

## Descent 1061

### Chapter 1061 Strongest Attack

The Radix and the Midas were shocked to the point of not knowing how to react. Wasn't Universal Cycle comprehension supposed to be supplementary? It could form all of these pretty pictures and sights, but ultimately they would just be that. The true lethality of it all should have been hidden within the fists, weapon or Element of the person using it.

However, completely out of their expectations, Leonel's Four Seasons Realm actually had attacking potential all of its own. The worst part was that Leonel had made them think that it was completely harmless by making it so that none of them were attacked previously, all so that he could completely catch them off guard when it was far too late.

The worst about this was that aside from some loss of focus, none of the strength of these abilities rested on Leonel's shoulder. Because they were manifested by Universal Force, Leonel's stamina was practically untouched.

With the strength of his mind, how could he not sustain the images and artistic conceptions of a Realm that even Fourth Dimensional existences were capable of using? And now that the cat was out of the bag...

He had no need to hold back any longer.

BANG!

It felt as though the skies had opened up. The snowfall of ash, the rain of gold, the fluttering of leaves, it all came together to paint a gorgeous but deathly picture.

In the center of it all, Leonel became like a reaper, the lantern of which was none other than his Radiant Core. Everywhere it went, it repelled attacks, burnt the ground to a crisp, and unleashed waves of violent radiation that made one's skin curdle and boil.

The results were absolutely horrific. The synergy between Leonel's Spatial Domain and his Four Seasons Realm turned the Radix-Midas Fortress into a Disaster World of its own.

Withering Snowfall made it almost impossible for anyone other than Leonel himself to gather and use Force. Golden Drops turned poor, unsuspecting, otherwise valiant warriors into gold statues that froze the horror on their faces. And, finally, A Slow Death whistled by their ears, crumbling what remained of them to ash and leaving absolutely nothing for them to be remembered by.

'Seven seconds...'

Leonel's body was like a fluttering wind, calculating every angle of the battlefield, every line of sight, and every powerful strike. It looked to an outside observer like he was battling hundreds of warriors all alone, but the cleverness of his steps made it so that only at most four at a time could even dream of aiming for him. At the same time, the various stacking effects of his area control skills made it almost impossible for these four to gain any sort of support.

Leonel's toes lightly tapped against the ground, the halo above his head vibrating slightly as he vanished.

When he reappeared again, he stood in an inconspicuous location, the winds around him growing violent to the point they could be seen with the naked eye.

Leonel rose his spear in the air, surges of Force brightening around him. Tangible Spear Force that somehow appeared to be both real and unreal manifested, tornadoing around Leonel like numerous blade arms.

Right at that moment, the reinforcements surged into the loading region.

The truth about this location was that it was where the Radix and Midas brought in all their supplies. It was a region designed for heavy machinery to be moved around constantly as the Fort was reinforced and strengthened. It was clear that this place wasn't quite designed for battle, but it wasn't vulnerable to it either. Though enemies were never meant to make it past the second gate, that didn't mean they weren't ready for the worst case scenario.

This was exactly why the design of the Radix was so clever. In this sort of large region, littered with heavy machinery to the sides and with walls blanketed with thick silvery metals, one would never expect to find the core of this Fort's formations here either.

The others had likely believed that Leonel would rush off to the core of the base, hurrying toward their decoy. They didn't believe that anyone could deduce the true location of the formation even with time, let alone in the less than minute it had been since Leonel entered this place.

Unfortunately... reality was cruel.

Dycon, who had just followed Dynmo in to watch as they forced Leonel toward a slow and agonizing death suddenly froze.

"STOP HIM!"

It was far too late for that.

BANG!

Leonel's Radiant Core crashed toward the thick metal ground first. It hovered between the metal and Leonel's spear, violent swirls of Spear Force suddenly beginning to spin around it faster and faster.

It seemed on the surface that the most powerful ability of Leonel's Radiant Core was its radiation. But, Leonel was of a vastly different opinion.

When one thought of a planet, what was its most powerful force?

Leonel didn't feel comfortable taking Little Tolly out in such a large scale battle. He had already almost gotten his partner hurt being too reckless back on Planet Solara and he had no intention of making the same mistake again. So, he would just have to show these people his most powerful attack in this state.

The Radiant Core took hold of Leonel's Force, bending it into a violent orbit.

It all happened in the blink of an eye. In one moment Leonel had pierced downward. In the next, a vortex of Force tore through the ground like a diamond drill bit, ripping the thick metal apart as though it was nothing more than thin sheets of paper.

Leonel had hardly dug a meter deep before the radiation of the Radiant Core took hold, vaporizing the Force Art hidden below and causing the accumulating Force to disperse.

With a light breath, Leonel retracted his spear, his back straight and a deep hole of black before him. The fortress quaked beneath his strike even as his silver armor glistened beneath the silver-red hues of his miniature star.

Chapter 1062 Too...

For a moment, Leonel's slow and deliberate breaths became the only sound in the loading lobby. That attack just now was simply too shocking. They all felt that if they entered even the general vicinity of it, they would have been torn to shreds. At this point, they could only be happy that the Radiant Core was only the size of a palm. If it was any larger and retained the ability to send Force, especially sharp Level Two Force, into a wild spin like that... There was no telling the kind of devastation that Leonel could cause.

As for Dycon and the members of the Radix family, their level of shock was even beyond the Midas.

If it was the other regions of the Fort, they might still be able to accept it. However, beneath the thick metal flooring, there was a highly compressed Fifth Dimensional metal, processed via a special technique. The result was a metal alloy only marginally weaker than true Sixth Dimensional metals.

Though Dycon had roared out to stop Leonel, that was only meant to be a diversion tactic. He had, in fact, wanted Leonel to go all out. In the worst case for Leonel, he would end up killing himself. Even in the best case, his weapon should have been shattered and he should have suffered some terrible backlash. By then, the battle would be over. Of course, in the latter case, Dycon had no idea just how many Quasi Silver spears Leonel had in his possession.

However, the result was completely unlike anything Dycon had guessed and he couldn't wrap his head around why. Even though that attack was powerful, it shouldn't be Sixth Dimension powerful. Just what was going on?

'Earth affinity...?'

Dycon was formulating a thought in his mind but, unfortunately for him, he wouldn't have the breathing room to finish it.

Leonel took one final breath, his wrist turning slightly. A whirring sound manifested as the Radiant Core moved about his spear tip. Every time it shifted, a heat wave would spread and the smell of danger would linger in the air.

"Good. Now I can end this." Leonel said slightly.

Dycon's facial expression twisted. The blatant disregard it took to send just a single person after another entire Fort was already infuriating enough, but Leonel's remarks were even more unbearable.

Before Dycon could do anything, though, Dynmo shot forward like a raging T-rex. The clanging chains around his wrists and ankles had still yet to be removed. In fact, his feet were followed by bounding steel balls the size of his head, leaving deep craters in the metal ground as he rushed forward.

In the blink of an eye, Dynmo had closed the distance and kicked out toward Leonel. The wind shattered and whistled beneath his might, the ball of steel following the arc of his kick. It was clear that he was completely enraged and recognized Leonel. While others were analyzing the situation, he didn't care to.

Leonel watched on indifferently, his hand slowly reaching out.

'[Valiant Seal].'

Four sturdy pillars of metal rose out from the ground. In fact, the root of these pillars were the very same near Sixth Dimensional metals Dycon had been so confident in. From the moment Leonel had drilled through it, he had already begun to take control. By the time Dynmo attacked, he had already been circulating the Force Art for Valiant Seal for several seconds already. And, by the time the attack landed...

BANG!

'I see...'

Leonel observed without a word as Dynmo's attack sent a few ripples through the sheet of dense Spatial Force. He seemed to have realized something at that moment.

This was, indeed, a Space-Earth Dual Elemental Force Art. Leonel had leaned in far too much on the Spatial Element as it was the most prominent feature of the technique, but the truth was that both Elements were equally important, only then could the Artistic Conception be the most powerful.

Until now, mostly due to circumstance, Leonel was always conjuring his [Valiant Seal] in the air and some times he wouldn't even use the Earth Element at all. It was only this moment when Leonel finally properly infused the pillars into the ground as they were meant to be used that he realized just how powerful this technique could truly be. In fact, even the stamina drain was far less.

Leonel hadn't cast [Valiant Seal] until just now despite how useful it was in large scale battles because he was worried about the fluctuations in space caused by the Fort's Force Art. But now he realized that his [Valiant Seal] was the perfect counter to it right from the very beginning.

Leonel took another light breath, his gaze freezing over once again. As he had already said... It was time to end this.

...

It was a complete, one sided massacre. The combination of Leonel's Valiant Seal and his Four Seasons Realm made his defenses near impenetrable while making his offense potent to an extreme.

Even when the Radix and Midas managed to coordinate their attacks well enough, it was all useless. Leonel was practically immune to Fire while the mech suits of the Radix were too easily crushed by him one after another. By the time the armies realized that the only chance they had against Leonel was to use their abilities rather than relying on their Lineage Factors, their numbers had dwindled too greatly. To make matters worse, because they were now using abilities their allies weren't used to, they hindered each other more than usual, ironically making it even easier for Leonel to pick them off one by one.

The only expert above Tier 7 they had was Dycon himself. However, he soon realized first hand how foolish it was to try to entrap Leonel in a metal box.

The entire fortress became Leonel's weapon. He remained hidden within his [Valiant Seal], indifferently watching as he pestered Dycon to death. When the latter was at the end of his rope and prepared to take things to an extreme, he found an arrow right between his brows.

'... Too... Powerful...'

These were the last words he could say before his head imploded into a rain of blood and gore.

#### Chapter 1063 Risks

Leonel took deep breaths, sweat falling down his brow. All around him, corpses lay, blood flowing along the reflective surface of the now distorted metal fort.

Leonel could have never done such an outrageous thing if not for the golden scaled koi fish. Even if his strength was enough, his stamina wouldn't be. Plus, with his three Vital Stars, his body's innate fortitude was beyond anything his enemies could have ever imagined.

With a single more deep breath, Leonel's breathing slowed, steam slowly billowing out from the layers of his armor.

'There's more than a few who've escaped...'

Leonel looked off into the distance and through the two now collapsed gates. He wasn't a fool, he knew that there'd be some stragglers. But, just because he didn't usually spread out his Internal Sight several hundred kilometers for the sake of conserving his stamina, that didn't mean he couldn't do so. He was confident in dealing with those individuals very quickly.

'Hm?'

Leonel gaze shifted, landing on the body of Dynmo.

'He's alive?'

Dycon was most definitely dead. There was no way that anyone could survive having their head imploded like that. Well, maybe not nobody. At the very least, Heira somehow managed to survive having her chest destroyed. However, Dynmo himself seemed to have survived Leonel's assault.

With deliberate strides, Leonel made it to Dynmo's side and looked him up and down.

Truthfully, Leonel was very interested in completing the Silver Empire's legacy, but not for himself. Leonel wasn't entirely sure what the complete inheritance was. However, logically speaking, it should be very powerful. Though, there was a chance it could be mediocre as well.

It had to be remembered that the Silver Empire, at its peak, controlled several Sectors all to its own. It was a powerhouse of epic proportions and though Leonel hadn't asked the dictionary about it just yet, not having really had the time to focus on miscellaneous things, Leonel wouldn't be surprised if this Silver Empire rivaled or even surpassed the Morales family in the past.

Logically, then, a Variant Zone triggered by the coming crossroads of such an Empire would be life changing. After all, Variant Zones were depictions of a possible future and appeared when an Empire or world had to make a decision that would decide its future life and death.

Functionally, Variant Zones were the safest Zones to enter. After all, they had to facilitate the hope of their generations. Why would it be made purposely difficult?

So what was the problem then?

Well the main issue is the fact that the Zone landed in the hands of the Florer, Radix and Midas families to begin with. A Variant Zone's ease extended to the ability for its people to find it as well. It could be said that if Aina's luck wasn't extremely good, she as an outsider would have never had a chance at the Zone of Terrain's people.

This made it obvious that the Zone manipulation of the Silver Empire had led to all sorts of odd downstream effects. In that case, who was to say that the Zone's rewards were as powerful as they should be? The only way for Leonel to find out would be to combine them into their true form and observe the outcome.

If, at the same time, Leonel could get the helpers he would need for the Morales family's Heir Wars, then that would be a major plus. Whether or not he could actually do such a thing, though, was still up in the air.

With the state of things, there was no way for Leonel to trust these people in battle. In addition, even getting them to fight for him would become a tall hill to climb. After all, what was he supposed to say: "Sure, I massacred your people, but clearly you attacked first?"

That might sound logical, but when you were dealing with the emotions of others, things were rarely if ever so clear cut.

Still, Leonel had already begun to way his decisions on a basis of risk versus reward. He was likely far behind those other Heirs, whether it was in development, connections or starting point, he was severely lacking. If he didn't take risks, it would be nothing more than a dream to compete against them. In addition, on that stage, he would no longer have the advantage of talent and bloodline that he had been mostly relying on to this point as well.

If Leonel learned anything from Kira, it was that comparing the talents of his corner of the Dimensional Verse to the true grand stage of Humanity's Domain was nothing short of foolish. Leonel had just defeated an entire army of existences between the Tier 4 to Tier 7 just now. If he tried to do the same to an army of comparable Dimensional level from the Morales family, he wouldn't have even made it through the gate.

Of course, if Leonel knew that he was also the youngest of the Morales family's seven Heirs, he would only be able to smile bitterly.

Leonel shook his head, unconsciously looking down toward his right hip. Had his Innate Node not been taken, it would have been able to grow with him. Instead, because he rashly tried to form a Tenth Node out of it, it grew out of his control and now he couldn't even use his own strength. Even after entering

the Fifth Dimension, Leonel wasn't sure how long it would take for his own power to truly be his own power again.

His gaze flashed with killing intent, his pale violet irises flickering with a crimson light.

Leonel retracted his hand, realizing he almost crushed Dynmo's shoulder.

With a single movement, Leonel tossed Dynmo into the snowglobe. He would deal with the future when it came. Right now, he couldn't get ahead of himself. He couldn't make Earth the center of his Kingdom if it was taken by others, now could he? First, he had to destroy these invaders.

Chapter 1064 Crimson

Leonel looked around the Fort. It was a good opportunity and a wealth of riches, however it was also troublesome as well. With how large and thick the walls of this place were, it would take even Little Tolly a few hours to work through all of it.

'No, I can't leave things like this, what would be the point?'

Wouldn't it be too foolish if he cleared this place of all its defenders, only to leave it and find more Radix and Midas had moved in? By then, it would be like he hadn't done anything.

Leonel didn't have time to deploy a planetary Force Art like Planet Solara had had. As such, it was too easy to move in and out of the Planet's range. If Leonel left things here like this, the results were too obvious.

"Little Tolly, I'll be back."

Leonel tossed Little Tolly at the massive Fort and vanished. He still had a few Radix and Midas to hunt down.

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By the time Leonel came back, the Fort was raised to the ground, leaving nothing but a deep square down to the bedrock of the planet. Within this deep pit, large, perfectly spherical piles of metals lay. Just from these piles alone, there was over half a million kilograms of Urbe Ore.

Leonel was speechless. Every single last ounce was Fifth Dimensional. Was this the wealth of a Sixth Dimensional world? This wasn't even meant to be their main Fort. They originally wanted to claim on of the Lake Crossings. Just what kind of behemoth would they have built over there.

At this moment, Leonel could only feel inadequate.

'My bounty was only 10 000 kilograms? Am I just a petty criminal? What the hell is this?'

Compared to the piles of Urbe Ore, the rest was practically worthless to Leonel. It suddenly forced him to realize that he was much too poor. If a mid-level Sixth Dimensional world was this wealthy, what about peak Sixth Dimensional ones? Seventh Dimensional ones? Peak Seventh Dimensional ones like the Morales family?

Leonel was truly speechless.

He had been controlling Little Tolly from afar with his Internal Sight, but he didn't truly register just how much there was until right this very moment. And, despite all of that...

Leonel felt that it was completely useless.

He could probably buy a whole planet with this amount of money in the Milky Way, but what was the point? It took this moment for Leonel to realize just how small his scope on things was.

He was scratching and clawing for wealth in this tiny little corner of the universe while there were real whales out there laughing at his efforts. Even his own grandfather was probably laughing at him. He didn't even have to lift a finger to make thousands of times what Leonel had to lay his life on the line to get.

Why did he waste his time going for these small fry, then? He was worrying about the wrong things. No... it wasn't that he was worrying about the wrong things, it was rather that he needed to work smarter, not harder. He was wasting his efforts and had to target the appropriate things. What good was it to build a shop on Earth so he could accept the patronage of people even poorer than himself? It was a waste of time.

'Noted.' Leonel thought to himself.

Leonel took the pillars of the near Sixth Dimensional metal and placed them within a spatial ring. Then, he stored the Urbe Ore away before sweeping a gaze over the remaining metals.

Unsurprisingly, they were all related to defense whether that was Force absorption, shock absorption, or just overall sturdiness. They would be greatly helpful in upgrading the cubes, but Leonel had a feeling that the next wave of battles wouldn't be occurring on EarthX1.

Leonel sent his senses toward the Silver Tablet. He didn't want to do this, but he knew that he would have to. His current strength wasn't enough and if he wanted to use his trump cards, he had no choice. Before, he hadn't had enough resources to do it. But, after looting... exchanging his merit points at the Eight Eye Branch, he had reached his quota.

It was time to push his Metal Body up to Tier 9.

Though it would make his subsequent uses of the Silver Tablet cost more energy, Leonel had once again decided that the trade off was worth it.

Not only this, but he would also have to use the Silver Tablet for one more thing. Once that was complete, the rest would be left up to fate... Not that Leonel had any intention of relying on such an enigmatic thing.

"Little Koi Fish, it's time to work."

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The battles across EarthX1 began to end one after another. The shock of Earth's sudden and aggressive counterattack left the invaders stunned. They had never expected that Earth would choose to do this despite having the clear defensive advantage. Their aggressiveness was outside the calculations of even the Radix, let alone the others.



But, this was only the tip of the iceberg. Each assault unit was seemingly equipped with perfect counters to them all.

The Umbra suddenly found that it was difficult to call upon Dark Elemental Force. The Rain suddenly found that the weather itself was fighting against the formation of their clouds. The Crars was steam rolled, the number of machinery overwhelming their great population leaving them without a choice but to surrender or be massacred...

Each experienced a fate worst than the last...

...

Reports of what was happening on EarthX1 returned to the approaching fleet of invaders as they cut across the stars. But, it only served to accentuate the counterattack of those on EarthX2 as well, those invaders experiencing a story that was all too familiar.

Fury bubbled forth as the fleet traveled through the depths of space, hearing the cries of their fellow clansmen ringing in their ears.

Their blood boiled. They wanted nothing more than to see Earth dyed crimson.

Chapter 1065 Snowy Star Order

The Three Pillar Galaxy had entered a state of simmering. It felt as though they were all being slow cooked in a large pot, their anxious emotions and feelings being squeezed out one step after another all to be infused into a flavor packed soup.

The odd turn of events had resulted in a situation where the volatile undercurrents of the orbiting three planets had been calmed considerably. From one moment, it seemed like two powerhouses would erupt into a state of war. But in the next, each was suddenly on their best behavior, none of them daring to do anything to enrage the guests.

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At that moment, the Luxnix family was welcoming these very guests. All signs of battle and the several corpses that had littered the property previously had long since been cleared away.

Beneath the sunlight, the family estate radiated a pure beauty that was difficult to match. Even the grass by the roadsides radiated a subtle golden color as motes of light hovered about the air. Light Force was condensed and plucked by hidden formations in a perpetual cycle. Not only did it take concepts of Solar energy to an absolute extreme, it painted a gorgeous picture that was difficult for one to take their eyes off of.

The clean air smelt like one was standing by a pure stream, the neutral, but intoxicating scent sunk into the bones and made one feel like you were walking on clouds. Every single little detail was refined to an extreme and perfectly curated for the guests.

The Gates of the Luxnix were opened wide and several elders stood as one. Each wore white robes that seemed to have been interlaced with silver strands of silk fabric. The combination made it so that depending on the angle the sun touched down, they would either sparkle and shimmer, or radiate a gentle light.

No matter where you looked, the elders either had snow white or beautiful, bright gold hair. There was simply no in between and not a single one of them didn't exude an aura that could be summed up in just a single word: Pristine.

At the helm of these elders, the current Head of the Luxnix stood.

He was a middle-aged man with a charming smile and sharp brows. He was tall, but his figure was slim. He had a sharp jaw and nose, but gentle golden eyes. On his lapel, the mark of the Twelve Pointed Star rested. It was a subtle piece of jewellery that touched the aspects of the wealthy the nouveau riche couldn't hope to match.

This man was known as Seith Luxnix, a talent who had garnered great respect during his generation and a man whose genius still shone forth to this day. Despite his relatively young age, he had already stepped into Tier 7 of the Sixth Dimension.

The higher ones Dimension, the more exaggerated these small steps would become. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the gap between Tier 6 and Tier 7, a large watershed between the Middle and Higher rankings of the Sixth Dimension, felt like a Dimensional Divide all to its own.

Still, though Seith stood at the helm this day, he was nothing more than a figurehead. Standing by the gate in an inconspicuous manner, a group of five older individuals with hair of pristine white stood. In fact, their presence was hard to detect and it was almost easy to forget their existence the moment you looked away, but they were most definitely there.

These were individuals of the highest authority within the Luxnix family, a council that Seith would retire to when his time came. They were known as the Snowy Star Order.

It might seem odd that these older individuals would stand to Seith's back in such a situation as it might feel customary that the old would take the forward charge. But, the truth of the matter was that this was the Luxnix's family's way of saving face.

This wasn't the first time they had gone through such a thing. In fact, it was only a few decades ago that these individuals had come to their Sector for the very same purpose.

The truth was that the individuals coming today could only be considered the younger generation of said organization. It was inappropriate for them as elders to be the forefront of the greeting, but they also wanted to ensure that nothing went wrong either.

Considering what had happened last time, they refused to allow trouble to rear its ugly head again. This time, they would keep a tight rein on everything even if they had to lurk in the corner.

Right then, space trembled. It was just a slight fluctuation, but it was already enough for the elders to sharpen their gazes.

"They're here."

The one who spoke was an older man with a rounded back. His stature seemed quite off because despite the shape of his back, his neck seemed to be quite straight itself. It made it look like there was something hidden beneath his robes rather than his posture actually being so poor.

He was known as the Winged Star Order. Upon entering the Snowy Star Order, elders were granted their title. It was a reminder that their own identities no longer mattered and their first and foremost duty was now to the family.

Despite the Winged Star Order hardly holding his voice back, it seemed that the only ones who actually heard him were the few by his side.

On cue, the space cracked and began to spin. A whirling portal of black and deep violets appeared. If a true Spatial Master had been present, they would have watched on in awe. Though it seemed simple enough, this was a true feat of long distance teleportation.

"I wonder who they will send this time..."

The woman who spoke was known as the Sparking Star Order and had a red, flickering flame on her forehead as though to remind others of this.

Despite the innocence of her question, the atmosphere between the Snowy Star Order elders grew heavy immediately.... It was clear that the answer to this question was of the utmost importance. Maybe the answer would be the most important thing to happen to the Luxnix since the last time this organization appeared.

Chapter 1066 Quadrant Ranked

Light steps were heard from the other side of the whirling portal before two legs stepped out. Beneath the gazes of Seith and the rest of the Luxnix, two young men appeared. Both didn't seem to be any older than 21 or 22 years old, and yet their aura rolled out in waves, completely suppressing whatever momentum Seith and the others had had.

Despite sharing the same age, the two young men couldn't have been more different in stature and looks.

The left young man had deep, dark skin and eyes that seemed to dance between black and brown depending on how the sun hit him. He was extraordinarily skinny, but was well dressed for his body type. His robes had several layers that would have reminded one of a formal, three piece suit, but there was a distinct martial arts touch to it that made it clear he wouldn't have any issues fighting with it on.

The only real oddity about this young man was that he had a pair of golden balls strapped to his waist, but even as he moved they didn't seem to sway or shift. It led to an odd cognitive dissonance that made one's brow furrow and one's head spin if you gazed at them for too long.

The young man on the right was as pale as a sheet of paper. Compared to his well groomed counterpart, his hair was an absolute mess and his robes, though clearly meant to be a uniform they both shared, looked nothing like it was supposed to.

His robes split to reveal his bony chest, one of his sleeves swinging in the wind completely empty as he rested the arm that was meant to be within it upon his cloth belt. His gaze was like a deep blackness as his irises seemed a size too large for a normal person. In fact, so were his pupils. It was hard to tell if he just had odd genes, or if the truth of the matter was that he had snorted some... less than savory substances before coming here.

Still, despite the completely unserious appearance of this young man, the massive wooden box attached to his back would make one withhold their judgements. That was especially so after you noticed the wrapped handle coming out of the top of it. It was doubtful that anyone would want to be on the other side of whatever weapon was hidden within.

Seeing these two young men, Seith smiled. He had already been well prepared to deal with the pressure these youths exuded. Without appropriate strength, surviving such long distance travel would get you killed. So, he didn't feel like these youths were trying to show off. If they hadn't released their strength, they would have ended up shredded to pieces.

But, the fact the two looked so relaxed made Seith take them with one to two points more seriousness. These were clearly not normal youths, but how could they be if they were from that place?

"Greeting. I am the current Patriarch of the Luxnix family. We welcome you to our humble estate.

The pale skinned youth looked around somewhat blankly before shaking his head.

"Damned bullshit wormhole. I can't hear shit..."

The dark skinned youth looked over toward his partner and shook his head.

"Hello. You can call me Orinik. This is my partner for the time we'll be here, Ganor." Orinik pointed toward the pale skinned youth, seemingly used to his nonsense by now.

In truth, Orinik's hearing wasn't very good right now either, but with their translation treasures, the meaning of Seith was transmitted right to their minds. Clearly Ganor was making something out of nothing like he mostly always did. Probably trying to extort people for some money again.

While Seith and the non-Order elders exchanged pleasantries with the two youths and invited them in, the atmosphere around the five Star Order elders grew heavier.

"... Those robes. They're not Domain Ranked students."

"Domain Ranked? They aren't even Galaxy Ranked. They sent Quadrant Ranked disciples here to us. Are they looking down on my Luxnix family?!"

Sparkling Star Order gripped her bulbous wooden cane, the sturdy stone beneath her cracking.

"Remain calm. Quadrant Ranked disciples aren't like our people. If you make too much of a commotion, we will be noticed."

A calm voice came from another female Order elder, this one known as the Fluttering Star Order. She seemed to be the only one watching these proceedings without much of a reaction.

"Don't speak to me like I'm a child, Fluttering Star Order. We've given them a Sector Ranked disciple and informed them ahead of time that we have yet another Sector Ranked disciple ready to be examined by them, yet they send two Quadrant Ranked trash?!"

Even those who had agreed with Sparkling Star Order initially couldn't accept her words right this moment. To call any student of that organization trash was liable to get your entire family destroyed.

Sparkling Star Order had allowed one generation of success to get to her head, they were nothing like those families who produced Domain Ranked disciples every generation.

On top of that, Orinik and Ganor was exceptionally young. Who was to say that they'd remain as Quadrant Ranked disciples?

This was like a lifelong peasant raising a single millionaire son, then pointing fingers at other self-made millionaires to call them trash. It was ridiculous.

"We produced a Sector Ranked disciple?" Fluttering Star Order asked lightly. "Why is it that I remember you all doing everything in your power to push her away? And now you want to claim her as your own? And isn't that second Sector Ranked disciple something you tried to artificially create by stealing something that wasn't yours? Does that flame on your forehead also help to thicken your skin?"

"You had better watch your mouth when you talk to me, Fluttering Star Order."

Sparkling Star Order immediately became frighteningly calm, but the fire on her forehead told a different tale.

Fluttering Star Order looked toward the elders around herself, seeing all of the stern warnings in their gazes. Shaking her head, she turned around and left.

Chapter 1067 Parameters

Nominal student. Quadrant Ranked. Galaxy Ranked. Sector Ranked. Domain Ranked.

These were the five ranks of disciples for this so-called mysterious organization. It seemed then, that maybe Sparkling Star Order's fury might be warranted. But, in practice, it was a ridiculous inflation of her family's worth.

To put the idea of a sending over a Domain Ranked disciple into its proper ridiculous frame, one had to understand that there was likely not a single Domain Ranked disciple that wasn't well on their way to the peak of the Seventh Dimension.

Why would this organization spend the resources that would be necessary to send someone down the Dimensional chain for a single Sixth Dimensional family that had currently only produced a single Sector Ranked disciple?

The main issue here was that the Luxnix family were too lower on the totem pole. They knew enough to be aware of these rankings, but they didn't know enough to truly understand what they represented. It was rare enough for a family like theirs to gain a Nominal student position. In fact, in their history, they had never produced even a single Quadrant Ranked student before she came along.

Due to lacking a proper understanding of the overall picture and what their true worth was, let alone Sparkling Star Order, even the other three Order elders were a bit disappointed by the outcome. They thought that now that they had proven that they could produce worthy disciples, that they would gain the respect that came with that.

Unfortunately, expectation was the root of disappointment.

...

The four elders watched as Fluttering Star Order walked away, each displaying different emotions. Some had a complicated look while those like Sparking Star Order watched on coldly. This latter group included Winged Star Order who had watched on from the very beginning as the two fought.

"She should have been kicked from the Star Order along with the other one years ago." Sparking Star Order said coolly. "This kind of dissent can't be allowed. There is nothing more important than the face of the family. Anyone that puts anything above our best interests has no right to sit on this council."

The other Order elders remained silent, some had expressions that agreed, but others remained on the fence. In the end, one finally spoke up, an older man by the title of Resting Star Order.

"This isn't the time for this. We can consider such a motion after our youths have been selected. If that woman chooses to make a commotion now, it will mean trouble for us all. Let this matter rest."

Sparking Star Order didn't say anything to this. She simply raised her cane and tapped, a flurry of butterfly shaped flames swarming around her feet. By the time they vanished, she too had vanished. In fact, so had the elders as well...

...

In the Viola estate, a similar situation was occurring. Well, similar in that they were likewise greeting guests, but their level of entitlement was several levels beneath that of the Luxnix as they had never produced a disciple above the Nominal Rank. In fact, they would be very much ecstatic if they could produce another one. They didn't even care to check what the rank of the disciples that had come were, it wasn't even at the forefront of their minds.

The Viola family wined and dined their two guests, giving them the living of Kings.

Though these two young men had come from families far stronger than the Viola family, the truth was that training in that organization year in and year out was a living hell. The fact that they could come here to relax was a true blessing, so they took great advantage.

As the day waned and the banquet began to taper down, the Viola finally couldn't hold it in anymore and asked the questions that had been burning in their gut for so long. However, the response they got was completely out of their expectations.

A large youth with a belly to match his stature scratched his head awkwardly and let alone a laugh.

"I won't lie to you all, we truly do not know the parameters of this cycle's competition. In fact, our overseer didn't really give us a timeline either. We're as blind as you all are about all of this."

The large young man looked toward his partner. They knew well how this looked. These families would probably think that they were milking them for greater benefits. But the truth was that they really were in the dark. They didn't know much of anything.

"What we can tell you is that this year will likely be different from the last. There will be more opportunities and the restrictions will be laxer. Though it will be just as difficult to gain a disciple position, we will be allowing more people the chance to try. So long as you have the ability, you can come forward."

The large young man spoke candidly, but his partner really wanted to smack him in the back of the head right now.

All these families would hear from those words were: "Yes, we're going to accept all your great service, but it won't really matter how well you treat us because everyone will get a chance anyway."

This naïve bloke thought he was being nice by offering this information, but the reality was that this was probably the last thing the Viola family wanted to here.

As expected, though Rychard's face remained plastered with an amiable smile, inwardly he was seething. This wasn't actually because of the waste of resources, after all it might still help in a close decision. Rather, he wanted to use this opportunity to manipulate Aina. Not just anyone could get a spot to participate in the past. In fact, even their family would usually only get a handful of spots.

Simply put, Aina wouldn't even be able to try out without him.

'Wait, this is something only those here are aware of, and this is clearly insider information. Why would I have to tell her this at all?'

Rychard's smile became more relaxed and genuine. That was right, everything was still within the palm of his hand. Once he clinched this Nominal disciple spot, there would be no one capable of stopping him from becoming the true Heir. And as for Aina, just because she got a spot to participate, that didn't mean she had to succeed, right...?

Chapter 1068 Third Best Option

Miel sat in silence.

Adam Renier Brazinger.

His meditation was disrupted, his mind spiraling down a well of memories. Every so often he would remember his true name and it would fill him with a rage that was difficult to temper down. Maybe the reason his visage was always so unmoved was precisely because he had gotten so used to burying this name and everything that came with it down into the depths of his soul.

Realizing that his blood wouldn't be calming down any time soon, Miel began to think about the problem at hand. Not only was he worried about his daughter who was making progress that was far too slow in comparison to his expectations, but there was also the issue of this mysterious organization.

Aina seemed to be improving everyday, gaining more things to add to her own 'moral' code and slowly building up what could be considered to be a 'personality'. But the main issue was that it most definitely wasn't her...

Miel had no idea who this 'Leonel' character was until Yuri and Savahn explained to him that he was his daughter's first boyfriend.

In truth, Miel had a difficult time accepting this, as any father would. At the very least, he wanted his daughter's first boyfriend to be vetted by him. How would she know what was or wasn't a good man without him by her side? Wouldn't she have to slowly test by herself in that case? Wouldn't that result in her making a lot of mistakes?

Miel had never really considered this possibility before, and maybe that was because he was too foolish. His daughter was human, after all. Who was he to tell her she couldn't have feelings for another? Wasn't it his fault to begin with that he had never been there?

But this wasn't even the main root of the problem any longer. Of course Miel felt lacking, but the root cause of his worries was that Aina seemed to be trying to build herself up as a second Leonel. She had hinged her whole world around this 'love' she said she felt for this person and had begun to build up qualities she believed he had from the ground up.

The problem then was obvious: Whatever the end result would be would never be his Aina.

To state the obvious, Aina and Leonel were almost nothing alike.

One hated to kill, the other was indifferent to it. One wanted to save the people of the world, while the other was only interested in bettering her own life and those she cared about. One was a slave to analytics and refused to rely on his own instincts, while the other was a battle maniac fully prepared to rely on whatever it took to make herself stronger. In fact, Aina's entire ability was based around her instincts.

It wasn't so exaggerated that they were polar opposites, but there were definitely fundamental and foundational differences between them that could never be equated.

Aina's own self seemed to realize this as her progress forward was at a snail's pace. It seemed that while she was rebuilding her personality, she was simultaneously going against everything that made her, her.

Miel really didn't know how to deal with this situation. The only way seemed to be to convince Aina that her love for Leonel wasn't that important, but he couldn't find it in himself to manipulate his daughter like that.

The second best option seemed to be to have Aina meet Leonel again. At least that way, it might trigger something and act as a catalyst for the real Aina to awaken.

But, not only was there no guarantee for this to work, it was also extremely risky. Who knows what this Leonel would say to his daughter if they ever met again? Aina seemed to repeat all the time that he hated her now, what if he said something in a rage that would send Aina spiraling down a dark path?

The third option and the one of least risk while potentially being able to work would be to have Aina replace Leonel of her own accord. If she chose to replace Leonel, the foundation for her personality would no longer have to be his qualities and she would finally be able to follow her own path.

This option was slightly different from the first option. Rather than convincing Aina that Leonel wasn't important, it would be allowing her to move on. Leonel would still be an important memory to her, but he would shift just enough to the background that the true Aina could shine through.

In truth, all of this made Miel greatly hesitant. He hadn't wanted to interfere in his daughter's awakening process, but he hadn't expected this Leonel to be such a problem. It would have been easiest if he had sealed memories of him away before doing this, but by now Aina's mind was too powerful for even Yuri to handle.

'... If I allow things to continue on in this way, I'll lose my daughter forever.'



Miel closed his eyes. The risks weighed heavily on his heart but he knew that inaction was no longer an option. Aina would no longer be if he didn't step in.

That led Miel to the second problem: the mysterious organization.

He knew well that it was already too late for him. That organization didn't accept anyone beyond the Fifth Dimension as they had a specific method of molding Sixth Dimensional existences to groom powerhouses. However, this was an opportunity he wanted for Aina, not himself.

The trouble was that even a spot to participate in a selection was hard to come by, giving this spot over to a Vassal, especially one that only had a single generation to offer for now, would be a hard pill for the Viola family to swallow.

That said... It seemed that his first and second problem had the same solution, did they not?

'This plan will make me an enemy of the Viola family, but for the sake of my daughter...'

Miel's gaze snapped opened, a cold light hidden within.

He needed to use the Viola family, but he would never allow his daughter to exchange her innocence for something like this. Even if he had to massacre them to their last person after they had fulfilled their worth, he would do so.

With a flip of his palm, Miel revealed a talisman. It glowed for a moment before a familiar voice spoke out on the other side.

Chapter 1069 Both

Deep within the Luxnix Estate, there was a calm river of flowing golden waters. Sometimes, it would appear to be a liquid and at other times it would appear to be a gas. It flowed unpredictably, even often rising into the air in defiance of gravity. And yet, it stayed along a controlled path, circulating in silence.

Near the center of this ethereal garden was a middle-aged woman who was getting on in years. It seemed that it wouldn't be very long before the term middle-aged no longer suited her. However, her features still radiated a calm beauty that touched the soul.

Even though she didn't have a smile on her face, her presence seemed to make all those around her feel relaxed and cheery, the gentleness of her golden gaze soothing the heart.

She sat in a rocking chair carved of white wood. Every time she swung back and forth, a delicate fragrance that tickled the nose would be released. It smelt like the cross between a less invasive pine scent with a touch of cinnamon.

At that moment, a shadow was suddenly cast over the older middle aged lady.

Despite the sudden change, she looked up quite slowly, her pace still leisurely. As far as she was concerned, anyone who could sneak so far into the Luxnix Estate was an individual who was definitely supremely powerful. Reacting any more quickly than she was no would only give her whiplash in her old age and not be very helpful at all.

However, when the older lady saw who it was that stood before her, she was dazed for a moment before her gentle eyes glistened with tears.

"... Alienor? You've returned?"

Before the older woman was a beauty gorgeous beyond words. She had white gold hair that reached past the small of her back, shimmering emerald eyes that seemed capable of piercing through anything, and delicately sculpted features that appeared to have been formed by a master artisan. Nothing about her felt out of place, not even the alternating soft and hard armor she wore that clung to her curves.

The patterns of white leather that looked like dragon scales and silver plate armor gave her the appearance of a valiant Empress that had just returned from the battlefield, and yet none of her enemies had dared to drop even the slightest hint of blood on her.

"Mother."

The voice of Alienor was just as sweet as one would expect. It matched the refreshing atmosphere of her mother with an incredible ease.

The older woman's gaze dimmed somewhat hearing her daughter's short greeting before she sighed lightly, her gaze becoming somewhat vacant again.

"It seems that it's that time, again." She said lightly.

"Yes." Alienor replied.

"It's good that they've allowed you to return. Their standards are too oppressive."

"It's the only way the Human Domain can remain safe."

"I understand. I've already said too much." Alienor's mother nodded as her chair continued to rock back and forth. She seemed to have returned to a state where nothing could affect her.

"My Little Lion will be coming soon. I thought I would tell you."

Upon hearing this, the older woman trembled beside herself, her wrinkled hand clasping down on her rocking chair's arms. Maybe if it wasn't for the hidden strength of this white wood, it would have already been shattered. It had definitely taken a great master to even carve it to begin with.

"... Is he doing well?"

"I'm not sure. I didn't get to raise him like I wanted to."

The older woman's face turned several shades paler, something that felt almost impossible given the fierceness of her earlier reaction.

"... I'm sorry. It's all my fault..."

Alienor remained silent for a long while, staring down at her mother.

"Even now, you're apologizing for the wrong reasons. Rather than blaming those who should be blamed, you blamed yourself because if not for you, their reaction toward another one of their daughters

marrying an outsider wouldn't have been so fierce, when in reality, this family has never been so understanding to begin with."

Alienor shook her head.

The Luxnix family had a poor reaction to her choosing someone they hadn't chosen, and that reaction was compounded by the fact her mother had likewise chosen someone they hadn't chosen. In part to prove that there was nothing wrong with marrying outside expectations like this, her mother had gone out of her way to try to side with the family, trying to prove that just because a daughter married out, didn't mean that she'd forget the wellbeing of the family that raised her.

Of course, this was only part of the reason, but it was a part nonetheless.

"I only hope that this time, you don't allow foolish sentiments to stand in the way of things. I hear that my Little Lion has a temper even worse than mine and even my husband's. I wouldn't mind seeing this family lose its overinflated self of worth one peg at a time.

"In the past, they saw it fit to bully my son because they thought themselves to be stronger and they thought their own purpose to be grander. They had no idea who my husband was, and even now they have no idea that if not for me, let alone their estate, even their entire galaxy may have been massacred down to its last person.

"But if there is one thing I will thank you for mother, it is this opportunity for the Luxnix to experience what it truly feels like to be bullied. I wonder how they'll be able to lay a hand on my son while I'm here?"

Alienor looked up toward the sky, her expression seemingly blank but her irises painting a picture of a thousand words.

"You will have another choice to make, mother. I hope that you don't choose incorrectly, again."

Alienor vanished, leaving her pale faced mother slowly rocking in her chair.

Empress Fawkes slowly closed her eyes, her trembling taking several hours to come to a stop. They were both her family, but which family would she choose?

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Back in the Milky Way, the tension of a situation countless light years away had nothing to do with them. Rather, they had their own tense atmospheres to deal with. And, these, rather than just being complex moral dilemmas, truly took on the weight of life and death.

In the depths of space, several ships stood in a long chain. Upon one of these ships, exposed to the surrounding vacuum, was a silent Leonel.

Chapter 1070 Piece by Piece

The sight of several hundred ships standing in a row in the depths of space was a sight to behold, indeed. However, the truth was that this was just a façade. These weren't true ships, they just appeared to be.

These deep black platforms, each of which was capable of holding several dozen warriors comfortably, were actually just that: platforms. Leonel was cleverly keeping them in a defined path using the Forces in the region and a few hidden Force Arts that linked these platforms as one.

Though these platforms couldn't be considered to be real ships, they were still able to provide comparable safety and could also double as resting and medical centers.

The choice here was obvious: They would hold this line. This battle would decide whether Earth could defend its Fold of Reality or not.

Earth was definitely at a great disadvantage. Fighting in space was something that only Sixth Dimensional existences could do comfortably. However, Leonel had considered this as well and solved it using the third hidden ability of these hundreds of platforms.

When linked together in this fashion, the platforms could refine and produce Force, creating an atmosphere that was somewhat like Space Lite. It wasn't as comfortable as a planet, but it wasn't as volatile as space itself.

As a result of this, Leonel managed to turn a disadvantage of Earth into the opposite.

Space normally didn't have Force and if you were unlucky enough to run into pockets where Force did exist, they were normally extremely dangerous. By the time you noticed them, you would likely already be dead.

Due to the nature of space, absorbing Force here was particularly dangerous, especially if the Force didn't acknowledge you. So, where was the advantage?

The advantage was in the fact that this was Earth's Fold of Reality. This Force innately recognized them. However, it wouldn't do the same for their enemies. Normally, it would just be difficult for invaders to absorb Force in a world that wasn't their own. But now, it would be almost lethal.

...

At the helm of the fleet of platforms, Leonel sat in silence, his feet dangling down into the vast expanse of space. The artificial gravity in the surroundings wasn't as strong as it was on Earth or EarthX1, so he felt exceptionally light at the moment, his gaze looking off into the distance.

Just a few years ago, Leonel would have never thought that he would have the chance to see the stars like this. Sitting far outside the solar system he had spent almost two decades of life in, gazing at moons and planets he had never even seen pictures of, let alone laid his own eyes upon... It was a surreal feeling.

For much of Leonel's life, he had never really been ambitious. Nothing caught his attention enough for him to put his full effort toward it, and though he Respected everything he did and gave it all its due, there was always a tiny piece of him buried deep that never seemed to truly activate.

But at this moment, staring off into the stars, seeing the vastness of the universe laid out before him as his people were being oppressed from all sides, he felt a dull throbbing within as though a deep recess of his soul was ready to be awakened.

Space suddenly shook and shattered.

Watching on in silence, Leonel didn't even move as the ten kilometer long starship came into view, crashing through layers of space one after another.

To Leonel's back, eight young men appeared, all of them standing tall. One couldn't truly grasp the horror of a starship, even a junior one, until you laid eyes on it personally.

It felt like watching reality itself collapse as it tore a seemingly empty space to shreds. Space shattered and cracked like glass, miniature blackholes formed and collapsed, combustible star cores sparked as though they were nothing more than lit matches before they too crumbled.

It looked as though the starship wasn't moving at all, just standing in place. And yet the violent commotion around it painted a completely different picture as what looked like black lightning danced about it. And then...

**BANG!**

As though a pouncing beast, the ten kilometer long behemoth shattered the final layer, its body coming to a sudden and violent halt.

Upon the helm of the junior starship, the five family Heads stood, the gaze of each one of them practically dripping with blood. However, when they saw Earth's fleet ahead of them, these very same gazes couldn't help but narrow.

Though their one junior starship was far larger than any single ship Leonel had brought forward, the number of the latter was still great enough to surround them.

At the forefront of it all, Leonel continued to sit, his feet hanging down to the endless abyss below. Even in their presence, he didn't stand. It was as though he didn't remember at all that he had brutally murdered Avarone's younger brother.

"Ram them through." Avarone spoke coldly, his expression hardly fluctuating.

To these Heads, fools would be fools. Did the people of Earth really believe that just because they had brought their people out here that it would be enough? Since they were foolish enough to pool all their strength here, they would just crush them in the crudest way possible.

However, just as the junior starship was gearing up to charge forward after losing its momentum breaking into this Fold of Reality, reality struck hard.

Leonel continued to sit indifferently, watching as a wave of Force swept by.

'Your blueprints... I have them.'

It looked like nothing more than a gentle breeze, but the moment it touched the exterior of the junior starship, it began to shut down. Its light flickered off, its accumulating energy dissipated, even its forward momentum entered a cruising state.

To the horror of the five Heads, their junior starship became nothing more than a hunk of metal, stuck in the limbo of space.

At that moment, the black platforms took action.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

One after another, dense chains shot toward the junior starship, each lancing through the exterior hull and locking the junior starship in place.

Just below Leonel's feet, another thick chain shot outward, this one piercing the very front-center of the starship.

With a light hop, he landed on the heavy chain, his halo manifesting above his head and his silver armor beginning to appear piece by piece.