

Descent 1101

Chapter 1101 Enlightened

When Alienor saw Leonel notice the things she left behind, her smile beamed. She giggled foolishly in the skies as though she was a young girl again.

...

Leonel blinked when he saw what was on the bed because even without touching it, he felt that it was all far too valuable. A part of him believed for a moment that this might have been in every Penthouse Suite, but something within him said that that should be impossible. Would the Luxnix really give so much to a branch family member?

Leonel's brows furrowed, suddenly remembering the state the Radix family's wealth had left him in. Just one casual Fort they had built used up enough Urbe Ore to bury the Milky Way. Could it be another case of this?

However, such thoughts were swept away in just a few moments... The Luxnix shouldn't know anything about Leonel yet, but these items felt too... personal.

Leonel took a step forward, not having the mind to care about the luxury around him. He climbed the small set of steps covered in lush carpets that led to the enormous bed, reaching out and grabbing the first crystal ball he saw.

As though sensing Leonel's touch, the crystal ball gently burst into sparkling motes of light, releasing the item within. When it landed in Leonel's hand, he almost fell over. Despite his strength, the item was so heavy that just holding it up made him feel as though his biceps would tear.

Luckily, seemingly sensing his weakness, the item sparkled, its weight becoming instantaneously lower. In fact, it suddenly felt as light as a feather in Leonel's hands.

...

In the skies, Alienor blinked in shock before her eyes bloomed into crescent moons from smiling so wildly.

'That damned thing actually recognized my Little Lion from a single touch. Haha! My son is so talented.'

The wind around Alienor seemed to respond to her laughter, vibrating as though the space itself would collapse. But, by some sort of magic, all the turbulence vanished just a few meters from her.

...

Leonel looked at the bow in his hand, his gaze sparkling.

'This is a Gold Grade weapon... No, it's not just Gold Grade, it's Tier 9 Gold Grade... There's just no way...'

Silver was the hallmark of the Sixth Dimension. Gold Grade meant that this was a Seventh Dimensional weapon. If Leonel was unsure before, he was now completely certain that it was impossible for the Luxnix to have been the ones to leave these things behind.

He looked up and around, but he really couldn't sense anything. Even after analyzing the room again and again, he couldn't find a single thing out of place. If that person left even a single strand of hair, Leonel would have been able to find it with his current abilities. And yet, he couldn't pick up on even that.

'Was it mom?' Leonel blinked. 'That seems to be the only explanation, but why didn't she come to see me?'

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Seeing Leonel looking around and scanning, Alienor felt her heart leap into her throat. She clutched her hands over her chest, pressing down firmly. It seemed to take all the strength she had in her body not to dash down there and embrace her son.

'Look at you... You've gotten so big...'

...

Seeing that he couldn't find anything, Leonel turned his attention back to the bow. It was without a doubt the most beautiful weapon he had ever seen, and it was most definitely the largest bow he had ever laid eyes on.

From tip to tip, the bow was three meters long. Its string grooves were fashioned into the heads of two white maned lions with shimmering rubies for eyes while its body was embroidered gold and white gold. Finally, its bow string itself glistened like it was woven of crystal fibers, twinkling even in the non-invasive light of the Penthouse Suite.

Leonel couldn't help but raise the bow up and pull at its string.

He had expected to not be able to move it even an inch. Back when Leonel first ran into Merlin's Bow in the Camelot Zone, it had only been a Quasi Bronze Bow, and yet despite the strength of his body at the time, he could only pull it to 10%.

With this being a Gold Grade bow, a Tier 9 one at that, Leonel fully expected to not move it a single centimeter. If he could move it at all, he would feel shocked instead.

And yet, to his surprise, not only did he move the bowstring, before he even realized what was happening, he had pulled it to 100%.

A wild pressure circulated about the room. Leonel felt that the Level Three Bow Force that had been such a drain to accumulate in the past swirled around him as though it was on a leash. In fact, Leonel felt that even if he had to release dozens of such powerful arrows, he could do so now.

'... Wow...!' Leonel's gaze lit up.

This bow was beyond his expectations. Such an ability frightened even himself. Just based on a change in equipment, he was actually suddenly so much more powerful. And, Leonel felt that this was likely just the tip of the iceberg when it came to this bow. Maybe... he couldn't use its full abilities just yet because it was purposely lowering itself to his level...

...

Leonel had no idea that as shocked as he was, his own mother was quite speechless.

'Enlightened Bow Force...? While in the Fifth Dimension?'

If Alienor had been laughing before, she was practically gasping for air now. Even over at that place, her son would be near the very top just based on this alone. Those bow enthusiast old fogies would be fighting tooth and nail for him.

...

Realizing that he was maybe causing too much of a commotion, Leonel slowly released his grip on the bowstring, looking at the bow with a hardly contained fondness in his eye.

He didn't know how freely he would be able to use this bow. After all, a Seventh Dimensional treasure was far too valuable. Who knew how many people would try to kill him just to lay a hand on it? But, it couldn't be denied that this gift was extraordinary.

After a while, Leonel finally managed to peel his eyes from it and store the bow away. But, when he touched the next crystal ball and saw its contents, his gaze widened.

Chapter 1102 Last Crystal Ball

The Ores fell into a beautiful pile on the soft bed. For a very long time, Leonel couldn't bring himself to move or even breathe. He had to double and triple check that he was seeing correctly, and with his thinking speed, he actually ended up checking several hundred times before he realized that it all wasn't an illusion.

Evolution Ore. Not just any Evolution Ore, but both Fifth Dimensional and Sixth Dimensional Evolution Ore. Of the former, there were actually 20 Essences worth. For the latter, there were exactly 10, the minimum amount Leonel needed.

This was why Leonel had felt that these gifts were simply far too personal. Evolution Ore was exactly what he needed to form the foundation of his Divine Armors if he wanted to continue following his father's crazy plan.

It had to be remembered that the Divine Armor Leonel was wearing right now was still Fourth Dimensional. The reason it could display so much strength within the Fifth Dimension was precisely because Leonel had used Evolution Ore as its foundation.

The trouble with this approach, though, was the difficulty in finding Evolution Ore. Even after all this time, he had yet to catch the faintest clue about Fifth Dimensional Evolution Ore. But now, he suddenly had all he would need for his next two Divine Armors!

Toward such a turn of events, Leonel could only be speechless. He knew that even for a Seventh Dimensional existence, these two gifts shouldn't have been so easy to get one's hands on. In fact, it wouldn't really be an exaggeration to say that it was near impossible.

A Tier 9 Gold Grade bow?! Sixth Dimensional Evolution Ore?! How could Leonel not be shocked. Even with his limited scope of the Dimensional Verse, he knew just how valuable these things were.

Leonel couldn't help but look around again. But, even with all the giggling of his mother, he couldn't detect her at all. Without a choice, he could only store these ores away as well. Now, he just needed to find the core piece of his next Divine Armor then he could start designing it.

Leonel had already planned to use the Snowy Star Pendant to exchange for the core of his Fifth Dimensional Divine Armor. Now, he was even more determined to do so.

Leonel moved on to the next crystal ball, but this time he braced himself. If he got shocked to the point of silence every time, he might very well be here forever.

The next crystal ball burst into motes of light and crystals, revealing a delicately embroidered pouch. It alternated in deep blacks and gently glowing golds.

When Leonel opened it up, he found that it was actually a spatial treasure. Within it, he not only found billions of purple coins, there were even billions of kilograms of Sixth Dimensional Urbe Ore and millions of kilograms of Seventh Dimensional Urbe Ore.

It was safe to say that Leonel had never seen such wealth concentrated in one place. It only confirmed just how low his previous bounty was... He really was just a petty criminal.

Of course, this wasn't exactly true. Tier 4 Fugitives don't just fall out of thin air. The main reason Leonel's bounty was so 'low' was because he was still technically a galaxy level criminal, as such his bounty was tied to the Milky Way which was a poor corner of the universe. This was only to be expected.

Still, in one moment, Leonel had been poor. And in the next, he could be considered to be one of if not the wealthiest man on Planet Luxnix. The difference was so striking that he almost experienced a bit of whiplash.

With this, there were only two crystal balls left.

Leonel stepped toward the second to last one, allowing it to shatter just like all the other ones had. However, unlike what Leonel had come to expect, there was actually another crystal ball waiting for him on the other side of this one.

Curious, Leonel sank his mind into it, only to be bombarded with all sorts of information. At first, it was a bit overwhelming until Leonel pulled back. He had gotten into the habit of wielding his Internal Sight like a sledgehammer because he could usually take in everything at once. But, clearly this was too much information even for him.

Once Leonel did so, his eyes practically shot out lasers of their own.

Techniques. Thousands of them. And, each and every one related to Snow Force and the Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor. There were Third Dimensional, Fourth Dimensional, Fifth Dimensional and even Sixth Dimensional techniques all in one place. There were techniques designed for those who hadn't awakened any branches whatsoever, and other techniques designed for those who had awakened one or even multiple branches at a time.

It was as though the entire history of the Luxnix family's advancements were all painted in this singular crystal ball, and Leonel had a feeling that if the Luxnix were aware of this, they would have been pissed off to an extreme.

Leonel suddenly realized that the difference separating his combat prowess and that of the top geniuses of this Sector was in his hands. These gifts were definitely all carefully selected for him. They were exactly what he needed.

Leonel stored the crystal ball for now and moved on to the final one. When it shattered, he found that there was yet another crystal ball waiting for him. In fact, within, he found more techniques. However, these techniques were far different from the Luxnix family techniques. In fact, they were designed not for the Luxnix, but rather the Fawkes.

Leonel's brows shot up.

There were only a handful of techniques, but each was uniquely curated. Each taught how to apply the Fawkes family Lineage Factor in cooperation with your strengths. If Leonel was correct... These techniques were likely personally designed and created by his mother. Only she could have all these unique combinations of powers.

The first of the techniques Leonel seemed to gravitate toward made his heart tremble:

<Starry Eyes>

Chapter 1103 Crystal World

Whether by coincidence or just a well timed stroke of Fate, the unmutated form of the Fawkes family Lineage Factor was actually called Emperor's Might, the perfect mirror of Leonel's King's Might.

Just from a casual introduction, Emperor's Might functioned on the backs of your subjects and those who believed in you. It was an intangible sort of belief system that relied on how those around you viewed you.

Despite not being an Empress herself, Leonel's mother had great fame in the Dimensional Verse even though her own son was oblivious to it all. That said, even if she didn't, Alienor was a bit of a special case due to her World Spirit.

By virtue of the fact she was chosen by Earth's World Spirit it was accurate to say that the life of Earth's population was tied to her. As such, even in comparison to Emperor Fawkes himself, Alienor's Emperor's Might was on another level entirely.

All of this said, after several months of observation, Leonel's King's Might wasn't exactly the same, though the power itself presented very similarly.

The first difference was that Leonel felt that he had the ability to share his King's Might with his companions. Emperor's Might could not do this.

The second difference was that Leonel's King's Might partially relied on his 'subjects', however it gained no boost from how others viewed him or his legend. Instead, Leonel's King's Might seemed to feed off of Leonel's personal mental state rather than the mental state of others.

These differences aside, the application of Emperor's and King's Might were exactly the same and Leonel didn't believe that there would be a problem in applying them to these techniques. But, Leonel was more interested in hearing exactly what was so special about this Lineage Factor.

Luckily, his mother didn't disappoint him.

'So, that's how it is... I see...'

Leonel had partially guessed it, but he hadn't quite grasped the full picture.

Both Emperor's and King's Might were actually a derivative of Dream Force. In fact, they touched on a barrier that only Savants could reach, falling just short of that penultimate height.

Lionel, the Dark Cloud Prison who had assumed the place of Leonel, had the ability to use his Dream Force to manifest his thoughts into reality. Using Emperor's Might and King's Might, you wouldn't be able to go so far, but you were able to use your consciousness to effect change in your surroundings.

Reading this sort of introduction, Leonel felt enlightened.

When he had exited the Valiant Heart Zone, his hair had still been impossible to cut even with the increase in his strength. It was only by instinctively using his King's Might coercion that what once was near indestructible hair became as fragile as paper.

In fact, when Leonel brought his Metal Body to Tier 9 of the Fifth Dimension, his hair had grown out wildly again and he was forced to cut it using this same method once more.

Leonel never really thought much of it before, but this explanation made so many things click into place. It was no wonder why fusing his King's Might into his Domains made them so much stronger. He felt as though these simple words were opening up enormous doorways to him.

Learning that his King's Might was an extension of his Dream Force made Leonel feel as though he had finally grasped onto something that had always been constantly slipping through his fingers. He felt much lighter and far more confident now.

When he finally turned his attention back to <Starry Eyes>, it felt like it was made for him. In fact, he felt like all of these techniques were made for him.

<Starry Eyes>. It fused the piercing gaze of the Snowy Star Owl with Emperor's Might, forming a level of sensory perception that Internal Sight alone couldn't match. It was able to see through illusions, the power levels of those beyond your Dimension, and even see through usually invisible fluctuations in Force.

However, this was just the first level of the technique. Upon reaching the second level, your gaze could gain coercive effects of its own. In that case, your eyes could be used to disrupt and interrupt the flow of Force.

Reading to this point, Leonel couldn't help but remember back to the flock of birds White City had brought to attack Camelot during Terrain's invasion. That species had been able to use their eyes to disrupt the flow of Force and it rendered mages completely useless. This technique seemed to take this to an extreme.

If your <Starry Eyes> were potent enough and you could see through the weak point of a technique with enough speed, just your gaze alone could force it to disperse.

It was truly a beautifully constructed technique. In fact, Leonel felt the same about them all. He almost didn't care enough to even look through the Luxnix family techniques, he was completely immersed in the world of his mother's creation.

It took a lot for Leonel to be impressed, mostly because with his mind, he was usually able to quickly deduce how people accomplished the things they did. Such an ability made it difficult for anyone to move him from his baseline. However, Leonel had nothing but praise for his mother.

The straw that broke the camel's back was most definitely when Leonel saw a version of <Valiant Seal> his mother had created that was several times better and more flexible than his own. Instead, she called it <Crystal World>.

The very same crystal balls that Leonel had received all of his gifts from were exactly an application of this technique. However, that was the easiest part to accept.

What was absolutely fascinating was that a formation of <Crystal World> could have a 'law' attached to it. This Law would be governed by your Empire's Might. Or, in Leonel's case, his King's Might. So long as you were within the confines of <Crystal World> and the world was not broken, this rule had to be followed.

That was when it clicked for Leonel. The Law his mother must have attached to his gifts was that the world would open so long as Leonel was the one to touch them.

"Wow..."

Leonel was floored. The complexity of this technique was beyond his wildest imagination.

Chapter 1104 Irony

Leonel felt that his <Valiant Seal> was inferior to his mother's <Crystal World> in almost every way shape and form. The only advantage he would have was in the sturdiness of the space he could create thanks to his version being anchored by Earth Force. But, whether it was flexibility of use, stamina consumption, and applications in battle... It was a clean sweep for <Crystal World>.

Not to mention all of this, <Crystal World> was practically like having a Domain of your choosing on command. Of course, the Law you set worked better the simpler it was, so this wasn't exactly true. But, if an ability like this was paired with Leonel's intelligence in battle, who knew how many people he could play to death with it?

Leonel's fingers subconsciously stretched outward, wiggling about lightly as Force followed their movements.

Leonel had thought that he wouldn't be used to the foundational magic system his mother used to create this technique. After all, he had used Camelot's Magic System to turn an artistic conception into reality, but his mother hadn't returned to Earth in a very long time so she shouldn't have had the time to learn about it.

But, after analyzing the technique, Leonel was shocked to find that the foundation his mother used wasn't only similar, it was identical. He had no other way of explaining this other than chalking it up to his mother's World Spirit. There didn't seem to be another way for her to have known about it.

This conclusion led Leonel down another shocking revelation. His mother was like a cheat code. He had spent so much time analyzing and parsing out the secrets of Camelot's Magic System, but his mother was years if not decades ahead of him.

Subconsciously, the easiest first layer of <Crystal World> formed for Leonel, a small crystal ball appearing before him like a blown bubble. It reflected delicate rainbow colors as though it might pop at any moment.

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Still observing Leonel up in the sky, Alienor blinked in shock for already the third time that day. <Crystal World> was one of her most complicated techniques. Wasn't it a bit exaggerated to form a rudimentary form of it in just a few moments?

'... I see. So that magic system fell in your hands...'

Leonel had no idea how correct he was. As the wielder of Earth's World Spirit, Alienor had many wide ranging abilities. One of these abilities was being able to assimilate with the Natural Force Arts that formed the foundation of Earth.

When Camelot formed Avalon and became part of Earth's reality, Alienor gained access to the Natural Force Arts that formed their foundation. This, in turn, allowed her to improve her <Crystal World> technique to the level it was currently at now.

It could be said that Leonel had been helping his mom from countless light years away, something even she only became aware of right this moment. Had he never cleared Camelot's Zone, their magic system wouldn't have fused with Earth and his mother would have never learned of them.

A flicker of guilt lit Alienor's gaze.

'How ironic... What a terrible mother I am...'

The idea that her son had been sweating and bleeding for her benefit made tears run down Alienor's cheeks. She couldn't seem to control her flood of emotions at all.

Even now, all she could give her son was wealth and treasures.... She was under no illusions that this somehow made up for all the years of his life that she had missed...

...

Leonel was oblivious to all of this. He had no idea that it wasn't because his mother was decades ahead of him, but rather that as the World Spirit wielder, she didn't need to 'study' Camelot's Magic System like he did. It came as naturally to her as breathing.

Technically, she had 'learned' the magic system at the same time she did. However, functionally, they might as well have had thousands of years of separation between them.

A light purple aura formed around him, forcing the rainbow colors of the bubble before him to take on various hues of violet instead.

'This is a good thing... It also means that I'm right,' Leonel mused. 'Logically, mother should have a far wider view of the Dimensional Verse than I do. The fact that she had so many options before her yet still chose to use Camelot's Magic System in specific must mean that even compared to all of them, this system is far superior.'

This conclusion made Leonel feel at ease. Before, he had guesses. But, he couldn't be absolutely certain.

Right then, his finger flashed outward, a beam of Spear Force cutting through and crashing onto the surface of the bubble.

A blade mark rebounded off the surface of the <Crystal World> construction, leaving a deep mark. However, the world managed to quickly mend itself.

Leonel calmly observed this before sending a fist covered in Fist Force forward. Unlike his Level Two Spear Force, this Fist Force was only the most ordinary Level One Fist Force. And yet...

The bubble shattered on the lightest impact, raining down motes of crystals and light.

Leonel nodded to himself. He had set the Law of this <Crystal World> by stating that it was invulnerable to blade edges. However, by skewing the Law so heavily in one direction, it made it incredibly fragile to blunt trauma.

Obviously, since Leonel's blade had left a mark, the <Crystal World> wasn't invulnerable. So, his Law wasn't the end all, be all, at least not with his current proficiency. However, Leonel still felt that such a thing was endlessly useful in combat.

'If I can use my mother's research to improve my <Valiant Seal>, just what would the result be...?'

Leonel's mind worked in overdrive, but he felt like his King's Might was missing something.

His attention turned back to his mother's techniques before he found exactly what had forced his Dreamscape to spark:

<Dragon's Might>

Chapter 1105 Dragon's Might

<Dragon's Might> was clearly a play on Emperor's Might, as far as Leonel could tell. But, its use was far more than just that. In fact, it was quite fascinating.

This technique was a method of Emperor's Might manipulation. As things stood now, under normal circumstances, Emperor's Might was like a sledgehammer. In its base form, both Alienor and Leonel could use it like a flood, trying to drown people out with it. However, just because it could be done, didn't mean that this was the most efficient way of doing so.

<Dragon's Might> combined Emperor's Might with concepts of visualizations and artistic conception. In fact, if Leonel was correct, him taking time to comprehend <Dragon's Might> could actually go a long way in helping him master the Fifth Dimensional layer of <Dimensional Cleanse>.

It had to be remembered that it was Leonel's shallow understanding of the Fifth Dimensional layer of <Dimensional Cleanse> that led him down a path of using artistic conception to create Mage Arts. The

Fifth Dimension was all about elevating the mind to release the shackles the body might harbor. This symbiotic relationship between mind and body was incredibly important.

As such, using <Dragon's Might> and mastering it, would actually give Leonel a path toward increasing the speed of his improvement through the Fifth Dimension.

Right now, Leonel's King's Might was nothing more than a formless fog. Whenever he made use of it, it would permeate his general surroundings before eventually sinking into whatever target he had set it on.

The trouble with this approach was that it wasn't only a waste of energy, but it was also slow and not nearly as potent as it could be.

The solution to this seemed quite simple. Since Leonel had such high Dream Force affinity, and he now knew that his King's Might was a derivative of it, why not simply take control of this fog and change its form?

Of course, he could do this, and this would likely help mitigate the slowing and wastage of his King's Might. However, that was all. It was a mere surface solution to it all.

It was only after reading through <Dragon's Might> that Leonel came to understand why it was he was so lacking in his use of his Lineage Factor. He was only at the first Tier of the Fifth Dimension. He had yet to properly refine his mental state. In his current condition, his mind was like a wild and untameable beast that acted as it pleased.

Leonel was under the illusion that he controlled himself, but just how much of his actions were based on his innate disposition? How much of himself was he controlling? And how much was decided at birth by an arrangement of his genes?

It was quite the profound question.

Why was it that some people endlessly procrastinated while others always seemed to be working? Was it really something as intangible as will? Or was it just a natural disposition? Or maybe will itself was decided by one's innate disposition?

<Dragon's Might> removed the guess work from all of this. So long as Leonel practiced it properly, he would be able to rein in his mind to a certain extent. And, by attaching an artistic conception to his King's Might, it too would become several times more powerful.

Once he managed to do that, the Laws he set for <Crystal World>, or whatever upgraded version of his <Valiant Seal> that he formed would be exponentially more potent.

'Each level has a corresponding Force Art attached to it. Each really seems to be as complex as a Natural Force Art, was this really created by a person...?'

Leonel couldn't help but be impressed once again. He had never seen a Force Art created by a person be so complex. Whether it was his Auspicious Aura Force Art or Camelot's Magic System Force Art, both were exceedingly complicated. However, these <Dragon's Might> Force Arts fell somewhere between the two in complexity with Camelot's being by far the most complex.

<Dragon's Might> was split into nine levels with three major dividing lines. Despite being called <Dragon's Might>, this name was actually more of a placeholder to convey the foundation of the technique's secrets. In reality, the artistic conception used was up to the user. This also allowed one the flexibility to improve upon <Dragon's Might> in the future.

Leonel wouldn't be surprised if his mother used the artistic conception of a Dragon to give her Emperor's Might form. However, Leonel wouldn't even know where to start if he chose that path... He had never seen a Dragon nor seen the depiction of one. Though he had read and seen a lot of them in fiction back in his younger years, that wasn't nearly enough.

'Wait... Do Dragons actually exist...?' Leonel's brow furrowed before he shook his head. That hardly mattered right now. What he needed was a proper artistic conception, one that was both easy to observe and easy to scale.

With Leonel's thinking speed, he immediately thought of several possibilities.

The first was Little Blackstar. Though the little guy seemed quite adorable and unassuming, he was both a Shadow Sovereign and now an heir to the Void Beasts, a creature that even Leonel's own father deemed it important to leave a message behind about. It might even be the case that Void Beasts were far more powerful than Dragons, if Dragons even existed, that is.

The second choice was to choose something far more abstract, like a Disaster World. So long as Leonel kept visiting Disaster Worlds of similar elements, he would also be able to continuously upgrade the artistic conception of his King's Might. In addition, he would likewise be able to improve his Universal Cycles. It was like killing two birds with one stone.

Both of these ideas felt excellent, but for some reason they left an uncomfortable feeling in Leonel's gut. He could somehow tell that if he really took this path, his King's Might wouldn't like it, but he couldn't quite understand why...

Until it all clicked.

The difference between Emperor's Might and King's Might was that while the former gathered strength from outside influences... The latter gathered strength from yourself.

Leonel suddenly felt a throbbing above his right hip and he subconsciously reached a hand downward.

A searing heat threatened to torch everything in the room, but for some reason Leonel felt exceedingly comfortable.

In that moment, he felt like he knew exactly what he had to do.

Chapter 1106 Shared

The poolside was quite lively. The past three days had been spent in complete leisure as the youths of Earth basked in luxury. None of them had realized just how much of a toll the war had taken on them until this moment.

What was shocking to many of them, though, was that they hadn't been bothered at all. In fact, it didn't seem like anyone else was moving into their hotel either. It was as though the entire building had been locked down for their sakes.

In the end, they could only brush it off and chalk it up to Noah and Leonel's performances. Maybe the Luxnix were still trying to figure out how to bring the two into their fold and as such made some concessions on the front end.

Either way, the group had access to as much food and entertainment as they wanted. It truly felt like they were on vacation.

That day, as the high sun began to calm a bit, a few dozen of them sat by the poolside.

Gil, practically grinning ear to ear, had an arm wrapped around two ravishing beauties he seemed to be whispering sweet nothings to. The two would often roll their eyes and giggle, but so long as Gil didn't get too handsy, they let him do as he pleased.

For Gil, this was enough for him to be on cloud nine. Just a few days ago, he could only stare at beauties through a windowpane. But now, he could actually enjoy the touch of such slim waists with a single pinch. This was truly Heaven.

"Ladies, you really should give me a chance. I might be fast, but I still know how to finish last. How could I call myself a gentleman without allowing two beauties to go ahead of me?"

Gil's gaze twinkled, his eyes sparking with crimson streaks of lightning as though to remind the two of his Speedster status.

The two women covered their mouths and laughed, but they gave Gil their usual non-answer.

"Your pick up lines are lame!" Franco called over from the deep end of the pool.

Gil snorted. "Don't open that big mouth of yours too wide, you might drown."

Franco sneered. "I'm bigger than you in other places too, but I'll spare the beauties the shock."

The two women in Gil's arms turned completely red toward Franco's frankness. Toward this, Gil could only be displeased.

With a flick of his finger, Gil sent an arc of lightning toward the pool.

"Shit!"

Franco jumped, just barely getting out of the water before he was shocked.

"You little bastard." Franco snarled.

"Who are you calling little?!"

Gil seemed to forget about the two women in his arms as he let them go to charge after Franco. Soon, their third battle of the day had erupted, leaving the two maids looking toward one another with speechless expressions.

The laughter and ambience of the poolside didn't fade as the two fought. In fact, it only seemed to become livelier. Some even began to place bets on who would win this time.

To the side, Noah sat in silence. By some miracle, he had been convinced to wear a pair of swimming shorts and his bold, refined chest was displayed for all to see. With how defined his muscles were, it

would be difficult to pick a winner between him, Leonel and Allan. Though, as usual, Allan was wearing overly baggy clothing even by the poolside.

"Is there a problem with Leonel?"

Jessica, who was wearing quite a conservative one-piece swimsuit, tried to strike up a conversation with Noah once again. Somehow, though, every time Noah looked toward her, he would look away just as quickly as though he was seeing something frightening.

It was only after Jessica wrapped a shawl around her waist and partially covered her long, slender legs that Noah finally seemed to become normal again.

"No... I think he should be fine."

Thinking back to what Noah had found on his bed three days ago, he assumed that Leonel must have received something as well. He was probably enthralled by it all.

"Cap!"

As though on cue, Leonel opened the side doors of the hotel to find himself by the poolside as well. Seeing that everyone was here, he couldn't help but smile.

"Yip! Yip!"

Little Blackstar hopped from Leonel's head, jumping toward the group of ladies who seemed to fall in love with him instantly. Clearly, they had no idea how much of a pervert the little guy was.

"You guys seem to be having a lot of fun. Seems I've missed out."

"Hehe, don't worry, Cap. I know you were just enjoying the presents we sent your way."

Gil, who had Franco in a headlock, looked over with a mysterious grin.

Leonel blinked in confusion. "Presents?"

"Yea, yea. Don't worry, Cap. We'll keep it a secret for you."

Leonel was speechless.

He had no idea that these guys had sent over some service women to his Penthouse. But, long before the could even make it to his door, they had been intercepted by his mother. How could Alienor allow her son to be serviced by such low class women?

Alienor was all in favor of Leonel having dozens of wives, but they all had to be of the highest quality. He couldn't just wildly seed any plot of land!

Leonel, though, had no idea about any of this and could only make some connections through the hardly disguised lewd gazes of his brothers. It was to the point even the women picked up on it, leaving them with no other choice but to turn their heads away in embarrassment.

Leonel opened his mouth to explain but in the end just shook his head and sighed.

He had to admit that he was a bit pent up. The stronger his body became as he progressed his Metal Body, the stronger those urges seemed to become. It also didn't help that he had been abstaining from such thoughts ever since Aina vanished.

He shook his head again. 'What am I thinking? Gil's perversion is rubbing off on me. Still, who knows, with how big the event these three planets are planning seems, maybe Aina will be here too...'

Leonel was filled with a complicated emotion. How would he face Aina when he met her? He didn't like the idea of apologizing because he didn't feel like he had done anything wrong. Or, at the very least, he felt that they had wronged each other.

Forget it, maybe as a man it was his duty to suffer a loss in this case. Who cared who was right or wrong as long as they could be together again?

Wait, that was wrong too... If they they approached things like that, the festering wounds that led to their separation in the first place would only grow, then they'd probably end up separated again.

Leonel felt a headache coming on.

At that moment, several strong auras suddenly converged on their hotel's poolside.

Leonel looked up to see several youths making their way forward. All of them had a single thing in common:

They shared the Luxnix Bloodline.

Chapter 1107 Fortress

Leonel calmly observed these approaching figures. There weren't many of them and it also wasn't clear what their purpose was at a single glance. However, Leonel had some guesses.

The peace could only last for so long. Their group had not only somehow monopolized an entire hotel and its amenities for themselves, but they hadn't even had to fight for it like the others had. Such branch family members wouldn't dare to find trouble with the main Luxnix family, so the next best option was to attack the root of their dissatisfaction to begin with.

At first, they were apprehensive. After all, some lingering rumors about what must have happened three days ago had circulated. Many thought that it wouldn't be long until members of the main branch came to usher Leonel and Noah in. If they made a move before that, wouldn't they be shooting themselves in the foot?

But, after three days of no movement, not to mention a few more rooms being claimed through competition, the other branch family geniuses seemed to realize that the Luxnix didn't have the intention of coming for Leonel and Noah now.

Logically, it should only take an expert of the Luxnix a few hours at most to come here using a flying craft. If they used a teleportation formation, it would at most take a few minutes. Three days was definitely too long even if potential delaying factors were taken into consideration.

The fact that the Luxnix hadn't come more than likely meant that they were still waiting for Leonel and Noah to prove themselves. These branch family members had no way of knowing what the strength

gauge for main branch members were. They only knew that Leonel and Noah were better than they were, but they didn't have a frame of reference for the main branch. This along with the fact the matters of that day were only being spread by vague recollections made solid deductions even more difficult.

In the end, the other branch geniuses found themselves to be greatly dissatisfied. The youths of Earth hadn't even had to fight for their places. Since the Luxnix were clearly still testing them, didn't that mean that defeating them would gain them fame as well?

At the helm, three youths with gazes that practically spit fire led the group. Though Leonel had no idea who they were, their auras were quite strong, all of them having stepped into Tier 7. Behind them, there were a handful of Tier 5 and 6 existences.

If Leonel was more informed, he would have known that these three youths were yet more members of the Luxnix top ten branches. This time, rather than the 10th and 12th ranked, it was the 8th, 7th and 5th.

The Luxnix family system worked quite simply. The main branch was located within this Three Pillar Galaxy and shared the quadrants evenly with the Viola and Montex families. The branch families spread themselves throughout the Sector. Some of the most powerful controlled entire galaxies of their own, while the weaker ones controlled several quadrants within a galaxy.

A branch family's rank wasn't static and rather fluctuated. There were monthly, yearly, and per decade rankings. This system stopped branches that were on top from growing complacent and also gave lower ranking branches a chance to display their hard work and claim rewards.

This ranking system was based on contribution. This included Zones of note cleared, taxes paid, worlds conquered, and even additional elective contributions. These contributions were tallied and given scores that would eventually reflect in the rankings.

Of course, the more powerful families tended to have the better rankings and received the most support from the main branch.

The 8th Branch was known as the Mueter Branch, the 7th the Yunia Branch, and the 5th the Cuvan Branch. Though their rankings weren't as stable as the top three branch families, their confidence spoke volumes for itself given how boldly they had chosen to come here.

"What the hell is this? I spent all that time waiting, being held back, for this? They're practically all in Tier 1, is this a fucking joke?"

The youth from the Yunia Branch, Crakas Luxnix, wantonly swept his Internal Sight everywhere he pleased. Without even trying to hide it, he showed not a single person present a single ounce of respect. However, just before he could finish his sweep...

"Hm?"

Crakas' brows furrowed as he looked up to meet Leonel's gaze. Leonel himself stood where he had always been, his hands in his pockets and his gaze indifferent.

Crakas' lip curled into a sneer. He had been holding back before, but since this brat wanted to play...

Without an ounce of hesitation, Crakas unleashed his Internal Sight in full force, already imagining the sight of Leonel's Internal Sight shattering into shards of glass. Even though this would only leave the latter a bit dizzy for a few moments, he was already feeling a sick satisfaction from it.

Great affinity with Snow Force, even without awakening the Wisdom Branch, made the Internal Sight of the Luxnix sturdier than most others. It had to be remembered the one had to take normal force to convert into Soul Force. With Soul Force, one could project one's Internal Sight. However, some Forces were far better in conversion than others were.

Crakas was confident in his own Soul Force, not only because of his Luxnix Blood, but also because of his Ability Index. Whoever this fool was would suffer very soon.

Unfortunately... Just as quickly as Crakas sneered, he found his expression warping in the next moment.

Leonel's Internal Sight was like a thick, impenetrable fortress. Crakas could feel his own crumbling just after ramming into it. No, it wasn't crumbling, it felt as though just touching Leonel's Internal Sight made his slowly erode.

Right when Crakas panicked and wanted to pull back, the form of Leonel's Internal Sight suddenly changed. From a fortress, it became numerous spiked ramrods, pushing forward with an air of lethality.

Crakas shot backward to the very shock of his companions and retracted his Internal Sight as fast as he could. However, he was still a step slow.

Crakas' body convulsed, his knees buckling as his face turned pale. He fell to the ground, his gaze somewhat vacant.

Chapter 1108 Food

From start to end, Leonel didn't move a single inch. In fact, those with weaker senses wouldn't have even been able to tell that a clash was occurring at all.

It could only be said that Crakas was too foolish. While he had Snow Force to strengthen his Internal Sight, Leonel had already awakened his Wisdom Branch to the second layer and his mind already had the boundaries and sturdiness of an individual at the Quasi Sixth Dimensional level. This had been the case long before he ever stepped into the Fourth Dimension, let alone now that he was in the Fifth.

As though that wasn't enough to widen the gap, Crakas used regular Soul Force while Leonel used the purest form of Soul Force—Dream Force.

With this disparity, even if Leonel only crudely controlled his Internal Sight, he would have still been able to crush Crakas. But, after being given the Luxnix's library of techniques, Leonel had touched upon an entirely new level of Internal Sight control.

The breadth of techniques the Luxnix had in this regard were impossibly numerous. Just now, Leonel had only used the most basic of Third Dimensional Internal Sight Manipulation techniques, and yet the difference was actually so striking.

Of course, there was one other reason why the difference was so drastic, a reason related to the corrosive attack Crakas felt true fear for...

It could only be said that Crakas had shot himself in the foot.

"Crakas!"

The members of the Yunia Branch that had followed rushed after Crakas to help him up. The latter was still in a daze, but his cloudy eyes began to slowly sharpen, only for it to flash with a hint of seriousness and fear.

He felt that if Leonel had insisted on pursuing him in that moment, his outcome wouldn't have been as simple as a spout of dizziness for a small while. He almost felt as though his mind could have been destroyed.

Of course, Crakas doubted that Leonel could really accomplish it. This wasn't because he was looking down on Leonel, he had already learned a lesson against that just now in the harshest way possible. The main issue was that Internal Sight that had been retracted into the mind couldn't be so easily messed with. In fact, trying to do so would have put Leonel in danger instead.

The leading youth of the Mueter and Cuvan Branches looked back toward Crakas with equally serious expressions. They had been paying attention to what happened just now.

Usually, Internal Sight was quite fluid. Several Internal Sights could overlap and pass through one another without issue normally. However, techniques for Internal Sight taking shape and form like that were extraordinarily rare, and those who had such proficiency in them were even rarer. It almost felt like a perfect one to one of Leonel's consciousness.

Of course, they had no idea that it was exactly this. With Dream Force, Leonel's control of his Internal Sight was a thought away. After all, Dream Force was the embodiment of Consciousness.

"So you were a specialist of the Wisdom Branch. It seems we've underestimated you..."

Nigreth, the Tier 7 youth of the 5th ranked Cuvan Branch, looked toward Leonel deeply, his tone and expression touched with a hint of seriousness.

The Wisdom Branch was probably the most respected of the Snowy Star Owl's three main talent branches. The Luxnix had a saying that it was from Wisdom that all other things sprout. Those who specialized in the Wisdom Branch had statuses that were a margin higher than those who were of the Speed or Healing Branch.

However, that was all. This wasn't enough for these youths to back down. It had only taught them that they shouldn't get into a war of Internal Sight with Leonel.

Seeing that they had come to such a conclusion, Leonel didn't bother to correct them. There wasn't much of a point, it likely wouldn't be long before they learned the true extent of his abilities.

"Might I ask what you three have come for?"

Leonel smiled lightly, however his brothers had already snapped out of their fun-having state to stare toward the newcomers.

Ridan, the final Tier 7 youth of the Mueter Branch, looked Leonel up and down, his fists itching. For some reason, Leonel's smile reminded him of the hypocritical smiles of all those old fogies. But, for other reasons, he couldn't seem to bring himself to hate it as much.

"We came for battle, of course." He spoke out, taking a step forward. "In all this time, the other branches have been competing everyday for the sake of the resources they get to enjoy. Your hotel still has 100% of its maid servants, amenities, and food. Yet, you're the only group that has yet to fight a single battle."

It seemed that the competition didn't stop at claiming rooms. After this, it became a contest of the hotels and a fight for resources.

"I see..." Leonel nodded. "So you want our resources? Aside from the obvious, why's that?"

Leonel calmly observed the group before him.

Ridan's sneer deepened. "None of us know when the competition will begin. Isn't it only right that we try to gather up as many resources as we can to improve in what time we have left? If we can sharpen our skills against good sparring partners, wouldn't that be even better?"

Leonel nodded. That did, indeed, make sense. He had hoped to learn more about this competition, but he guessed that this much was already enough.

He gazed toward everyone around him and laughed.

"Well, you all heard him, they want to spar for resources. I haven't eaten in quite a few days, you guys have fun."

Leonel's feet glided against the grass and eventual polished stone surrounding the poolside. Under everyone's gazes, he made it to the barbeque and started fixing himself an enormous plate of food.

Whether it was the youths of Earth or the branch youths, they could only stand and watch, speechless.

Before any of them had reacted, Leonel had already begun to munch on an enormous beast leg.

He looked up with an innocent expression on his face. "What are you all waiting for? They only came with nine people, there are over 50 of us. Gang up on them."

Chapter 1109 Roof

"Shameless!"

Leonel looked up from his plate of food to see an enormous battle royale having broken out. Whether it was Crakas, Nigreth or Ridan, or even their followers, all of them were instantly infuriated. However, toward this reaction, Leonel could only shrug.

Though Crakas was a bit rude in his remarks, that didn't mean he wasn't correct. The youths of Earth were, indeed, far too weak. Even the most advanced of them was only at Tier 2, and that happened to be Noah. Leonel himself would likely break into Tier 2 in a few days thanks to the benefits of , but compared to these Tier 5, 6, and 7 youths, it was really not worth mentioning.

The worst part was that Leonel was fully aware that this was just the tip of the iceberg. He still remembered that Riah girl from a few days ago. She was already Tier 8 and her talent itself was far beyond the youths that had come here today. And, these were all Branch family members!

If the difference between them and the branch families was already this large, what about the difference between them and the main branch? What about the other two pillar families, the Viola and the Montex?

Leonel vaguely felt that maybe bringing everyone here was a mistake, but in the end, he shook his head. What good was it if they stayed sheltered? Facing the world like this would only help them improve faster.

'Why am I thinking like some old man? I need to improve too.'

Leonel took another large bite out of his food, his gaze scanning the battlefield. From just a cursory glance, he could tell that it took on average three of Earth's geniuses to face just one of them. The difference was there for all to see.

In truth, this revelation was more shocking than not for the branch family geniuses. The gap between experts of the Fifth Dimension were enormous, especially if it was the gap of one or two watersheds. There were three Higher Tier geniuses and six middle Tier geniuses, while all of Earth's youths were still in the Lower Tier. The fact that it only took three to bridge this gap was more shocking than anything else.

To put this matter into perspective, even if they had to fight 50 Tier 1 experts alone, they should have been able to do it. If these Tier 1 experts were from lesser worlds, even hundreds to thousands of them shouldn't have been able to bridge the gap. The fact that three could was shocking enough.

Still, Leonel could only sigh at this result. He wasn't quite sure of what to do.

Should he use the money his mother left him to help? No... That wouldn't make much of a difference. The accommodations the hotel provided were excellent. They had all the nutrients and support Fifth Dimensional existences could ask for.

Should he use the Silver Tablet to help loosen their bottlenecks? This was a possibility, but... Having learned about the Three Finger Cult, Leonel realized that his past acts of openly and freely using the Silver Tablet was far more dangerous than he knew. He had only done so because he thought he was the only one potentially aware of its existence, but clearly this wasn't the case.

Realizing this, Leonel knew that he couldn't casually rely on the Silver Tablet any longer, at least not for people he didn't have absolute trust in. He would trust his brothers with his life, but he barely had a surface relationship with the other youths of Earth. He didn't have the luxury of freely believing in them.

"Hold this, you SOB!"

Raj swung down a massive hammer of metallic sand. His violent movements caused that layers of fat that coated his body to peel backward and press down, surprisingly revealing the hint of a powerful physique.

This wasn't too surprising to the others. Before the Metamorphosis, the strongest of them all in terms of raw power was most definitely between Raj and Arnold. It was too bad he refused to lose weight even after no longer needing it for football.

Leonel smiled as he watched them all push the branch family geniuses back. His gaze slowly left the battle, aiming up toward a distant hotel roof.

...

"Hm? Did he see us?"

"So what if he did?" Another responded with a yawn. "Isn't this a bit too shameless? We should just storm down there and end it all. By the time we're finished, they won't have a place here any longer."

"Maybe, but it's interesting, don't you think?"

"What the hell is interesting about these weaklings?"

"None of them have Luxnix Blood. Of the two that do, one of them is clearly not trying very hard, while the other is eating. Yet, despite not having Luxnix Blood, or Viola and Montex Blood for that matter, it only takes 50 of them to overwhelm nine of us."

A snort sounded. "Don't 'us' me together with them. Those few down there don't even have 0.20 Blood Density, why are you lumping me in?"

"Just shut up about yourself for a second. If you want to be so arrogant, why don't you take that attitude to the Luxnix family Estate, go see how the real geniuses feel about you."

The snorter fell into silence, sending a glance over to the man by his side.

"Anyway, use your head for a second. How is it that a group of youths without a drop of the three strongest Bloodlines of this Sector somehow have the strength to fight back in a 50 on 9 battle against individuals who do have it. Don't you think it's fishy?"

The rooftop fell into silence. This was indeed a bit surprising. While the numbers looked unfair, it should have been unfair for Earth, not the other way around.

"... Oh? He disappeared."

"No, he's right here."

The three shifted their gaze to find Leonel's smiling figure looking back at them. At some unknown time, Leonel had gone from eating his fill to standing on the very same roof as them all.

Chapter 1110 0.50

"Hello." Leonel smiled lightly as though he was meeting some old friends.

The three youths before him were quite unique. They all had golden hair, though not as pure nor as bright as main branch members. However, what truly distinguished them were their eyes. One had a pair of radiant blue irises, another had very warm brown eyes that seemed only a shade or two away from amber, and the last very pale green eyes.

These were the hallmarks of the top three branch families of the Luxnix. There was Kian, the Tier 7 genius of the 3rd ranked Vora Branch and his pale green eyes. Vaan, the Tier 7 genius of the 2nd ranked Strach Branch and his brown, near amber eyes. And finally, there was Ren, the Tier 7 genius of the 1st ranked Ruaturn Branch.

Each of these three branches controlled an entire galaxy all to their own and had positions that were quite interchangeable. The gap between them were so close that they were functionally seen as a single unit. In fact, there was a large disparity between themselves and the 4th ranked branch families and beyond.

Leonel couldn't help but note that all of these top line geniuses were Tier 7. The only exception had been Riah who was Tier 8. The was likely not a coincidence, but Leonel didn't have enough information or data points to draw a conclusion.

Of course, if Leonel had known that Rychard Viola, who he had met in the Dimensional Cleanse Trial World, was a member of the Viola family, he would have noted that he too had been Tier 7. By then, he might have realized that there was more to this than what it seemed.

Kian, Vaan and Ren all looked toward one another before looking back toward Leonel. They had been leisurely watching the battle in one moment, but the instant they lost track of Leonel, he had already appeared here.

Was it teleportation? But there was at least a half kilometer distance between themselves and where Leonel had been. How could someone in the Fifth Dimension teleport so far in a Sixth Dimensional world?

Their expressions turned serious.

"I assume that you came here for a reason?" Kian, the most abrasive of the three, was the first to recover, dressing down Leonel with his gaze.

"Of course." Leonel said lightly. "I just wanted to ask you all not to make things too difficult on me and my people. It would be quite a problem if we also had to fight you all too."

The three were stunned. What had this man just said? Did they hear correctly?

Kian burst into a fit of laughter, slowly standing up from his reclining chair. His green eyes flashed to a peak of emerald for a moment as he took a step forward.

"Are you asking us to show mercy?"

"Well, if you want to think of it that way to accept my proposal, sure."

Kian's sneer only deepened when he heard this.

"This is the first time I've ever heard of a Luxnix being so cowardly. Sure, we can agree not to attack you. Just hand over all your resources and scam first. If you didn't even want to fight, why did you come all the way here? To embarrass your ancestors?"

"Not exactly." Leonel responded quite calmly despite Kian's words. "How old are you this year?"

Kian frowned hearing the line of questioning. However, it wasn't like his age was a secret to begin with. Since Leonel was being so amusing, he thought he would oblige.

"I'm 102 this year. If you're thinking of using your age as an excuse, I've already been at Tier 7 for 13 years already. If I had wanted to, I could have been in the Sixth Dimension already."

"Mm." Leonel nodded. "Well, the oldest of them is only 23. Don't you think you should show some leeway as their senior?"

The pupils of the three constricted.

What they didn't know was that it wasn't exactly accurate to say that they were 23. After all, many of them had only been in the Dimensional Verse for four to five years. On the other hand, these branch family geniuses started training when they were toddlers. It simply wasn't the same.

After his initial shock, Kian's face settled back down.

"I don't know if you're trying to bullshit me or not, but do you take me for a fool? Where would you possibly get so many young Fifth Dimensional beings from? And, even if by some small miracle you weren't lying... So what? You want me to give up my chance at a bright future because you're all so 'young' and 'innocent'? Even if you were a baby in a stroller, if it meant me claiming a spot among them, I'd stab a knife through your chest without hesitation."

Leonel fell into silence when he heard these words. His gaze shifted from Kian to the other two.

"... You're right." He finally said. "It was a bit stupid of me to ask for such a thing."

Leonel's palm flipped over and a three meter long dual bladed silver spear appeared.

"Let's fight, then."

**

Within the Luxnix family estate, two familiar young men sat, enjoying the lavish lifestyle they had been living over the last several weeks. It had simply been too long since they had a chance to rest like this. Being in that place had always felt like being in a constant hellish storm.

Of course, these two young men were the prim and proper Orinik and the lazy, untidy Ganor. It wasn't much of a surprise, then, that one side of the dining table was filled with clean plates and cleanly cut pieces of meat while the other looked as though a tornado had passed through.

However, at that moment, both young men froze in unison, their gazes turning somewhat vacant as though they were listening intently to something.

"Young Sirs?"

Orinik and Ganor were currently being entertained by the geniuses of the Luxnix family. Though Myghelle wasn't present, the only three youths of this generation to surpass 0.50 Bloodline Density were.

The one who spoke was the youngest and shortest of them. Unlike most of the Luxnix, he had also cut his bright golden hair short with much of the sides of his head being completely hairless.

He was Syllar Luxnix, the preeminent genius of the Luxnix main branch's Speed Arm.

When the two recovered their sharpness, Ganor completely ignored the question and went back to eating, But Orinik smiled lightly and explained.

"We've received word that the first round of the selection event will begin in a month's time."

"Oh!" Syllar's gaze brightened. He looked like he was still a child in his early teens, but the truth was that he was well into his 30's already.

"Hm..."

The second of the three geniuses spoke. He was none other than Elaquin, the preeminent genius of the Luxnix main branch's Wisdom Arm. He seemed to carry the sharp eyes and slick tongue one would expect from such a person and he was the tallest of the three.

"... It seems that it's about time we invite those of the branch families who passed to the family estate."