where he was headed, they couldn't help but turn livid.

However, in the end, they forced themselves to calm down.

Soon, they had entered a hidden world dancing in flames. Several more elders of the Spiritual Race were located in this place, and as expected, so many of them had Creation State Forces that Leonel couldn't help but shake his head.

Something about this was certainly fishy.

However, Leonel believed that he had put it all together after observing for long enough.

He had already realized that the advantage of Humans seemed to be that they weren't as restricted as other Races in comprehending Forces. Higher tier Races seemed to exchange comprehension ability for raw ability. This was why so many could battle Leonel despite him having much greater Force Manipulation, because Force Manipulation alone wasn't enough.

But why was it that the Spirituals, who descended from Humans, didn't seem to have the same advantage?

After some thought, the answer came to him.

They had mutated and separated their soul from their bodies.

If Leonel was correct, the only way for them to access the original talent of humans was by reaching perfection in the Life State, or in other words, comprehend a Force to the pinnacle of the Second Dimension... precisely the location where the soul resided.

Once they reached this level, the floodgates would open and their blocked up comprehension would soar by leaps and bounds.

This was why Lady Emberheart was able to reach the Middle Creation State in just a year.

Just like Lady Emberheart had said, the moment she managed to reach the Quasi Creation State was the moment she would truly flourish. She had confidence in becoming a God within ten years.

Leonel hadn't been there when she said such a thing, obviously, because she had only thought it to herself.

But after just a few moments, he had deduced it all on his own.

All of this said, it was also clear that not all Spirituals would be able to soar to Godhood the moment they touched the border of the Creation State. There were still clearly striations in talent and they weren't all so perfect.

However, those that could touch this level at a relatively young age and still have potential left over like Lady Emberheart were practically guaranteed to form a Dharma.

This was the secret of the Spiritual Race, and it was something that made Leonel's eyes twinkle because even he didn't expect such a thing.

As of now, what was clear was that the strongest of the Spirituals only had Higher Creation State Forces. Lady Emberheart should be the first God they could produce in a while. Her husband would likely be the second so long as he lived up to his potential, but he was still centuries away.

The trouble was that what divided the upper echelon of the Spirituals wasn't just Force Manipulation, but rather the quantity.

These three elders following after Leonel only had one Higher Creation State Force.

However, deep within their territory, Leonel had already sensed two slumbering monsters.

Both of them had two Higher Creation State Forces. Dream Force and Emberheart Force.

Not only this, but if the technique Lady Emberheart used to bolster her Emberheart Force was used by them, it was likely that they could display power exceeding this level and comparable to the Peak Creation State.

Indeed, the Spirituals were hiding a few true monsters.

Chapter 2880: Coward?

All of these auras were alerted the moment two humans entered their sacred land.

Leonel stood there with his wife by his side, looking forward calmly.

The world was truly gorgeous. It seemed reminiscent of the pink, blue and violet worlds of the Dream Planes, but it wasn't exactly like this either.

The Ma'at Bubble Spirituals seemed to prefer gold and red, painting their world in this color and forming an exquisite sight.

Lady Emberheart weakly made her way forward, suddenly barring Leonel's path.

Leonel had noticed her long ago, but he didn't do anything to stop her. If this helped them feel better, that was fine by him. He didn't need to enter to do what he needed to do, he just needed a place where outsiders wouldn't overhear them.

He looked Lady Emberheart in the eyes and said something that made the world freeze over.

"I've figured out something quite interesting in the last year. Who would have thought that the Spirituals descended from us humans?"

Lady Emberheart's chest shook so violently that she coughed up a mouthful of blood.

How had another person found out about their greatest secret? How did they keep getting exposed in this way?

When she thought about how Leonel knew this from the very beginning, and still decided to threaten them with his strength instead, they all felt a grave bitterness in their hearts.

He had clearly done all of this purpose.

He could have made it this far with just this secret alone, but now that he had showed them his strength, would they still dare to have such designs on him?

Even Flora didn't dare to appear here so openly, instead choosing to suppress them from afar.

But Leonel was standing right here, boldly proclaiming their weakness to their faces. How could this be so easy to accept?

"You see, normally, I wouldn't mind this. Everyone has their secrets. But throwing your own Race under the bus is a bit disgusting, don't you think?"

"... We had no other choice," Lady Emberheart said coldly, blood leaking from her lips.

"That much is fine. Honestly, I don't care if you throw the Human Race under the bus. Everyone hates us already, and I've already marked them on a list. You just shouldn't have brought my wife into it.

"But let's set that aside, since we've already decided to bury that hatchet. Aina." Leonel called out to his wife and stretched out a hand.

Aina handed an orb to him.

This orb had been with her ever since the Gathering of Kingdoms because it was precisely the reward she received from the Gathering of Kingdoms Stele.

The perfect cultivation method for the Human Race.

"Do you know what this is?"

The elders and Lady Emberheart looked at the orb. They felt their hearts tremble as they had a guess, but they didn't dare to confirm it.

"This is the only reward the Gathering of Kingdoms' Stele has handed out in the last several generations. Any guesses about what it is?"

Leonel's lip quirked.

"It's called the [Human Cycle]. It's amusingly separated into the Four-Leg Stage, the Two-Leg Stage and finally the Three-Leg Stage.

"The Gathering of Kingdoms Stele describes it as the perfect Dimensional Method for the Human Race..."

The elders trembled fiercely, guessing Leonel's next words before he even said them.

"... personally created by the God Beasts of Creation."

Silence reigned.

"This method is the chance of the Human Race to overcome their limits without relying on the blood of the Envoys or the God Beasts.

"However, seeing the state of you all now, I've realized that its secrets also hold the key to undoing the greatest weakness of the Spiritual Race.

"You all exchanged affinity and the ability to reforge your bodies for the greatest strength of humans. The result is that your comprehension moves slowly and many of you barely reach the Impetus State, if ever at all.

"If you take a ratio between your affinities and the benefits you get out of it, the gap is quite large, huh?"

BANG! BANG!

Two figures suddenly appeared and landed before Leonel and Aina with such quick speeds that most wouldn't even have been able to see how they arrived.

One was an old woman, and the other was an equally as old man. They both looked like they already had a foot in the grave, and yet the shaking of the earth beneath those very feet painted a completely different picture.

Leonel didn't seem to care about their arrival, spinning the orb on his finger as though it wasn't valuable.

He had long since given this Dimensional Method to his brothers and friends. He had also begun to subtly spread it to some trustworthy individuals as well.

But it wasn't until he arrived here that he realized that he had far more leverage than he was even aware of.

If he allowed the Spirituals to study this technique, they would even be able to fix their weaknesses. Once they did, they would be no weaker than a Demi-God Race even before they finished their evolution. And once they did complete this evolution, they would instantly become one of the strongest of the Demi-God Races.

This was only really for the future... but what about what it could do right now?

If these old fogies had this technique, would they maybe find a way to break past their bottlenecks?

They were all already at the Ninth Dimension. There were only two ways to add to their lifespans. The first was to breakthrough in Tier, but they had already reached those limits long ago...

The second was a breakthrough in Force Manipulation. Such a thing would allow them to steal more from the universe and extend their lives as well.

Wasn't what Leonel was holding now as good as a ticket to life for half of them in here?

Leonel snapped his fingers and caught the orb out of the air.

"Now, there's really only one question to ask."

Leonel grinned.

"Are you going to continue to be cowards? Or are you going to grow some balls?"