

Descent 1221

Chapter 1221 A Show

Leonel and Wise Star Order fell into a full blown back and forth, much to the latter's chagrin. However, there was no escaping it. If he wanted to make his life the smallest bit easier, he had no choice but to follow along with Leonel's wishes.

"... The only way to protect your mind from higher Dimensional beings is by using a higher Dimensional treasure."

"I don't have a Seventh Dimensional treasure just lying around. If I did, would I have almost died to you? Give me a better answer than that."

"There's no 'better' answer. There's just the answer and nothing else. What do you take me for? I can't just conjure things up out of thin air."

"Can't you just protect my mind for me?"

"Are you an idiot? Seventh Dimensional existences can tell the difference. You want to expose the fact you have a Savant in your head? They'll probably think that you're being controlled by me and they'll kill first and ask questions later."

"What the hell is this? Didn't you say my dad was OP? Wouldn't these Seventh Dimensional old fogies think twice about doing that?"

"OP? What is that supposed to mean."

"It means overpowered."

"Then say as much. Are you slow in the head? You can't say words like you mean them and have to abbreviate things? I swear, every generation gets more foolish than the last. Species are supposed to evolve over time, not the opposite."

"Stop changing the subject, old man. Can't you just stick to the topic?"

"It's not my fault you don't understand simple things. The more powerful your father is, the more trouble that brings you. You think people become strong without making enemies? Even if they don't dare to oppose him openly, if they have good enough grounds to target you they wouldn't hesitate to do so. Something like your mind being taken over by me is more than good enough grounds."

Leonel shook his head. "Just tell me whether I can use my dad's name to scare people or not."

"What is wrong with you?" Wise Star Order was truly speechless.

"You think I was joking about being a second generation wastrel? I've been using my dad's status to break the law since I was in middle school, I have no intention of stopping now. That old man must have known, that's why he hid all of this from me. I have too much catching up to do."

Wise Star Order looked up toward the ceiling and sighed. Why hadn't he realized just how shameless this little bastard was until right this moment? Who the hell said they had law breaking to catch up on? Where was this young man's dignity and moral compass?

If there was any guilt about trying to snatch Leonel's body before, it had all vanished into thin air now. Wise Star Order had a feeling that following this boy around would be far more dangerous than all of his previous adventures combined.

"If you want to get yourself killed, just be sure to release me before that happened. Your father might be able to run rampant in Void Palace as he pleases, but you definitely cannot.

"Having backing only works if it's actually there. And, from what I understand, the Void Palace Selections should still be ongoing right now, and yet you're here. On top of that, there's a Golden Token in your spatial ring already. That means that your mother just handed it to you without you earning it. If you think that that doesn't come with consequences, you have another thing coming."

Leonel chuckled. It really would be his luck to end up like this.

In all the books and anime he had watched, those with backgrounds always had it easy. How is it that he would end up in trouble because he had one? Where was the justice here?

That said, Leonel didn't particularly care. Entering Void Palace was too important. While he hated relying on other people, his parents were an exception, he had been like that since he was young. He wouldn't give most people the time of day, but his mother and his father were two he would accept the kindness of without batting an eyelash...

It was just that his father's 'kindness' had to be taken a bit more forcefully.

"Never mind all of that. I bet the Luxnix have a treasure that fits the bill though, right? Maybe something in your secret stash? I doubt that you've traveled the world for so long and haven't laid your hands on any treasures for yourself."

Wise Star Order's lip twitched as he stared daggers at Leonel. He really wanted to say no, but he could already feel Leonel's soul probing him.

Finally, he spoke through gritted teeth.

"... Yes, I have treasure stores of my own, but there's only one deposit on this planet and the others aren't easy to reach without adequate strength. Also, the one here might be easily accessible, but it's nowhere near as valuable as the other ones."

"What are you so nervous for? I'll only steal from you when the time comes."

Wise Star Order's face stiffened. Was this supposed to be a consolation?

"The question is whether or not this treasure store of yours has what I need or not? If it doesn't, there wouldn't really be much of a point in unearthing it now."

Wise Star Order took a deep breath. "... Yes, it should probably have something that's appropriate for your needs. But, you really don't need it. So long as you can comprehend more of your Innate Node, anyone who tries to get a read on you would see nothing but an endless blackhole."

"Didn't you say some nonsense about how there's no better answer before? Now look at you."

Leonel stood, shaking his head.

"Where are you going?"

"Obviously to your treasure store. How long would it take me to be able to grasp my Innate Node to such a degree?"

"... At least a few years."

"Exactly, now let's go."

Wise Star Order almost felt tears falling from his eyes. Was he really going to spend a lifetime being bullied by a junior like this?

However, Wise Star Order's terrible mood didn't last for long when his face suddenly brightened up.

"Haha! You've been found out! Karma really does exist!"

Leonel's gaze flickered, suddenly feeling several powerful auras converging toward the temple. But then, a lightbulb suddenly snapped to life within him and he grinned wildly.

"What are you laughing for? Come here, Ancestor. Let's put on a show."

Wise Star Order's face warped.

Chapter 1222 Cleared Up

When the Luxnix learned of what happened, they were quite baffled.

About ten minutes after Leonel had passed through the guard and made his way to the temple, the guard in question realized that there was something wrong.

The Star Pendant wasn't something that could be given out casually, and all the times it had been given out had been well documented. There shouldn't have been a situation where a Pendant holder was unknown to him as a guard. In fact, the last time the Pendant was given out was several decades ago due to matters surrounding that incident...

Simply put, no one as young, green or weak as Leonel should have had the Pendant in their possession.

Of course, a member of the older generation could have handed down their Pendant to a junior to make use of this opportunity and there was nothing necessarily wrong with this as it could be used as the receiver pleased... But something about this matter was still nagging at the guard.

For the same logical reasoning as he had concluded previously, he should still know of Leonel. Any descendant prominent enough to be trusted by an elder level character to such a degree should have been widely known. And, the only one with such cachet that he could think of was Myghell...

But Leonel was obviously not Myghell and Myghell had free reign to enter the temple whenever and for however long he pleased.

It was already too late for the guard to go after Leonel to question him. He was under strict orders to never step foot in that temple. The secret within was something only the highest echelon of the family would be aware of, not even all of the Star Order Council were in the know.

Without a choice, he could only report this matter up and hope that he was being too cautious, or if he was truly in the wrong... That the punishment would be lenient.

Due to these series of roundabout methods, Leonel ended up spending over a half hour with Wise Star Order, only to find himself surrounded the moment he wanted to step out.

However, as shocked as the Luxnix had been that such a faux pas occurred, they were even more so when Leonel strolled out of the front entrance of the temple as though nothing at all had happened.

The temple had two entrances. One from the underground city, and the second was the one Myghell had used the night he fought Aina. This entrance was located deep within the furthest reaches of the Luxnix estate and was the most well protected. All around, there were the homes of Star Order Elders. Even the Patriarch's personal home could only sit at the outer reaches of this location.

So, when several pinnacle Sixth Dimensional existences converged onto their most treasured place, ready to face whatever threat had finally unearthed their deepest secrets, even managing to steal a Star Pendant of their family to complete the final steps, the last thing they expected to see was a young man a fraction of their age walking out with his hands in his pockets.

Even if there had been no one there at all, it would have been easier to accept than the result that lay before them now.

The elders immediately frowned deeply. The reason was obvious. They could sense a dense Luxnix Blood coming from Leonel. With the sharp Internal Sight their Snow Force affinity gave them, this was far too easy to pick up on.

This sort of density overshadowed even the Arm Heads of this generation. What was going on?

Leonel smiled lightly and scanned the crowd. When he landed on a particular older woman, his brows raised.

"It's you?"

Sparkling Star Order's gaze narrowed. Her mind was sharp even in her old age. Plus, the impression Leonel had left on her wasn't too small as he was one of the only two to stand up to her aura. Back then, she hadn't cared enough to properly scan Leonel, but realizing just how dense his blood was, she couldn't help but be off put.

"Sparkling Star Order, you know this brat?"

"... He should be a member of the branch families..." Sparkling Star Order started slow before her eyes sharpened. "He was invited into the estate by Fluttering Star Order."

The atmosphere of the Elders completely shifted when they heard this. Though Sparkling Star Order didn't elaborate, they all jumped to the conclusion together. Was Fluttering Star Order responsible for Leonel entering the Temple? How dare she?!

Sometimes not saying too much was worth more than laying everything on the table. A conclusion reached personally would always be stronger than one fed to you line by line, especially when the person in question was as biased against Fluttering Star Order as she was.

"Wrong."

Leonel's voice shook the elders awake, their auras locking onto him with a greater momentum this time. Obviously, they all believed that Leonel was lying to cover for his benefactor.

"Do you take us for fools?" Sparking Star Order sneered.

"You're wrong." Leonel shook his head.

"You're saying that I'm lying? That Fluttering Star Order didn't invite you here?"

"That's not what I meant," Leonel yawned. He was a bit tired after finishing his second Divine Armor, but he hadn't gotten time to rest since then unfortunately. "I mean to say that I'm not a part of your branch family. I was never a part of your branch family."

Sparking Star Order's gaze narrowed, not really understanding what Leonel was getting at. Very few had connected Fluttering Star Order's actions to the appearance of Leonel that day. And, only one Star Order Elder had appeared, so they weren't all familiar with Leonel's face either.

But, very soon, all of this confusion would be cleared up.

Leonel's gaze sharpened and his disposition shifted, a slight violet hue hanging around him. Something about him exuded a heaviness only matched by a lofty mountain range.

"My name is Leonel Morales."

Chapter 1223 How Dare You?!

The pupils of the elders constricted.

"Ah, you all seem to remember now. Indeed, I was the little baby of back then, the small child you struck from your family records.

"You know, I have to ask. When you all chose to do that, was that because you were all afraid history wouldn't see you as villainous enough, or is there something I was missing?"

Leonel's eyes blinked as though he was truly waiting for an answer. However, there obviously wasn't one coming. The elders continued to stare at him, not quite knowing exactly what words they should be speaking right this moment.

"What are you all wasting time for, kill him." Sparking Star Order growled.

Her cane tapped the ground, sparking flames jetting outward and threatening to swallow everything. The strength she exuded was a striking dichotomy compared to a small and frail body. It was a wonder that such a small old lady could say such harsh words and even exude such great strength.

"Wait!" An Elder known as Layered Star Order stopped her.

"What are you doing?"

"You need to think about this. If we really kill him, we really will lose Northern Star Order for good. Plus, back then she was already able to kill Snow Star Order and wipe their entire family line out. Even if she

hasn't progressed, she isn't someone we can take lightly and she's already aware of all of our trump cards. You can't just casually kill her grandson because you feel like it."

Sparking Star Order frowned but her brows relaxed not soon afterward.

"How many Northern Star Orders have there been in our history?" Sparking Star Order ask.

Layered Star Order frowned, but still responded. "... 13."

"And how many talents on the level of Myghell has there been in that time?"

Layered Star Order's gaze narrowed. It had to be understood that Myghell's talent was beyond just what was known. There had been a great fanfare around his birth before Leonel overshadowed it, and that was before he gained the root of Leonel's talent.

Toward this, though, Leonel's cold aura couldn't help but dispel as he chuckled.

'See what you did, Ancestor? They think the Northern Star Order title is worthless enough for them to just blatantly ignore because of you.'

Wise Star Order rolled his eyes and ignored Leonel completely. He realized winning a war of words with this brat would cost more than he was willing to give.

To the Star Order Elders, though, Leonel's laughter carried a mocking mirth to it that those with skin much thinner than Sparking Star Order's couldn't quite handle.

Myghell's talent? Even if it was great before gaining Leonel's Innate Node, was it really something to brag about now, especially in front of the person that made it possible?

Of course, they had no idea that Leonel wasn't laughing about that at all. As for the matters related to Myghell's 'talent', he didn't really care, at least he had chosen not to care. If he did, any chance of reconciling with this family would be thrown out of the window. He chose to take satisfaction in forcing them to bow their heads instead.

"Boy, some things in life just aren't fair. Myghell almost died the last time the Innate Node was transplanted. If forced to go through it again, you both might really die this time. The risk isn't worth it.

"In addition, Myghell's base talent cannot be transferred like yours can. The harsh truth is that the current Myghell is far beyond what you would be if you still had your Innate Node and is a far more worthy investment for the family.

"If you want to keep your life, I would advise that you stop overestimating yourself."

Layered Star Order seemed to be a more 'neutral' order, but he felt that Sparking Star Order's words made sense. What was done was done and couldn't be undone. In addition, if things were placed in a vacuum, he wasn't wrong either. Leonel with Scarlet Star Force wasn't worth as much as Myghell with it. That was the reality.

At the same time, Layered Star Order still lived in a fantasy land where all the greatest powers of the Luxnix could come together. If Northern Star Order and Leonel could just fall in line, not to mention Leonel's mother on top of that, their charge into the Seventh Dimension wouldn't be impeded.

Unfortunately, their Planet Luxnix didn't have Seventh Dimensional potential. They had already cleared all of their Zones and reached the peak of their powers. If they wanted to charge into the Seventh Dimension, they would have to launch an attack on a higher level world. They had to gather as much man power as they could to accomplish this feat.

In response, though, Leonel only chuckled some more. This time, he really was laughing at the elders before him. However, before they could respond this time, he spoke.

"You hear that, Ancestor? They don't like your choice in Successor."

Leonel seemed to speaking to thin air. But, at that moment, the foggy form of Wise Star Order formed before the elders could question it for too long. This time, however, Wise Star Order wasn't his usual handsome self. Instead, he looked like an old man with a foot in the grave, exuding an ancient aura as he looked down upon his disappointing descendants.

'Huh? Does that mean Ancestor made himself look more handsome that he really was?'

Wise Star Order, who could easily read Leonel's thoughts, almost faltered in the sky. He was a lofty existence who had seen the corners of the universe, why would he need to make his soul look more handsome?! What good was a handsome soul without a body?!

He really wanted to strangle this brat to death, but he managed to refrain.

"Three generations... Three generations I asked you all to wait... If I didn't return, would you have burned my Luxnix family down to the ground...?"

The pressure of a Seventh Dimensional being pressed down from above, making the Star Order Elders shudder. Wise Star Order was just an empty display case, but he was a damn good one. Whether it was his aura or the prestige he had built up over generations, the elders no longer dared to take this matter lightly.

"I did so much for the benefit of the family that you've even taken it for granted... I will tell you all the truth, in the history of the Luxnix, there has only been a single Northern Star Order and she was destined to be far more powerful than myself.

"The remaining stories were all fabricated by me so that our enemies would underestimate the weight these titles held, allowing us to lay low. But, instead of cherishing this opportunity to grow as you should, you've begun to infight and are even whittling down the strength of my Luxnix family...

"How dare you?"

A strong gust of wind almost pressed the elders to the ground, the rage of Wise Star Order feeling so tangible that even Leonel almost thought it was real.

'... It is real, you little bastard. I've never suffered such a loss in my life!'

Chapter 1224 Again?

Sparkling Star Order's expression wavered, his irises trembling. She had never expected such a thing to happen. Of all the situations she could have thought of, this was by far the one most out of left field.

The remaining elders were all stunned into silence. It was one thing if Wise Star Order was back, but it was another thing entirely for him to be exuding this kind of aura. There was only so much prestige could do for a person without the backing of strength, and there was no greater strength to the Luxnix than the Seventh Dimension.

The truth was that the Luxnix had a few elders primed and ready at the pinnacle of the Sixth Dimension, prepared to breakthrough under the right circumstances. But, none of them had momentum even close to Sparking Star Order and the worst part was that one of them was Leonel's own grandmother.

Just when the elders were stuck, not knowing what to do, a violent, all encompassing aura suddenly descended from the skies.

"Who dares touch my son?!"

Despite the fact that nothing had happened to Leonel, Alienor was already enraged, seemingly sensing the volatile atmosphere and easily picking up on both Wise Star Order's aura and what remained of Sparking Star Order's flames.

BANG!

The valiant and overprotective mother crashed down from the skies above, not even caring to slow her descent. The elders found themselves sprawling backward. The only one who was completely unaffected was Leonel himself as even Wise Star Order found himself been thrown back like a broken ragdoll. It was clear that this wasn't because Leonel was so strong, but rather because Alienor took special care not to harm him.

'Goddammit...'

Wise Star Order questioned his life choices once again as he was sent flying. What sins had he committed to deserve this? Wise Star Order had hardly finished this thought when he instantly thought of dozens, but in expected fashion he completely ignored these thoughts and kept feeling bad for himself.

Alienor rushed to Leonel, scanning him up and down as though the slightest injury might set her off. Toward such a reaction, Leonel could only chuckle a bit bitterly.

'Where were you when my ex girlfriend's dad nearly blasted my head apart like a watermelon?'

Of course, Leonel would never actually say these words to his mother considering the concern in her eyes right now. She had only left him for a few hours, believing him to be completely safe since it was rare for individuals to enter the treasure vault and even if one did, Leonel's presence likely wouldn't be questioned. But who would have thought that Leonel would actually make it all the way here?

After cupping Leonel's cheeks for a third time, Alienor turned a venomous glare toward Wise Star Order who only just managed to readjust himself.

"You finally decided to show yourself?"

Wise Star Order cleared his throat, looking toward Alienor with an incredulous expression. What was this woman going on about?

"Don't try to play ignorant with me, what did you do to my son? I swear if you harmed one hair on his head I'll make sure that you spend the rest of your life in a fiery pit of hell."

Wise Star Order looked toward Leonel, but the latter had rolled his lips over one another, holding back his laugh with as much skill as he could muster.

If Alienor found out how close Leonel had been to death to just now, Wise Star Order really might be finished. Objectively, the reality wasn't all that funny, it almost cost Leonel his life. But, even the most terrible things could be amusing in retrospect.

This scene was the equivalent of watching a little girl reprimand her grandfather, except ten times better. How could Leonel not sit back and watch?

Plus, it was in Leonel's best interest that his mother didn't over worry about this matter. Wise Star Order was far more useful with him than he was dead. He had a feeling that his speed of improvement would shoot up like a rocket with this schemer by his side.

"I..."

"I what? You think we weren't aware that someone was tampering with historical records? My view of the Dimensional Verse might still have been shallow at the time, but my husband's scope is far larger. If talent on the level of my mother appeared all throughout Luxnix history, there would be no Viola or Montex, and the Luxnix would have entered the Seventh Dimension long ago.

"And don't give me bullshit about you doing it for the sake of the family. We're all adults here. So I'll ask you one more time. What did you do to my son?!"

"Ah..."

Wise Star Order was speechless.

Velasco indeed had a deep understanding of the Dimensional Verse and where talents could fall on a spectrum. After meeting his mother-in-law, he was skeptical that Northern Star Orders had appeared 13 times in their history, so he immediately felt that something was wrong.

Unfortunately, Wise Star Order had been correct. Even Velasco had no ability to see through the Bronze Tablet, so he didn't find Wise Star Order's soul. That said, he still had his suspicions. Still, there was little more he could do than warn his wife and leave behind a failsafe measure.

Alienor lost her patience, her emerald irises glowing like two green flames.

Her palm flipped over, a necklace appearing in her hands. Its chain was squeezed between her palm, its pendant dangling in the air before giving off a radiant light.

Wise Star Order released a screech. Almost instantly, his body warped, returning to his originally handsome form that left him writhing in pain.

But, what was most shocking was that within Leonel's Ethereal Glabella, a second screech resounded and was forcefully ejected from Leonel's forehead.

Leonel watched on, shaking his head. This sight left him without words.

'Son of a bitch... the old bastard almost conned me again...'

Chapter 1225 Suddenly

How many layers of schemes was that by now? As cautious as Leonel tried to be, he still almost fell for this old man's trap. After so many centuries, millennia even, of scheming, how could Wise Star Order be so simple?

First he had tried to gain Leonel's trust by playing the part of amiable elder. When that was seen through, he was prepared to take over Leonel's body in a more forceful way. He then pretended to fall for Leonel's trick when in reality he had read through his junior's thoughts like a book, perfectly countering the ability of the Silver Tablet.

After that, he ran into a roadblock with Leonel's Scarlet Star Force, but rather than giving up there, he tried to trick Leonel into a pact that really would have given him full control over him. Then, when Leonel saw through that, he already had a secondary trap laid with and was waiting for Leonel's soul to be sucked away.

By then, Leonel was already four or five levels deep into Wise Star Order's schemes and felt that he was fine now, especially since he could read his Ancestor's mind now. It could be considered an equal exchange.... Or so he thought.

Leonel had no idea that while he was distracted and meditating upon , getting lost in an all new world, Wise Star Order's screams in his mind no longer had anything to do with his Scarlet Star Force, but were rather due to his Ancestor splitting his soul in two using a technique he had snatched from the Spirituals.

Leonel executed with one of Wise Star Order's soul, but his second half was completely unfettered. Not only did this allow Wise Star Order to bide his time and wait for an opportunity, due to the oddities of two souls and how they could interact with , Wise Star Order was still able to keep bits and pieces of information hidden away from Leonel.

At the same time as all of this was going on, Wise Star Order could slowly build up immunity to Leonel's Scarlet Star Force. With one half of his soul perfectly healthy and the other in perpetual pain, he could use the former half to continuously heal the latter half while using the latter half to deepen his comprehension.

The core ability of Soul Manipulation was the power to allow the soul to adapt to any environment, even if that environment was an entirely new body, and Wise Star Order had been prepared to push this to the absolute limit. If he succeeded, not only would he be able to evolve the durability of his soul to an all new level, but when he was finish, he could still take hold of Leonel's body and no one would be any wiser.

By that time, he would have spent so long observing Leonel that he would know all of his habits, all of his quirks, all of his manuerisms. In addition, the incident with the Luxnix would be so far behind them that even if Velasco or Alienor suspected anything, it would be unlikely to come back to him.

Leonel had never thought that when Wise Star Order shot out of his body with just half his body left that it was because he had split himself. He had assumed that it was because of damage caused by his Scarlet Star Force, but to think he had just been outclassed like that.

It was an excellent plan. Leonel couldn't say that he had been outsmarted as he would only consider this to be so if both parties had access to the same information, but he had definitely been outplayed.

This Ancestor of his was truly an old bastard. But he was a very smart old bastard.

Leonel wasn't mad. If anything, he was just impressed, wholly so. The tenacity and grit of his Ancestor was commendable. Unfortunately...

"You should have feared my dad more."

Leonel shamelessly said these words for the second time that day. But this time, Wise Star Order truly roared into the skies, more infuriated than he had ever been before.

"Hey, mom."

"Hm?" Alienor, who was still enjoying torturing Wise Star Order for daring to scheme against her son still dropped everything to give Leonel attention.

"If I wear that necklace, he won't be able to mess with my mind, right?"

Alienor blinked. "That's right. This was crafted by your father. He gave it to me when he visited Void Palace a few months ago."

"In that case, don't kill the old man. He's very useful to me."

Alienor's brow furrowed. Though this necklace worked once, with the scheming nature of Wise Star Order, what guarantee was there that it would be enough next time? For all they knew, he was already scheming something else.

"I know he's dangerous, but that only makes it better. If I have such a looming guillotine over my head everyday, I'll always be on my toes. If one day I never have to fear schemes from him anymore, then whose schemes would I have to fear?"

Leonel's gaze glowed as he met his mother's eyes.

Today could be considered his most humiliating display. Despite the fact his face didn't show it and he seemed quite relaxed and indifferent, smiling even, there had been a fire lit within his belly.

The Dimensional Verse seemed to want to remind him just how insignificant he was, just how worthless his accomplishments to this point had been. He had been slapped not just once today, but already too many times to count, each one more resounding than the last.

He would never forget this day, he would brand it on his heart.

Seeing the look in her son's eye, Alienor couldn't help but waver. She could normally bulldoze her husband into doing things her way 99% of the time. But, whenever he got that look in his eye, that unwavering gaze that met hers and felt as vast as the skies, she knew that no amount of lioness tactics would work.

She took a deep breath and lowered her hand, lovingly helping her son to put the chain around his neck.

"You must remember to be careful." She said softly.

Leonel grinned. "I will."

His gaze shifted past his mother, landing on the elders who were still struggling to stand, a deep fear etched into their eyes. None of them could seem to see the depth of Alienor's strength, it was simply unfathomable.

"Tell Myghell that I'll be taking back my Innate Node on the Third Day of the Selections. I don't particularly need it... But I also don't think I need much of a reason to take back what's mine either."

A deep battle intent raged within Leonel. Myghell was his better, huh? Such a thought suddenly pissed him off.

Chapter 1226 From Black to Red

There was nothing the Luxnix family could do about it. Alienor had displayed her strength in the most straight forward way possible, and yet she hadn't spoken a single word. They all suddenly understood just what it meant to be a Sector Ranked disciple.

Sparking Star Order looked on blankly, her face pale to an extreme. She felt quite hollow, almost as though the hit of her lack of descendants was landing for a second time...

...

"Little Lion, you're really making your mother worry, here."

Alienor wrapped her arms around her son's, her face matching her words quite perfectly. She still felt uncomfortable leaving things like this. When they returned to the Void Palace, although they would both be in the same place, it wouldn't be a simple matter for her to see Leonel. Not only would she have many responsibilities to return to, but the work that would soon be dropped on Leonel's plate wouldn't be small either.

Unfortunately, she wasn't her husband. She couldn't move about unhindered in the Void Palace, at least not yet.

She was already worried enough about Leonel going over there, but if she had to worry about Wise Star Order as well, it was a bit much.

"Mom..."

Alienor's ears perked up, expecting to at least hear words of reassurance. But, what she got instead was...

"... How'd you and dad meet? I need ammo on the old man."

Alienor was so caught off guard that she sputtered with laughter, forgetting her worry for a moment. It seemed that her son had been poorly influenced by her husband. They were always saying the most ridiculous things with the worst timing.

As for Leonel, he was very serious with his question. That old man had spent years making fun of him for how often he had failed to ask Aina out. Then, just recently in the Dimensional Cleanse Trial World,

Leonel thought he was finally going to get some fatherly advice from his dad, only to find himself on the end of another joke.

That said, his dad had said one meaningful thing back then in the midst of laughing at his pain.

'You spent four years chasing after that little girl, she probably thinks you'll always be there for her whenever it is she wants to come back.'

That was about the only useful thing he said, and he was probably right. But, the old man talked a big game. Leonel wanted to know what sort of pathetic state he really had been.

"The first time I met your father wasn't in a setting you would think. He was one of my mentors when I first entered the Void Palace."

"Ah, so the old man's a groomer. This is good stuff mom, keep it coming."

Leonel was already grinning ear to ear, this start couldn't have been more perfect. He could already think of an endless amount of ammunition from this fact alone.

Alienor laughed. Truthfully, it wasn't like that.

The Velasco of back then did indeed purposely flirt with every woman he came across, about as directly opposite to his own son as you could get, but it was the kind of overt flirting that never went anywhere. There were probably a few airheads who took him seriously and fell head over heels, but Alienor had pretty much ignored him.

"Our relationship remained like that for years until I became a Galaxy Ranked disciple. Back then, your father was in charge of the trips we would take to the Void Battlefields. As Galaxy Ranked disciples, you were obligated to spend at least three months of the year on one.

"Once again, I happened to be under the supervision of your father. I wasn't quite powerful enough to go off on my own like the top geniuses of our Rank, unfortunately. Because Earth hadn't underwent its Metamorphosis, I didn't have access to my Ability, our Emperor's Might Lineage Factor, and most of the strength of the World Spirit was still sealed.

"But, those moments allowed me to get to know your father a little bit more. He had always been a lively man and he was able to protect me from a lot of abuses I would have had to suffer otherwise. I was lucky to have him as a protector."

'Dammit, mom. Don't get lovey dovey on me, I need ammo.'

Though he thought this, Leonel didn't interrupt.

"Still, your father and I could only be considered senior and junior at that point. He was too busy chasing skirts and falling asleep in brothels, there were at least two or three pregnancy scandals going on with him at any given time..."

The more Alienor spoke on it, the more fiery her gaze became, almost as though she was thinking about ripping Velasco a new one when next she saw him.

Leonel grinned. 'Excellent, excellent...'

"... I could never see your father in that way because of his disposition back then. Trying to change a person is a waste of time, they will change when they feel like it and never a second before. Remember, Little Lion, when a person shows you who they are, always be sure to believe them."

Alienor looked off into the distance, the peaceful ambience of the Luxnix estate particularly resonating with her right this moment.

Leonel gazed down at her side profile, but didn't respond directly to this. He just let it sit in his mind, rolling through his thoughts.

"Everything changed that day, though. Your father was so furious that the Void Palace realized that the happy and laughing mentor could actually be a madman when he wanted to.

"Back then, the Void Palace almost fell to its knees. It didn't make much sense. He was a Domain Disciple, but there were countless elders and old Ancestors who had lived so much more life... But it didn't seem to matter to your father...

"That was the day your grandfather died and your father's fury dyed the black of the Void Palace red."

Chapter 1227 Brown Liquid

Leonel sat upon a mountain peak in silence, his conversation with his mother running through his mind.

After that event, his father had become a lot more subdued and it seemed it was his mother who slowly helped him to return to a semblance of his former self. Once that fact settled in, the rest of their story practically wrote itself.

The Void Palace experienced Val's fury once, they had no intention of going through it again just to enforce a dated pregnancy rule. In the end, Leonel was born and his father became a much more reserved man.

What Leonel cared the most about, though, wasn't the fact his father was such a different man from himself, and it wasn't even about all the ammo he had gotten himself, it was rather about the fact that his father had chosen to aim his blade toward the Void Palace in all his rage.

Even without having been there, Leonel didn't need to be a genius to understand...

The Void Palace had played a part in his grandfather's death.

Leonel's gaze flickered with rage, the dense rock he was sitting upon cracking beneath just the slightest intention. If that was true, he wouldn't mind finishing what his father started.

"Leo?"

Leonel blinked several times as though he was scaring his fury away. When he turned back, he found Joel standing there and couldn't help but sigh.

Joel had initially thought that Leonel's fury was aimed toward him, but it was clear that this wasn't the case. He plopped down by Leonel's side, handing him a bottle of brown liquid. Even if Leonel had been mad at him, there was no way he would just turn away and leave now. It was precisely the moments where Leonel was acting the most unlike himself that he needed his brothers by his side.

Leonel looked at it and chuckled. "You know I don't drink."

Joel smiled. "I know, you've always been a pussy in that regard, sipping on your little girl drinks."

"Hey, there's nothing wrong with a little cosmopolitan in your life from time to time. It's your loss, not mine."

Leonel wasn't very surprised that the usually reserved and silent Joel was so vulgar and outgoing in private like this. Joel only spoke like this when it was only the two of them. Whenever the others were there, he'd always take the role of second in command, his actions serving to amplify Leonel's own.

Leonel's shadow was quite a large one to fill. Not everyone could pull off the kind, charismatic leader role that everyone would still follow to the depths of hell well. Most would end up being too nice and lose the edge a ruler should have. So, Joel didn't try to tap dance it at all and only less loose in very rare occasions.

Knowing this, Leonel couldn't continue to refuse the bottle and took a swing. But, he almost immediately began coughing.

"What the hell is this shit? Rubbing alcohol? Are you trying to poison me?"

Joel burst into a fit of laughter. "It's good stuff, right?"

Joel threw his head back, taking two deep gulps. Leonel didn't know how he did it, he felt like his whole body was burning from just a single sip. He was really putting his Metal Body and Scarlet Star Force to shame today.

He tried to keep up with Joel, but he found his vision swimming. The fogginess of his mind wasn't something Leonel had experienced before, this was definitely some strong alcohol, definitely Fifth Dimensional. Who knew how Joel got his hands on it?

The two ended up half passed out, staring up at the sky of dusk. The day had waned on them without them even noticing.

"You know, man..." Joel hiccupped. "... You let things bottle up inside you too much. I've never seen you snap like that..."

Leonel let out an odd cross of a laugh, cough and wheeze. It seemed like he might hack up a lung.

"I know... It was embarrassing right...? I didn't even know how to face you guys..."

"... There you... go again... Why is that... your first reaction...? Everyone... Everyone wanted to be there for you."

"... I did something ... stupid."

"Everyone does... stupid things sometimes..."

"Not me... Never me... It doesn't make sense ... None of it makes sense..."

Leonel didn't even seem to be stringing together coherent thoughts anymore. If he ever remembered this night, he would definitely swear off alcohol. He liked to have full control of his faculties, and he most definitely did not at this moment.

Luckily, this was one of the few times he would have such a luxury with his mother watching over him. This might be one of the last times for a long while that he could get to do this.

"Not everything... has to make sense... idiot..."

Leonel hiccupped in response. It was hard to tell whether he registered these words or not, but what he did know was that he was very tired. He still hadn't rested since he finished his Divine Armor, and his head butting with Wise Star Order hadn't helped in the slightest.

"... If Newton didn't want... everything to make sense... we wouldn't have calculus..." Leonel eventually said.

"... Do you think... Newton was thinking about calculus... When he was boning his wife...?"

"... He probably would ... have been better at it... if he did..."

Joel rolled over, sputtering out a swig he had taken. He coughed out his laughter, half dying and half fighting for his next breath. In his drunken state, Leonel's words were at least ten times funnier than it should have been and air seemed to be even harder to get.

"... Only you... Only you would say that..."

"... Only I'm... Always right..."

"Well... Mr. Always ... Right... Newton didn't actually have ... a wife... the man... died a virgin... Is that... that the role model.... you want?"

Leonel finally didn't answer immediately. And when he did, he was half asleep.

"... Fuck."

Chapter 1228 Violet and Red

The days passed and the oddity of the second day's of the Selections ended just as oddly with many having not a single clue how things could proceed like this with so many talents absent. However, Orinik and Ganor continued things as though nothing had happened. They simply didn't care. If these people didn't want to participate, it was their loss.

This was the Void Palace they were talking about, the strongest organization of the Human Domain and the location where all of its talents converged. From the beginning, they weren't worried about the talents of this Sector very much to begin with. In fact, now that Orinik thought about it, it was quite baffling that that woman would come to oversee things here. Usually, such a high ranked disciple would never come to such a weak Domain as it was unnecessary. At best, they would usually bring a higher ranked Galaxy Ranked disciple along, but that was all.

Orinik didn't think very much about this, though. Despite his usually meticulous and thoughtful disposition, in the years of time he had spent in the Void Palace, with so many young nobles with

outstanding backgrounds and greater talent than himself around him, he had learned to not ask questions and mind his own business.

In the end, when the third day arrives and many had questions about just what was happening, Orinik didn't care enough to explain things. He simply focused on his task and prepared things as he should, taking with him a list of those he thought deserved to participate.

However, he didn't realize just how odd this coming day would be. And maybe odd wasn't enough to describe it.

...

Leonel woke up with a groan, feeling as though his head might implode. It wasn't until after he used Dream Sense and dulled it considerably that he finally seemed capable of seeing straight once again. But, even then, that just gave him a clearer view of the sun shining down at him as though it was some sort of canon of light.

'... No more alcohol... Never again...'

Leonel had only just barely woken up when he heard a sputter of laughter. He still hadn't gotten control of all of his faculties, so he assumed he had made a mistake, but when he tried to move, he heard it again.

"Don't wake up the love birds, how could you be so inconsiderate?"

"He woke up on his own, just look at them. It's like a match made in heaven."

"I think I'm feeling a little bit jealous. Why hasn't Cap ever cuddled with me like that?"

"His arms wouldn't be able to fit around your fat gut, aren't you asking for too much?"

Leonel blinked, not quite understanding what was happening. All he could feel was that burning light in his eye and his mind was working at least tens of times slower than it normally did.

Soon, though, he managed to blink enough that he could get a semblance of a look around. His head tilted and he managed to catch a few silhouettes standing nearby.

Suddenly, Leonel heard a light groan and felt a shifting in his arms. At that moment, he froze, thinking the worst. He had been so numb to everything that he hadn't even noticed that there was something in his arms.

When he looked down, his breath got caught in his throat.

"I can't! I can't!"

The wheezing laughter broke out like waters rushing through a crack in a dam. The silhouettes fell over in Leonel's eyes, tripping and holding onto one another as they practically hacked up their lungs.

"Someone tell me you got a picture."

"I took at least a hundred, but I need more. That dazed look is too perfect, they really look like they're in love."

"Send it to me, I need it on a T-Shirt, I'm never going to forget this moment."

"I knew Cap never drank because he'd be a terrible drunk, but I didn't expect this out of Joel too. I'm wheezing, I can't breathe."

Leonel's lip twitched. The 'thing' in his arms was precisely Joel. The two were coiled on top of one another as though they couldn't bear to let go. The greatest shame was that Joel was still asleep and Leonel couldn't even extricate himself quickly.

'Dammit, weren't you supposed to be the drinking veteran? How'd you let this happen?'

"It's too much! My stomach hurts, I think I'm gonna die laughing! I've never seen Cap's face so red!"

"Don't worry, Leo. Violet and red is a pretty good combination, you look good."

"I'm 100% supportive. Women are too complicated anyway, this is a marriage I can get behind."

"I better be the best man. Let's get purple and red suits to commemorate this day."

"You? Best man? No one wants to hear whatever cringe speech you'd come up with, I definitely need that."

"Fuck you, and you're eloquent now?"

"Guys, guys. There's two of them. You can both be best men."

Another chorus of laughter rang out.

What was maybe the worst was that even the three Leonel trusted the most had let him down. Arnold, Drake and Allan had lost their way, corrupted by the machinations of Raj, Gil, Milan and Franco.

Arnold's face seemed just as stoic as ever, but the amusement in his gaze wasn't something Leonel would miss. Drake had long since covered his mouth, trying to hide his smile. As for Allan, he kept adjusting his glasses as though that would hide the twitching of his lips.

Leonel realized at this moment that he'd never be able to live this down.

'No more alcohol. Never again. I swear.'

He searched for tears to shed but had none to give. The worst part was that according to his simulation, this was because the alcohol had completely dried him out.

At that moment, Joel groaned and shifted in his sleep. But, he still hadn't woken up so he just snuggled tighter into Leonel's arms before smiling contentedly.

"Pft.... HAHAHAHAHAHA!"

Chapter 1229 Laughter

Leonel had no choice in the matter, he could only take evasive maneuvers...

Escape.

Laughter rang out toward his back but he scurried away on a beam of light.

His useless accomplice, Joel, still clung onto him for dear life, so he had to do the only thing he could and get rid of dead weight. Joel finally woke up when he hit the ground, looking around in confusion to figure out what was going on, a chorus of laughter becoming his only backdrop.

As for Leonel, he had already vanished into the distance and down the mountain.

"Fuck you guys!"

Those words echoed from Leonel, but that only made them all laugh harder.

**

A laughter rang out in the middle of nowhere. Leonel laughed harder than he had in a long time, his eyes finally finding the tears it needed.

He wiped them away with a forearm, but the smile on his face didn't seem to have any intention of fading.

"Hey old bastard, you did that, huh? You're already so ancient but like pulling these kind of pranks on kids, you're one sick individual."

Leonel held the necklace pendant around his neck up to his face.

After that day, his mother ended up sealing both halves of Wise Star Order into this pendant. Of course, his mother didn't allow their Ancestor to fuse back into one, forcing him to remain in a weakened state with both his halves unable to communicate with the other. And yet, both halves were also now subservient to Leonel.

That said, Leonel had learned his lesson already. He would never be too comfortable around this old man, no matter how chains and weights were holding him down. For all he knew, this old man had yet another layer of plans.

"I have no idea what you're talking about. If you have certain proclivities, don't blame it on me." Wise Star Order spoke indifferently.

"Yea, yea, yea. I know it was you. You can't do anything to me, but you can definitely do something to Joel since I never explicitly said anything other than not harming them. Either way, from now on, no more schemes against my friends."

"I still have no idea what you're talking about, young one."

"Mhm. Anyway, point me toward that treasure trove. I need to drown out this headache with riches."

The lip of Wise Star Order twitched. He knew that Leonel was doing this on purpose, but there was nothing he could do about it.

...

The location of the treasure trove was indeed close, Wise Star Order hadn't lied about that. But it was extremely well hidden, so much so that Leonel wasn't surprised that it had never been found.

As shameless as Wise Star Order was, he used his own burial ground, taking advantage of the esteem and respect the Luxnix had for him to protect his things. Luckily, Leonel now had just as much free reign in the Luxnix estate as Myghell did.

Now that Leonel thought about it, the second day of the Selction had probably already ended and Myghell had likely returned, but the latter hadn't tried to find him. But, as far as Leonel was concerned, it didn't matter.

There was only one place he could be come the third day.

Leonel had his own war to fight, and that he did. Entering the treasure trove Wise Star Order was like entering a field of mines. Every corner had danger and Leonel felt a close shave with death at least three separate times, and at least eleven other times, he was almost severely injured and managed to escape by the skin of his teeth.

Leonel knew how dangerous it would be and he had even purposely not used the link between himself and Wise Star Order, making it a true game of back and forth. The fact he was also hung over only made it all the more difficult, but the smile on Leonel's face didn't fade even once.

'This damned brat, he's a masochist.'

Wise Star Order could feel that Leonel was already getting used to his type of thought process. He wasn't outsmarting Wise Star Order, rather he had done a psychological evaluation on his Ancestor just based on the small amount of time they had known each other. Leonel then used his conclusions about Wise Star Order's disposition to guess what he would do next and how he would have acted.

When Wise Star Order realized this, a cheeky smirk spread across his face.

'Little bastard, you want to get a read on me? I've spent thousands of years reforming and reshaping my character time and time again. If you think that this is enough to thwart me, you've got another thing coming.'

Wise Star Order didn't seem to realize that he had begun to have fun as well. It could only be said that the two men were weird individuals.

One was smiling while his life was on the line and the other was grinning as he tried to take the former's life. There was no way anyone could look at such a situation and conclude anything but the fact that they were a pair of madmen.

...

On Planet Montex, a familiar young woman sat in the same spot she always had, looking off into the distance as though Leonel's mother was still there. Those around her were a bit worried as she had yet to move since those matters of several days ago, but Savahn had also convinced them not to bother her.

Things were better like this. After all, between being able to catch a glimpse of her through the terrace window and her locking herself up in her room, this was much better. At least this way, they could ensure that she didn't do anything stupid.

The days ticked by like this and on the night before the third selection, something seemed to click.

Aina's gaze regained its focus, the moons seeming just a bit brighter and a light smile spreading across her face.

She rose to her feet, her hand still clutching onto the Amethyst Token. Her gaze seemed to radiate a meaningful 'thank you'. As to who it was for, it was, of course, Leonel's mother.

She entered the home on the mountain and vanished into the bathroom, leaving Miel, Savahn and Yuri a bit at a loss.

Chapter 1230 Life Grade

Leonel took deep and steady breaths, his body beaten and bloodied but a white smile clear beneath it all. He stood at the center of Wise Star Order's treasure trove, his wide grin shining as though it gave off its own light.

"All that work and you're actually so poor? You should have told me earlier." Leonel laughed.

Wise Star Order's expression darkened. Poor? Even the weakest things he cared enough to keep around were of the pinnacle of the Sixth Dimension, with the majority being within the Seventh. Though it was true that this wasn't anywhere near his best treasure trove, it was more than enough to drown out someone so wet behind the ears.

"What do you know about wealth? Even the Sixth Dimensional things here are very unique and can't be easily found elsewhere. Even among lower Dimensional items, there will always be certain materials rarer than even their higher Dimensional counterparts."

"What do I know about wealth? Well, do you have anything better than this?"

Leonel's palm flipped over, revealing a shimmering bow with a string connecting its heads that shone like crystals woven into a fiber. The twin white maned lions on opposite ends of it seemed to roar to life, exuding a suffocating pressure that blanketed the surroundings.

Wise Star Order's next words seemed to become caught in his throat. It wasn't that he had never seen a Seventh Dimensional treasure before, or that he hadn't seen one at the pinnacle of the Seventh Dimension... The issue was... Why the hell did this kid have one?!

It was then that Wise Star Order suddenly realized that Leonel was right. There was nothing here that surpassed this bow in value. In fact, even in terms of rarity, this bow... It was almost unmatched.

Wise Star Order could immediately tell that it wasn't a normal Tier 9 Gold treasure. But that only made things all the more baffling.

"I bet that if I shot a couple arrows at you using this thing, you wouldn't be able to take it lightly, huh?"

Wise Star Order's lip twitched, but he seemed to refuse to answer.

Leonel laughed again, tallying up one point in his favor. Though he had relied on his mom to do so, he finally got one up on this annoying old man.

"You ignorant little brat, you have no idea what you're holding. That's not a normal bow."

Wise Star Order couldn't seem to take it anymore and snapped. Regardless, Leonel would have found out anyway, it was inevitable.

"What's different about it?" Leonel asked.

"Do you know what's above the Gold Grade?"

Leonel fell into his thoughts. Now that he thought about it, he didn't know the answer to that question. But, at the same time, no one could really blame him for being ignorant about it either.

To the Leonel of before, the Seventh Dimension was the highest Dimension there was, at least currently. Though he had heard that Earth had Eighth Dimensional potential, as far as he knew, that was a matter for the distant future since even the Morales, the pinnacle of this world—or so he thought—was only at the Seventh Dimension.

Using this logic, he didn't think that treasures above the Seventh Dimension existed. Or, even if they did, they were all natural occurrences and there was no one with the skill to forge them into Crafts. But, it seemed that this wasn't entirely true.

"What is it? Platinum?" Leonel joked.

"I swear, I'm surrounded by idiots. Idiots everywhere." Wise Star Order shook his head. "No, above the Seventh Dimensional Gold Grade are Life Grade weapons."

"They're living weapons? They have souls?"

Leonel's lip twitched when he thought of this, remembering how against he was weapons having souls and 'listening' to weapons. He found it to be asinine. If there really was such a thing, it would be more than a little embarrassing.

But, as soon as Leonel had this thought, he refuted it. If such a thing existed, it would be at the Life Grade. The spears he was using were still Bronze and Silver, so how could they have this soul everyone was talking about? At least for now, he was still correct. Maybe if the Spear Domain Heirloom had Life Grade weapons down the line, he would reconsider his position. But, even then, he didn't really like the idea of listening to a weapon.

"No, they're weapons, how could they have souls. Did you flood your head with water?"

Leonel chuckled but didn't respond.

"A Life Grade weapon is the equivalent of an Innate Node returning to nature. A weapon is usually fused of many techniques, many ores and many precious resources... When it enters the Life Grade, there is no longer a separation of the parts that made up the whole. Instead, it all becomes one entity sharing one breath.

"When this happens, the weapon becomes like a natural treasure, no different from a precious metal you might unearth and it produces its own Natural Force Arts.

"As a result of this, it becomes a new existence in the world. And, much like how special Forces have characteristics of their own, so too would this weapon gain its own.

"Much like how your Scarlet Star Force embodies destruction and skews your personality, the weapon or treasure will gain its own personality as well, but not in the most obvious, nonsensical sense. But, rather in a purer, more subtle sense."

Leonel's gaze glowed. Wise Star Order only explained the raw definition to him, but when he thought about how this might translate to Crafting, Leonel felt his heart speed up.

If he wanted to create a Life Grade weapon, what would be necessary? He would have to create a blueprint so perfect, choose materials so immaculate, and draw Force Arts filled with such unity that it would all blend together without the slightest imperfection...

Only then would he be able to breathe life into it.

Just the thought made Leonel's blood rush, a certain enlightenment opening up to him. Unknowingly, his skill as a Crafter had just taken an enormous step forward just based off a few words.

"Then... What makes this Tier 9 Gold Bow so unique?"

Wise Star Order shook his head. "I don't know who was dropped on their head as a baby and decided to give you this weapon, but if you grow in skill enough, this weapon just needs one more push to enter a perfect state of unity and enter the Life Grade. It's only missing a skilled enough owner..."

Leonel was shocked by these words before he grinned. It seemed his bow was in luck. There was no better master than him.

What neither Wise Star Order nor Leonel knew was that the claiming of this Bow had caused an enormous storm to kick up in Void Palace. This was a bow that had remained untouched for millennia as the man who had Crafted it was very particular about their wishes for what was to be done with it. But, as the mother lioness does, Alienor didn't follow any of those rules when she snatched it away...

Who knew what would happen when others realized it was in Leonel's hands?