

Descent 1231

Chapter 1231 One Man

The third day of the Selection finally came and the ambience of the arena was still quite weird and only became more so after Leonel and the people of Earth came.

It seemed the fan clubs were still greatly invested into what was happening because almost the instant Leonel showed his face, a parade of boos rang down from above. It was so deafening that the arena quaked beneath it.

Leonel rubbed his nose when he saw that he was receiving such reception. There really wasn't much he could do about it. His own fan club had gone up in smoke. Or, rather, they had practically been beaten into submission, then split between the fan clubs that remained. It was a hard world out there for standoms and their celebrity heroes.

"Man, look at that, Cap. They hate you. Never thought I'd see the day." Raj laughed.

Leonel looked over toward Raj and shook his head. True to his word, the man had really gotten a shirt printed out. Leonel didn't even know how he had managed it, but Joel's dark expression spoke volumes. The man was even more quiet than usual.

"This actually isn't the first time I've been boo'd like this."

"Really?"

"Really. I participated in a tournament for the Slayer Legion a few years ago and they hated my guts."

Before Leonel could explain more, a strong aura descended from the skies. It was so unexpected that a hushed silence fell over the arena as the all watched a Goddess descend from above.

Orinik and Ganor were in shock. They had just been about to start the proceedings but hadn't expected this at all.

They rushed to their feet along with the other envoys, appearing before the angelic woman with their gazes glued to their feet. None of them dared to observe this woman for too long, not to mention the fact that she herself was a demoness they couldn't match up to a single finger of, she was also a Sector Ranked disciple and had a husband whose name sent shockwaves through the Human Domain.

Simply put... They liked their lives intact...

"The third day of the Selections will be directed by me. There will only be one battle between my son and an opponent."

"Yes, your—!"

Orinik was ready to agree but his words got stuck in his throat. Her son? Who was her son? Was it someone who hadn't participated at all?

Suddenly, Orinik's eyes opened wide. It couldn't be a coincidence. Her husband was... And Leonel had...

'Son of a bitch.'

The moment Orinik had this thought, he almost fainted. He hoped to god that Alienor couldn't read his mind or else he would be finished. He swore it was a reflexive statement, really.

It was only after Orinik remembered that they were in the same Dimension that he calmed down, but even then a cold sweat had already almost drenched him out of his clothing.

Alienor didn't pay Orinik and the others any mind. She waved a hand and an unassuming Myghell suddenly found himself on the stage.

The envoys quickly retreated, their gazes flickering.

"Oh... I guess that's my cue."

Leonel rose to his feet, strolling toward the center arena. His mother happened to be half way down his path and she couldn't seem to control herself as she stopped him.

She smoothed out his shirt despite knowing that it would likely be ruined quite quickly. Though she wanted to reprimand her son for wearing nothing but sweatpants and a shirt to battle without the slightest hint of an armor in sight, she shook her head and smiled instead, forcing the hearts of all those in attendance to skip a beat.

She didn't say any words like 'be careful' or 'protect yourself'. It seemed that for this matter, she was quite confident in her son even if the entirety of the Luxnix estate was not.

"Off you go."

Just when Leonel was about to walk past his mother, he found another silhouette behind her. He realized right then that his mother was actually an accomplice, there was no way he wouldn't have sensed such a thing otherwise, but it was already too late to do much of anything.

Aina stood before him with an expression neither too cold nor too warm. It had been a very long time since Leonel had seen her wear a dress and even given the circumstances, he couldn't help but feel that his breath had been taken away.

The gown was a light blue and a white cloth wrapped tightly around her waist. Her slender shoulders glistened with a healthy tan and Leonel didn't dare to let his gaze linger along her collarbone for too long out of fear for how much further down it might go. And yet, when he instead chose to look up and follow her slender, proud neck, he found the gorgeous painting that was her face.

Those golden eyes didn't waver when they met Leonel's gaze even though his own couldn't help but be flooded with guilt. They say the eyes were the window to the soul and for Leonel who was used to keeping his own placid, what once was a clear conscious seemed far more murky now.

Aina didn't say anything. Instead, she only flipped over a palm, a bright Amethyst token appearing.

Leonel was taken aback. Did this mean she didn't accept his apology? Was she still angry?

He couldn't blame her. Leonel didn't care what sort of history they had, but he felt like his response to her outpouring was unacceptable. He even felt he let himself down far more than he had let her down. He had done something he was deeply disgusted with himself for.

"You need this more than I do."

The spring breeze of Aina's voice traveled to Leonel's ears, jolting his heart awake. When he saw the small smile that curled her delicate pink lips, his soul seemed to have left his body completely.

"There's only one man who should lead our Sector to the Void Palace. The best man."

Leonel didn't register when Aina hand grabbed his own and placed the Token within it. He didn't register the reaction of everyone around him. He didn't even register when it was that Aina had walked by him and entered the seating section of the geniuses of Earth.

He stood there in a world of his own, the Token in his palm feeling heavier than anything he had ever held before.

[Author's Note below]

Chapter 1232 Blinding Scarlet

Aina's fragrance lingered in the air. Even when Leonel couldn't seem to hear or see anything else, this scent alone was imprinted onto his mind and engraved into his very being.

He remembered this scent well. A cross of apple and just the slightest hint of cinnamon. The only way to get the perfect profile of this smell was to use the Force Herbs he had planted so many of in the Segmented Cube. But, the Segmented Cube had obviously been with him this entire time, so the only way this would have worked was if she took it with her.

Leonel hadn't been to that garden since Aina left. For all he knew all those Force Herbs had died, or maybe there wasn't any of them left at all.

Scent was probably the sense most capable of triggering memories, and not only that, but it was intertwined with emotion so deeply that they couldn't be divorced from one another. What Leonel did know was that this smell had most definitely not been on Aina that day, or else even with all the foolish rage in the world, he might not have been able to speak those words.

What Leonel didn't know was that Aina had only taken a single flower with her, feeling too guilty to justify any more. She had kept it with her all this time and managed to convince herself to finally use it over a year later for this very moment.

Leonel's gaze slowly regained its focus, looking down at the Amethyst Token in his hand. His heart didn't feel the heaviness at all. In fact, even though his hand felt as though it might fall through the earth at any moment, his heart felt as light as a feather and his gaze was as calm as a lake's surface.

Aina handed him this Token, what did it mean? Leonel felt that it was quite clear.

She spoke of leading the Sector but the momentum in her gaze was far deeper and vaster than that.

She gave Leonel this Token, telling him that he needed it more than she did, because she knew of his goal. How could the future King of the Dimensional Verse be subservient to another? Even in his first step toward glory, he should always be at the front, his back in full view of everyone else.

Leonel's foot trembled slightly and he seemed to vanish. In an upswell of wind, he landed on the arena just as Aina made it to the seating arrangements of the people of Earth.

She smiled gracefully, even bowing her head slightly. Too many were too speechless to say a thing, but Roesia didn't seem to miss a beat.

"Sweet child, come sit next to grandma."

Roesia brought Aina to her side before she could protest, wrapping her arms around hers.

...

Miel watched this scene with a dark expression, but there was already nothing else he could do about it. It seemed that his daughter had made her decision, and as furious as he was, he was helpless.

Leonel seemed to sense a dense murderous intent that wasn't coming from Myghell at all. His gaze shifted from the Amethyst Token, sifting through the crowd until it landed on a familiar man, the very man who had almost blown his head to bits with a single punch.

His expression didn't change much, nor was there any rage in it. He didn't seem to be angry with Miel at all. In fact, maybe he was a bit thankful. Who know what else he might have said had he not been snapped out of that state.

With a flip of his palm, the Amethyst Token vanished and a light breath left Leonel's lips. Something about his disposition shifted and the stone beneath his bare feet creaked and whined almost as though his weight had increase tenfold.

When he finally looked up to meet Myghell's gaze, the latter was looking back, unmoved. Even after being forcefully teleported to the stage and even after learning of who Leonel's mother was, the needle hadn't budged for him.

His expression was even more indifferent than Leonel's own. In fact, there was no coldness either, just a blank wall anything could be painted on.

Even after all this time, Leonel couldn't quite get a read on Myghell, at least not as easily as he could seem to grasp others. He was a man of few words and he didn't display any outward emotions. He was about as difficult to read as Leonel would say he was.

However, Leonel felt he knew enough.

This was a young man who sought nothing more than power. He was decisive and unfeeling. He did things at his greatest convenience and didn't care about what harm he caused otherwise. He didn't feel shame not because he couldn't, but rather because he felt he had never done anything shameful. The words and opinions of others were meaningless to him, all that mattered was his own...

Leonel knew quite a bit, enough that it was odd that he would say that he still didn't quite have a read on Myghell. But, he had his own reasons for saying so.

There was a silent lull that took place, a gentle gliding wind riding the silence at an unhurried pace.

Orinik didn't dare to start an event that Alienor had proposed so he sat in silence, feeling that if this was the case, the battle could be considered to have already started. As for the Amethyst Token in Leonel's hand, he chose not to say a single word about it.

Suddenly, the two vanished. The sound of stone meeting stone and metal crashing against metal resounded through the skies three times, three sonic booms and wild outflows of wind jetting forth in their wake.

A moment later, Leonel and Myghell appeared where they had always been, the only difference being the turbulent wind around them.

Myghell was entirely unmoved by an almost blinding streak of scarlet that fell from the corner of Leonel's lips.

"You are weak." Myghell said plainly.

Chapter 1233 Lament and Overwhelm

Leonel wiped at his blood with a thumb, rolling his shoulders back until he heard a satisfying crack. Beside himself, he released a yawn, stretching his neck from side to side.

It seems he was still a bit tired from yesterday, but that couldn't be helped. As for Myghell's words, they were probably true. At least in that exchange, he really was the weaker of the two.

The envoys of Void Palace couldn't help but frown. The wielder of an Amethyst Token bleeding was something that had never happened since its inception. Or, more accurately, one had never bled during their Selection. The entire point of the Amethyst Token was to represent invincibility, and Leonel was decidedly not that.

The rest had dismissed his battle with Isac, thinking that he was just fooling around. After all, Leonel was a spearman, not a bowman. This made perfect sense considering which family he came from as well. But... This was getting harder and harder to accept.

It didn't matter that Leonel was in Tier 4 while his opponent was a half-step from the Sixth Dimension. Invincibility was invincibility. You either were or you weren't. There were no technicalities in real life.

Leonel, though, didn't seem to care about the opinions of others. He was just a bit intrigued that Myghell had actually spoken.

"Oh? Is that a justification?" Leonel smiled.

"Justification? Why would I need something like that?"

"Oho." Leonel chuckled. "That's not a bad response. Indeed, why would you? And here I thought you were caught up in a few words written long before you were born."

"Whether those words have anything to do with me or not is meaningless. If they have nothing to do with me, I will force them to change their minds. If I have no fate with them regardless, then so what? Do I need the legacy of a fool who can't see straight?"

Leonel erupted into laughter when he heard these words. With each bellow, a stronger and denser violet fog seemed to waft out from him. Beneath its presence, the world itself seemed to slow.

"I really want to see what expressions that indifferent face of yours can make in defeat."

"I've never lost a battle in my life, and the first most definitely won't be to you."

The two shot forward in unison. This time, they took no care to hold back, the entire platform shattering.

A surge of cracks raced toward each other from opposite sides of the stage, following the wake of the two young men as though they were speeding to catch up.

BANG!

Leonel's forearm collided with Myghell's own, the cracks finally catching up to them as they hung in the air for just a fraction of a moment.

The ground beneath them sunk and collapsed, forming a pit gained depth before blasting outward and blowing even the surroundings stages to smithereens.

With a single tap of her foot, Alienor surrounded the entire region in a familiar golden glow, saving the audience from another potential horror story.

Leonel and Myghell didn't miss a beat. Even as they fell from the skies, their knees and elbows clashed, each boom resonating like the collapse of a mountain.

With every collision, Leonel felt his internal organs shake and quake. The gap in their strength was undeniable and the penetrative power of Myghell's Force was deep and immeasurable. Not only was his strength beyond Leonel's, but his application of it was in another world.

However, the smile on Leonel's face became a grin, and that grin quickly became a fiendish spread of pearly whites that seemed to radiate a light of its own. In that moment, Bronze Runes raced into existence around his skin, a crown marking his forehead and a halo hovering above his head.

BANG!

The next collision of their knees sounded like metal meeting metal, their elbows clashing soon after to sound like hammer meeting anvil.

The two crashed onto the ground, Myghell's body suddenly erupting with a mysterious golden-white Force that twinkled as though tiny crystals were falling within it. The moment Leonel landed collided with him again, it was as though he had gained ten layers of armor.

Myghell was as unmovable as a mountain. His strikes were sharp and decisive, and though not as fast as one would expect from a Luxnix, it carried an overbearing quality to it that made one feel as though a giant was stomping down on you from above.

This sort of momentum alone was enough to make most fall into despair. It filled you with the kind of emotion that made you feel small and insignificant, like a speck of dust among the stars or a drop of water amidst the ocean.

However, something about it only made Leonel fight back harder. As though he couldn't feel the pain of his limbs and fists crashing against an immovable wall, he collided with it again and again, his movements becoming faster and faster as he seemed to release everything he had.

Myghell looked like a deity, his golden hair hanging in the air unaffected by its surroundings, his fists and kicks jetting out while his torso seemed unmoved and unhurried, even his gaze didn't flicker as he met Leonel's onslaught, almost as though he was watching a toddler put together their final tantrum.

"Lament."

The word came out of nowhere, and yet the strike that followed behind it was unlike any that came before. A mysterious energy layered Myghell's fist, his strength crashing toward Leonel like a fall meteor.

Leonel's gaze flickered, his own fist jetting outward, wrapped by Universal Force he had been holding back on all this time.

BANG!

Leonel felt his arm threaten to collapse, his feet leaving two trenches in his wake as he shot backward.

"Overwhelm."

Myghell didn't move from his spot, he didn't feel like he had to. One meter, tens of meters, it didn't matter. When he spoke, the world listened.

A second fist surged forward, the air snapping and cracking as sparks of fire formed beneath the sheer speed of the strike alone.

Leonel's pupils constricted. This strike was at least ten times the strength of the last, he had no chance to block this with his fists.

Chapter 1234 BANG!

BANG!

A pillar of smoke rose in the air, the ground combusting as though an explosive had been hidden within. But, just as quickly as Myghell's strike landed, the mighty roar of a bear resounded.

The smoke and dust plumes were forcefully disrupted, a concentrated beam of light jetting outward like a laser, relentlessly piercing through the skies as though it might split anything in its path in two.

In that moment, a ten meter tall bear rose up on its hind legs. Beneath the dispersed smoke, its aura towered and its strength pulsed in all directions not much unlike its roar. Even the ground itself seem to want to submit.

The bear was both illusory and not, its body covered from head to toe in resplendent golden fur and its eyes shimmering like stars that held the depth of the universe. However, while its body itself seemed ethereal and unreal, on top of it was an armor of dense grey, so heavy that what remained of the stone beneath the bear cracked and shattered further.

Without hesitation, the bear charged after the beam of light, following after it with a tremendous momentum. Leonel trailed its back, much of his figure hidden behind the enormous bear construct but his gaze had become cold and focused, his fiendish grin giving way to a calculating light.

Myghell, of course, recognized the bear construct. But, he had never seen it appear with armor. In just a moment, he could tell that Leonel had fused the Luxnix Force Art system with another. Even after realizing this though, he didn't spare any thought toward being impressed nor did his expression fluctuate.

His palm flipped over, a sword as light as a feather and as thin as a finger appearing in his hand.

The moment it did, his whole demeanor seemed to change. His indifferent expression, unmoved by the world even if the moon fell from the skies, gained a bit of haughtiness between his brows. An arrogance that had been buried deep within his bones blossomed like a blooming flower, his first hint of an expression shining forth.

The individuals of the Luxnix watched on with widened eyes. They hadn't seen Myghell use his sword against a member of his generation since he was 10 years old. No, that wasn't accurate. Those like Elody and Syllar were technically a part of Leonel's mother's generation. The truth was that Myghell had never used his sword against a member of his generation and he hadn't used it against the generation plus one his senior since he was a child!

Myghell's sword pierced forward. It seemed to carry no momentum with it, no forcefulness or power. In fact, it could only be said to be beautiful and elegant, the kind of strike that looked pretty in a practice book and could be expounded upon in a painting, but lacked the foundation of comprehension and strength it should have had...

Or so it seemed.

The beam of light separated into two beneath Myghell's sword as though it was nothing more than a dying flames final twinkle. It split past his shoulders, continuing toward the barriers in the distance where it seemed to have lost all of its momentum. And yet...

BANG!

The barriers shuddered and threatened to collapse. The power behind it was so great that the arena itself shook and quaked, the rustling of the pillars that held it up making a few cowards feel as though they should prepare to run. However, for everyone else, they couldn't seem to take their eyes off of what they were seeing for even a moment.

The elegant stroke of Myghell's sword didn't lose momentum in the slightest. He only took a single step forward, and yet he seemed to appear dozens of meters away in the next instant.

The final roar of the bear construct resounded and it even sounded somewhat sad, its body collapsing into two pieces before vanishing into sparkling motes of light.

Leonel, who had been following very closely behind, narrowed his gaze. He had indeed fused the Luxnix Force Arts with another. He had used Fourth Dimensional Star Core, which he could produce with ease thanks to his Metal Body, and then strengthened it with Camelot's magic system to form a new defensive Mage Art. And yet it was split in just a single strike.

Even with the coldness of his gaze now, a flicker of rouge couldn't help but manifest as his heart beat grew steadier and deeper. In that moment, his fiendish grin almost returned.

In a blink, Myghell and Leonel appeared before one another. Just when it seemed that Leonel would suffer the same fate as the beam of light and the bear construct before him, his aura bloomed, the temperature plummeting as a spear of black ice appeared in his hands.

Leonel didn't hold back for even a moment, his Level 2 Spear Force bursting forth and a blinding golden spear splitting the crown on his forehead in two.

Orinik's expression changed wildly when he saw this. 'A seventh heir?!'

The shock even overshadowed the fact Leonel had had Level 2 Spear Force from the very beginning.

BANG!

Spear and sword met. A wild crackling of ice and a plummeting temperature appearing to one side, and on the other a blazing golden-white light shimmering with falling gems.

The two shot backward beneath their opponent's strength, but just as quickly as their feet landed, they sprung forward with an even faster pace.

Spear and sword left afterimages in the air, the collision of blades, light, ice and Force feeling like a firework ceremony of untouchable proportions.

Myghell's Level 2 Sword Force vibrated wildly. His speed touched another level as he swapped between techniques of the Luxnix as though he was doing nothing more than breathing. He didn't even seem to have trouble interrupting his technique midway to switch to another, countering Leonel's spear play at every corner.

Leonel's gaze almost seemed to rage with a ring of gold and crimson, the Spear Domain Lineage Factor's mark on his forehead growing in brightness with each passing moment.

Myghell retrieved his sword, the arrogance between his brows only growing.

"Divide."

His voice was layered and almost seemed like a fusion of a God and Devil, commanding the world to yield beneath its call.

Leonel didn't take a single step back, the raging violet aura around him growing in size to the point a miniature humanoid figure appeared before his head.

"Dragon's Might."

BANG!

Chapter 1235 Night

SHIING! SHIING! SHIING! SHIING!

The sound of sharpening blades rang out in all directions. In that moment, a strong inner will pulsed, fusing into the surroundings and making the air feel several times heavier than it had in the past.

Leonel's spear pulled back and drew an arc upward through the air. It moved so quickly that a streak of blackish blue was all anyone could seem to see, the strength of his Level 2 Spear Force multiplying several times over in the blink of an eye.

Myghell didn't miss a beat, activating <Whet Star Droplets> in almost the same instant Leonel had. Despite the fragile look of his blade, it clashed with Leonel's almost demonic spear without losing ground.

Myghell found that the strength of his words had dampened the moment that small violet humanoid figure appeared. It was as though his will was clashing with Leonel's, canceling each other out. This was the first time Myghell had ever experienced someone nullifying his words, and for yet another first time, his gaze couldn't help but narrow.

Suddenly, Myghell's shifted, retrieving his sword and guarding it against his body as though to take on a fencing stance.

His free hand pressed his fore and middle fingers together, the odd white-gold precipitating crystal Force around him concentrating toward the tips of those two digits.

Instead of pursuing, Leonel's Dream Force surged, the halo above his head pulsing as though it had a mind of its own.

"<Valiant Seal>."

"<Gem Conception>."

A violent upswell of Force surged out in all directions, splitting the battlefield into two sides surrounded by a tornado of rotating winds.

On one side, four silver pillars rose up from the earth, depictions of battles and grandeur etched onto their surfaces. Beneath its presence, it felt as though space itself had been frozen, as though it could be paused, undone, flattened and lengthened at the behest of Leonel.

There was no doubt that after fusing with his Divine Armor, Leonel's Space Affinity had taken another enormous leap forward. In fact, due to the Evolution Ore his mother had granted him, even Sixth Dimensional Space bent to his whims.

On the other side, the sparkling droplets of crystal that had surrounded seemed to quickly gather, sticking to one another and quickly growing in size beneath the strength of a mysterious command.

It was a sight that was objectively gorgeous, but it only became more when Myghell's free hand trembled, a final twinkle of light breathing life into the gems that fell around him.

In that moment, dozens of crystal wolves formed on the ground and dozens more crystal hawks took over the skies. It felt almost impossible to catch them with the naked eye unless the sun's rays hit them just right, but when they did, a beautiful sight one could hardly match was seen.

All this time, the crowd had been on the edge of their seats, not having been prepared for the kind of battle they would witness today. But, this scene made them all gasp in admiration in one moment, then feel their hearts seize in the next. Those that were sharper felt the danger force their small hairs to

stand up. These beast constructs made Leonel's previous formulations feel like nothing more than child's play. Each and every single one of them had the strength of the Sixth Dimension.

Leonel's gaze narrowed from within his <Valiant Seal>. It seems that his speculations were correct. The root or the power source that gave the Luxnix Force Art system its life-like characteristics wasn't entirely related to the language itself, but also in the uniqueness of Snow Force. It was only when incorporating it that it could show its full strength, something that naturally happened since Snow Force had a positive impact on Soul Force and Internal Sight.

The problem, then, became obvious. Myghell had stepped beyond Snow Force, but his Luxnix Force Arts likewise gained an enormous boost along with it. Leonel had been so worried about what a lack of techniques would look like if he abandoned the Snowy Star Owl that he hadn't realized that it was all already right under his nose.

The crystal beast constructs shot forward. Their speed was far beyond what Myghell could muster and they had already appeared before Leonel's barrier in the blink of an eye.

Myghell stood straight tall, his sword wielding had pressed to his chance as he entered a perfect stance. In that moment, his energy began to gather, his strength slowly accumulating.

Even to this point, Myghell hadn't suffered a single injury. His body seemed to still be warming up to the battle, almost as though it didn't feel like it was necessary to snap itself fully away. Even the arrogance between Myghell's brows was only very slowly becoming more prominent. It felt like his true face was only now beginning to be shown to the world and everything else was nothing more than an elaborate façade.

The howl of the wolves resounded as they pounced toward Leonel's barrier.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Leonel's pupils constricted. For the first time, cracks appeared and began to race about his <Valiant Seal> like spider webs. He had always known that there was a limit to just how much pressure his self-created Mage Art could take, but he was still astonished by this.

This was just a few of Myghell's beast constructs, what if he had attacked personally instead?

Leonel didn't linger on these thoughts for long, his Force surging as the cracks mended. In that moment, the barrier began to bulge, numerous bubbles appearing as he formed one <Crystal World> after another, each attached with its own law.

They shot outward. Before the beast constructs could react, they found themselves being enveloped by the violet hued spears.

Just like that, they lost their connection with Myghell, becoming nothing more than piles of useless gems.

Leonel's palm closed into a fist, crushing them to ash.

'The skies...'

It felt as though everything had fallen into darkness. It was the kind of shift that made one feel as though a natural phenomenon was descending, the kind that commanded the attention of all. Leonel had just not been among them because the beast constructs was something he knew he had to deal with first, even knowing that Myghell was preparing something. But, when he saw it...

Leonel's gaze pervaded with a piercing coldness. Up above, the high sun had completely vanished, replaced by a blanket of darkness.

The first of the Universal Cycles was the Four Seasons Realm. This first stage embodied the call of the Seasons, leaving its four pillars up the interpretation of the masses.

The second Universal Cycle was the Heavenly Body Realm. This second embodied the rotation of the celestial behemoths that called the skies home, it touched upon the artistic conception that gave them their beauty and unique character.

The third Universal Cycle... Was the Natural Light Realm. The birth of Dawn, the brightness of Day, the decline of Dusk, and the darkness of Night.

It didn't take Leonel long to realize that Myghell had grasped a Night comprehension for his Sword. Everything felt so all encompassing and grand, even to the point of blanketing the entire arena in black. Leonel hadn't even grasped the Heavenly Body Realm yet, but he was facing someone who had grasped Night with his sword.

Leonel had never understood why the Natural Light Realm existed beyond the Four Seasons and Heavenly Body Realm, it felt like it should have been the very first he came to understand. There were only more of these inconsistencies lingering beyond, and this was the honest reason why he had never been able to step beyond it.

After the Natural Light Realm came the Cosmos Realm which was divided into comprehension of the Galaxy, Sector, Domain and Universe. This seemed like it somewhat made sense, at least in this case, the Cosmos was indeed beyond the Seasons and the Heavenly Bodies...

But right after that came the pinnacle of Universal Force... The Constellation Realm?

In this Realm, one would create four Constellation Pillars for yourself, each representing a different portion of your strength... That sounded all well and good, but how the hell was a Constellation beyond the Cosmos?

For Leonel who liked to have a logical progress to everything, and a solid understanding of everything he grasped, it threw his mind for a loop, resulting in him stagnating in the Four Seasons Realm for so long.

If he had a choice in the matter, it would be Natural Light Realm, then Four Seasons Realm, then Heavenly Body Realm, followed by the Constellation Realm and finally the Cosmos Realm. That all made so much more sense.

So what the hell was this?

Leonel shook his head. He seemed to have completely forgotten that he was in battle and currently facing an attack powered by the Artistic Conception of the Sixth Dimension.

However, Myghell didn't seem to have forgotten at all. Who knew how everyone would react if they knew what was going on in Leonel's mind right this moment.

The dichotomy of light and darkness seemed to play for Myghell exceptionally well, his own brightness only being accentuated.

Leonel's gaze somewhat regained their focus, his mind still feeling dissatisfied. Maybe he should grill the old bastard about it.

"From Darkness comes Light. Shroud the World and multiply my might."

Myghell raised his sword high in the skies, it trembling slightly beneath the accumulating Force.

"<Life Rend>."

A blinding light divided the night as Myghell's sword fell.

Chapter 1236 Impossible

Leonel could feel the Artistic Conception behind Myghell's strike just as clearly as he could see the scythe of Force blazing toward him. It was as though something about Myghell's comprehension had a breath of life of its own, whispering into the ears of all who saw it. Of course, this wasn't out of the kindness of its heart. Rather, it was due to an inborn arrogance, the kind that refused to allow itself to be unknown and ignored.

The roar of Force was deafening and as everything else fell to darkness, it was the one and only source of light.

Leonel's lip couldn't help but curl. Faced with such an unbridled haughtiness, the hidden foundation of his own persona that silently fueled his every action and thought seemed to have been stirred. For Myghell to make it seem like he was the only source of light in this world before him...

How arrogant could you get?

'Kinetic Domain.'

Leonel's hair whipped about wildly, its short strands moving about like they had minds of their own. The dense violet aura around him only grew denser, the subtle purple color of his barriers thickening to the point it was almost impossible to see anything other than the outline of Leonel's figure through them.

The Force in the surroundings seemed to have been quelled beneath Leonel's forcefulness, but the gap was simply too large. Kinetic Domain was built on the foundation of a Quasi Silver Spear, making it a half step from the Sixth Dimension. However, the Universal Force Myghell was using was fueled by a Sixth Dimensional comprehension. The difference was enormous. But...

Leonel was also ready for this.

Myghell's weakened by as much as 20%, this energy being snatched away by Leonel.

With a single stomp forward, Leonel's figure forced the arena to quake. The four pillars that surrounded him only glowed with a fiercer light, so brightly, in fact, that they seemed to blend into one, making it go almost completely unnoticed when two of them vanished from thin air.

Leonel took another heavy stomp forward, his legs crossing the violet barrier before him but his figure so shrouded by light that it was only possible to notice with exceptional Internal Sight. But, even then, the trouble was that any attempt to do so felt like throwing a rock into an ocean.

With Leonel's greater comprehension of Internal Sight thanks to his study of the Luxnix's manipulation techniques, he had a deeper appreciation for exactly what it was... Ultimately, Internal Sight was just an outward projection of Soul Force, and even more fundamentally, was just a blanket of energy. In that case, why wouldn't his Kinetic Domain swallow it up as well?

All anyone could see to focus on was the collision of two blinding lights. So, when they suddenly found Leonel appearing just a single meter away from Myghell's figure, his spear raised high in the air and his Force having reached its peak, their eyes couldn't help but widen.

Myghell had only just unleashed a powerful strike it seemed to have taken a few seconds for him to cast, it was impossible to prepare a defense so quickly. Also, they couldn't wrap their heads around just how Leonel had done it, teleporting past such an attack wasn't child's play. If that was possible, Space Force would be ranked even higher than it was and those that wielded it would be invincible.

The more Force density an environment has, the more difficult it is to use Space Force. Even the likes of the Radix family, far inferior to Myghell and the Luxnix, were able to take advantage of this principle to make Leonel's teleportation abilities useless.

The higher the quality of the Force, the more difficult it became. In addition, the more volatile and unpredictable the Force, the greater the unpredictability of teleportation as well.

This was all to say that when Myghell prepared an attack with Sixth Dimensional strength like he just had, teleporting even in the general vicinity should have been almost impossible, especially for a Fifth Dimensional existence like Leonel.

But, the fact Leonel had not only done so, but he had even teleported directly through the line of attack, appearing right in front of Myghell...

It was a feat extraordinary to a degree that was almost impossible to describe.

However, what happened next was somehow even more baffling.

Myghell's gaze narrowed, his free hand already gathering his odd white-gold gem-like Force again. But, he had only just began when his pupils constricted, the hairs on the back of his neck rising.

Under the astonished eyes of the public, two blinding pillars rose to Myghell's back, their violet barrier twinkling for just a moment. In that instant, Myghell's attack collided with Leonel's other barrier, the sound of space whining and groaning feeling like a fork scraping against the bottom of a pot.

BANG!

The barrier shattered. But, Myghell's blade Force had also vanished into thin air... For all but a single moment.

A second BANG! resounded. This one, however, was right behind Myghell.

To his front, Leonel's spear descended, the coldness in the latter's eyes carrying with it an intent that wouldn't be denied, the kind of intent that seemed to match and then overshadow Myghell's own as though it had had its dignity challenged.

To his back, an attack of his own design assaulted him. It had dimmed considerably from the first time he had levied it, but that didn't seem to matter given the situation. He had just deployed his Force, he couldn't do so again so quickly and easily and any attack he did form would be far too flimsy.

Leonel's spear fell, fueled by a portion of Myghell's own strength. His calculation was perfect and without flaw, even down to the landing location of Myghell's own strike. He would end this right here.

BANG! BANG!

The cacophonous booms of the landed attack resonated throughout the arena, its entire foundation sinking down by what felt like an entire meter.

Chapter 1237 Woken

The experts in the crowd found their hearts skipping a beat.

Redirecting attacks using Space Force, teleporting them through space and changing their trajectory was so by far and away more difficult than simply teleporting through volatile Force that it could only be labeled as impossible. Being able to perfectly reflect attacks, even, was so difficult that it took one being a Savant like Candle to be able to do it!

Leonel had redirected attacks before against the oceanic beasts of Earth. But, they had been so much weaker than him to begin with that the two feats couldn't even be compared.

If a Sixth Dimensional expert wanted to reflect the attack of a Fifth Dimensional one, it was a matter of a wave of a palm. They were essentially a God to a mortal to begin with. However, doing so with an attack at, or even worse... Above your level like Leonel had was so unfathomable that if it wasn't for the resonating booms, the entire arena would have fallen into complete silence.

The expressions of those of the Luxnix were incredibly ugly.

The truth was that after seeing Alienor's strength, they realized just how ignorant they had been. They had all been aware that she was still within the Sixth Dimension, so they never thought too much of her strength.

This wasn't too surprising. Earth had only completed its Metamorphosis about five years ago so when Alienor blossomed to her true strength, the Luxnix had already concluded what they believed her limits were and had no idea just how vastly she had improved. They had no idea how large the gap between two individuals of the same Dimension could be.

It only made matters worse that Wise Star Order, their most respected Ancestor, had chosen Leonel's side to begin with and now even seemed to have been enslaved by Roesia's branch of the family.

The Starry Order Elders of the family already understood that they had lost this battle, but it was hard to just shift their mentalities after decades of placing their hope in just one young man. Many of them still hoped that Myghell would win, even if it wasn't logical, they were human, after all.

Seeing such a scene before them, it was difficult to accept.

But maybe luckily for them, they weren't the only ones with a frown on their faces at this moment... Because oddly enough, Leonel himself was among them.

Leonel held onto his spear firmly, it bowing beneath his strength. Compared to its usual Black Ice form, it was currently smoldering and filled with an unbridled heat that scorched even the air. But, it was also precisely because of this that the fog and plumes of smoke took so long to clear. And when it did... Leonel's gaze couldn't help but narrow further.

Just about ten meters away from Leonel, Myghell seemed to be in a sorry state. His untouched robes had been torn to shreds, leaving barely enough to cover his decency. However... That was all.

Myghell's skin shimmered like it was carved of crystal. There was a hint of blood at the corner of his lips and several cracks across his body, but he still rose slowly from the ground, a light cough leaving him.

The haughtiness between his brows seemed to have undergone an evolution. It was so pronounced and clear that it almost felt like one was looking at a completely different person. From indifferent, standoffish and cold, Myghell was only a blinding chain of precious metals away from looking every bit the part of a lifelong gangster.

Myghell ripped the top of his robes away from himself, spitting out the mouthful of blood that was accumulating on his tongue. The cracks that ran along his toned body slowly fused and vanished one by one, the thumping of his heart suddenly treating his body like an instrument to project outward.

The beating resonated with the crystal that coated him, vibrating his body to a special frequency that pulled at the heart.

Leonel could see at a glance that Myghell wasn't just arrogant, he was also a bit of a madman who happened to also be extraordinarily hard working. Not everyone could just swallow metals and end up with a physique like Leonel's, especially for Myghell who was born with the Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor that wasn't known for its robust body to begin with.

Every line of muscle, every inch of definition, every outlined striation and pulsing vein, was the result of his own meticulous work. And it seemed that Leonel had finally knocked him awake.

Myghell rose his palms to his hair, running his fingers through it and slicking it back. His actions were slow and didn't seem very special, but the oppressive aura he was giving off only seemed to grow as the thumping of his heart grew louder and louder.

By a certain point, it no longer sounded like the steady beat of an organ but had rather become a thrumming war drum, the gems that coated his body becoming thicker and thicker.

Myghell threw a glance toward his thin sword. It had fallen a pace before him and was so deeply entrenched into the ground that only the hilt was visible.

With a wave of his palm, the sword flew to Myghell's hand. One would have thought that he had done so for the purpose of battle, but what he actually used it for was nothing short of jarring.

Myghell gazed at the sword for a moment, raising it up to eye level as though he was trying to inspect every detail...

And then his mouth suddenly opened wide. His canines lengthened and a growl left his lip.

CLANG! CLICK! CHSHHH!

He bit down hard, the blade suddenly shattering into countless pieces he swallowed with a single inhale.

The gems that coated Myghell's body began to glow a healthy light, complex royal blue Runes beginning to swirl about within them, making him look more like an otherworldly treasure than a human.

BANG! BANG!

Within Myghell's palms, two enormous great swords appeared. Each was over two meters long and two feet wide. Their weight falling to the ground alone left two enormous craters Myghell didn't seem to care he had begun to sink into.

A fiendish, devilish grin spread across his lips, his body seeming to grow a size.

"I was already sick and tired of using that twig. Since you've woken me up, come and taste true strength."

Myghell's foot rose into the air, the momentum of the world following his step.

Chapter 1238 Blazing Dawn. Dauntless Day

Myghell was so fast that Leonel could only react on instinct, quickly crossing his spear over his chest.

It was like those enormous great swords were no heavier than a single feather, or so it seemed with the ease Myghell swung them.

The spear across Leonel's chest immediately found itself bending in protest. Despite the fact Leonel had wanted to use it to protect himself, a strong, surging force bent it to the point it barreled into his sternum, causing his body to bow backward and fly out with a BANG!

A projectile of blood flew from Leonel's mouth, his entire rib cage threatening to shatter. If it wasn't for his Bronze Runes dispersing the force throughout his body, maybe his lungs and heart would have been riddled with bone shards by now.

Leonel could tell that Myghell had instead lost his speed and most importantly, his agility. However, when it came to a straight line bound and leap forward, strength alone could often overwhelm speed. And now that Myghell had taken the initiative, he proved this about as well as you possibly could.

Myghell howled, his hair fluttering about wildly. He looked like a beast that had been released from its chains, his attack and pursuit relentless as though he couldn't feel fatigue.

Every time he landed the ground would collapse, every time he shot forward an abyss would be left in his wake, every time he attacked the air split and sparking flames followed his swing as the atmosphere cried for mercy.

Leonel found his body being beaten and bruised. He managed to find a way to block every time, but he could never escape the pain that came with it. His wrists threatened to shatter, his shoulders were continuously almost ripped from their sockets, and his legs and torso were beginning to show signs of deep internal bleeding, splotches of a grotesque blackish violet spreading beneath their skin.

"BLAZING DAWN. DAUNTLESS DAY."

The gold of Myghell's hair and eyes became like a blazing sun. Even his eyebrows followed suit, the endless flood of it making him look like a deity descended from the skies above. And yet, his coarse laughter and his fiendish grin warped that persona, giving him the image of endless bloodlust, the kind that could only be matched by a God of War.

"HAAA-UUUUU!"

Myghell's howls caused the golden barriers that protected the audience to tremble and vibrate. The crowd could only imagine just how loud it was for Leonel who was trapped in there.

Whether by coincidence or design, everyone seem to have landed on the same conclusion... This arena had become a cage and Leonel happened to be stuck in there with a beast.

The Luxnix had quite frankly never seen this side of Myghell. Not only had he abandoned the light flexible sword that was the symbol of their family, but he didn't even seem to be using Snow Force any longer. They couldn't help but feel that the Myghell that they had all come to know was a façade from the very beginning, nothing more than an image he projected out to them.

This was the true Myghell. And unrelenting, furious, battle maniac who wielded his swords like clubs and bellowed out war cries as though he wouldn't be satisfied until the whole of the Dimensional Verse heard his name.

BANG!

Leonel against the golden barrier, another cough of blood leaving his lips.

By now, his clothes were in tatters. Where his skin was exposed no longer shone as resplendently as they had before, even his Bronze Runes seemed to have dimmed considerably.

Myghell's relentless pursuit didn't pause for even a moment. Blazing like a golden meteor, he shot into the air, falling down toward Leonel with both his great swords raised high above his head.

His hair and eyebrows gave of wisps of white-gold fog. His eyes had begun to glow so bright that the whites had vanished, replaced by orbs of gold that pulsed with light.

Leonel watched this seen, a light breath leaving his lips. Even that alone made him feel like his entire body was on fire.

'Alright, if a brawl is what you want, come and have a brawl.'

Leonel eyes closed for a moment, making it truly seem as though he had given in. But when they opened, his eyes, too, had become nothing more than orbs of light. However, his own blazed like shimmering sapphires, his aura imploding in the form of a pillar that seemed to want to pierce the skies.

"Star Fusion."

Wild plumes of sky blue smoke shot out from Leonel, his body suddenly vanishing from its position and appearing above Myghell.

His white shirt was ripped from himself, revealing a torso no less ripped and defined than Myghell's own. His Bronze Runes were flooded with Vital Star Force, causing them to pulse with the very same blue light as his halo hung above his head.

Myghell continued to fall, unable to change his direction. But, Leonel had already closed in, his feet slamming down on the top of the former's back and driving him into the ground.

BANG!

Myghell twisted in the air, blocking Leonel's foot with the flat of his blade and swinging forward with his other, his gaze lit with thoughts of splitting him in two. But, what he found instead was Leonel's own blade.

Spear and sword met in the skies, the reverberating impact sending Leonel spiraling so far into the air that he crashed into the barrier once again. At the same time, Myghell careened into the ground, falling into such a deep pit that it wasn't immediately obvious what happened to him.

Unfortunately, though... This wasn't the kind of battle that had lulls and pauses.

Two almost mindless roars shook the stadium.

In the ground below, Myghell's aura alone shattered everything in its path, forcing the rocks to crumble and the surrounding walls to fall into the abyss. The elevation where the stages and platforms had been at fell by more than 50 meters, leaving a sinkhole that spread out for hundreds more.

In the skies, Leonel's bellow shattered the ceiling of the golden dome, shards of white-gold glass falling in all directions and precipitating in a beautiful rainfall.

And then, a streak of blinding blue and another of blinding gold tore a path toward one another, meeting in the skies and causing a BOOM that deafened the ears of all those that heard it.

Chapter 1239 Once More

Spear and great swords met in an endless torrent of attacks. Every collision caused shards of whistling wind to fly out in all directions. It was the kind of display of power that made one cringe and turn your head away, worried that their bodies wouldn't be able to handle what came next and find itself bent awkwardly and out of shape.

However, the wild grins on both of their faces seemed to paint a different picture entirely. They were completely relentless, even when they were pushed to the ground, they sprung back up like springs, already prepared for the next ten exchanges.

BANG!

The two were forcefully separated, finding themselves on opposite sides of the arena. Their breathing was even and deep, the thumping of their hearts and the rushing of their blood booming like drums and falling like waterfalls.

Myghell exhaled a deep breath, a fog rising up from his swords as though they were being seared with heat.

"Dying Embers of Dusk."

The four cycles came together. Without even stepping into the Sixth Dimension, Myghell had actually comprehended the entirety of the Natural Light Realm.

The glow in Leonel's gaze intensified. The strength of one, two or three facets of a Universal Cycle was absolutely nothing compared to when they were deployed all at once. Only upon doing so would the true strength of Universal Force shine through.

The Only Light of Night. Blazing Dawn. Dauntless Day. Dying Embers of Dusk.

The cycle of Day, Night, Dawn and Dusk rotated about the skies, the center of the world being Myghell himself.

Leonel exhaled his own breath. He hadn't even bothered to bring out his Four Seasons comprehension. Because it was True State, it could probably match one stage above, but two was too large of a gap to bridge. If he brought it out now, he would only end up countered and put himself on the back foot.

But, Leonel had more cards than he had shown.

In the Dimensional Cleanse Trial Zone, Leonel had formed three forms of , not just one. The issue was that the amount of Vital Star Force he had was so small to begin with that executing just the first form only lasted a few minutes.

Unfortunately, most of the accumulated Vital Star Force Leonel had left the trial world with had been taken away by the Segmented Cube. Of course, it was vital to saving his life and making sure no lingering injuries crippled his hands, so it was a worthy exchange.

Due to this, though, it took Leonel weeks to even months to accumulate enough Vital Force just for a few minutes of usage... At least, that was the case in a weak galaxy like the Milky Way. But, Leonel wasn't there any longer, now was he?

Leonel had already been on Planet Luxnix for more than a month. Not only was it a pinnacle Sixth Dimensional world, it was perfectly chosen by the Luxnix for its high Light and Star Elemental concentration.

In that case, wasn't it perfect?

The first stage of Star Fusion was . The second stage, though...

Leonel's lips spread into a wild grin, the red in his eyes pulsing as the blue about him became a blazing curtain of crimson.

"<Star Fusion: Combustion>."

A chorus of red raced across Leonel's body as he howled into the skies. His own cry sounded for more maddened than anything Myghell had been able to form.

His body seemed to spring to life, a pair of wings that stretched outward for ten meters each appearing to his back and his body being covered in delicate white gold scales, each etched with golden runes and shaped like small, miniature feathers.

The billowing fog emitting from Leonel's head seemed to make his hair turn scarlet and lengthen, snaking out in all directions like wild hydras surging out from murky waters.

With a single flap of Leonel's wings, the air around him shattered like glass, the ground splintering like an egg shell and the howling call of his roar being left behind by the sonic boom of his own speed.

He appeared before Myghell in the blink of an eye, but the latter had already swung down one of his great swords, the power behind it carrying with it the strength of the Natural Light Realm.

BANG!

The two erupted into a flurry of exchanges.

Leonel's body seemed to be nearly invulnerable, even in the rare instances where he suffered an injury, it closed so fast that it felt as though it had never been there to begin with.

Myghell's skin shimmered like crystals, his impenetrable Gem Force and relentless attacks backing his domineering nature. He fought nothing like a Luxnix. There wasn't the slightest bit about him that was elegant or refined, not the slightest hint of what it meant to embody purity was on his mind. All he cared about was being the best, his arrogance prepared to make even the darkness of night and the light of day revolve around him!

The two clashed and separated, their collisions rebounding all across the arena in a way that was almost impossible to follow. The crowd found their head swiveling from side to side almost uncontrollably just so that they could try their best to keep up.

Leonel retracted his spear before releasing an endless torrent of pierces. His speed was so blinding that it felt as though dozens of spears had appeared in his hand.

Myghell swiped one of his great swords to the side, brutishly slapping Leonel's spear to the side, and swinging down from above.

Leonel took a fast and strong step forward, punching out toward Myghell's chest.

The sound of metal and crystal meeting resounded through the arena, by Myghell flexed his back and widened his stance, absorbing the blow completely as he continued to swing down from above.

Leonel's gaze flickered as he rotated to the side, barely stepping out of the downward swing and stamping down toward Myghell's wrist.

However, as though he hadn't noticed, Myghell's forearm simply flexed, the blue Runes swirling about his crystal skin jumping to life.

In that moment, Leonel sudden felt as though his foot had slammed into a steel wall. To make matters worse, Myghell suddenly released his grip on his sword, his palm snaking upward at an odd angle and catching Leonel's ankle.

Leonel found himself being raised into the air, his gaze frighteningly cold.

BANG!

His body was pummeled into the ground, only to be raised again.

Force surged about Leonel's ankle, forcing Myghell to let go. Hooking the crook of his knee to Myghell's arm, he used the momentum to swing himself to the latter's back, choking around Myghell's neck with one arm and raising his spear to behead him with the other.

Myghell roared, his neck bulging and his back erupting as a strong surge of Force that sent Leonel flying backward.

With another howl, Myghell beat his chest, sinking further and further into an undying madness. And then, his skin began to change once more. Slowly but surely, the crystal morphed into something more tangible and heavy, fusing with the new coming substance and making it far stronger than it had been just alone...

Chapter 1240 Judgement

The crystal that coated Myghell's skin seemed to rapidly shrink, concentrating the pulsing Blue Runes that had run within them toward his forehead.

His muscles bulged a fold in size, suddenly gaining a rough texture to them and eventually losing all of its color. Before the eyes of everyone, it became a thick, leathery coat, one that bulged with both power and a pure, unblemished white that gave off its own light.

At the same time, Myghell's hair and eyes lost their gold color as well, becoming bright shades of white. It almost became impossible to see his hair as anything other than strings of lights, it didn't even look real any longer, having completely lost its physical form.

The illusory form of a majestic elephant appeared to his back, a surging tide of Gem Force flooding the surroundings.

Myghell didn't even seem to try, but everything was suddenly coated in his aura. The ground and even the golden walls that surrounded them all began to grow crystal formations of their own, almost like rapidly spreading ice forming crystalline constructs.

With a snap, Myghell's great sword flew back into his hand. A single flex of his forearm caused the sturdy metal to whine, the imprint of his palm and fingers being etched onto its body. The level of strength it took to accomplish such a feat was simply beyond one's wildest imagination, and yet he had done so on nothing more than a whim.

Myghell's head tilted to the skies, a roar escaping his lips. Explosive, concentric circles of collapsing and booming wind shot out along with his voice, shattering everything in its wake.

In that moment, a surge of Force began to violently shoot toward Myghell, his chest and stomach expanding by a size as the gem on his forehead only grew all the brighter.

Leonel flipped through the air, landing on his own two feet. His body was still covered by a blazing fog of red, a line of smoke rising from his body and becoming a thin line of energy in the air.

From the moment Myghell ate his sword, Leonel had already understood what his ability was. Leonel had run into this ability before, but this was either a mutated form of it, or it was a unique ability that mimicked what the original ability could do.

Of course... This ability was the Swallower Ability Index, the very same ability shared by Apestus of Valiant Heart Mountain.

Apestus was able to gain the abilities of the beasts he ate, but this was a by product of the Steal Tier, or Tier 4, of the Swallower Ability Index. Of course, Apestus could only do this for low level beasts, so there was a heavy cap on when his ability was Tier 4 and when it was not, but Myghell seemed to be very different.

Leonel was absolutely certain that Apestus could not eat a sword. The unspoken limitation of the Swallower Ability Index was that whatever was eaten had to be organic. But, clearly, not only was Myghell not bound by this, but he even seemed to be capable of swallowing the Force in the atmosphere, forcefully refueling himself and making it all his own.

When faced with such a person, not only was their stamina practically endless, but... their affinities suddenly became whatever they wanted it to be.

If Apestus ate a low level creature and it happened to have a sturdy bone structure, he would gain a portion of that. If it had a Fire Elemental Affinity, he would also gain a portion of that... So on, and so forth.

But, what about Myghell? If he swallowed Force itself, what did that represent? What did it mean? What if he swallowed a Force Crystal? A Pure Force Crystal?

With his ability, could he give himself whatever affinity he wanted so long as he ate enough? In fact, couldn't Myghell hunt and kill humans as well, swallowing their Ethereal Glabellas to take from them what he pleased?

This level of innate talent... Was something even he had to respect.

Leonel slowly walked toward Myghell. He could somewhat understand how the Starry Order Elders felt. Myghell might, quite frankly, be one of the only people in existence capable of adapting to an Innate Node that wasn't his own. In fact, he was capable of adapting to almost anything, so long as he had time and the resources before him.

Leonel's spear swept out to his side, the casual action causing many of Myghell's forming crystalline structures to shatter beneath the wind pressure alone.

The sound of shattering glass and falling crystals resounded, the beauty of the resonance feeling nothing like the sight of the destruction.

Myghell's inhale ended, the devilish grin on his face having grown only wider as his gaze landed on Leonel.

He seemed to have grown an extra foot tall. His body up to his neck was covered by thick, leathery skin and his eyes were nothing but glowing orbs of white, following the tone set by his hair.

The twinkling Gem Force around him only grew further in density, the small shards suddenly growing to the size of fists hailing down from the skies above. The rough beating of them and Myghell's heart seemingly fusing into one deathly rhythm.

"Judgement."

Myghell's voice seemed to have dropped by an entire octave. Even before the attack came, Leonel's pupils constricted, his body flipping backward and just barely dodging an enormous crystal pillar that had appeared from thin air.

However, his feet had barely touched the ground again when his wings were forced to flap with all their strength, sending him beaming out of the way of another falling crystal pillar.

Myghell's uproarious laughter resounded as these thick, destructive pillars continued to manifest from thin air.

"Judgement. Judgement! JUDGMENT!"

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

A relentless barrage fell. The momentum was so great that the wind pressure alone made Leonel feel as though his skin was being torn in two.

The golden barrier could finally no longer withstand the pressure.

Three crystal pillars fell all at once, cutting off Leonel's path of retreat from all sides.

When they hit the ground in unison, everything shattered, shards of gold flying wildly throughout the arena.