

## **Descent 1131**

### Chapter 1131 Path

Elody's pupils constricted, his sword reflexively coming across his body to block.

BANG!

Elody felt a strong surge of might intent on sending him flying, but his gaze flashed, his feet digging two deep trenches as he slid back.

Dirt and soil rose from the ground, slowing Elody's momentum by several factors.

When he finally came to a stop, Elody couldn't help but look down at his trembling hands, his face etched with a deep frown. The heaviness of Leonel's attacks wasn't something he had expected. Not only was the spear a rare weapon for a Luxnix to choose, even in the case that it was chosen, those that did would focus on the speed and flexibility of it, not to mention its range. Elody hadn't expected for Leonel's battle style to be like this.

But, that didn't mean that he was completely unprepared for battle either. Whether it was the Viola family, or the Montex family especially, they were known for their heavy handedness and their abrasive battle styles. As a great genius of his generation, Elody had clashed with his fair share of such talents. In fact, his techniques were refined to deal with them.

The moment Elody adjusted his thoughts and breathing, his whole demeanor shifted. This was not a spar, nor was it a healthy exchange of pointers. This person was an enemy and he would treat him as such.

Elody completed his thoughts in just the fraction of a breath. His sword balanced itself with a practiced flick of his wrist and his feet spread apart, creating a strong base for himself. The instant he was steady, his figure exploded forth, and yet the ground suffered not the slightest of damage.

Leonel seemed to have acted before Elody, but the difference in the weight and size of their weapons resulted in their blades meeting perfectly. Elody could tell immediately that Leonel had done this on purpose, but he wasn't shocked. If Leonel wasn't at least this skilled, things wouldn't have reached this extent to begin with.

Elody's body flickered and his sword left streaks of white gold in the air. For every one action Leonel took, he took three or four, the elegance of his swordplay shining forth.

His rhythm changed with his breath and his footwork was immaculate. He seemed to always be capable of slipping out of Leonel's heaviest strikes and countering with something decidedly clever and crafty.

The clash of blades rang through the battlefield, the images of two young men flickering into and out of existence being imprinted onto all their minds.

It was clear at a glance that Elody's Blade Force was far inferior to Leonel's own. One had already comprehended a Natural Blade Force while the other was still using normal Blade Force.

However, on the other hand, Elody's Fifth Dimensional Force was clearly several steps about Leonel's in terms of thickness and purity, given due to the fact Elody was already at Tier 8 while Leonel was only at Tier 2.

Streaks of Spear and Sword Force shot into the surroundings with each clash. There was something decidedly violent and existential about the clash of these two young men. Neither used any techniques that surpassed the crude nature of Force alone, and yet every time they met the impact was no less resounding.

Elody had long since forgotten about what Leonel's origins were and Leonel never cared about Elody's to begin with. Their exchanges only became faster and more blinding, neither taking a single step back.

Veins popped across Elody's body, his spirit lifting and his gaze becoming fierce.

"<Howling Snow: Feather's Touch>."

The ground beneath Elody's feet imploded, a towering pillar of Snow Force shooting up into the skies around him.

His sword descended, the clash against Leonel's spear making the latter feel as though it wasn't a light sword before him, but rather a great sword with the weight of a mountain.

It shattered Leonel's guard, shooting for his chest with every intention of piercing through, but Leonel's own gaze was as placid as a lake's surface beneath dim moonlight.

'<Starry Eyes>.'

The piercing strike of Elody's blade suddenly lost its edge. With a CLANG, it rebounded off of Leonel's chest plate, deflecting to the side.

Leonel took a step forward, taking advantage of Elody's momentum to send a punch toward his chest.

Elody reacted just as indifferently, his own fist soaring forward like a whistling bullet. The air cracked and whined, the ground beneath their feet trembling.

BANG!

The two separated, sliding back dozens of meters and creating a total of four new trenches between them.

Leonel didn't need to think to understand how Elody had gone from using his speed to match his strength to matching strength on strength. <Howling Snow> was a technique similar to Leonel's own <Star Fusion>. It used the Healing Branch properties of Snow Force to push the body into a state of accelerated cell regeneration. Using that window, the Luxnix could gain bestial strength in exchange for continuous and rapidly healing injuries. As expected of the Head of the Healing Branch.

Elody's hair rose up, billowing white gold Force wafting outward like plumes of steam and heavy fog. His hair and eyes became a shade brighter, and the fiendish killing intent in his eyes only grew.

The sound of Elody's Force was like the howling wind of a storm, whipping up violent undercurrents and flattening what remained of the grass in the surroundings.

"Show me everything you have. If today is to be the anniversary of your death, you wouldn't want to pass on with regrets."

Elody's aura continued to surge.

In that moment, the flickering star lights of the Heavenly Body Realm began to rise. Images of a beautiful golden planet, streaking white gold meteors, a silvery moon formed of shimmering gems and a resplendent star painted themselves across the greyish blue skies.

Elody's sword seemed to respond in kind, trembling and whistling under the influx of Universal Force.

Then, he shot forward, his steps decidedly less light. Plumes of soil rose in his wake, his sword appearing before Leonel's throat in the blink of an eye.

However, when it reached that point, it found its Force dissipating once more, only to find a pale violet <Crystal World> in its path.

Chapter 1132 Resounding Crack

Elody's expression changed when he felt his sword pierce through the <Crystal World>, it made him feel as though he was trying to slice through a wall of sludge and his reaction to it was forced to be delayed.

Once against, Elody felt like all the Force in his strike was dissipated. The first time he had assumed that it was an ability of Leonel's armor, but this time his sword hadn't even grazed it. It suddenly made him understand that Leonel was forcefully dispersing the Force attached to his blade, something that left him at a shock.

The combination of Dream Rupture, <Starry Eyes>, Duality Domain, Withering Snowfall and Leonel's Divine Armor's Spatial Domain made Elody feel as though all his most powerful strikes were landing on a bed of cotton. Leonel had too many abilities that could siphon away and disperse Force, it forced Elody into using more and more Force to compensate, but that only drained his stamina faster.

The instant Elody turned this into a battle of techniques, he found himself countered at every turn. He could feel that his actual strength wasn't far off from Leonel, in fact in terms of raw ability, he was a step or two above. But, Leonel's ability to calculate a step or two ahead of him and respond perfectly resulted in him getting pushed further and further into a corner.

**BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Elody brandished his sword in one hand, his other drawing a circle in the air. A ring of blinding white gold formed in the blink of an eye as he parried Leonel's piercing spear strike.

The ring of white gold shot downward, landing perfectly in the spot Leonel's foot would land next.

Elody's timing was perfect, everything about Leonel's momentum said that he wouldn't be able to dodge in time.

However, the land in the middle of the ring suddenly shot upward, giving Leonel a place to rest his foot.

Elody's free hand squeezed closed, shattering the small pillar of earth, but completely missing the target of Leonel's ankle.

Right then, a blinding pair of wings stretching out for tens of meters spread to Leonel's back. Leonel knew that he couldn't allow his foot to fall to the ground, and could only activate his strongest movement technique.

His body became as light as a feather, <Star Blink> circulating instantaneously.

With a light tap of his foot toward the crumbling rock pillar, Leonel vanished and appeared to Elody's back.

The shock amongst the spectators was palpable. Even as the crowd grew, drawn over by both the commotion and Leonel's earlier beam of light, there were likewise several members of the Speed Arm who were amongst them. However, even in the case that there wasn't, there wasn't a single member of the Luxnix main family that wouldn't recognize those illusory wings.

Elody's pupils constricted into pinholes, he could feel the threat of danger creeping upon his neck, but he reacted just as quickly.

A white gold ring shot out from the ground, catching Leonel somewhat off guard. At the same time, Elody's sword pierced backward, his body twisting at an odd angle as he fell away from Leonel.

Leonel's gaze sharpened. Elody's white gold ring was too solid and simple to find a flaw, and dispersing the Force that made it would take too much time.

He finished these calculations in an instant, choosing to swing his spear downward. At the same time, another <Crystal World> appeared before him, blocking the odd angle of Elody's sword.

Frustration began to mar Elody's brow. He once again felt as though his sword had entered a sticky mud wall. Luckily, he was falling back now and could use his momentum to pull free, but this was already the fourth or fifth time.

Elody shot back, his body flipping and dodging as numerous golden droplets fell toward him like darts. His free hand remained active, drawing more and more white gold rings as he fell backward, only to send them flying forward toward Leonel.

BANG!

Leonel's spear shattered the white gold ring, his expression just as placid as always.

Seeing the flood of them coming for him, his gaze flickered, the unmoving nine Radiant Cores to his back jumping into action.

A strong magnetic field repelled the rings, sending them spiraling backward as Leonel's figure flickered once more.

Elody's Internal Sight locked onto Leonel who appeared to his back, but his heart shook in the next instant.

'Illusion.'

Elody had fought too many battles with Elaquin to not sense the change. Surprisingly, though, Leonel's <Starlight Illusion> was even better than Elaquin's. Who was this man?!

Elody's slightly delayed reaction didn't stop him from reacting in time. The billowing white gold fog around him surged, his thigh bulging as he planted it hard. He could feel the muscles in his legs tearing to shreds beneath the wild force, but just as quickly as they tore, they healed once more.

Using the sudden change in momentum, his sword pierced forward, his rings rebounding back from Leonel's repulsion and enveloping his nine Radiant Cores.

In one moment, it looked as though Elody was piercing toward empty space. In the next, a flicker of starlight formed the outline of Leonel's body as the image to Elody's back vanished into nothingness.

Leonel's spear met Elody's blade even as the former's Radiant Cores and the latter's ring clashed.

'Crush them.' Elody's gaze gave off a blinding light.

His rings constricted, looking to shatter Leonel's Radiant Cores back into the benign Force they came from. However, the result was far more explosive than he thought they would be...

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

Elody felt as though his ears had popped as his eyes were filled with the searing image of blinding white lights. The only thing he could feel was the very familiar and annoying feeling of his sword slipping into a mud wall. But, this time, when he tried to pull back, his expression warped.

**SNAP!**

Even amid all the loud cacophonous booms, as a swordsman, this noise was the most resounding of all. Even before he pulled back all the way, Elody could feel the emptiness past the handle of his hilt... His sword... was broken?

In that moment, Elody was completely disoriented. His hearing was nothing but high pitched screeches, his gaze was filled with a blinding white light, and his Internal Sight was continuously being distorted by the wild magnetic fields pulsing and rebounding in the surroundings.

The heat seared through his Force Skin and his body felt like it was floating toward death.

It was exactly at that moment that he felt the second clear feeling he had since the explosion... A piercing pain as his chest was skewered by the blade of a spear.

Elody coughed, a flood of blood riding down his chin and soaking his throat and chest.

He had no idea how any of this had happened, but he vaguely felt that he had been painted into this corner... No, he had stepped into this trap with his arms wide open.

If Elody had known better, he would have understood that the Law Leonel chose for his <Crystal World>'s was the formation of an extremely thick and viscous corrosive semi-liquid. The more knowledge Leonel had on the Law he chose, the easier it would be for him to use his King's Might to project the Law.

With his ability, it took him a single glance to see through the flaws in Craftsmanship Elody's Tier 9 Bronze sword had, and forcing it to collapse in on itself only took a few dips.

Of course, understanding this would have done nothing for Elody if he hadn't also understood that destroying Leonel's Radiant Cores was among the most foolish things he could have done.

Elody trembled and fell to his knees.

The blasts cleared and the spectators were soon able to see the state of the battlefield. However, when they saw their Arm Head having fallen, and that the only thing holding him up was the blade running through his chest, they fell into a harsh and cold silence.

Seeing the state of Elody, Leonel didn't feel much of anything. No, that wasn't exactly right. He felt an emptiness, an emptiness wrought by the fact he felt like he had accomplished nothing.

A seething rage was still bubbling within his heart and pulsing through his right hip. His wrist slightly trembled, causing Elody to cough up another mouthful of blood.

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?!"

Right at that moment, while Leonel's simmering rage was beginning to feel only more and more empty, a booming voice that could disperse the clouds and unsettle the wind fell.

Numerous expressions changed as the aura of the current Luxnix family Patriarch, Seith, caught all of their attention. To his back, numerous Viola family members followed.

Leonel felt like he had locked onto a new target, his blood seething and the crimson in his eyes only growing deeper and more prominent.

But it was then that he felt as though someone had pierced a hole through his heart. Everything he was feeling suddenly deflated in an instant.

'Aina?'

A resounding crack rang through Leonel's body.

Completely out of his control, he raised his head and roared into the skies, his Divine Armor shattering into pieces and shooting away from his body.

His face was revealed to the world, but all anyone could see were the countless crimson veins pulsing beneath his skin.

The barrier to Tier 3 collapsed and Leonel's Seventh Star began to form.

Chapter 1133 Danger

A blazing pillar of fire left Leonel's lips.

To those of the Luxnix, it really felt as though the world might end at any time. Elody, who was the closest to Leonel by far, took on a level of damage that could only be described as fatal. An entire layer of skin that faced Leonel burnt off piece by piece, the shocking amount of pain snapping him out of his half unconscious state.

The devastation was difficult to grasp. Even Leonel's Duality Spear couldn't seem to withstand it at all.

Seith's expression changed. He had no idea who Leonel was. Or, more accurately, he couldn't identify Leonel by his face alone. But, when he saw what was happening, even his own spine tingled. He was already well into the Sixth Dimension and someone on Leonel's level should have been a matter of the flex of a single finger to deal with, but the Force being projected out of his body right now filled Seith with so much fear that he froze for several seconds, his mind going completely blank.

\Under normal circumstances, Seith wouldn't even be here. It was only because Rychard had come to communicate something with him that he had gone so far. Because Rychard was now the Crown Heir of the Viola family, something only recently announced, there was an amount of face that Seith had to give him. \

In other families, Rychard would have been entertained by their own Crown Heir, but unfortunately for Seith, the situation of the Luxnix was a bit ... unique. In every other situation, the Patriarch had higher standing than the Crown Heir. But, in the Luxnix, it was the opposite. Myghell's standing was far beyond Seith's and the former had the backing of both the Feather Sword warriors and the Star Order Council. In the end, such a perfunctory job was left up to Seith.

When Seith snapped out of it, he realized just how terrible the situation was and immediately began giving out orders.

"Corner off this location! Don't allow anyone to enter this kilometer radius! Someone give me a briefing of what the hell happened right now!"

The moment after Seith said these words, he shot forward. He only had one goal in mind: To save Elody. \

Because of the oddity of this generation, Elody, Elaquin and Syllar were an important balancing factor. Without them, Myghell's influence on this generation would be too strong. Though it was a bit naïve of Seith to believe that just these three could match up to Myghell, he had no choice but to play the long game.

The loss of even one of them would be far too much. He couldn't allow Elody to die. Even if he didn't have such political implications to his thoughts, the Luxnix family couldn't just allow a genius to die for no reason.

Seith didn't hold back, displaying the strength of a genius of the last generation. He used the Sixth Dimensional movement techniques of the Luxnix with such skill that he managed to cover a kilometer distance in what felt like the blink of an eye.

His Force Skin began to melt away piece by piece, withering away under the wall of heat emitting from Leonel.

His expression couldn't help but change. He could tell that Leonel was just Tier 3 of the Fifth Dimension. How could a youth so far beneath him possibly corrode his Force Skin?!

A murderous glint lit in Seith's gaze. He didn't know exactly what had happened here, but he didn't recognize Leonel and just by his tanned skin and hair color, he shouldn't be a member of the main branch. If Leonel could be controlled, it would be a boon for the Luxnix. But, seeing the carnage he caused here, how could things be so easy?

Seith had every intention of killing Leonel where he stood until he felt something lock onto him. The danger was so profound that his steps almost faltered.

The danger he felt from Leonel was more innate and instinctual, almost like what a child would feel toward the dark. But, it was still easy enough for one with a strong mind like Seith to bury this feeling and eventually get over it.

But, this danger was completely different. It wasn't an irrational or instinctual fear, it was the kind of fear one felt when they ran into something they knew they couldn't overcome, the kind of fear that had to be learned through years of experience and training.

Cold sweat drenched Seith from head to toe. He had no idea who was protecting Leonel in the shadows, but this experience was all he needed to know to understand just how vast the difference between them was.

Seith appeared to Elody's side. By now, the latter's face had practically entirely melted, his features becoming impossible to distinguish and pick out. If things continued, he really would have no chance or hope at surviving.

Without hesitation, Seith pulled him away and charged out in a beam of light, cutting a straight path away from Leonel as fast as he could.

The beam of fire emitting from Leonel only grew fiercer, his roar underlying it and trembling the hearts of all those who heard it.

The clouds above completely dispersed and the ground shattered, large amounts of rocks beginning to melt and pool themselves into a larger and larger crater of lava.

Waves of heat rippled into the surroundings. By the time Seith got back to where he had been, he realized that even without his orders, no one would have dared to enter the kilometer wide radius. The heat was simply overwhelming and even from so far away, many were still continuously moving back. The only ones that couldn't were the few stuck within Leonel's four pillars.

CRACK!

The Duality Spear finally couldn't take it any longer and completely collapsed, combusting from the inside out. Its pieces flew out in all directions, some even piercing directly into Leonel's body, and yet, he seemed so numb to it all that he didn't even notice.

Chapter 1134 Now...

Leonel's body looked as though it might crack itself. Wild and raging red veins pulsed beneath his skin as his bones seemed to glow as though they were metals rising in temperature.

Upon his chest, every beat of his heart was met by a pulse of red-gold. It looked as though even his heart itself was overheating, filling up with lines of fire and magma. But, there was no more prominent light than the one coming from his right hip.

Surging tides of Force rippled out again and again, the devastation only growing fiercer.



The truth was that Leonel was a bit worried about things happening like this. But, he had never expected to enter Tier 3 so quickly. By his previous progress, it should have taken over a year, at the very least.

However, Leonel could have never imagined just the kind of impact would have on his progress, especially when combined with the secrets of his Innate Force Node.

When Leonel first learned he had an Innate Force Node, he had randomly stumbled onto it. According to his calculations he completed, his body would only be perfectly whole if he completed a Tenth Node, despite the fact the cap the universe placed on everyone was Nine.

Being foolish and naïve, Leonel went ahead and tried to form a Tenth anyway, not having any idea that he would almost get himself killed. If not for the preparations his father had made and the plentiful nutrients hidden within his body from all of those vomit smoothies he was forced to chug, Leonel would have never made it so far in his journey.

Back then, Leonel had been all alone on Terrain and could only ask the dictionary about his Innate Node. The trouble was that... The dictionary had always been extremely specific with its answers. It never answered anything outside the scope of the questions Leonel posed to it, no matter how useful those answers would be.

Leonel had asked the dictionary a very simple question...

"What abilities is Scarlet Star Force known for?"

And the dictionary had given him a very simple one word answer...

[ Destruction. ]

Soon after that, Leonel realized that there was someone driving a carriage over his hiding spot and he was forced to go out and check on what was happening. But, even if he hadn't been distracted, he could have never known just what kind of profound truths were hidden within this answer.

Leonel had learned a lot about artistic conception and how they could breathe life into techniques and bolster one's strength. One of the most powerful abilities a person could have, the Universal Cycles, relied on a comprehension of artistic conception to draw in Universal Force to supplement your strength.

Ultimately, the Artistic Conception that the Universal Cycles were embodying was exactly that, the power of Cycles and beauty of the Dimensional Verse's karma. One thing would lead to the next and a perpetual cyclical construct could be formed.

In the end, these cycles would give birth to Universal Force, one of the highest forms of Force in all of existence and among one of the most enigmatic.

How exactly did all of this relate to Scarlet Star Force? Well, it too represented a high form of energy. In fact, at least in human history, the importance of fire and the symbolism it carried was undeniable. Among all the Elements, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that Fire stood out amongst the rest. Through the lens of the Human Domain, there was no denying this.

When things are put into this sort of perspective, just what sort of weight did the first Ranked Fire Elemental Force hold?

Destruction.

Ironically, it was the antithesis of what human legends painted it out to be. So many painted it out to be a harbinger of life, a candle of innovation, a breath to a refreshing future...

But Scarlet Star Force was anything but this. It was a Force that embodied chaos, an Elemental Power that would burn all things to ash.

The Fifth Dimension was all about loosening the shackles the mind had on the body. In order to do this, techniques relied on Visualization techniques to allow one to shed the mundane limits one subconsciously placed on themselves.

Whether it was King's Might, , and their fusion into the manifestation of Leonel's Innate Node, all of them were aspects of Leonel's consciousness. By choosing himself as the root Artistic Conception of his , Leonel had inadvertently added an indelible characteristic of Destruction to his King's Might.

In the vice versa, the implementation of Leonel's King's Might to project the will of his Innate Node had resulted in him subconsciously beginning to comprehend this Scarlet Star Force which took his body on as a host.

The result of these series of events were the preconceptions and misunderstandings in Leonel's mind being cleared one after another. The more he began to embody his true abilities and his true talents, the looser the chains that bound him became.

At the same time, Leonel had no idea how lucky he was for two reasons in specific.

First, if Leonel had completed this breakthrough on a Fifth Dimensional world... Not only he, but everyone on the planet would have died. Scarlet Star Force was something that even Seith, a Tier 7 Sixth Dimensional expert couldn't reliably counter for an extended period of time, how could a Fifth Dimensional world possibly stand a chance?

And second... Had Leonel used the Visualization of to reach Tier 3 instead of relying on his comprehension of his Innate Node to release the shackles on himself instead...

There was a 0% probability that he would have survived the formation of his Seventh Star. Without first grasping the Artistic Conception of Destruction, how could his body, which couldn't even survive a split second usage of Scarlet Star Force, possibly survive the formation of an entire Star?

Now...

Leonel had a 10% probability of surviving.

Chapter 1135 Fallen Angel

"That's..."

Savahn and Yuri looked toward one another, then toward Aina's back. But, ever since they had come here, Aina hadn't said a word.

In truth, this was a bit odd for her current self. She had become very talkative after losing her personality, mostly because she didn't know the difference between thinking her thoughts and saying them out loud, so she just ended up saying whatever it was that was on her mind.

However, it had already been several minutes since they reached this scene, but she hadn't commented on anything.

When Savahn and Yuri took a peek at her face, they once again found nothing. She stared toward the man roaring into the skies without even the slightest twinkle in her eye. If it were to be described, it was almost like she was sleeping or dreaming with her eyes open.

The pair of girls looked toward one another again, but they were at a loss for what to say. They had already gotten used to one form of Aina's slow recovery, but this was completely new territory for them.

'This could... get complicated...'

The two felt a flicker of complex emotions, their tiny fists tightening. They didn't know how these matters would end, but... Wasn't this the absolute worst time for Leonel to appear? And even under these circumstances.

"This..."

Rychard mumbled something beneath his breath, his expression changing several times. He, of course, recognized Leonel. In fact, unlike the others, he was actually quite used to seeing Force wildly fluctuating around him like this. He might have had a harder time if Leonel was in his normal state, ironically enough.

"Hm? Is something the matter?"

Seith, who had been tending to Elody before passing him on to others, frowned when he heard Rychard. It would have been one thing if Rychard was just reacting to the ridiculous nature of the situation, but Seith was far sharper than a Fifth Dimensional boy would be. He could see a hint of... recognition in Rychard's eye?

"Do you know this boy?" Seith pressed.

"I..."

Rychard shook his head internally. He had gotten careless after so many years of vying for the Crown Heir position. He had been strung up so tight over the last several decades that the moment he got a chance to relax he became too loose. To think he would make such a rudimentary mistake.

"Yes, I do." Rychard replied.

He knew that it was a fool's errand to lie to a Sixth Dimensional expert, especially when that expert was a Luxnix. Their Internal Sight was too strong and they were too good at picking up small little details. This was only more so for a Patriarch like Seith who was embroiled in political games all day.

"Might I ask the young Crown Heir from where?"

Seith was greatly curious about this. He didn't expect that Rychard would be familiar with Leonel.

Of course, Rychard had expected this much. The moment he made the mistake he knew he would have to tell the entire story. Seith had just done him a great favor by accepting his proposal, so he couldn't just withhold such benign information from him.

Plus, Rychard no longer had to keep the matters related to a secret since he had already secured his position. It was just a bit embarrassing... But then again, considering the state of Elody, the embarrassment of Rychard's loss was actually mitigated greatly.

Savahn and Yuri couldn't help but perk their ears up. They also found it hard to believe that Leonel would know Rychard. The difference between their statuses should have been enormous. He was even a step above the Arm Heads of the Luxnix and technically on par with Myghell. Though, in practice, he was more so on par with the Arm Heads and dwarfed by Myghell.

"Yes... I met him in the Dimensional Cleanse Trial Zone..."

Seith's pupils constricted. He didn't need any more of an explanation. From Rychard's tone and demeanor, it was clear he had lost. But...

'How could a branch family member possibly get their hands on a map to that Trial Zone?!

Seith suddenly felt like something was off about all of this. He had even noticed that Leonel had been wielding a high quality Quasi Silver Spear before it was destroyed. This didn't even mention the fact he had practically wiped out half of the Healing Arm and even defeated Elody. All of these things made it hard to reconcile these matters.

In that moment, the situation suddenly changed.

Leonel hacked up a mouthful of blood so crimson that it glowed like rubies. It almost felt as though this blood had come from the spring of his life force itself. But, just as quickly as it appeared, it was burnt to ash.

Not even a moment later, Leonel's skin could no longer withstand the pressure, his veins burst and his body splintering. Fountains of lava-like blood flowed from him.

Under the astonished gazes of those watching, Leonel's blood began to sizzle as it fell into the pools of lava around his feet. But, what was shocking was that it wasn't the lava causing the blood to sizzle and evaporate, it was instead Leonel's blood itself causing the lava to release screeching pillars of steam.

The roaring pillar of flames that came from Leonel's mouth hung in the air, his roar finally waning. But, it was impossible to tell if this was because he was no longer in pain, or if it was just that his throat couldn't produce noise any longer.

Steam billowed out from Leonel's mouth, his teeth glistening a pearly white beneath all the blood and fire. Sparks flew about with his every breath as though the air itself would ignite.

Out of Leonel's control, two enormous illusory wings appeared to his back. They radiated a gorgeous white gold, and slowly but surely, they began to take form, just the slightest hint of crimson hidden within its gorgeously sculpted feathers.

Leonel's head fell, going from tilted up to the skies to his chin resting on his chest. If not for the slight wheezing and coughing, not to mention the breaths of ash, it would be impossible to tell if he was still alive or not.

It was then that his skin began to change once more. Scales of white gold erupted across his naked body.

From far away, they seemed to be the scales of a white dragon. But, when one looked closer, it was possible to see that each individual scale was actually a small, miniaturized feather, outlined like a white seashell with veins of gold.

Leonel had completed the second awakening of the Healing Branch and the third of the Speed Branch at the very same time.

Every so often, a piece of his body would burst with blood, only to be quickly covered by these white scales once more.

The cycle repeated again and again as though he was breathing.

Glistening lava fell from his wings as his feet dangled in the skies. His body, toned to perfection, every outline of muscle and fiber displayed for all to see, didn't seem marred by the broken flesh and dripping blood in the slightest.

At that moment, he truly looked like a fallen angel.

#### Chapter 1136 Kidney Home

Leonel could feel his body going through a wild number of changes. He felt it all now more than he ever had in the past and he realized just how narrow his scope truly was.

It wasn't that the Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor was weak, it was just that he never had the ability to bring out its full potential. First he was lacking in the proper techniques to supplement it, and second he had simply yet to fully unearth all of its secrets and fully awaken it all.

This was when Leonel settled on a conclusion. The reason his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor felt so much more powerful was only a matter of relativity. How could a Sixth Dimensional Lineage Factor ever match up to a Seventh Dimensional one, especially when they could both be considered to be at the pinnacle of their respective levels?

Simply put, maybe if Leonel entered the Sixth Dimension and began to interact with many talents on a similar level to himself, he would then begin to feel that even the Morales family's Metal Synergy Lineage Factor was weak as well, when in reality, he was also lacking the techniques to maximize its abilities.

Right now, the potential Leonel had unearthed from his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor was limited to a hard body... But technically, <Metal Body> was a technique left behind to him by his father. Aside from that, there was his Divine Armor... But once again, that was a technique left behind to him by his father.

It was such a simple thing, but Leonel hadn't truly put things into perspective until just now.

The Morales family Lineage Factor was called Metal Synergy. It wasn't called Metal Body Lineage Factor or Divine Armor Lineage Factor. Who knew how many more secrets were hidden within it that Leonel had never even touched upon?

These matters put into perspective just how ridiculous Leonel was to think that he needed to improve his Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor right now, as though he was already at the end of his rope. Let alone being at the end of it... Leonel could just barely be considered to have grasped a piece of the first strands.

Even if Leonel succeeded in mutating his Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor and built it upon a new Force, it was very possible that even if this Force was leagues beyond Snow Force, the overall power of his Lineage Factor might instead regress.

Why? Because this new mutated Lineage Factor wouldn't have the countless millennia of refined techniques the Luxnix had built over their history. It would have to rely on Leonel to rebuild and modify it all from the ground up.

It was possible that Leonel could be capable of this in the future. But, as things stood now, even with all his split minds, he was still lacking.

As more of Leonel's potential was dug out by his evolving Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor, Leonel could feel more and more of its strength.

The second awakening of the Healing Branch felt like a perpetual <Howling Snow> technique. Without allowing these feather-like scales to cover his body, Leonel's base healing factor had skyrocketed by more than tenfold.

To put this into perspective, the base form of the <Twinkling Bell> Mage Art Leonel had self-created was only marginally better than Leonel's current base healing factor. Meaning, doing nothing was almost as good as casting <Twinkling Lily: Bell's Blessing>, except it would cost Leonel almost no stamina at all, not to mention the fact it didn't require a cast time.

If Leonel activated these feather-like scales and entered this sort of beast-like mode, his healing factor would increase several fold more. By then, it would be a step better than casting the full <Twinkling Bell> Mage Art, <Twinkling Lily: Carnivorous Stem>.

As though this wasn't enough, Leonel felt that upon reaching this second awakening, his <Instant Recovery> had evolved as well.

In the past, it took several months for one use to recover. This time period varied so much that Leonel couldn't put a sure number on it. This was because in order to use <Instant Recovery>, a certain amount of Snow Force had to be absorbed and stored for a single burst use. But, as a baseline comparison, while on Planet Luxnix, likely the densest region of Snow Force in this Sector, it would take Leonel about three months to recover a single use of <Instant Recovery>.

Now, in this same environment, Leonel could feel that he only needed a single month to replenish his use of <Instant Recovery>. In fact, Leonel had yet to recover from his last use, but the instant he completed his second awakening, it had been replenished. Then, there was Leonel stepping into the Third Awakening of the Snowy Star Owl's Speed Branch.

In truth, Leonel rarely used his Speed Branch in battle. The reason for this was quite simple. As calculative and scheming as he was, he wouldn't show an enemy his full abilities until he could force them into a corner with it.

Speed was one of the largest factors in battle. In fact, Leonel felt that maybe the one thing no amount of calculation could overcome was indomitable speed. In addition, varying your attack speed made you a much more difficult opponent to handle than going full tilt from the very beginning.

Leonel's slow, meticulous and trap setting approach to battle always left his Speed Branch by the wayside, but it had ironically been the first to reach its Third Awakening anyway.

This was only a matter of fate. It had to be remembered that the Snowy Star Owl was first and foremost known for its Speed and Wisdom, Healing was considered to be a secondary ability of its. Because the Lineage Factor was built on the back of Snow Force affinity, Leonel had a major leg up on the others of the Luxnix.

Why was it that his Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor was leaps and bounds beyond the others?

The simple answer was that Leonel's Light and Star affinities were so high that Snow Force simply awakened to him naturally.

In the end, it all linked back to the very same Innate Node that called his kidney home.

Chapter 1137 ...

Truthfully, all of these thoughts were simply running in the back of Leonel's mind.

After two subsequent breakthroughs of the mind, Leonel's ability to split his attention had bloomed from just over a 1 010 000 to a number approaching 5 000 000. Such a thing could only be said to be both a blessing and a curse.

When he was battling, bathing in blood, bone and limbs, his mind was quite blank. All he cared about was calculating his next attack and making those before him suffer as much as possible. Rage colored his thoughts and took hold of his heart. There was only it and everything else was a sheet of white.

But, when he saw her gaze, it felt like years of buried thoughts and feelings had all resurfaced at once. Something within him snapped and whatever had been leashed within him was released, ravaging his body like a wild beast.

He could still see that gaze now. In fact, he could piece everything that made it up. No matter how much he tried to distract himself with just how much was going on in his body now, no matter how much he tried to focus on something else, to put his mind to something else, nothing worked.

He could feel her gaze almost as though he was still looking into it.

A hint of recognition, an odd curiosity, and then nothing.

Her gaze didn't have any sadness, no remorse, no happiness, no glee. It was as though she was looking at the face of an acquaintance she had known long ago, a classmate that she remembered the look of and was mildly curious about just what they might be doing here.

Leonel wished he didn't have the ability to analyze everything so thoroughly, he wished that he could believe that it was nonsense and that he had seen wrong, that his memory was fallible and maybe his brain was playing a trick on him, forcing him to see the worst.

But, he knew that none of this true. As many minds as he had turned toward focusing on his body, he still had too many more left over. Each of them picking apart every angle, every expression, every minute detail.

Let alone just her gaze, he could measure out the beat of her heart, the perspiration of her skin, the slant of her lips, the wrinkle of her nose. He could see the shift in her body, the angle of her arms, the position of her feet, the state of her hands.

In just a split moment, he had gained a hundreds of snapshots of each.

Her posture was too unmoved, her breathing too even, her heart too steady. Her hands didn't clench, her gaze didn't tremble, and her feet didn't shift.

Worst of all, her lips were just fine. How many times had he warned her not to bite those soft, pink lips of hers? And how many times had she ignored him?

It was a habit she had built up over so many years. So long as she was biting them, Leonel was certain that something was wrong and he would have traveled through the Gates of Hell to make sure that she was okay.

There was none of the characteristics of Aina he had come to know...

Leonel didn't feel rage, or anger. He just felt that the abyss that had been forming his gaze was now in his heart. It was a depth of emptiness he had never felt before, a level of nihilism he had never faced before.

He had thought a lot about how this meeting after so long would go, but this was the last thing he had expected. Even indifference wasn't as bad as this. Maybe if she had been indifferent, then he could have concluded that she was still mad... But this wasn't that.

Leonel's body descended into the pool of lava beneath him. The searing heat was practically like cool waters to his skin. It glided off of him and even his wounds without a sound as his swim pair of wings retracted in a flutter of falling feathers.

Two white-gold Rune marks appeared upon Leonel's back before slowly fading.

An eerie sort of silence fell over everything, no one quite sure of what to do. Seith was especially indecisive. He was the only one that had felt that aura from earlier. There was nothing that had changed between then and now. He didn't believe that this hidden individual would suddenly allow him to kill Leonel now that his breakthrough was practically finished.

':

Feathers of white gold began to fall from the skies.

There wasn't a single Luxnix family member that didn't recognize this phenomenon. Though it was extraordinarily rare amongst Fifth Dimensional existences, to the point where only two could do it—



Elody and Myghell—the same couldn't be said for the Sixth Dimensional members of the Luxnix family. So, this was a sight that many had seen before, or at least heard about.

It suddenly dawned on them all that Leonel was a master of several Branches, something that made them all numb with shock.

From the start of the phenomenon to the end, Leonel didn't move, his head still angled somewhat downward. It felt almost as though he was in his own world and couldn't be bothered with everything around him.

This place... He didn't want to be here anymore.

Leonel slowly stepped out the pool of lava, walking up the slope, apparently not aware of just how naked he was.

He thought it was a shame that his Duality Spear was destroyed. It was probably the most useful and appropriate for his battle style among the Quasi Silver spears. Though the Spear Domain ring was able to repair spears, this was clearly beyond its limits. There wasn't even a single piece left.

Luckily, Leonel's Divine Armor was a symbiotic part of him. After using , it was already in perfect shape.

The sadness and relief of these two matters didn't seem to move the needle for Leonel one way or another. Without a care for those around him, he simply walked toward the four pillars.

Seith frowned. He didn't know what those pillars were, but he knew that if he allowed Leonel to walk into them, he would be gone. But, what could he possibly do? Were things really going to end like this?

[More coming]

## Chapter 1138 Placid

Yuri and Savahn looked toward one another, their expressions too complex to read.

As surprised as everyone else was that Leonel was simply walking away, they were maybe even more so.

Leonel was difficult to read. Despite the whirlwind of emotions going on his mind and heart, his face gave nothing away. The only hint of something was that his gaze was decidedly less cold. But, even this was only something they had gotten a brief look at when Leonel's gaze met Aina's.

However, what neither of them expected was that Leonel would turn and leave without even trying to say anything to her.

Their first reaction was that maybe Leonel was mad. They had lost count of the number of times that Aina had burst into a fit of tears, mumbling something about how much Leonel must hate her now. Of course, all of this occurred long before her personality had been reset to zero.

This was a large part of the reason that Aina's father didn't want her to meet with Leonel. Aina was in a very sensitive time period right now, and meeting someone who might say vile things to her as a form of lashing out would be greatly detrimental to her.

Things were especially bad because Aina was currently internalizing so much about Leonel right now, though she did so unconsciously. The reason she had chosen the path of absolute logic was only because in her own twisted way of viewing things, this was how she could connect with Leonel.

Ironically, though, she didn't seem to take it to its logical conclusion. But, this was only because her memories of her last interaction with Leonel held her back. Those memories told her that being with Leonel had caused her a lot of grief. So, as unimpressed as she was with Rychard, she still let him court her as he pleased.

Aina's priorities, as such, had become logic first, then came her love of fighting, and finally it became growing strong. Those three things seemed benign, but when combined with someone who wanted to use reason even down to a fault, it could become very complicated, very quickly.

Surprisingly, though, the harsh words and the fireworks they had expected from Leonel meeting Aina again simply didn't happen.

Yuri and Savahn also thought that it was possible that Leonel didn't want to implicate them in his troubles. In fact, the more they thought about it, the more it seemed that this made the most sense. But then...

Why was it that no one was moving? Shouldn't they be enraged by Leonel's actions? Shouldn't they be chasing him down now that the danger of his breakthrough had cleared? Why did it seem like they didn't dare to?

Neither of them knew how to wrap their heads around this situation. They couldn't help but look toward Aina again, but she was still oddly silent. They couldn't grasp anything she was thinking.

Of course, Seith was in an even worse position. He somehow felt like he was missing something important, something so important that it made his spine tingle.

Suddenly, his gaze sharpened. "Crown Heir Viola... What was the name of this young man?"

Rychard blinked. He hadn't said his name on purpose.

Though the matters surrounding Alienor's scandal had been pinned onto Gradeyr, his former fiercest competitor for the Crown Heir position, he still didn't want the Luxnix to drag up the truth of those matters. If he admitted that Leonel was, in fact, Leonel Morales, the very same Leonel Morales he had used to slander his mother, then it was possible for it to be drawn back to him...

Rychard frowned. But, now that Seith had asked, he truly couldn't avoid it. He was already the Crown Heir anyway, and it wasn't like the families were entirely buddy-buddy. Some underhanded schemes were inevitable.

"He said... His name is Leonel Morales."

Rychard didn't know what he expected from saying these words. But, the reaction he got was so fierce that he almost coughed up blood.

Seith's aura shot into the skies like a pillar, making it difficult for the Fifth Dimensional existences around him to even stand properly, let alone breathe.

Rychard rapidly retreated, his expression flickering.

He realized then that this was a bigger matter than he had initially thought, but how could it not be. This tidbit of information was actually what had allowed him to secure his Crown Heir position and it was precisely it that buried his competition.

The name Leonel Morales had been stricken from the Luxnix family records. In the history of the Luxnix, this had happened only a handful of times, and never to a child who couldn't even walk on his own at the time. How could there not be a big secret behind this?

"HALT!"

Seith's voice boomed for several kilometers. His palm flipped over, a badge of some sort appearing in his hands. The moment it did, he tossed it into the air.

An enormous commotion broke loose, a pillar of blinding light shooting into the skies.

The expressions of several changed, especially those of highest standing like the Rankers and the Division Heads. That badge was the Patriarch's Emblem. In terms of rank, it was only beneath the Star Order Emblem. When it was deployed, it had the authority not only to deploy the Feather Sword warriors, but the Star Order Council had the obligation to send representatives as well.

With this Emblem, the Patriarch essentially had 90% of the family's forces at their beck and call. Of course, the strongest forces were definitely those old monsters on the Star Order Council. But, in general situations, just a representative or two from them was enough to deal with most problems.

It had been just over two decades since the last time the Patriarch's Emblem was used. And now, it seemed to have been deployed again.

Yet, inexplicably, as though he hadn't heard a single thing, Leonel continued to walk. Maybe the only change was that a pair of pants had appeared to cover his lower half.

His placid expression made it seem as though he was entirely in his own world.

Chapter 1139 Frozen

Seith wasn't a fool.

As things stood now, he and the Patriarch's Faction were in a precarious position. Of course, his chair on the Star Order Council was practically set in stone, as was the case for every Patriarch before him. However... He simply wasn't satisfied with this.

Of all the Patriarch's in Luxnix history, Seith would not only be the one with the shortest tenure, but he would also be, by far, the most emasculated. Ever since Myghell began to show his talents, Seith had fallen by the wayside and this Crown Heir of their family had become the de facto Patriarch. In fact, many of Seith's roles in the family now were the very same roles he had had as the former Crown Heir. It was nothing short of humiliating to an extreme.

While he was sweating over the daily tasks of the family, Myghell lived a life of leisure. He had all the resources he could ever want, all the access he could ever want, and even had certain clearances that Seith himself couldn't easily access.

Seith had worked his whole life for the sake of claiming the Patriarch position, but everything he had dreamed and pined for was put on the back burner for a junior who didn't seem to care very much for the family to begin with.

He couldn't understand why those old bastards couldn't see it. Myghell had no family in the Luxnix, he at most had thin blood ties twice or thrice removed. Among all those who called themselves Luxnix in the main family, he was probably the most detached and he had clearly made it a point not to form ties that were too close to anyone else.

However, the Star Order Council were blinded by his talent. Not only had they chosen Myghell over Leonel, but what Seith cared the most about was the fact they had actually chosen Myghell over him.

They practically stripped his position of all the power it was worth. He was nothing more than a figurehead for his own family, a happy face to show to outsiders.

In his youth, he had had dreams of eradicating the Viola and Montex families, claiming the entirety of the Sector for the Luxnix. But, he had practically been castrated.

Everything in the family had entered a state of hibernation, all for the sake of Myghell and his maturation process.

Quite frankly, Seith could never hate Leonel as much as he hated Myghell and the Star Order Council.

So, why had he released such a signal? Well, wasn't it obvious?

He hoped that whoever it was that was protecting Leonel in the shadows could make these bastards suffer. Only in this sort of Chaos could he have the chance to rise again and become the Patriarch that he was always meant to be.

It seemed that in the years of arrogance the Luxnix had been fostering, they had been brewing animosity within their own borders... and from more than one person, at that.

**BANG!**

The moment pillar rose up, it smashed into an invisible dome above. The instant the Patriarch's Emblem had activated, so too had the protective Force Art of the Luxnix Estate.

Beautiful and complex hieroglyph-like formations crawled through the skies, shimmering in golds, whites and silvers as the call of a bird resounded.

The pillar of light splitting into countless pieces.

All across the Luxnix Estate, thousands of Feather Sword warriors were alerted, the pins on their lapels lighting up one after another. Their expressions only had time to turn serious before they all vanished as one.

Back in the location of the battlefield, the blinding lights only seemed to continue. The number grew in size, the vague outline of several figures taking form.

By the time it all faded, the Feather Sword warriors all stood proud and tall. Of course, this number only included those that were currently in the estate and hadn't been deployed. In addition, there were no

Twelve Point Feather Sword warriors in sight as they were the personal guard of the Star Order Council. However, this line up alone seemed to breathe pressure into the air.

"Patriarch!"

The Feather Sword warriors all respectfully saluted at once. The booming sound of their voices even dwarfed Seith's earlier shout. However, Seith made no move to command them. He was waiting, waiting for something in specific.

He wasn't going to send these Feather Sword warriors off to their death, that would do him no good. What he needed was...

At that moment, a mountainous pressure descended from the skies. Whether by coincidence, an illusion, or maybe reality, the protective barrier of the estate seemed to glow with a fiercer light, even as the concentration of Snow Force more than doubled in an instant.

In the skies, standing upon what seemed like nothing, an old man with a flowing white beard and hair appeared. His ancient robes fluttered in the skies and his sharp eyes scanned the battlefield, taking it all in, in an instant. His hunched back did nothing to take away from his momentum.

"Who dares attack my Luxnix family?!"

The momentum dwarfed anything Seith or the Feather Sword warriors could match. This man would have been very familiar to anyone who had been at the Gate several weeks ago... This man was none other than the Star Order elder that had sided with Sparking Star Order, Winged Star Order.

The old man seemed to deduce that all of this was caused by Leonel in an instant, the thinking speed of a Sixth Dimensional expert with such strong Internal Sight being far beyond what most could imagine. He immediately locked onto Leonel, his pressure falling down in waves.

However, what he could have never expected was for that pressure to vanish like a refreshing spring breeze just before it could reach Leonel and right as a light sigh rang through the air.

Leonel, who hadn't turned his head back even once since he began to walk forward, even after all the oppressive auras rising to his back, was suddenly forced to stop his steps.

Before him, an older woman wearing fluttering white robes stood. A cane of pristine white wood supported her right side, and though her face was covered in the wear of age, it still carried the delicate touch of beauty.

She gazed toward Leonel with a complicated look, her eyes filled with regret, remorse and sadness.

For a moment, it seemed that everything had frozen.

Chapter 1140 okay

Empress Fawkes' gaze twinkled.

This was the first time she was seeing her grandson in over 20 years. It was difficult for her to reconcile her emotions all at once.

She couldn't help but cast her Internal Sight toward Noah as well, but when it came to the guilt she held on her shoulders, it was mostly related to Leonel. While she felt terrible about not being able to be a part of Noah's life the way she should have been, her negligence had almost led to Leonel's death.

Her negligence was just one matter. Anyone could make the mistake of trusting the wrong person or people. However, the way she dealt with those matters after finding out ended up alienating the entirety of her family.

Her husband wanted nothing to do with her. Her daughter could hardly meet her gaze without resentment leaking through. Her son-in-law couldn't stand to even be on the same planet as her. And, the family she had sacrificed so much to protect... Seemed to show her day after day why they weren't worthy of her giving up much of anything.

Empress Fawkes' hand trembled as it rose to Leonel's cheek.

In the air, it seemed so very fragile. Despite the sheer strength of the woman who owned it, it felt as though the slightest gust of wind might cause it to collapse.

It was only after her frail hand touched Leonel's face that it managed to gain some stability. However, the scolding heat of Leonel's skin didn't escape her attention at all. It felt as though it would burn her completely to ash, but she refused to take her hand away.

Empress Fawkes looked up and into Leonel's eyes. There, she found a gaze that was impossible to read.

While everyone else saw indifference and apathy, Empress Fawkes saw something deeper. She could see that Leonel had been scarred by something. The realization made her heart squeeze with an inescapable pang.

She could tell that this emotion was completely unrelated to her. Maybe it really was most accurate to say that Leonel met her with indifference. In fact, he couldn't be bothered to snap out of his previous head space to register the fact that it was his grandmother before him.

Empress Fawkes didn't blame Leonel in the slightest. All she felt was a surging will to protect him. This was her grandson, her baby boy... She would rather suffer through him looking toward him with indifference for the rest of her life so long as he didn't have to suffer any pain or trouble.

Empress Fawkes' thumb lightly rubbed Leonel's cheeks, her eyes holding back tears she didn't want to shed.

"Northern Star Order, what is the meaning of this?!"

Winged Star Order's voice was tinged with his frown.

The name Northern Star Order spoke for itself.

There were two categories of titles given to those who joined the Star Order Council. The first were unique names. These were decided by your method of battle, your ability, or any other unique affinities or proclivities you might have.

But, there was a second category of titles all together. These were known as Hegemonic Titles.

Hegemonic Titles were passed down from generation to generation, though, not so simply. It wasn't rare for a Hegemonic Title to skip over a generation entirely. In fact, to say it wasn't rare was a misnomer because it was, in practice, quite common for this to happen.

In truth, even many of the Star Order Council were in the dark about how these Hegemonic Titles came about and what exactly their origins were. Only those who inherited the Title would become privy to the information that came with it.

Within the Luxnix family, there were only three Hegemonic Titles.

The first was Snow Star Order. The second was Wise Star Order. And, the final, and most powerful of them, was Northern Star Order.

Empress Fawkes' generation had been greatly blessed. For the first time in Luxnix history, two Hegemonic Titles appeared in the same generation. And, the most fantastic part of it was that this was all predicted to happen by the most recent Wise Star Order.

One generation removed from Empress Fawkes, it was deduced by Wise Star Order that the Luxnix would soon have a great rise in talent. Over the next three generations, they would enter a well spring of prosperity that would allow them to finally step through the final threshold and leave the Sixth Dimension behind.

At first, it was unknown just how true this prediction would be. However, in the very next generation, not only was Empress Fawkes born, but so was her close friend and the inheritor of the Snow Star Order Title.

It was unprecedented in the Luxnix family's history. Not only had it been more than 20 generations since the last Northern Star Order appeared, but to think that it would appear alongside a Snow Star Order!

The family realized then that the fortune told by the Wise Star Order was true and they began to prepare.

The so-called state of hibernation mentioned by Seith wasn't by accident, nor was it solely due to Myghell. For two generations now, the Luxnix had experienced an unprecedented boom in talent and they were overflowing. In truth, it could be said that they already had the strength to crush both the Viola and Montex family.

But, they still waited... Waited for the day the third and final generation would mature. Then, they would sweep through the world in one fatal swoop.

Unfortunately, over the years, they had made many mistakes. Their overconfidence, sometimes warranted, but most times not, was tearing their family apart from the inside out. Too many had forgotten that this Northern Star Order of theirs even existed... Or, more accurately, they too easily believed that she would simply fall in line just like she always had.

But, right now, Northern Star Order was no longer just that. She was a grandmother who had just sensed her grandson's pain. She no longer seemed to care about anything else. In fact, she completely ignored Winged Star Order.

"Little Leo... What do you want to do?"

Empress Fawkes spoke as though even if Leonel asked her for the Moon, she would reach out and grab it.

Leonel remained silent for a long while. A hint of sadness plagued Empress Fawkes' gaze. There was nothing that pained her more than her grandson being unwilling to rely on her. But, surprisingly, Leonel finally spoke.

"I... Don't want to be here anymore."

Leonel's voice was cold, indifferent and detached. And yet, to her, they were like the most beautiful melody she had ever heard.

Empress Fawkes finally couldn't hold back her tears any longer as they fell like droplets of rain gently sliding down delicate leaves.

"Okay. Grandma will take you away."