

Descent 1211

Chapter 1211 "I"

A hushed silence fell over the temple, Wise Star Order seeming to not want to answer immediately.

There was one very important thing that had been left out in all of this, something that had been nagging at Leonel even more so than the oddity of Wise Star Order's actions... And that was the existence of the title Wise Star Order to begin with.

What did Wise Star Order, Snow Star Order and Northern Star Order even mean? Since the Lineage Factor of the Luxnix had originated from this Tablet, then these titles should have come from it as well, correct? In that case, what did they mean?

Another oddity even beyond this was the title Snow Star Order. From Wise Star Order's deductions, it seemed that the Healing Branch and the Wisdom Branch were recurring themes. In addition, this all seemed to double back to the Twelve Pointed Star, or, in other words, the Northern Star.

That begged the question, how was this related to Snow Star Order at all? It seemed odd. The only one of the three titles that seemed out of place.

Of course, there was the possibility that it was a special title reserved for the Snowy Star Owl, but that just opened up more questions than answers, because in such a situation, this would mean that the oddities here were the title of Wise Star Order and Northern Star Order. But, logically, an anomaly of three things couldn't be two separate parts of the whole... Right?

Leonel's mind was spinning in overdrive.

From what he understood, the Northern Star Order title was very rare, so rare, in fact, that it had been many, many generations since it last appeared. The Wise Star Order title appeared three generations ago, but didn't seem to receive the same rarity attached to it. What was odd was that according to Leonel's grandmother, Wise Star Order and Snow Star Order appeared in history at about the same rate, while Northern Star Order almost never did.

By now, the oddity was obvious.

If Leonel was the creator of the Tablet—an existence he had to assume was either alive or had at least once been—what would his purpose be? Likely, it would be to pass down their Lineage. In that case, how would the Titles be related to this? Well, in all likelihood, those who received these 'Titles' would be the ones the creator placed the greatest hope in.

The creator wouldn't be able to pick and choose who ended up with their Tablet. However, if one was Intelligent enough to be capable of passing on their Lineage through a Tablet, wouldn't they also be capable of maximizing their effort?

If Leonel put himself in such a person shoes, what would he choose to do?

Well, instead of throwing a fit and stressing over exactly who was lucky enough to find their Inheritance, I would instead tag them. I would give them just enough strength to build up an empire for themselves, and allow them to procreate and germinate through several generations.

By then, an investment in what once was just one or a handful of people, would suddenly become an investment into millions, billions, even tens of billions.

Then, at my leisure, I would go through these individuals one by one. Over hundreds of years, thousands, tens of thousands, and even more, the number of individuals I would be able to test and groom would be almost too much to count.

Eventually, I would get lucky. I would find a candidate that matched my requirements and smile upon realizing that everything had finally worked out. Then, I would bestow such a person a Title that would raise them above the rest. Such a person would have the greatest chance of maximizing my Lineage and ensuring that what remains of me Blossoms forth, growing to the potential I always knew it had.

Of course, these were just Leonel's thoughts. It was a logical progression of things he felt had a better than 90% probability of being true, though he was certain that he was also missing large chunks here and there, not to mention several fine details.

But, why was this all important? What weight did it carry?

Well, just logically speaking, if such a person was indeed a genius and they chose to create multiple of these Titles, the names given wouldn't be meaningless, right? In fact, such a person would likely place dividing tiers among these names where certain titles would be worth far more than others were.

If Leonel was such a person, he would most definitely rank Snow Star Order at the very bottom. After all, its origin was the weakest of the Lineage Factors and it was tied to the weakest of the beasts. As for Wise Star Order and Northern Star Order, they would be far better. They encompassed a potential that touched upon all the beasts and were applicable to all of the Lineage Factors.

Logically, then... Wouldn't Wise Star Order be just as rare as Northern Star Order? At the very least, even if Wise Star Order was a step below Northern Star Order, it should still be more rare than Snow Star Order... Right?

So the question was, why was it that Wise Star Order had appeared so frequently in the history of the Luxnix? Shouldn't such a powerful Title be more scarce? As the creator of this Lineage Factor, wouldn't I feel far more selective when handing out the most precious of my Titles?

Of course, that was just an oddity. What if it was just a coincidence? It might be. After all, Leonel knew so little about these matters, definitely far less than his great Ancestor Wise Star Order. Unless...

Well, unless it is that there was never more than a single Wise Star Order to begin with. Maybe, since the very beginning, such a prestigious Title had only appeared once and its importance was cleverly hidden over the years by the very same man.

Leonel's lips curled into a smile. "You can read my mind right, Ancestor? So I don't really need to waste my time repeating all of this?"

Leonel flipped his palm, a silver disk appearing in his hand.

"Hey you useless hunk of metal, what's Ancestor Wise Star Order's Ability Index?"

< *Ping* >

< Replying to Seed >

< Ability Index: Soul Manipulation; Tier 5: Immortality >

Leonel chuckled dryly. "Son of a bitch."

Chapter 1212 Soul

Leonel had already memorized the known Ability Indexes. So, he didn't really need the dictionary to explain anything more to him.

Seed. Root. Form. Manipulation. Immortality.

Even if he hadn't memorized these five titles, just by the fact that Wise Star Order was in Tier 5 to begin with was shocking enough. There was only one group of people who could enter the fifth tier...

Savants.

Leonel had to say that the creator of these Tablets surely chose well. There probably was no better choice for a Title like Wise Star Order than a Savant with a soul ability.

Leonel felt like this was a great opportunity, he really wanted to find out how Savants who hadn't been locked up since their youth functioned. From what it seemed, Wise Star Order was kind and even somewhat pitiable.

However, Leonel was well aware that those who fell on the spectrum Savants normally did were actually very good at falling in line and displaying an outward façade to fool those around them. In fact, if you weren't careful, you would very quickly find yourself being manipulated.

Apparently, though, Leonel didn't realize the irony in his own thoughts.

Someone else would have already fallen into Wise Star Order's rhythm. The moment Leonel felt pity for his Ancestor, it was pretty much over. Wise Star Order most definitely hadn't wasted his years of Immortality. If Leonel also blindly trusted him, what chance did he stand?

Leonel shook his head. "I wouldn't be surprised if the instances of Northern Star Order appearing in history were fabricated as well. You really thought ahead, just in case a Northern Star Order really did appear one day, you would have a backlog of fake history to rely upon so no one shone light on you.

"But the question still remains... why? With a Savant leading the charge you could have done all of this yourself. What are you here waiting for? It can't be that you really want my body, right?"

Leonel smiled, but for some reason, it didn't seem to travel to his eyes. There was something decidedly cold about the current atmosphere.

"I see." Wise Star Order finally spoke, the slight bubbiness of his words having faded. Stripped down of all its emotion, his voice wasn't exactly cold, but it was just a step away from robotic, as though there wasn't anything particularly human left of him. "So you're a lot like me. It's no wonder my usual act doesn't work."

Wise Star Order took a breath, but it seemed to be a habit rather than a necessity.

"You are a bit too naïve, young one. The Dimensional Verse is far more vast than you can imagine and a single wrong step could bring you ruin. Even being a Savant isn't enough to guarantee anything. Just to get these fools to bide their time for three generations, I had to dedicate an entire lifetime to servitude. And, even then, I needed to kill a few idiots who wanted to ignore my 'prophecy'.

"If it wasn't for the fact that I do indeed need your body, I would prefer to have you as a subordinate. You and I can see the world similarly and I wouldn't have to worry about you doing something foolish."

Leonel chuckled. "You should pick someone else's body. If you try to take mine, your Immortality ability won't be worth much. I hope you choose smarter."

Wise Star Order didn't seem to hear Leonel's words at all and instead sighed.

"If only I wasn't born human. What good is a Soul Manipulation ability if my soul is so weak? What good is being Immortal if my body still rots after a couple centuries?"

"Oh? Are there races with more powerful souls?"

"Of course there are. Do you think I've wasted my years of life? My knowledge of the Dimensional Verse is beyond anything you can imagine. I've even left the Human Domain and traveled to places even those uppity cowards of the Void Palace don't dare to step foot in.

"I've seen a Race of people who are born as nothing but Souls. Their childhood is made up of nothing more than constructing the bodies they need to live in. Their souls are so powerful that each is like their own blazing sun.

"I've seen a Race of people whose infants could kill a Sixth Dimensional expert with a single stomp.

"I've even seen a Race of people that can swallow planets and shit out moons. The humans race is so pathetically weak that I'm almost baffled they still dare to call themselves Emperors and Empresses in this Domain. They're just lucky that this Domain doesn't have an Eighth Dimensional region, or else what peaceful existence they do have would be torn to shreds in an instant.

"But then again, pretty soon, this shitty Human Domain will have one, huh? By then, there'll be no place to hide. I already don't have anymore time to waste in this place. I need this family to grow stronger so I can take those final steps and your body is simply excellent.

"Your mind is robust so I won't have to shave off my own strength as much as I usually do, you have a high Class Innate Node usually only those Elemental Races can form, and it happens to be the perfect Innate Node to speed up my evolution through the five Light Star Beasts. When I have enough strength, I can finally go retrieve the next Tablet from those arrogant Elemental Races and touch upon the final stage of evolution.

"Plus, you're also a Morales. Not worth much in the grand scheme, but in terms of humans, there's no better body to take."

"Oh? You know about the Morales?"

"Of course I do." Leonel could practically hear Wise Star Order's sneer. "Even after I hid the secret of the Tablet away from your grandmother for so many years, that bitch was still progressing too fast. You came at the most convenient time for me to finally stall her growth.

"I never understood why humans placed so much emphasis on their emotions. She could have long since rivaled the greatest experts of the Human Domain by now if she wasn't so soft. However, it's good for me this way. This family can only be led by me."

Leonel suddenly laughed.

"You know, I originally felt quite bad for you. But now... I think it would just be best if you died."

Chapter 1213 Pretending?

Wise Star Order seemed to be stunned for a moment before he chuckled.

"You're still pretending? You're not like everyone else."

Leonel didn't respond, his gaze having turned a frightening cold. But, toward this, Wise Star Order only released his first genuine chuckle. He was truly stunned that Leonel had gotten mad at him.

If Leonel was mad because he caused him to be harmed as a child, that was fine. In fact, Wise Star Order could understand that, he would be mad having been outclassed and manipulated as well. As for the fact that Leonel had quite literally been a baby at the time, Wise Star Order didn't seem to care.

However, Leonel seemed to be enraged by the words Wise Star Order had said about his grandmother.

"To be mad about such a ridiculous thing." Wise Star Order laughed once more. "I'll never understand, I really won't. Forget it, this is nothing more than a waste of my time."

The Tablet glowed and a vague figure emerged from it. It was clear that the reason Leonel hadn't been able to 'see' Wise Star Order earlier was because he had been hiding away in the Tablet. If the Snowy Star Owl's gaze could see through the Tablet so easily, it wouldn't be a Sixth Dimensional creature, in fact, it would have to be maybe the most powerful existence in the Dimensional Verse.

However, without the Tablet's protection, Leonel could see Wise Star Order just fine. And, quite frankly, he looked like nothing one might expect.

He was a man probably even more handsome than Elthor. He exuded a cold aura that could make women swoon and there was an arrogance in his gaze that looked down on the world.

His hair was white and flowing but his gaze was a gentle gold. The individual fibers of his irises layered atop of one another, giving the illusion that one was looking into a nebula lost in the depths of space.

Even Leonel had to admit that this was a beautiful man. Maybe a bit too beautiful. As a child of the Universe, blessed with the right to become a Savant, maybe this was how he should look, though.

Wise Star Order took a step through the air, appearing before Leonel in the blink of an eye. The pressure he exuded was enormous. Just with his soul alone, Leonel could feel a depth he couldn't even begin to fathom.

There was no doubt that Wise Star Order in his current state was most definitely not in the Fifth Dimension. In fact, Leonel had a feeling that he wasn't in the Sixth Dimension either. At a minimum, the soul before him was in the lofty Seventh Dimension, a height that the current Leonel couldn't even grasp toward. The gap was simply enormous.

When Wise Star Order said that his soul was fragile, that was only a matter of relativity. It didn't matter how fragile a Seventh Dimensional soul was. To a Fifth Dimensional being, it might as well have been a God ascended beyond a God.

And yet, Leonel matched his gaze, a depth of cold detachment within them that seemed unmoved and unbothered.

Wise Star Order scanned Leonel from top to bottom. The difference between them was so large that he didn't feel the need to rush. Plus, with how large the gap in their Dimensions was, Leonel was indeed correct, he could read Leonel's mind.

This didn't have much to do with his ability, but was rather a matter of a gap in Dimensions. Reading Leonel was as easy as Leonel could read the pages of a book. This was what a true gap in Dimensions represented, a gap that even Leonel couldn't close.

"Are you confident because of your mother? Your father, maybe? I must say that your father is indeed a man I have to fear. Unfortunately... He isn't here and even he wasn't able to see through the protections of the Tablet. As for your mother, she is powerful enough to eradicate the Luxnix single handedly right now... But she is still within the Sixth Dimension, what threat does she pose to me?"

Wise Star Order said these words and scanned Leonel again. But, nothing about his expression changed except for his smile becoming colder.

"I have over ten million minds, each thinking different thoughts. You only have one to sift through them all. Those are odds I quite like, how about you?" Leonel asked evenly.

Wise Star Order's gaze turned colder. "You overestimate yourself, young one."

"If you are so confident, why are you talking so much? Come on and try your luck." Leonel's gaze also became colder.

The entire Sector was focused on a singular arena hundreds of thousands of miles away from this place. The Luxnix estate seemed to be quite calm at this moment as well. No one seemed to be aware that a cold war with a weight beyond anything anyone could imagine was occurring right this moment in an inconspicuous temple.

And then... Wise Star Order smiled brightly, suddenly turning into a beam of light that entered Leonel.

Leonel's gaze flashed, his mind steeling itself and activating. He didn't trust his own reaction speed against a Seventh Dimensional existence. For all he knew, the gap could be so wide that his mind would wipe instantaneously. As such, he set one of his 's to take out the Silver Tablet and activate its personality wiping function the instant Wise Star Order vanished into his body.

It was a moment that occurred in less than a split second. The moment Leonel felt the cool sensation of the Silver Tablet entering his palms, he knew he had won. Without his personality, Wise Star Order's consciousness would be gone, leaving his soul as nothing more than a ball of energy without form.

However, when the tablet flashed and Wise Star Order's soul was targeted, a sudden laughter resonated through Leonel's body.

"Young one, like I told you before, you truly overestimate yourself. Ten million minds? Did you think that this was a feat? Even with a single mind I can have ten million thoughts simultaneously and without effort. Scanning all of your thoughts and organizing which were decoys and which were reality was as easy as breathing. Do you think I was unaware of this trump card of yours?!"

Leonel froze, feeling his body losing control of itself.

Unfortunately, Leonel had made a great mistake.

When Miel erased Aina's personality, he had to wait until she was in a state of absolute vulnerability, her mind had to practically collapse first. Despite being her father and knowing that Aina would probably trust him to do it normally, he still had to take this approach.

Why...?

The answer was simple. The Tablet wasn't omnipotent. It couldn't just rush about erasing the minds of people as it pleased. It needed one's guard lowered to the greatest possible degree.

A Seventh Dimensional expert, two evolutions above Leonel, and completely on guard... Was the exact opposite of the situation Leonel needed.

Leonel's gaze flickered, its coldness fading and a sigh leaving his lips.

It seems that his lack of information had finally caught up to him. There was only so much that could be done through deduction.

His luck had run out.

Chapter 1214 Instead...

Leonel didn't seem to be enraged. It was more so that he had already expected as much, it was an inevitable end. Everyday he seemed to be learning about fascinating and great things, but too often these were matters that others were fully aware of, or could have been explained to him long ago.

The fact that Wise Star Order mentioned going to seek out a second Tablet after he had enough strength was enough to prove that he at least knew something about these matters, enough for him to be ready for everything Leonel was prepared to throw at him.

Wise Star Order was correct, Leonel had overestimated himself. Ten million minds mind sound like a great feat and an enormous number, but one had to remember that the gap between Dimensions was akin to the difference between mortals and Gods. By the Fifth Dimension, millions probably shouldn't even be considered a large denomination anymore.

The fact that Wise Star Order could treat it like a joke didn't really fill Leonel with humiliation. He just felt inadequate and foolish. Maybe he was an idiot for taking offense to Aina's lack of belief in him. She probably knew far more about the Dimensional Verse than he did. In that case, her reaction to his dream wasn't cruelty, it was just a dose of reality.

The harshest realization of it all was that even if Leonel was correct and ten million minds was far too much for Wise Star Order to sift through, it wouldn't matter. Even if he had caught Wise Star Order off guard, the Silver Tablet still wouldn't have been able to wipe his personality.

Leonel thought that he might be enraged when he faced death, or feel fear, in the very least. But, he didn't react those ways at all. Rather, it was almost like because he could see the 'logic' behind his death, he could accept it.

He didn't know how to feel about this. It was much less dramatic than the last time he almost died. Well, there were multiple of those times, but there were only two he could remember that truly felt so close.

The second was of course this moment right now, and the first was the day he almost died at the hands of that Mayan girl. His guilt had reached such a peak at that time that he felt like he deserved to die. In a lot of ways, it was similar to this moment in that he saw the logic in it.

Leonel was rational and logical to a fault, or at least that was the way he liked to see himself. Because of this, he could never understand why some thought themselves to be better than another. There was no objective metric by which you could judge the value of a human being, there were only various lenses you could see worth through.

Leonel's talent was seen as oh so valuable in the world he was currently in... But it was exactly just that... Only valuable in the world he was currently in.

What if the Dimensional Verse was absolutely peaceful and they entered a world where battle prowess and the ability to throw the strongest punch was meaningless? Would his perceived value still be the same?

In Leonel's mind, unless one could come up with an objective metric by which to value someone, all of this was just worthless.

No matter what world you live in, one liter of water would remain one liter of water. One second of time would remain one second of time. The wavelength of blue would remain the wavelength of blue.

Unless someone could give him the worth of a human with an objective, unadulterated and indelible number, you could never convince Leonel otherwise...

Maybe somewhere deep inside, Leonel was fascinated with finding out what this objective metric was. His fascination with Crafts, his pursuit of unity and peace, maybe it was all because of this one purpose.

But it didn't seem to matter much now. He had finally slipped up.

Leonel sighed. 'Old man, you really screwed me over this time.'

Leonel's mind flashed with images of his father before he stopped thinking all together. He didn't feel like giving Wise Star Order the satisfaction. The only chance he had now was for his dad to realize that he was no longer Leonel. Maybe then he could get revenge from the afterlife.

He wasn't mad at his father for not teaching him about the Dimensional Verse. No matter how much his father knew, there was a limit to his knowledge as well. Eventually, Leonel would run into something his father hadn't taught him, and then what?

There was no way anyone could know everything about such a vast world. What would set people apart were those were either lucky enough to never have to face the unknown, or powerful enough that the unknown didn't matter.

Clearly, as lucky as Leonel was in life, he still wasn't lucky enough. And, as powerful as he thought he had become...

He was still an ant.

Leonel relaxed. But, what he hadn't expected was for the moment he did, for a shocked scream to ring through his mind.

Leonel didn't seem to react to this like one should. He calmly turned his attention toward his Ethereal Glabella, the location Wise Star Order must have entered, and what he found made him raise an eyebrow.

"Oh, I see."

Leonel's almost deadpan voice filled Wise Star Order with an almost endless amount of fury.

"How is this here?! HOW?! I MADE SURE TO HAVE THEM TAKE YOUR INNATE NODE OUT OF YOU!"

Wise Star Order felt himself crumbling away beneath the might of Leonel's Seventh Star. It swirled about slowly, but menacingly, a harsh aura of Destruction wafting outward.

The moment Leonel was born, Wise Star Order had decided on his vessel. He was absolutely perfect, but the Scarlet Star Innate Node was too dangerous, it was deadly to practically anyone who came in contact with it, let alone a fragile soul.

So, Wise Star Order devised a plan to have it taken out of Leonel. His original intention was to let Leonel grow without it, take over Leonel's body, and then snatch the Innate Node back from Myghell, thus completing his machinations. After all, there were certain troubles associated with transplanting high level Innate Nodes that would act as stumbling blocks for Myghell, slowing his progress enough for Wise Star Order to overtake him with ease even with Leonel as a starting point.

However, even with all his vast stores of knowledge, he could have never expected that Leonel would regrow his Innate Node. How was that even possible?! He had travelled so much, seen so much, absorbed so much... But he had never heard of such a thing!

Leonel watched as Wise Star Order struggled, his emotions hardly fluctuating. It was like it wasn't his life being saved right this moment at all, almost as though he was watching a movie from a third perspective. He was simply unmoved by it all.

He didn't feel any happiness or relief. Instead...

"I guess I really am just lucky. You should have feared my father more."

Chapter 1215 Meaningless?

It was quite ironic. Just earlier today, Leonel's grandmother was warning him about the dangers of Scarlet Star Force. Her exact words were that Scarlet Star Force was one of the only Forces she knew of that could cause harm to a higher Dimensional being while even at a lower Dimensional level. However, when faced with Wise Star Order, Leonel hadn't even considered using it.

Firstly, whatever damage a Force could land required it to actually land in the first place. Leonel had no confidence in landing an attack on a Seventh Dimensional being. Wise Star Order had already proven that his mind worked even faster than Leonel's own. It was foolish to even consider such a thing.

Secondly, Leonel had still underestimated his own Innate Node. Even though he remembered the words his grandmother had said, he didn't think that this would apply across two Dimensional levels.

Though Leonel had fought Sixth Dimensional experts in the past without the use of his Scarlet Star Force, there were multiple factors to take into account.

For one, they were exceptionally weak amongst Sixth Dimensional beings. Compared to the Sixth Dimensional existences of the Luxnix family or Seventh Dimensional families, it could only be said that the mere fact they could share the same title was grace enough.

The second important point was the environment. Because of the preparations Leonel had made, the core abilities a Sixth Dimensional existence should have weren't accessible, thus weakening them further.

Third, Leonel had a detailed breakdown of all of their abilities ahead of time thanks to the detailed report of the Radix. With the opportunity to set up a battle plan ahead of time, he was at too great of an advantage.

And finally, Leonel's body was built on the foundation of the Lineage Factor of a Pinnacle Seventh Dimensional family and he had brought it to just a single step away from the Sixth Dimension before the battle even began.

Yet, even with all of these advantages, that battle had almost cost him his life.

Knowing all of this, when faced with a Seventh Dimensional existence like Wise Star Order, even Leonel was a bit baffled by the result. This was especially so because Wise Star Order wasn't a normal Seventh Dimensional existence.

It had to be remembered that Savants could not access the strength everyone else could. This meant that they couldn't progress through the Dimensions like everyone else could, nor could they comprehend Universal Forces. This was the exchange they made for the power they were granted.

This meant that the Seventh Dimensional pressure Leonel was feeling from Wise Star Order wasn't a result of his true Dimension level, but rather a reflection of how much he had honed his ability throughout the years...

Leonel had assumed that because Wise Star Order's ability was tethered to his soul's mobility and Immortality, that it would naturally translate into its durability. And that it did. The issue wasn't durability, but rather durability in comparison to a corporeal body...

Why was it that a supposed Seventh Dimensional being was forced to bide his time and scheme as he had? Why did he go so far to cover up his ability as a Savant, even to the point of fabricating the birth of several Northern Star Orders in order to hide his trail, and even spending an entire lifetime as a good Samaritan all to ensure that the maximum number of individuals possible would believe his philosophy?

Didn't it all point toward him not being as powerful as he seemed?

A Savant like Vice would always be able to protect himself because as he grew, his ability to lock space would continue along with him. What did he have to fear if everyone around him couldn't move?

A Savant like Candle would always be able to protect herself because as she grew, her ability to reflect attacks would grow along with her. What did she have to fear if every assault levied toward her was reflected back toward her enemy?

A Savant like Monkey would always be able to protect himself as he grew, his ability to multiply his strength seemingly indefinitely would always grow along with him. What did he have to fear if there seemed to be no end to the strength of his fist and the number of copies of himself he could make?!

All of the Savants that Leonel had met to this point had abilities that directly translated to strength or excellent defense, but what would you do when you were a Savant like Wise Star Order?

You would, presumably, be born in a family that treasured power. But, you could display none of your own in your youth, all you had was your clever mind and a Title bestowed to you by a mysterious entity with a purpose you knew nothing of.

In that sort of situation, what would you do? Wouldn't you have to bide your time and scheme? Hopping from valuable body to valuable body, strengthening it to reach your goals and then abandoning it before it died of old age?

Wouldn't you be forced to do exactly what the current Wise Star Order had done?!

But ultimately, your innate disposition would still be fragile and weak. As much as Wise Star Order had tempered his soul over the years, compared to a true Seventh Dimensional existence, it was lacking considerably. While his soul was leaps and bounds above what one could expect from even a Seventh Dimensional being's soul, when compared to a Seventh Dimensional being's body...

It was several steps below.

The soul was ultimately a fragile construct, even when supplemented with such a powerful ability, this fact didn't change. In fact, Wise Star Order's soul was only about as durable as Leonel's body would be once he brought his Metal Body to the Sixth Dimension.

Wise Star Order had been a man who took every step meticulously, making sure to cover his bases, had actually fallen to a boy due to bad luck just when all his years of diligent planning were finally about to pay off...

Wasn't his life far too meaningless?

Chapter 1216 Other Way Around

There was one large matter that still left Leonel deep in thought, though.

The Soul Manipulation ability was more than just about a soul being able to exist without its body for extended periods of time and giving the soul shape. It came with a great boost in intelligence similar to other mental type abilities, came with an enormous boost in soul durability, and, most importantly... came with extraordinarily sensitive senses.

Honestly, when Leonel had read the description of the Soul Manipulation Ability Index, he had assumed that Tier 5 practically aligned with an indestructible soul. But hearing the screams of pain and agony of Wise Star Order, even to the point he couldn't even maintain his form properly anymore, Leonel realized that at least that assumption had been wrong. But...

What about the rest?

With the sensitivity of a person with a Soul Manipulation ability, it should definitely be far beyond Leonel's own. Was it not possible to sense?

Leonel actually wasn't sure. He had been walking around with a massive ticking time bomb in his right kidney, but no one had ever said anything about it. In fact, now that he thought about it, his grandmother, who also had senses far beyond himself, warned him to watch out for Myghell. From her words, it was clear that she was also unaware.

When Leonel's thoughts led him down this road, he realized there was another person whose ignorance was a bit baffling. Leonel wasn't sure of the abilities of the World Spirit, at least not entirely, but he would think that his mother's Internal Sight was probably pretty powerful as well. But, she hadn't said anything about his regrown Innate Node either.

Previously, Leonel hadn't linked all of these things because he wasn't aware that regrowing an Innate Node was so impossible. It was only after he heard Wise Star Order's shock that he put two and two together, finally understanding why his grandmother was so worried.

No one but he was aware that he had regrown his Node. Even those he fought at Valiant Heart Mountain, back during the last time he had been forced to use it, all died at his hands.

'I see... Is this a sort of protection? Or is it something else? Wise Star Order didn't even notice that my Innate Node was back until he ran into my Seventh Star, he didn't confirm until then.... Interesting...'

"AAHH! Young one! You win! You win! I yield!"

Leonel who had tuned out Wise Star Order's screams raised a brow. Honestly, Leonel wasn't being neglectful. He was ignoring Wise Star Order because there wasn't much he could do in this situation other than observe the status quo.

While he could take control of his Seventh Star to absorb more Scarlet Star Force, he would just end up hurting himself. And, quite frankly, Wise Star Order's wisdom was beyond his own, he clearly lived up to his name. This wasn't a man Leonel could just outsmart because he wanted to.

"Why couldn't you sense my Innate Node?"

Wise Star Order, who was experiencing the pain of a lifetime, was speechless. What the hell was this little brat asking him right now? But, he seemed to want to grasp onto the last strand of hope he had, so he answered. He and Leonel weren't exactly normal people to begin with. Maybe there really was no better time than now for this.

"... I couldn't sense your Innate Node even if I wanted to. Even now I can't. The only explanation is that it's grown to a point where it will return to nature soon."

"Return to nature? My Innate Node will leave me?" Leonel blinked, not liking the sound of this.

"No." Wise Star Order grit his teeth, doing his best not to call Leonel a fucking idiot. "Forces on the level of Scarlet Star Force are called True State Forces. There are only a few and each represents the greatest pinnacle of a particular Element. When it returns to nature, it means that it is in perfect union with its surroundings and is accepted by both your body and the universe."

Wise Star Order felt like bashing his head against a wall. The Philosophy behind this was deep and complex, but it felt like thousands of drills were twisting into his body at once. How could he focus on this lesson and that at the same time?!

"The appearance of an Innate Node comes with a Phenomena. The more powerful the Innate Node, the more powerful the Phenomena. Usually babies like you die, but your father was powerful enough to protect you, so you lucked out. This Phenomena represents the fury of the universe as you are stealing something from it, this punishment is even worse for Humans than certain other Races.

"The pinnacle state an individual with an Innate Node can reach is a Return to Nature state. That's a stage where your Innate Node is no longer a foreign object but rather becomes a true part of yourself. Similar to a Savant, the burden of usage drastically lowers when such a state is reached.

"The beginning stages of this transition is denoted by a large influx and increased concentration of Natural Force Nodes and you will begin to hear your Force Node 'speak' to you."

Wise Star Order spoke these words as fast as he could, expelling them almost like hot air. If it wasn't for Leonel's thinking speed, he probably wouldn't have picked up on all of it.

Leonel's gaze lit up. "Oh? That sounds great."

Wise Star Order, probably pissed off by Leonel's reactions, just sneered deeply, a cold laughter filling Leonel's mind.

"I don't know what you did to be approaching such a state so early, but it's not a good thing for you by any stretch of the imagination, especially not with the nature of Scarlet Star Force.

"At your pace, within a hundred years your Innate Node will return to its natural state. Usually, only those old bastards of the Elemental Races who've seen tens of thousands of years of life would be able to reach that stage. Their minds are far stronger than yours and their paths have already been set in stone.

"But you're nothing more than a little brat with a ticking timebomb hovering somewhere within his body. If your Innate Node returns to nature without you fully comprehending and grasping it, it'll be controlling you, not the other way around."

Chapter 1217 Just Energy?

"Controlling me? It's just a source of energy." Leonel's brow furrowed.

The disdain in Wise Star Order's short silence spoke volumes. However, Leonel waited patiently. After all, it wasn't his soul suffering an infernal hell. Wise Star Order could be as disdainful as he wanted, he didn't care.

"It's not just a source of energy, fool." Wise Star Order no longer held back. Since he had already acknowledged that Leonel was a lot like him, he also understood that there was no point in holding

back. Whether or not he was nice with his words didn't matter, Leonel had already decided whether he would care to listen to his proposal or not, everything else was meaningless.

"In the lower Dimensions, energy might just be energy. But, the higher the Dimension, the more energy gains character of its own. Why do you think Universal Force relies on comprehension? Why do you think Artistic Conception can become so powerful? Why is the dividing line between mortality and the God Path the unshackling of the mind and the visualization of the Fifth Dimension?

"Lower Dimensional worlds have no idea where consciousness comes from, they think that it just sprouts up from nowhere. Your Earth is a bit more interesting as it leaned very heavily into science, far better than those primitive Third Dimensional worlds that could barely boil water, but even they were lacking.

"It's not a secret where consciousness comes from, consciousness is birthed from energy.

"The Forces of the Dimensional Verse all represent certain kernels of truth, certain philosophies, and embody certain values. When a living creature is born, they are the result of an amalgamation of these Forces. Life, at its root, is just a random assortment of these vast energies. Who you are as a person is randomly decided by how these energies come together.

"Why is it that Savants have minds that work so much differently from normal individuals? It's because they are so hyper talented in one area that we lose the well roundedness many others have. The result is a fixation on one path and an imbalance in personality that those who can't see the world the way we do find odd and feel a need to fit into a box.

"Every Force in existence as a disposition it slants to. The closer to a True State Force you become, the more the weeds are cut away and the more striking a singular powerful thought remains.

"By now, I'm sure you know exactly what that singular thought for your Scarlet Star Force is..."

Leonel's gaze narrowed.

Destruction.

Leonel's mind began to piece these things together.

So it seemed that when he tried to force the formation of his Tenth Node, feeling that his body was missing something, he had accidentally caused the accelerated growth of his Innate Node. Right now, it was much larger and much more powerful than it should have been.

Wise Star Order had said it would take a hundred years. Leonel didn't know how true or false this was. But, what he did know was that in the grand scheme, a hundred years wasn't a lot of time.

A Sixth Dimensional existence could live for over 500 years without much issue. A Seventh Dimensional existence could experience over 1000 years and live into the several thousands. Leonel wasn't sure about beyond that, but from what it sounded like from Wise Star Order's words, Eighth Dimensional existences were indeed real, and they lived on the order of tens of thousands.

These numbers didn't become outrageously large to Leonel until the Seventh Dimension. There were people back on Earth who could live past 200 years old, so it wasn't too much of a culture shock to him below that. It was just that this wasn't the norm for the rest of the Dimensional Verse.

This aside, saying Leonel had 100 years left was like putting a looming guillotine over his head. If his Scarlet Star Force had as much potential as he thought, maybe only the Pinnacle of the Eighth Dimension could compare.

There was simply no way Leonel could comprehend anything to that depth in such a short time... Those long lifespans weren't just for show, that was how much time it took even the most gifted to reach those levels!

"I see..."

Leonel's gaze sharpened. His feelings about his previous close shave with death practically rolled off his shoulders as though it had never happened. He had already accepted that his luck was a large part of the reason he could stand here today. He wouldn't let his close call force him to waver. In fact, he felt that his mind was firmer and he already wasn't far from Tier 5. He seemed to be blazing through the Fifth Dimension just as fast as he had the Third.

"... I will hear you out in thanks for this information, it's greatly helpful to me. Why should I save you after you tried to kill me instead of waiting until you're weak enough for the Silver Tablet to work on you?"

Leonel wasn't entirely sure how it worked, but what he was sure of was the fact that memory and personality were separate thanks to his experience with Aina. That meant that if he used the Silver Tablet, it shouldn't affect Wise Star Order's memories, theoretically.

However, as for whether this would allow Leonel to absorb them... Leonel had no idea. It was a nice thought, but he wasn't sure if it was a thought he had had from watching too much anime with his dad or if it was feasible.

He also wasn't even sure where he would absorb it. He didn't have a tangible soul with a form like Wise Star Order did. For all he knew, after his personality was erased, Wise Star Order's soul would just slowly dissipate.

It might be more feasible if Wise Star Order used Dream Force, which Leonel had an exceptionally high affinity in. But from what it seemed, Wise Star Order used regular Soul Force.

There was also the problem of how strong Wise Star Order's soul was. It was definitely far stronger than Leonel's own. Would Leonel's mind implode if he tried to absorb it?

Leonel simply knew too little to act. There were far too many variables.

Realizing this was his chance, Wise Star Order pounced on it.

"I can guide you!"

Chapter 1218 Second Generation Wastrel

Leonel was tempted to probe Wise Star Order by just saying: 'Why would I accept that when I can just take your memories for myself?' But, he decided against it for the moment. He had no confidence in bluffing Wise Star Order, at least not with something he was so ignorant of. Trying to do so would just put him on the losing end.

"Why would I trust any advice you give me?"

"I have a technique!" Wise Star Order replied just as quickly, clearly already prepared. "In my travels, I've come across a lot. In the Race I mentioned born as souls, they have many soul related techniques. They're called the Spirituals.

"The technique is the technique. It binds the two of our souls into one and ties our fates. So long as one of us dies, the other will as well. This will ensure that I can't harm you!"

When Leonel heard this, he sneered.

"You expect me to believe that you're willing to use this technique? This is essentially you giving up your Immortality. Do you take me for an idiot?"

If it was anything else, Leonel might have been inclined to believe it initially, but this was too ridiculous. Without Leonel's influence, Wise Star Order was an Immortal. If he tied his life and death to Leonel, he was losing an infinite amount of lifespan. Leonel would never believe something so ridiculous.

Of course, the other path laid before Wise Star Order was to die right now. But, Leonel still felt that this Ancestor of his would choose hundreds of paths before he chose this one. Just looking at how scared he was to die even after living for so long spoke volumes.

On top of that, the idea of tying his life to someone else disgusted Leonel. He wasn't sure why, but it left him deeply uncomfortable, almost as though he was compromising his sense of self for a person who he didn't even trust. He couldn't explain it beyond this.

Wise Star Order furiously shook his head. "There's no such thing as true Immortality in this world. Just being in the presence of your Scarlet Star Force is shaving years off of me. At best, I would just live a hundred or so times the lifespan of a normal individual of the Eighth Dimension, I've already lived over 20% of my time through."

Leonel's expression didn't change much to this response, he had somewhat expected it. True Immortality seemed a bit exaggerated. But even then, Wise Star Order was giving up hundreds of thousands of years. Leonel wouldn't live nearly so long.

Seeing that Leonel wasn't biting even after this, Wise Star Order's expression fluttered wildly, being antsy. Every moment he spent here, he lost decades off his life. Even for him, he would soon run out. The destructive capabilities of this Force were way too potent. He was right to take precautions against it while Leonel was a baby, but who knew that things would still turn out this way?!

"Alright, sure." Leonel smiled. Unfortunately, before Wise Star Order could get excited, Leonel spoke again. "I will call my dad here and he will inspect your technique in my stead. If he says that there's nothing wrong with it, we can go ahead with your idea."

Wise Star Order's expression changed wildly and he began to cough.

"There's... There's no need to do this, right?"

"Why not? It's just a small measure. He's pretty fast, he will probably get here soon. It's not too much of a problem. He's a bit of a dick sometimes, but he's a good father."

Wise Star Order panicked. "He'll definitely kill me. He won't agree at all. Don't you want to grow on your own outside of your father's shadow?! They'll always call you his son unless you can surpass him! Do you have any idea the kind of weight the name Velasco Morales holds?!"

The agitation in Wise Star Order's voice only seemed to grow.

"No, no. I'm actually very okay with being a second generation wastrel, I've already accepted it. Today my arrogance almost got me killed, I have no intention of going through that again. I have no ambition any longer and I'll just live out the rest of my life in peace, find a beautiful wife, have a few kids..."

"You damned brat! You're messing with me while I'm dying?!"

Leonel chuckled coldly. "It's you who is playing with your own life. I have all the time in the world. Keep trying to play me for a fool and your sand will run out."

Wise Star Order grit his teeth, his fury almost palpable. His soul wavered in and out of existence almost as though it might flicker out completely any moment now.

"What do you want?!" Wise Star Order squeezed out.

"It's simple. I'm sure that among those techniques of yours, there's an enslavement method. I don't doubt it, after all, that's the only reason you'd have so much confidence right now. You probably believe that you'll be able to take control of me one way or another.

"I want that method. You have hundreds of thousands of years left to live. As for me, even if I make it to the Eighth Dimension, I will still only have a small fraction of that. If I don't, well, you'll be set free even sooner than that.

"That's the price. Exchange my lifetime in your servitude and I will let you go. If not... Well... rot in hell, Ancestor."

Leonel's ultimatum was straight to the point and held not a single thing back. He sat in leisure, waiting for Wise Star Order's response. And, surprisingly, it came not to long later.

"I agree."

"Good. Smart men don't waste time with meaningless things. Give me the formula for the technique, I will analyze it myself."

"You... You won't call that man here, right? I may have been trying to trick you before, but he really would kill me. You..."

"My dad?" Leonel laughed. "Don't worry, I have methods outside of him to deal with this."

Leonel looked at the dictionary in his palm.

Without a word, Wise Star Order began to use the last dregs of his energy to push the technique outward.

Chapter 1219 Finished

Leonel took his time. He wasn't trying to torture Wise Star Order, but it was rather that he wouldn't play games with his own life.

The technique that Wise Star Order passed on to him was unlike anything Leonel had ever seen before. It almost made all the Force Art languages that he had learned to this point seem like chicken scratch.

'Ancestor said that this technique came from the Spirituals Race, is the gap this large?'

His gaze couldn't help but narrow. The difference was akin to going from a coding language filled with redundancies to one that was elegant and streamlined. In fact, what was particularly beautiful about this Force Art language was that it didn't seem constrained in the same way the others Leonel had come to know were.

For example, the Morales family's Force Art was best used for Crafting. The Luxnix family's Force Art was best used to form beast constructs. However, the Force Art of the Spirituals seemed like it could do it all. It was so perfect that there wasn't a single weakness.

After a while, though, Leonel realized that it was just an illusion.

It wasn't that this Force Art language had no weaknesses, it was rather that the weaknesses weren't visible from his perspective and weren't nearly as glaring. It was likely that this Force Art worked perfectly for specific use cases related to the soul, but Leonel wouldn't be surprised if the Spirituals had other languages to deal with other matters.

Leonel couldn't help but be intrigued. He suddenly wanted to know a lot more about this race and how they built their understanding of Force Arts to this level.

Leonel had no intention of switching his Force Arts. Though this Force Art system seemed to have no weaknesses and it could perform all sorts of tasks, how well it could do them was a separate matter. It was this that made Leonel realize that the Spirituals must have other Force Arts.

'But to think that a Force Art not even created for those purposes could still fulfill them... What about those designed for Crafting? How much better are they?'

The only shame was that Leonel didn't know enough about soul related matters to understand just how magical this Force Art language was. To have the ability to tether things as fragile as souls, while simultaneously not causing any harm to them was baffling. Just to understand how great of a feat this was, most humans couldn't even grasp the concept of a soul, even Leonel didn't know where his was or how to sense it.

Yet, just by observing this technique, Leonel could feel an odd emotion welling up within him. It was similar to that feeling one got when they stared into the mirror for too long, that feeling that told you that maybe the you that you were looking at wasn't actually you. The more you stared, the more foreign the you, you had always known seemed and the more difficult it became to reconcile with the fact that nothing had changed from the moment you started to this moment here.

Something stirred within him.

First it felt as though he was gazing upon the formation with his eyes. And then it felt like he was gazing upon it with his mind. And then it suddenly felt as though he was gazing upon it with something even deeper than his mind.

Leonel's Ethereal Glabella stirred, the rotation of his Seven Stars becoming faster and faster.

'Fuck!' Wise Star Order felt like banging his head against a wall.

This was his last chance. This stupid fool had actually lost himself in meditation.

The Force Arts of the Spirituals were very unique and Leonel's analysis of it could only, at best, be considered to be about 10 to 20% accurate with the rest of it being nonsense.

The Spirituals had a very unique way of protecting their intellectual property and their discoveries. Most outside their race that gaze upon their Force Arts would feel as though their souls were being ripped out from their bodies. Eventually, exactly that would happen. Then, the use of the Force Art would change and one's soul would become entrapped.

Once this occurred, they would become nourishment for the Force Art and breathe life into it, causing a self destruction sequence of the intelligence to take place.

But, why was Leonel's soul actually so sturdy?!

'Son of a bitch, who the hell has Dream Force affinity this high?!'

Wise Star Order suddenly realized that he really was out of luck this time, he didn't have anymore tricks up his sleeve. In order to ensure that Leonel trusted him as much as possible, he had even been forced to give the real deal over.

Leonel had managed to sense his soul before the Force Art could rip it out. And, with his Dream Force affinity, he could take control of it before anything bad happened.

The Force Art of the Spirituals originally didn't have any Force within it, it was just a drawing. Only by using the soul of the spectator as fuel could it then self destruct. Its main design was created to use a meditation trick to fool the ignorant into letting their souls free, but it didn't actually have any strong suction force of its own.

'Fuck! Fuck! FUCK! I hate this kid!'

Once Leonel grasped the technique properly, he was finished. He wouldn't be able to hide anything from Leonel and even all his lies would be seen right through. He would be a true slave and there was nothing he could do about it. It was all too infuriating.

A slow breath left Leonel's lips. His mind felt so much clearer than it ever had before. Though his number of split minds hadn't increased, his thinking speed felt like it had doubled, making the effectiveness of the split minds he already had increase by at least a fold.

His gaze sharpened and his understanding of Dream Force seemed to have jumped forward another measure. Leonel suddenly had little doubt that his simulations would be even more accurate than they had been in the past.

"Let's begin, then."

Chapter 1220 I Don't Like It

Wise Star Order deflated. As expected, after sensing the fringes of his soul for the first time, Leonel grasped the technique not too long after, especially considering that it wasn't much of a 'technique', per se.

<Soul Bound> was a contract. So long as you had the skill to draw the Force Art, there wasn't much else to it. And, the fact that Wise Star Order was just a soul and didn't have a body made it even easier, not to mention the fact he was already within Leonel's Ethereal Glabella. Drawing a Force Art within his own domain like that made things easy on him.

Soon, Wise Star Order found himself bound, his mind and thoughts completely opened up to Leonel. The only saving grace about this matter was that he was finally not being continuously assaulted with pain because he could finally leave Leonel's mind.

Wise Star Order didn't seem to be doing too good. Aside from the fact his expression was dark, he had suffered no small amount of injury and the result was him being nothing but misty fog from the waist down. Even some of his torso got the same treatment.

He gazed toward Leonel deeply, but Leonel himself was still a bit enraptured by that mystical feeling this Force Art had given him. But, unfortunately, it didn't feel nearly as good as the first time. It was like the trick no longer worked on him anymore.

"... Your Dream Force affinity is... Abnormal." Wise Star Order said coldly.

"What is abnormal about it? It's just related to my ability." Leonel said casually.

"No. It's abnormal. Your affinity is what you would expect from a Savant, but you're clearly not one. I would bet that you haven't even truly stepped into Tier 4 of your ability, it makes little to no sense."

Leonel raised an eyebrow. He looked up to meet his Ancestor's gaze. But then he soon realized that he didn't need to observe him to know whether he was lying or not, their connection told him all he needed to know.

It seemed he would have to flex this muscle a bit more because it required him getting a feel for his soul and sensing what it was telling him. It was almost like he had gained a new limb and he needed to learn how to use it.

"I haven't stepped into Tier 4 of my ability? I thought I had already..." Leonel was a bit off put by this as well.

"The Tier of your ability can't be decided by how it functions in a Fifth or Sixth Dimensional world, what are you thinking?"

"Then is it decided by how it works in a Seventh Dimensional one?" Leonel asked.

He hadn't ever felt his ability dip down in strength when going between worlds, so he always just assumed it never would.

"No, fool. Your father was born in a Seventh Dimensional world. Why would your ability take a dip down in one? The true strength of an ability is decided by how it performs on a Void Battlefield."

"A Void Battlefield?"

Wise Star Order sighed. It seems that this would be his life now. Guiding a literal toddler to learn about things almost anyone would already know about.

"They're the locations between Domains. The pressure they exude is unlike anything you've experienced. Even those born on Eighth Dimensional worlds cannot take them lightly. From what I can see, your ability would be at best at the lower reaches of Tier 3 on even the weakest Void Battlefield. In the worst case, it would fall near the higher reaches of Tier 2."

Leonel's brows shot up. That was an enormous change.

The levels of Leonel's ability were: Opening, Awakening, Visualization, Control and finally Manifestation. He could still stand it if his ability fell to Tier 3 because Visualization was what he probably used the most often.

If he fell out of Tier 4, he would lose access to abilities like Dream Counter and Dream Sense, but it wouldn't be the end of the world. Falling out of Tier 3, though... That would be an enormous hit to his battle prowess.

Visualization allowed Leonel to recreate objects and simulate reality in his mind. If he lost that, he would lose his Dreamscape, Dream Sculpt, Dream Clone... Practically all of his Ability's best strength would vanish.

All Tier 2, the Awakening level could give Leonel was an added sensory perception and his Dream Force affinity. But, because his Ability couldn't project Dream Force like other Dream Force related Abilities could, this was all but useless.

Leonel's expression went through several changes. He had never expected something like this.

"How do I strengthen my Ability?"

Wise Star Order really didn't want to answer, but it seemed he didn't really have a choice.

"Didn't you just take the first step? Comprehend Dream Force more. That's the root of everything you can do."

"But you already said my Dream Force affinity is higher than it should be. Then why would my Ability level be so low on a Void Battlefield?"

"Since when did affinity have anything to do with comprehension? In fact, the higher your affinity, the tougher it makes it in some respects. People like you just do without understanding, and it's a detriment."

Leonel almost couldn't help but chuckle at this. The irony was palpable.

He spent so long running away from doing things on instinct, and yet he had neglected what he relied on instinct the most to do. From the very beginning, everything related to his Ability came naturally to him, and things only got better after he swapped out Soul Force for Dream Force.

Now that Leonel was aware, though, the change he had to make was simple.

He just had one other pressing question, one that was burning at the back of his mind. He would never forgive himself for not getting an answer to it.

"How the hell do I stop old bastards like you from reading my mind? I don't like it."