

Descent 1141

Chapter 1141 History

The words felt like a tidal wave amidst a calm lake.

Seith might have been aware of just who Leonel was, but it wasn't until Empress Fawkes spoke these words that this information was suddenly known to everyone else. Whether it was the unranked or Ranked Arm students, the Division Heads, the Feather Sword warriors, or even Winged Star Order himself, they all felt as though time had frozen in place.

Branch family member? Who had said such a thing? If the grandson of the Northern Star Order couldn't be considered to be a member of the main branch, then who could?

If Winged Star Order hadn't called out Empress Fawkes' title, maybe many of them would still be in the dark. But, who could dare to call themselves a Luxnix if they weren't aware of the importance of the Hegemonic Title?!

Elody, who had been forced to use his just to keep a hold of his life, suddenly laughed bitterly. He had come to just in time to hear this news and he wasn't quite sure of how to take it.

It wasn't like having a Star Order grandparent was rare. In fact, all three of the Arm Heads could boast such a thing. Leonel had even already met the Wisdom Arm Head's grandmother, Fluttering Star Order.

However... Having a Hegemonic Star Order as a grandparent was a different matter entirely.

Those that had been crippled under Leonel's blade deflated. They had spent all their lives hearing about the coming rise of the Luxnix and the importance of the Northern Star Order to all of this. If she wanted to protect her grandson from something, wouldn't it be too easy?

Leonel's status had gone from beneath them all to countless levels above in the blink of an eye. And, the worst part was that he had the talent and strength to speak for himself.

Empress Fawkes smiled through her tears and lowered her hand from Leonel's cheek. Stepping to his side, she wrapped an arm around his and led him forward. The pair walked toward the four pillars as though there wasn't anyone else around them.

Yuri and Savahn's confusion reached a new height. They had no idea that Leonel had such ties to the Luxnix. If he did, didn't that mean that what they had done was... unnecessary?

But wait, did that mean he was keeping it from Aina? Why would he hide such a thing?

Of course, they had no idea that Leonel had never kept anything from Aina. Let alone the Luxnix, he had already spoken about even the Morales to her. It was just that he could only tell her what he actually knew, and he had no way of knowing how these families viewed or would receive him.

In practice, he was correct to be so skeptical. Wasn't how things were going now evidence enough? He had support of his grandmother, but that clearly couldn't be said for the entirety of the Luxnix family. It wouldn't be long until the two girls understood this as well.

Winged Star Order stood in the skies, his expression flickering wildly from time to time. The wrinkles on his face played between tight and loose, seemingly not understanding what state they were needed in.

He looked down, his expression becoming ugly. He just noticed that there was an entourage of Viola family here and judging by it all, their standing was not low. How else could they possibly have Seith escorting them? This only matters all the more troublesome.

But how could he just allow them to leave?

If it wasn't already obvious enough, Leonel's actions and the amount of blood scent in the air painted the picture clearly. It was too obvious that this boy had animosity for them. Winged Star Order wasn't exactly sure how powerful Leonel was as he hadn't witnessed the battle, but judging by the state of things, it couldn't be poor, right?

Winged Star Order grit his teeth, his internal conflict only growing.

There was no point in harping on how much others would learn of this matter. The dirty laundry of the Luxnix was already being laid out. The question was what was the risk assessment on starting this battle.

He had no idea how powerful Northern Star Order was. But...

His spine trembled when he thought of something.

'There'll be a chance. So long as he's here, he'll definitely be participating in the selection. Myghell will deal with him... He has the largest reason to do so... However... a line still needs to be drawn here.'

"Roesia, are you aware of what you are doing?"

Empress Fawkes continued to not answer, gingerly walking forward as though she required Leonel's support to walk at all.

Winged Star Order didn't seem surprised by this lack of an answer.

"The name Leonel Morales was stricken from the family records 20 years ago. Your entire family line will follow suit."

Empress Fawkes' steps paused. A fury lit within her gaze, a bit of her strength imperceptibly leaking outward. She didn't care about herself, but this was a matter of humiliation for her grandson. To bring it up so grandly like this.

Her gaze shifted toward Leonel, but he didn't seem to react at all. His mind was elsewhere and it looked as though he wouldn't react even if the skies collapsed.

Realizing this, Roesia's heart settled down. There was nothing else of importance here. Since her grandson wanted to leave, she would help him to leave.

With slow and steady steps, the two finally entered the world of the four pillars.

"Withdraw." Winged Star Order commanded coldly.

Seith's expression changed. Not only was his Patriarch's Emblem being treated like thin air, it hadn't even accomplished a fraction of what he hoped it would. But, what was even worse was that the Feather Sword warrior didn't hesitate to follow these orders.

These matters seem to have defused, but the reality was that it had only set in motion something that would one day be an indelible part of the Three Pillar Galaxy's history.

At the center of it all, there would be a young woman who currently stood in silence with placid golden eyes and a dull expression.

Chapter 1142 Roesia

Leonel sat in silence, staring out into blank space. His breathing was even, his heartbeat was steady, and there didn't seem to be anything particularly distressing about his current mood.

He had returned to the hotel penthouse, but he wasn't alone by any stretch. His grandmother sat across from him with Noah by her side. Her frail hands held onto Noah quite tightly, the two of them exchanging some words.

Leonel wasn't really paying attention to what the two were saying, but he could guess. Noah was likely being his usual awkward self, something he faced whenever someone showed him intimacy he wasn't used to, while their grandmother was trying her best to toe the line between forging a relationship while not pressing too hard.

Eventually, the topic of their discussion returned to the matters of all those years ago and Roesia couldn't help but sigh. She sent a glance toward Leonel, but his gaze was still aimed out of the tall windows. It was as though his eyes could see to the very ends of Planet Luxnix itself.

"... I take full blame." Roesia said lightly. "Ever since my birth, the Luxnix have been focused on what they call the 'Hibernation Phase'. This was essentially a commitment that we made toward preparing the Luxnix for war.

"In the generation before mine, Ancestor Wise Star Order made a prediction about the upward trajectory of our family. Though it wouldn't be as exaggerated as Hyper Evolution, Ancestor felt that it would only be a step below. Should we grasp this opportunity, maybe even entering such a state wouldn't be impossible.

"Though I understand why Ancestor made such a prediction and chose to divulge it, often times I wish that he had kept these matters to himself..."

Even now, Roesia couldn't help but respectfully call this existence Ancestor. In the end, unlike Leonel and Noah, she had been born and raised in the Luxnix family estate. There were many ties that she had that were too difficult to sever even after so long.

"Why is that, Imperial Grandmother?" Noah couldn't help but ask.

"The initial purpose behind the 'prophecy' wasn't in its prediction, it was to warn and stress the importance of patience. By putting a three generation number on it, the Luxnix formed a plan based on that assessment. The result was the most peaceful era the Three Pillar Galaxy has ever faced.

"It seems like the three families are in harmony now, but the reality is that, for a very long time, there was nothing but endless battle and war. The Three Planet Formation was, on paper, a 'safe zone', but in practice, more people died here than anywhere else.

"The lull in Luxnix activity had a positive effect on the balance between the three families and they too fell into a lull. This allowed the family to enter a state of peaceful growth...

"Unfortunately, many of the blades turned internal as a result. When a family grows too powerful, to the point they don't have any outside competitors, that is when they also become the most vulnerable. But, it's functionally the same if a family is growing in power and has entered a truce-like state as well."

Noah's gaze glowed.

One of the things he most admired about his grandfather was the creation of the Slayer Legion. Emperor Fawkes knew that in the time between the Ascension Empire conquering Earth and the Descent of the Metamorphosis, there would be a period of absolute peace. Due to this, it was very likely that the Empire might crumble before the Fourth Dimension Descended.

Realizing this problem, Emperor Fawkes didn't hesitate to sacrifice his strongest blade and turn the Slayer Legion into an enemy the Empire could unite against. Noah had no idea just what level of foresight that would take.

Roesia shook her head.

"In my generation, everything began well. Both the Northern Star Order and the Snow Star Order appeared and we were even very close. The family was very cautious in that time and took the words of Ancestor very seriously. In fact, they were so cautious that neither myself nor Snow Star Order were allowed to participate in the Void Palace's Selection.

"However, as you might imagine, that didn't last for long. After your father and aunt were born, the family was a bit unsatisfied with my actions. But, because of the importance the Northern Star Order held, and the fact I was very important to the ascension mentioned by Ancestor, my actions were forgiven, but unfortunately not forgotten.

"During my generation, both the Viola and Montex families managed to enter a Nominal student. This placed pressure on the Luxnix and many believed we had chosen to be too lowkey. So, when your aunt was sent to me by your grandfather and began to display her talents, it was already decided that she would take part in the Selection.

"She was the perfect candidate. Her eye color was different from the usual Luxnix and made it seem like she was a branch family member. Thanks to this, even if she had an astounding performance, it wouldn't raise too much alarm toward the Luxnix main family, but she could also release some of the pressure simultaneously.

"Everything went well and your aunt performed astoundingly, entering as a Quadrant Ranked disciple. Of course, if not for the fact Earth was still in the Third Dimension back then, causing her World Spirit and Emperor's Might Lineage Factors to be dormant, she would have likely placed even higher. By then, her climb up the disciple rankings would have been far easier as well...

"But, trouble came again when your aunt returned to the family pregnant. Your aunt was meant to be the perfect cog in their plans. She was just Luxnix enough to be a part of 'us', but just enough not Luxnix that she could be used as a tool. But, your aunt didn't seem to acknowledge the fact that this was her 'use'.

"Rather than marrying into a distant branch of the main family and birthing a pure breed Luxnix, your aunt had taken the same path I did.

"However... Once again, we were forgiven. I was the Northern Star Order, and your aunt had already become a Galaxy Ranked disciple.

"What couldn't be forgiven, though... Was that Little Leo was simply too talented."

Roesia's expression darkened, an array of complex emotions flickering through her gaze and expression.

"... This was already the third and final generation, and talents continued to pop up. But, there was too great of a power imbalance. Our branch of the main family carried with it too much of the talent and we had proven time and time again that we didn't 'listen'.

"When your cousin was born, the fact he almost took your aunt's life was only one aspect, but the phenomena he brought with his first cry was a different matter entirely. To be born with an Innate Node was already rare enough. But, to have one of the caliber of the Scarlet Star Innate Node was a different matter entirely...

"I was too naïve. I thought that I had shown enough loyalty to the family, even leaving behind my husband and son to remain within the estate. I took on so much work and my every day was breathed for the sake of the moment the 'Hibernation Phase' would end...

"But that day when I saw your cousin, my Little Leo... He had gone from a baby boy so large and full of life to one that couldn't even breathe on his own ... His skin had paled, his eyes lost their color, he was crying—he never cried.... He was such a good baby..."

Roesia's tears fell like a flood, but her next words were laced with a dense cold.

"... I killed them. I killed them all."

Her hands trembled as though she was back there once again. She could see the cold gaze of the woman she had once called friend, she could see the impatient and condescending sneer of her husband...

Everyone who had been there, looking over her grandson's small little body, watching as he struggled to even breathe without even lifting a finger, she killed them all.

The very reason Myghell was an orphan, the reason he had no close relatives, parents or grandparents to call his own, was precisely because Roesia saw nothing but red that day.

And among those that fell, was the Snow Star Order of old.

Chapter 1143 Other Way Around

It took quite a long time for Roesia to calm down after reaching this part in her story.

The relationship she had had with Snow Star Order was very deep. They had only been born a few weeks apart and had grown up like sisters. They had practically been attached at the hip ever since they could crawl on their own.

Even after so many years, Roesia couldn't find it within her to get over that betrayal.

In the moment, the fury she felt for the injustice her grandson had faced trumped everything, but when Snow Star Order's blood touched her palm and the last of her blood was drained away, it all hit her like a speeding truck.

Not only did someone she thought of as a sister betray her, but now she had to suffer the weight and guilt of having killed her and her entire family as well.

One might say that she had no reason to feel guilty, and she had only punished those that deserved to be punished. And, maybe such thoughts were correct to have. Anyone who would do such a thing to a child simply didn't deserve to live.

Unfortunately, the human mind wasn't always strictly rational. For some time, Roesia only blamed herself. Maybe if she had shown the family more support, maybe if she hadn't been so selfish in her choices, maybe if she had followed the rules of the family more closely... maybe, maybe... Maybe things wouldn't have needed to go so far.

Roesia understood why Snow Star Order had done what she did.

While Roesia seemed to always be able to live life the way she pleased, choosing the husband she wanted, allowing her daughter to do the same, raising a family of her own and even benefitting with talented children and grandchildren as a result... Snow Star Order never got this chance. In fact, in a lot of ways, her life was made harder due to Roesia.

Roesia got to pick her own husband, but Snow Star Order's marriage was arranged. Roesia's daughter was the gem of the family, but Snow Star Order's own offspring were mediocre at best, unable to match up to the talent of their mother. Roesia's daughter once again got the right to choose her own husband, but Snow Star Order had to watch as her own daughter was forced down the same path as herself...

When Snow Star Order saw that Roesia's grandchild was still far more talented than her own, maybe if one chose to be sympathetic, they could at least understand her thoughts and the motivations behind why she did it.

While on the surface the reasoning was to bring more balance to the family and rein in what power Roesia's branch seemed to be accumulating, the truth underlying those actions was... Jealousy.

"That day I was barely able to stabilize the situation, but I wasn't sure what else to do. The Scarlet Star Innate Node is especially volatile and difficult to handle. It was one matter if Little Leo was perfectly healthy, but having already barely survived one operation, there was no telling if he'd be able to survive another.

"At the same time, while I held fury for their branch of the main family, the child that was given Little Leo's Innate Node was innocent and couldn't make decisions of his own. However, at the time, it really seemed like the little one would suffer due to the decisions of his seniors...

"Assimilating another's Innate Node isn't rare and there's even quite a large black market for it. However, how well it works is highly dependent on what the Node is and how it fits with your affinities. While the little one had the important Star and Light Elemental affinities, he lacked the Fire affinity. In addition, even if he did have it, the Scarlet Star Innate Node is a different beast all together."

Roseia took in a deep breath and sighed.

"For a while, it seemed that the family would lose both geniuses. Little Leo was very weak and frail after losing Innate Node while Myghell was constantly suffering backlash. If not for the preparation Snow Star Order had made, Myghell would have died long ago. Unfortunately, even Snow Star Order had underestimated the Scarlet Star Node and it all wasn't enough.

"Seeing how things were going, even at the sacrifice of an innocent child, I was willing to attempt to transfer Little Leo's Innate Node back to him. After all, though both children were innocent, I couldn't possibly choose another child over my own grandson, right? Plus, what life did Myghell have ahead of him? His living would only complicate the family's internal strife in the future.

"But, it was then that Little Val return with your aunt.

"Back then, he was, rightfully, furious. If not for the guilt I harbored in my heart, it was likely that there would be no Luxnix family remaining.

"I know that... he was right. Snow Star Order wouldn't have done what she did without the consent of the rest of the Star Order Council, and I knew that Snow Star Order's family had ties to many other main family branches due to her and her daughter's arranged marriages... But I still couldn't bring myself to allow it.

"I will be as honest and upfront with you two as I can. I was weak, and I was always too tied up with former ties. Due to that, I ended up alienating your aunt and your mother, as well as your uncle-in-law and your father.

"I relied on my relationship with Alienor to get Velasco to promise not to seek revenge. However, in return, they both resented me for it."

Roesia's gaze grew a bit misty.

Her son-in-law was a man she never saw without a smile on his face. He always had a joke to tell or a prank to pull. She had to admit to herself that due to this, she thought that he would be easy to convince. In fact, she hadn't even known the true strength of her son-in-law until after that talk they had that day.

Velasco had fallen into a silence and didn't say a word to her. It was only after Alienor described Velasco's origins to her did she understand that it wasn't her protecting Velasco from the Luxnix, but it was rather the other way around.

Chapter 1144 Time

Roesia's gaze drifted to Leonel once again. But, even now, his gaze was still trained outside the tall windows. He didn't seem to have heard anything Roesia said, but Roesia didn't decide to push the matter. She didn't know what it was that Leonel was going through, but she felt like she didn't have the

right to ask. She hadn't been able to be a part of her grandson's life for so long, so how could she just appear now and expect him to bare his soul to her?

"... Soon after these matters, Velasco took Little Leo to Earth. I'm not certain of what his reasoning was entirely, but it was likely that the combination of friendly atmosphere plus Low Dimensional world was the best environment for Little Leo's recovery.

"In his weakened state, staying in a Sixth Dimensional world was more of a detriment to Little Leo than anything else... But as for the specifics of how Little Leo was cured, I'm not sure. I can only say that it's good that you've grown up so strong and powerful."

A calm silence fell over the penthouse suite.

The truth was that Leonel was listening, though not actively. With the way his mind worked, unless he used Dream Sense, it was impossible for him not to capture every little detail within hundreds of meters of himself. The only question was whether he would acknowledge it now, or later.

But, after what he experienced today, this benefit seemed more like a curse than anything else.

Leonel didn't really know what he was feeling right now. In reality, maybe his grandmother was the only one able to tell that he was feeling much of anything at all. To everyone else, his face was quite indifferent and placid, as though he didn't have any emotions to speak of at all. Who knew, maybe it was a mother's intuition refined over two generations. They always say that a woman's intuition is strong.

It would be one thing if Leonel had chosen to cut Aina off completely. But, according to his balance scale, she had just barely managed to stay in his heart. The issue with that was now he had to drag all of this baggage around.

He didn't feel like doing much of anything. The moment he had seen her, it was like all the accumulated momentum and drive he had built up over this last year had vanished in an instant, drained out of him by a single look.

If he was honest... It was mildly infuriating.

It wasn't an anger he felt toward Aina, it was one he felt toward himself. He might have been fine with this feeling had he still had no goals or aspirations, but the current him wanted to accomplish something far bigger and larger than himself.

To be weighed down by such emotion, such useless trash, it pissed him off. He almost wanted a reason, any reason at all, to cut this all away from himself like it was some sort of malignant tumor.

Due to all of this, he hadn't even been able to properly react to the truth of his history with the Luxnix. Was he more mad now? Indifferent, maybe? He didn't really know, it was like his emotions were on a delayed timer, but now that the proper moment to react had passed, it was already too late to do much of anything about it.

Did he want to vent?

Not really. If it was about venting, wouldn't the best place to do so have been the Luxnix estate? He couldn't very well go back.

Did he want to speak with Aina?

He didn't particularly want to do this either. They say a picture spoke a thousand words, well a snapshot of Leonel's memory spoke millions. He didn't feel there would be anything to gain from speaking with her.

Did he want to replace her?

He felt no drive to do such a thing. Maybe a woman would help him clear his mind and focus, but whoever that woman was would only end up being a tool. At best, they'd be a prostitute, such a person wouldn't be a replacement to begin with.

Then what did he want to do?

Well... Sitting here felt alright.

Leonel's eyes drifted close, an odd peace overcoming him. In all his calculations, the one thing he didn't note was exactly how long it had been since he simply... rested.

When Leonel was with Aina, even when they didn't need to sleep, they would do so. Of course, a part of that was due to their shenanigans in the bedroom, but Aina was always a reminder for him to rest as well.

If there were two things Aina loved to do, the first was to eat a lot, and the second was to sleep. With her ability, she always knew exactly what her body needed to maximize her growth into the future, so rest and food were two of her biggest appetites.

Ironically, it was meeting with Aina again after so long that seemed to hit Leonel like a Pavlovian response. Before he realized what was happening, his mind sank into darkness and, for the first time in a long while, his thoughts finally came to a stop.

As fast as Leonel's mind moved, he hadn't realized just how much he needed sleep. He had taken on so much weight onto his shoulders in such a short time that he didn't realize just how much it was all weighing him down.

What he and no one else could have possibly expected was that this rest of his would last an entire month. His mind and body both entered a state of hibernation.

However, what was unique about it all was that with the Second Awakening of his Healing Branch, rest for Leonel was far different than rest for others.

In the past, when Leonel rested, he would use Dream Sense to multiply the effect of his sleep. But, that was ultimately just a parlor trick. While it would refresh his mind, his body was only falling further and further behind in its rest.

This time, though, Leonel didn't have the time to activate Dream Sense as he wasn't even aware he was drifting asleep. The result was both his mind and body shutting down.

Under the Second Awakening of the Healing Branch, after not having a proper rest in years, it was like Leonel's body was being refreshed and rebooted. It was impossible to tell just what changes there would be when he awoke.

By then, though, it would be time for the Selection to begin.

Chapter 1145 shut Up!

Alienor sat by Leonel's bedside, her expression one of endless doting. Every so often, she would glide a shimmering towel across her son's forehead as though she couldn't stand the slightest hint of dirt or dust touching him at all.

After Leonel met with her mother, Alienor thought it would be easy to finally swoop in and see her son. But, the result was actually outside of her expectations. What was something she had been looking forward to for decades became something her hands trembled at the thought of doing.

In a lot of ways, Leonel falling into a deep sleep like this was a great help to her. She got to be by her son's side and take care of him without the weight of two decades of baggage. She felt more at peace now than she had in a very long time.

Her eyes glistened with tears when she thought of all the milestones she had missed. Though she could watch them through Velasco's eyes, it just wasn't the same. She didn't get to watch Leonel take his first steps, or be there for his first day of school, she never got the chance to watch any of his football games or teach him how to impress the girl he liked.

Alienor smiled lightly, soon beginning to giggle beside herself. Her husband had always said that the worst people to ask for advice on women as a man was other women.

'Do you think a gazelle is going to teach a lion how to hunt them?' That was what her husband had said.

Velasco suffered the pinch of all pinches for saying these words, but thinking back on it now, Alienor couldn't help but laugh. Her husband was always saying wild and outlandish things. Compared to him, her son was definitely the far more handsome and refined gentleman.

Alienor's smile became somewhat sad. She shook her head and dabbed her son's forehead again.

Her son was so perfect, how could any woman make him go through such things? She didn't like this Aina at all. If it wasn't for her worrying about how her son would react, she would have taught that girl a lesson a long time ago.

'I will change the bedsheets again.'

Alienor transferred Leonel to another bed and replaced the sheets once again, even swapping out the pillows.

If Leonel had been awake, he would have known where his meticulousness came from. Aina had always said his room was frighteningly clean and tidy, but witnessing his mother change bedsheets twice a day despite the fact he was giving off next to no impurities at all would make Leonel realize there was always a taller mountain somewhere.

Alienor smiled brilliantly as she laid her son down to rest again, gently combing his hair with her fingers and dabbing his forehead once more.

A month had already passed by now and many were waiting on the Selection to begin. However, Alienor had told them all to wait.

What a joke. These people would just have to patiently stand by until her baby boy woke up.

**

Leonel's eyes slowly opened. Rather than feeling the usual grogginess one might expect from just waking up, especially after sleeping so long, he actually felt refreshed to an alarming degree. It was to the point where even the air he was breathing tasted better.

Leonel rose up and slid to the side of the bed. His bare feet touched the soft carpet and his mind subconsciously outlined every fiber. It was like the touch of his skin was no less sensitive than his actual Internal Sight now.

'6 700 000...'

Leonel's pupils constricted. His number of split minds had been just over five million before he fell asleep, but now they were actually approaching almost 40% more. At the same time, even the most subtle of movements his body underwent made his bones crackle and pop as though they were breathing sighs of relief.

Leonel didn't need to stand to know that he had grown another two inches. He had been about 6'6 before, but now he was nearly 6'9 or 205 centimeters.

He squeezed his fists, feeling the changing as his muscle fibers flexed and blood rushed to his limbs. He could almost see the light bouncing off his tanned skin as though he was truly made of metal. Though... maybe he technically was.

Leonel ran his fingers through his hair. '... It grew out again...'

Leonel shook his head and with practiced motions cut it off. A slight violet glow shimmered before his hair was coerced into being cut. Finally, as always, he stored it all away.

Leonel rose up, realizing that he was only wearing a pair of white boxers. He blinked, suddenly realizing that he definitely did not own these. It dawned on him that someone must have been changing his clothes in his sleep... He wasn't exactly shy, but he couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

At that moment, Leonel's stomach suddenly growled. Before he could think that he was hungry, Leonel spotted an enormous spread of food in the Penthouse's dining room. He most definitely didn't need to be asked twice and immediately dove in.

BANG!

"Cap!"

The doors of the Penthouse slammed open as a rush of people came in.

"Ah..."

Leonel didn't get to say anything before he was tackled and dog piled, his poor beast leg flying out of his hands.

Raj's rotund figure was the first to collide with him and Milan followed suit not long after. Before Leonel could react, he found himself being piled by at least six 200 pound men on the most conservative end, with the likes of Raj and Milan pushing and crossing 300.

Leonel coughed. "You guys couldn't pick a better time? I'm starving here."

Leonel's muffled voice sounded beneath the pattern.

"Shut up, Cap! Let me love you! Gimme a kiss."

Leonel found himself fighting for his life beneath a pile of grown men, dodging lips left and right.

For the first time in a while, he laughed.

Chapter 1146 Brim

Hours later, Leonel seemed to have finally noticed something weird about his brothers.

"You all... How'd you grow so powerful so quickly?"

The dining room table had been cleared of all food and Leonel was even sporting a small pot belly. His stomach never showed this sort of effect after eating, so it could only be said that he had truly stuffed himself full this time.

By the end of it, he finally noticed the changes in his teammates. Judging by a few factors, it should have only been about 5 weeks since the last time he woke up. Yet, he could feel that the auras of his teammates were all several times stronger. If it had taken three of them to match a branch family member before, they could probably fight one on one to a stalemate now.

Of course, this still left them far short of the Luxnix family main branch along with the other main branches. But, it was a shocking change nonetheless.

After Leonel thought about it though, he felt that it made sense. For such talents, just staying and acclimating to a Sixth Dimensional world over an extended period of time would cause great positive changes to their strength. The pressure of such a high level world would squeeze out the latent potential they had within themselves and allow their talents to shine forth.

'I didn't consider this before, but this is good...'

"Ah, right. Granny Fawkes has been helping us out. She made a training regimen for us all and we've been following it for the past few weeks." Franco explained.

Leonel's brows shot up. It took him a moment to realize that Franco was actually talking about his grandmother. His lip curled into a smile.

"Oh? What did she make you guys do?"

The dining room suddenly turned quiet. Even Allan's face tinged with red as he pushed his glasses up his nose, unwilling to make eye contact with Leonel. The only one who seemed alright was Milan.

"She put us through a routine of cardio and stretching, nothing major. She just said that we had the talent, it was just that our bodies had not been placed under appropriate pressure."

Leonel's gaze immediately picked up the weird gazes of everyone when Milan said 'stretches'. Suddenly, he felt a great comradeship with the brothers around him. He, too, understood the complex emotions associated with working on your flexibility. Even to this day, he hadn't allowed anyone to see him stretch using that technique he got from the Valiant Heart Zone.

As for Milan, of course he was uncaring. He took his flexibility the most seriously of all of them. Despite his 300 pound frame, he had actually spent quite some time as a gymnast and even dabbled in ballet. Milan surprisingly took them both quite seriously so he was rarely made fun of for it.

Leonel was filled with sympathy.

**

The location was Planet Montex.

Of the three families, they seemed to be the most silent, however the training their youths had been undergoing was anything but. Much like their tall mountains which pierced through their atmosphere and gave their world devilish horns, they too were stoically persistent.

Maybe due to this or by coincidence, Planet Montex was chosen as the starting grounds for the Selection.

After over a week of delays, the Selection was finally beginning and the pent up anticipation seemed only steps away from blowing.

Amongst the Montex family youths, there was one particular young man that Leonel would recognize very well. That day in the Dimensional Cleanse Trial Zone, in order to claim the Fifth Dimensional piece Leonel had been forced to fight not just one, but two people.

One of those two people was Rychard. The other was Higlís, a young man who wielded an enormous hammer with the weight of a small mountain.

Who knew what the odds were of meeting two potential heirs of this Three Pillar Sector at once. But, all that was important was the fact that Higlís hadn't forgotten Leonel. He too had wanted to rely on the Fifth Dimensional layer of to maximize his chances at becoming Crown Heir. Unfortunately, he wasn't as meticulous or scheming as Rychard. The result was that he was still vying for position while Rychard had already claimed his Crown Heir position for himself.

To Higlís, this Selection was the opportunity he needed to secure his position for life. So long as he could become a Nominal disciple, he was set. But of course... This wasn't the limit of his ambition.

...

Many forces converged onto Planet Montex. Among them, the Montex, Viola and the Luxnix weren't the only ones, there was also Riah's Sage family and numerous others who could only be considered to be a step beneath the 'Three Pillars'.

Within this throng of people, Leonel, his brothers and his friends could be considered to be the most leisurely. While others were scrambling for position, they had already found their seats.

It was unknown what was being planned, and even Leonel was still unaware that the overseer of this event was actually his own mother, but the Void Palace had set aside a large arena. Or, more accurately, the Montex had one built at their behest.

Leonel assumed that there would be some group challenges ahead, or else Fluttering Star Order wouldn't have tried to invest so much into branch family members. But, he wasn't sure if this was set in stone, or if Fluttering Star Order had only been preparing for the possibility.

By Leonel's side, his grandmother held onto his arm like a frail old lady. One would think that she had a step in the grave already, but judging by her current vitality, living for several hundred more years wouldn't be a problem in the slightest.

At the moment, Roesia's mood was very good as Leonel's attitude toward her after waking up was far better than what she had expected. She thought that Leonel hated her, when the reality was just that Leonel hadn't been in the mood for pleasantries previously. Even knowing his grandmother's role in protecting the Luxnix, he didn't hate her. In fact, he quite appreciated her.

Wouldn't Leonel be too much of a hypocrite if he hated his grandfather's actions on one end, but was alright with genocide on another just because he had been wronged? If anything, of all his relatives, his grandmother's personality was the most in line with himself.

Over the last few days, the grandmother-grandson pair had become a lot closer and Roesia's wrinkles seemed to vanish one after another the longer she spent smiling. She hadn't felt so happy in a very long time, she almost didn't care what the Luxnix did from now on.

Like this, the arena which could house millions was slowly filled to the brim.

Chapter 1147 Two Paths

Leonel split a bit of his attention to pay attention to the surroundings.

Truthfully, the idea of joining yet another organization made him feel pretty weird on the inside. It could only be said that his luck wasn't the best when it came to such things. Though his relationship with Camelot, the Slayer Legion and Valiant Heart Mountain could all be considered to be positive now, though the latter was now destroyed, the rockiness he had experienced at the start of his relationship with them was still firmly imprinted onto Leonel's mind.

After leaving Valiant Heart Mountain, Leonel had truly thought that he would never join another organization again. He had plans to simply build up his own faction until it was time for the Morales family's Heir Wars.

Though Leonel didn't know how the Morales saw him, or if they might treat him the same way the Luxnix had or not, he had enough reason to believe that so long as he won these Heir Wars, it wouldn't matter. The fact that he had two of their most important family Heirlooms in hand spoke for itself.

After learning about the Void Palace, though, Leonel realized that he didn't really have much of a choice in the matter. Whether he wanted to or not, if he had aspirations of reaching the pinnacle of the Dimensional Verse, joining the Void Palace was a must.

To describe the importance of the Void Palace in the simplest way possible: They were the guardians of the Human Domain.

Any dream Leonel had of uniting the Dimensional Verse would, without a shadow of a doubt, have to pass through them. It could even be said that becoming the Head of the Void Palace would be a shortcut, at least to claiming the Human Domain, that is.

Even if this wasn't the case, the Void Palace had vast stores of information Leonel couldn't miss out on. Whether it was information about other Domains, thoughts and ideologies Leonel had never touched before, or even something as plain as techniques and Styles, Leonel had to grasp them all. It was a foothold of such importance that he could only grab onto it.

Leonel had always had a phobia of missing out. Of course, this wasn't a phobia about events or people, but rather, knowledge. He hated the idea of taking less efficient paths simply because of his own ignorance. He had experienced that feeling all too often since he enter the Dimensional Verse.

One such example was the truth behind why so many of the youths participating in the Selection had stopped at Tier 7. Even Rychard, the Crown Heir of the Viola, was only at Tier 8 currently.

Of course, the obvious answer was that the Void Palace only accepted those beneath the Sixth Dimension. But, this was just one layer of the answer.

Firstly, if they accepted those beneath the Sixth Dimension, why stop at Tier 7 or 8? Wouldn't it maximize your chances if you continued to the Quasi Sixth Dimension level? That would still meet the requirements, right?

You could say that maybe these geniuses simply hadn't had the time, yet. But, this answer only made sense for the first few times. Oddly, though, every expert Leonel ran across as they continued to flood this arena were all the same. There were simply too many of them for it to be a coincidence. They couldn't possibly all be 'too young', right?

Then, there was the second oddity. Why beneath the Sixth Dimension? Weren't there talents of all levels to be found everywhere? The former Guild Head of the Milky Way Guild, Augustus, was a great example.

Augustus was a special sort of talent, able to enter the Sixth Dimension while bound by the constraints of a Fifth Dimensional world. The difficulty in doing so was astronomical. Though some of this could be attributed to him taking advantage of the Sixth Dimensional Galaxies that wanted to take advantage of him, this only went to further bolster and prove his skill.

However, according to the rules of the Void Palace, they would reject him no matter what.

When Leonel asked his grandmother about this, it was only at this point that he managed to understand why this was.

The Sixth Dimension was an important crossroads and was divided into two major paths. First, there was a conventional path which essentially reboot and reframed the progress you made in the previous three Dimensions.

To explain it as simply as possible, with the Conventional Path, your Sixth Dimension would become a re-run of the Third Dimension where you would form more and strengthen your Innate Nodes. Following this, the Seventh Dimension along this path would be redo of the Fourth Dimension where you would once again strength your body. And, the Eight Dimension would become a reboot of the Fifth Dimension...

Of course, those who took this path would still be able to become extremely powerful and weren't necessarily worse off than those who took the opposing path. However, while they weren't necessarily worse off, it would be impossible to reach the ceiling of those who took the other path... Also known as the God Path.

Should one choose the God Path, they would have a chance to reach the true peak of the Dimensional Verse. Of course, once again, those that chose the Conventional Path weren't necessarily weaker, and there were many who chose this path that could match top experts of the God Path. However, without fail, the strongest individuals of the Dimensional Verse had stepped onto this second, unconventional path.

In order to take the God Path, however, one needed to start early. The priming for diverging and taking this route began at Tier 7 of the Fifth Dimension. Using that buffer period, one could slowly begin to mold themselves and prepare.

Once again, Leonel realized that he had almost missed out on something greatly important. He couldn't help but feel that his dad was really too casual with informing him about such things.

How could he pick any path other than the God Path?

Leonel's gaze suddenly shifted toward a certain direction, an aura of pure white gold descending as the Luxnix family arrived.

Chapter 1148 Luxnix Force Art Language

The arrival of the Luxnix could only be said to be quite grandiose. Being the last of the three major families to arrive, they seem to have made it a point to make a statement. But, maybe this only made sense. After three generations of slowly biding their time, they could finally see success on the horizon. This Selection would be the time for them to rise.

An enormous golden bird flew through the skies. And yet, somehow, it carried not the slightest hint of a shadow.

If Leonel had to describe it in just a few words, he would most definitely choose Golden Phoenix.

It had a long and slender neck of perfect groomed plumes. Its wings gently flapped despite its size, wafting about intoxicating scents and unintrusive winds. Its tail feathers sparkled with delicate patterns, filling all those who saw it with awe.

A sonorous call left the beak of the majestic bird. It rang through the arena like the clanging of a silver bell. Somehow, it didn't feel annoying in the slightest but rather filled one with amazement and worship.

By now, Leonel would have usually looked away, displaying a sheer lack of interest. However, he wasn't the type of person to fake what he was feeling, at least not when it came to matters that weren't superficial.

While others saw a bird, Leonel saw one of the most elaborate and complex Force Arts he had ever laid eyes on. Regardless of how he felt about the Luxnix family, he didn't take his eyes off of it, his gaze filled with curiosity and awe.

Whether it was the lack of shadow, the wind movement ratio, or even the number of people it could carry... everything about this bird seemed to defy the laws of physics and left Leonel intrigued.

Creating such a lifelike creature was definitely something the Camelot Magic System couldn't accomplish. While the Camelot Magic System was good at taking Artistic Conceptions and functionally applying them to an attack or defense, it didn't have the malleability to form such a lifelike creation.

Leonel wasn't very surprised by this. If one magic system could accomplish everything, then there would never be a need for so many to exist. This was especially so for Force Art languages.

Leonel knew three currently. One was the Morales family's Crafting Arts, the second was the Camelot Mage Arts, and the final was the very first he had ever learned, the nameless Force Art capable of transcribing abilities into an Art.

Of them, Leonel was the most unfamiliar with the third. He always had at the back of his mind just how dangerous the person who could use this ability was, but that was about it. At the level he had comprehended it to, he could at most copy low level abilities that couldn't even really be considered to be at the first level of an Ability Index.

Within the piles of Luxnix core texts and teachings Leonel's mother had left behind to him, the Luxnix family's Force Art discipline was detailed within it as well. Until now, Leonel hadn't paid much attention to it as there were many other techniques that had caught his attention. But, seeing it all at work before him left him astonished.

"Grandma, how familiar are you with the Luxnix Force Art techniques?"

Roesia blinked. She had expected that Leonel was staring so intently at the Luxnix's arrival because he was still enraged or angered. She hadn't been sure of whether to try to comfort him or leave him be, but to think that Leonel was actually just observing the bird because he was curious about it. Such a turn of events left her stunned before her smile bloomed.

It wasn't the first time Leonel had called her grandma, but she still felt her heart bloom whenever she heard it. She was very much excited that Leonel was actually asking something of her.

"I know a little. Do you want me to teach you?" Roesia's gaze glowed. She forgot all about the Luxnix and even forgot about everyone in her surroundings. Her only focus was pleasing her grandson.

Leonel smiled. "I'm just a bit curious. It's unlike anything I've seen before. I remember that elder Sparking Star Order... When I met her before she tapped her cane and her body was enveloped in fluttering butterflies that seemed shaped of fire. Was that an application of the Luxnix Force Arts?"

Roesia seemed to grow younger by several years every time Leonel spoke to her.

"Yes, you could say so. Sparking Star Order is among the most skilled in the Luxnix Force Arts."

"Are the butterflies just an aesthetic choice, or?"

Leonel actually wasn't sure. He didn't have a high enough understanding of the Luxnix Force Arts to make an assessment. Plus, seeing through the technique of such a high level Sixth Dimensional expert was beyond even his means.

"Not exactly, though in part." Roesia patiently explained, "the Luxnix Force Arts are very good at embodying and manipulating Life Force. When Sparking Star Order taps her cane and summons her butterflies, she's using a fusion of her ability and her comprehension of Force Arts to disperse her aura and make her teleportation impossible to track.

"The flapping of the butterfly's wings are more than just an aesthetic choice as the frequency they do so at is very important. Even the most skilled of Internal Sights would find trouble tracking her down. It makes her movement both flexible and unpredictable."

Roesia divulged a major secret of one of the Luxnix family's Star Order elders without blinking an eye.

"I see... Flexibility, huh?" Leonel fell into thought.

Roesia nodded. "If the strength of the Luxnix Force Arts was to be described in one word, its adaptability. What it loses out in strength, it makes up for by melding into the perfect technique for the situation.

"Take a Sensory Force Art as an example. A more rigid Force Art language might send a ripple into the surroundings to send back a static image to the user. But, with the Luxnix Force Art language, you might instead form and send out several wolf constructions. Their adaptability would be several fold greater."

Roesia patiently taught her grandson what she knew, the two seemingly lost in their own world as the golden phoenix of the Luxnix touched down, dispersing to reveal a shocking reality.

The Luxnix was being headed not by their Patriarch, and not by a Star Order elder...

But rather a single young man of barely over 20 years of age.

Chapter 1149 Representation

A subtle silence fell over the arena.

While many here could be considered to have only come for the fun of the spectacle, there was a matter of perspective needed as well.

This arena could sit millions. However, the population of a single planet was counted in the tens of billions. The number of habitable planets in just a single quadrant could be counted in the hundreds. The number of quadrants in a single galaxy were numerous and the number of galaxies in a single Sector could be counted in the dozens.

When these numbers are multiplied out, there were easily hundreds of trillions of people in a single Sector, and even that number was far too small to adequately paint the truth of the situation. Any yet...

There were only millions who could afford to be here.

Even the most low level heckler within this crowd was a tycoon back on their home world. There wasn't a single person present that wasn't sharp and intelligent, not to mention well versed in the matters of politics and the importance of image.

For the Luxnix to make such a grand entrance, all for the sake of allowing a young man to lead them all, it spoke volumes. In fact, it spoke so loud that everyone could only fall into an abject silence.

Leonel, who had been speaking with his grandmother, didn't really react to this. He found the Luxnix Force Arts far more fascinating than whatever grand entrance they had planned. Plus, he had already heard the story about Myghell, he wasn't very astonished to feel something similar to his own Innate Node.

That said, he sensed something quite curious about his original Innate Node. But, he shook his head and didn't mind it.

If he hadn't managed to regrow his Innate Node back, he might be more infuriated. But after learning what happened, Leonel didn't particularly hate Myghell. In fact, he felt quite bad for Myghell. After all, the actions of his parents caused him to be raised without family.

Leonel had seen what a lack of familial love could do to a person. Every time he thought of Aina's deepest insecurities, it was often always related back to this. In addition, he could see how great it was to have great family and friends around him everyday.

He had grown up with his father by his side, and knowing that his mother and grandmother loved him filled him with a full sort of feeling. Even knowing that his grandfather had cut contact with his grandmother mostly due to himself even somewhat changed his opinion of the old man.

Though he and his grandfather could never be on the same page, there was an odd complex emotion that Leonel couldn't help but feel knowing that the old man still loved him.

But, Myghell had never experienced any of this.

Sure, there was plenty of 'love' around him coming from the Luxnix family elders. But, didn't they all just see him as a tool to be used? They didn't love him unconditionally like his mother or father could have, they only loved him insofar as his talent could bring their family to the next level.

When Leonel finally looked up and his gaze landed on Myghell... What he felt wasn't rage or fury...

All he felt was pity.

Myghell didn't look around, nor did he react to the crowd's gaze. With light steps, he walked toward the region of participants, taking a seat in the section left to the Luxnix.

His expression couldn't be said to be indifferent, but he was clearly uncaring. He felt that everything was far beneath his notice.

Even knowing that Aina was nearby, Myghell didn't even glance in her direction. The matters of the Bronze Tablet was still at the back of his mind, but he had chosen to take these matters slowly, a single step at a time. There were simply too many ways to interpret the words of a prophecy and he was willing to let things bear themselves out naturally.

The elders of the Luxnix smiled toward Myghell with feelings of gratification clear in their gaze. Without a word, he had very clearly suppressed the momentum of all the geniuses present. How could they not feel fulfilled?

After so long, it was time they bare their fangs.

With a WHOOSH, the elders of the Luxnix rose to the stadium seats, leaving the ground region for the participants.

Among those that had come, there was Winged, Sparking and Resting Star Order. After a quick sweep, Winged Star Order's gaze narrowed when he noticed Roesia.

Leonel, the geniuses of Earth, and his grandmother currently all sat on the ground floor. However, their seating arrangements were oddly luxurious, even more so than the three main families. Many had chalked it up to the appearance of Roesia, but the members of the Luxnix found that there was something decidedly odd about all of this.

Before Winged Star Order could think about just what was going on and understand why his heart was feeling uncomfortable, Orinik suddenly appeared in the middle of the vast arena.

In that moment, a wide sweeping pressure emitted from him.

Orinik was usually a calm and scholarly young man. His dark skin was always glistening and perfectly taken care of. His clothing never had even the slightest wrinkled. And, his aura was always reserved and as calm as a lake.

After spending so long in the Luxnix family, many of the elders had come to this very same conclusion. But, suddenly seeing him flip a switch like this and release a pressure that made even them burst into a cold sweat... They finally realized just how large the difference between them and a young man who was ultimately just a Galaxy rank disciple was...

Orinik might have been amiable and scholarly usually, but right now, he was representing the Void Palace, the protectors of the Human Domain and the greatest shield of Humanity. This was no longer for himself.

This would be a day those present would never forget.

Chapter 1150 Amethyst Token

Orinik took a deep breath. Just this subtle action seemed to agitate the atmosphere itself, a sweeping wind flying about the arena.

"I will not explain to you all the weight the Title of Void Palace Disciple holds, because quite frankly, the majority of you all are not worthy of knowing. Instead, I will only tell you all that if you miss this opportunity, it will be one you regret for a lifetime.

"Today will be the first of three days of trials. Usually, we have something of a more elaborate planned, but this time around, we will use the simplest and most crude of methods."

What Orinik didn't explain was that this was due to the actions of Leonel's mother.

In order to allow the youth of Earth more spots to be selected, it could be said that she abused her power to expand the Selection. This wasn't exactly rare, as many overseers would do similar things when they were sent back to their home Sectors. Due to this, the Void Palace usually had a policy of sending over those who could be unbiased.

Because of these factors, Alienor wasn't meant to return. But, due to the interference of Leonel's father and a series of events not many were aware of, the Void Palace ended up making yet another exception.

In truth, the Void Palace wasn't too worried about this at all because...

"There will be no absolute fairness. If you cannot make it through these rounds and rise to the top in just this Sector, you would have never stood a chance upon reaching the Void Palace. Don't think me out to be cruel. If anything, we are saving your lives. The Selection that takes place here could never match up to even a tenth of the difficulty in the Void Palace's True Selection.

"If you can't prove yourself here... You would never be able to do so there."

Orinik's words were strict and allow no room for rebuttal. In any sort of crude tournament format, expecting fairness was impossible. Even in the case that the organizers knew every single little detail about the participants and could organize the perfect tournament brackets, there would still be a few who ended up with a raw deal, let alone the fact that the people of Void Palace had no way of knowing all these secrets.

If you could perfectly predict everything, what would be the point in the Selection to begin with? You might as well just pick out your favorites and get it over with.

Orinik was wizened enough to know the hearts of people and how they could complain about such things, so he laid the cards out on the table immediately. He wouldn't allow the organization of this Selection to go awry.

"With these formalities out of the way, we can begin with the rules.

"As I mentioned before, the Selection will be divided into three days with ample rest between these stages. We will provide adequate medical attention during these rest days, but during a tournament day, you can only rely on yourself.

"This means there will be a ban on all extracurricular supplements. The only thing you can rely on is your own Force and Force replenishment ability. Those found violating this rule will be disqualified immediately."

Orinik didn't explain how he would monitor such a thing when there were so many participants, not to mention countless elders with a vested interest in their juniors succeeding, but no one doubted his confident expression. If the Void Palace couldn't accomplish at least this much, they would be far too incompetent.

"The first day will be a group stage. The second day will be a round robin. The third day will be a special day which has an undecided format as of now.

"As I've already stated, this is just the beginning. Whether you will truly become the students of the Void Palace will be decided on how you perform when you reach those tall gates. However, there is still something that you can fight for here.

"There are an unlimited number of Nominal Disciple positions. Whether you can claim one will depend on your performance. Those eliminated in the first day will have no chance. However, those who can make it into the second day can consider themselves to be on a short list of potential entries.

"Above the Nominal Disciple position, there are three Gold Tokens up for grabs. These Gold Tokens, when exchanged at the Void Palace, allow you a chance to directly challenge to become a Galaxy Ranked disciple upon entry.

"Of course, reaching the location to do so is not so easy... But this is a matter you will learn about in the future.

"Finally, there is the Amethyst Token. In this Selection, there will only be one. However, just like the Nominal Disciple position and the Gold Tokens, this Amethyst Token also isn't guaranteed to be given out."

Orinik allowed his words to drift into the air. He wanted those here to know that there was no guarantee that any of them would be selected. There was a very real possibility that even after all three days, not a single Token would be given out and not a single disciple would be chosen.

"The Amethyst Token is a special Token reserved for a special level of talent. Across the Human Domain, in a given Selection Cycle, no more than two or three has ever been given out at the same time. In fact, in most years, not a single Amethyst Token would be awarded.

"The Amethyst Token represents the Undefeated. To earn this Token, not only must you display dominance, you cannot lose. This Token represents the Number One Genius of a Sector, an undisputed Ruler amongst their peers.

"Having this Amethyst Token, much like having the Gold Token, allows you to challenge for a higher disciple Rank. But, while the Gold Token caps you at the Galaxy Rank, the Amethyst Token has no such cap.

"Whatever you accomplish will be solely up to you."

The gazes of the youths all glowed with a fiery light. Just how many of them wanted to claim such a glory, to be undefeated and become the undisputed head of their generation?

Fire burned in their chests and a blaze lit in their eyes. This glory, they would give their everything to strive for it.