

Descent 1121

Chapter 1121 Sufferina in Silence

Fluttering Star Order frowned. She hadn't expected to come back here so soon, it had only been barely a dozen or so minutes since she left, if that. Had this matter occurred just a few minutes later, she wouldn't have been able to return at all as she had many things to handle with her status.

At the same time, she was baffled by it all. How, exactly, had things gone awry so soon?

Fluttering Star Order didn't immediately ask her granddaughter any questions and instead looked around. When she saw Alfin's half dead body, her gaze narrowed.

"Riah, did you do this? Didn't I already warn you—?"

"No, grandmother. It wasn't me, that's the problem. It was one of the branch family youths."

Fluttering Star Order's brows furrowed. Her immediate thought was that that was impossible. Even with what she had planned, it would take the entire month to squeeze out the potential of these youths. And, even then, they would have to fight a long and drawn out battle just to match a person like Alfin. The idea that one could defeat Alfin in just a dozen or so minutes made little to no sense.

However, she didn't believe that her granddaughter would lie like this either. Riah knew how important these matters were to her and she wouldn't mess around unnecessarily.

Seeing her grandmother's confusion, Riah quickly described the events as succinctly as she could. It was only after this that Fluttering Star Order came to grasp the details. Unfortunately, this did nothing to alleviate her state. If what her granddaughter said was true, this would be troublesome.

She agreed with Riah's decision to let the youths go. It would only make things worse to try to detain them or to even go as far as to silence them. But, the weight of everything else would be troublesome.

'There's only one choice, then. This boy will have to bear the weight of his own actions.'

Fluttering Star Order didn't think much of Leonel's victory. Alfin was as average as average got in the Luxnix main family. Plus, she had already noticed something off about Leonel and Noah after they withstood Elder Sparking's aura. As far as she was concerned, it was just a small surprise as well as a shame that Leonel didn't have the ability to control his temper. Obviously, Leonel could have been a great help to her granddaughter.

Luckily, there was still Noah. Hopefully, he would bring her a pleasant surprise as well.

"Where is he? Come out no—"

Just as Fluttering Star Order was about to force Leonel out, a sudden voice called out to her.

"Esteemed elder, please wait!"

Fluttering Star Order's frown only deepened when she realized the one who had interrupted her was actually Kian, one of the branch family youths. In fact, he was from one of the top three branches Leonel had defeated before coming here.

Everything had been happening so quickly that everyone almost forgot that there were still 20 odd youths in various states of injured waiting outside the courtyard. Most had recovered enough to stand, but the neglect they were experiencing was palpable.

"He... He only antagonized the Healing Arm member to help us. An... And ... And he attacked him first."

It seemed to sap Kian of all his strength to say these words beneath Fluttering Star Order's gaze.

That said... How could Fluttering Star Order have not already deduced these things?

In her mind, it was likely that Leonel was a bastard child of someone of decent status within the main family. This individual likely broke the rules by giving Leonel a technique he shouldn't have, which led to this result. But now, someone had to pay a price.

Even if the Luxnix family were magnanimous enough to treat the life of a main family member and a branch family member the same, and thus could grant Leonel reprieve since he was attacked first, what could be done about the core technique?

This didn't even mention the fact the Luxnix family would never see it like that, and that was especially so for Fluttering Star Order's enemies.

The life of a branch family member could never match up to a main family member. It was to the point where Alfin wouldn't even be punished had Leonel died.

Fluttering Star Order shook her head, causing the hearts of the youths to sink. She turned her attention back toward the courtyard, prepared to use her aura to coerce the youths out and make it clear that she had no intention of protecting Leonel, but who could have expected for Leonel to walk out himself?

Fluttering Star Order opened her mouth to speak, but that was when Leonel's gaze swept over her. It wasn't just Leonel, but the little mink atop his head suddenly made her feel greatly uncomfortable.

Little Blackstar bared his teeth, feeding off of Leonel's displeasure.

In the end, though, Fluttering Star Order was still a Star Order elder who had experienced far too much life. Not only this, but she was well into the Sixth Dimension and could be considered to be only a few steps from the Seventh as well. Her 'falter' only lasted a split moment of a split moment.

But, by then, shockingly enough, Leonel had already looked away from her. He didn't seem to be looking for her approval, nor did he care what her judgement was.

In that moment, a surge of Snow Force erupted, two magnificent wings appearing to Leonel's back, each one stretching out over ten meters. With a single leap, both Leonel and Noah landed on top of the building, sitting near the edge as though they were waiting for something.

Fluttering Star Order was stunned into silence.

Those wings... Even though they were illusory, they would only appear when one was just a step away from the Speed Branch's Third Awakening. What was going on here?!

Now Fluttering Star Order could understand why an elder would take the risk of giving their bastard child a core technique while breaking so many of the family rules in doing so. But, that still didn't change anything.

Fluttering Star Order's body flickered, her figure appearing above where Leonel and Noah now sat in wait. By the expression on her face, her patience was already wearing thin.

She had endured so much humiliation over the last several decades just so that she could have this chance. She had no intention of allowing a brat who thought too much of himself to ruin it all.

Her pressure descended downward like a tsunami of waves, her gaze as cold as ice.

Chapter 1122 Counterparts

Leonel tilted his head upward, not even the slightest hint of a rippling wave to be found within his irises.

"Get the fuck out of my way."

Despite what one would expect, there was nothing different about Leonel's voice. It hadn't deepened, it wasn't hoarse, it didn't carry any rage or forcefulness... One would have thought he was speaking about the weather.

Fluttering Star Order was stunned by the evenness of it all at first. In fact, she was so stunned that she didn't register what was said until a moment later. It was only then that her stunned expression warped toward the edge of shock and then unbridled rage.

No matter how mild tempered Fluttering Star Order was, how could she still remain so now? Even her enemies didn't dare to speak to her in this way, least of all a junior she could kill with a single palm.

Below, Riah's own expression changed. Did Leonel not understand the situation he was in? Even if her grandmother had no intention of saving him, she was still his only hope at coming out of this slightly less scathed. To slap the face of your potential benefactor like this, what was he thinking?!

"Junior, do you have any idea who you're speaking to?!"

Fluttering Star Order's words boomed, violent Wind Force spiraling about the surroundings. She bobbed in the skies as though she was as light as a feather, her fury on full display.

"Isn't it all the same?" Leonel replied plainly. "Aren't you all the same? Just more worthless people overvaluing themselves above others. Even I don't deem myself to be above another, what right do you have to?"

Noah's expression changed wildly for the first time. His gaze snapped to Leonel's side profile as though he was looking at someone he didn't recognize in the slightest.

Why did it feel like these words were both spoken by Leonel and someone who was decidedly not Leonel? It was as though he had taken on the character of someone completely different, but it was impossible to tell until he opened his mouth to speak.

"What did you just say to me?!"

Fluttering Star Order couldn't withhold her fury any longer. Her palm raised into the skies with every intention of obliterating Leonel where he stood. However, Leonel's words seemed to continue like a slow stream, unhurried and unbothered.

"I don't know much about Force Pill Crafting, but I can recognize Breaking Force when I see it. To have prepared so many Force Herbs infused with such Force, what were your plans exactly? To squeeze out all the potential of us 'branch family' members?"

Fluttering Star Order froze.

"And then what? Have us ride the wave of excitement, being ever thankful to the Luxnix main family for our rapid improvement? Maybe we would even be so grateful that we would lay our lives on the line for the sake of glory your granddaughter would be the greatest partaker of?"

"Now that I think about it, maybe those of us that died would be the luckier ones, because those who survived would soon find that they wouldn't be able to progress even a single step afterward. They would probably end up thrown to the side like useless trash after you were finished, right?"

Fluttering Star Order's lashes fluttered. She was ultimately not a person who was so ruthless. It was easy for her to deal with the guilt when no one else was aware of it, but having things so blatantly laid out like this, she felt a deep shame.

Leonel had simply learned too much about Breaking Force in recent months. And, using his Dream Sculpt and Dream Simulation abilities, deducing the end result was as easy as breathing. Not all Breaking Force was created equal.

Leonel completely ignored Fluttering Star Order's internal struggle, his foot lightly tapping the roof of the large mansion.

In that moment, the ground began to rumble, four enormous pillars beginning to rise up from the earth. They all shimmered with a blinding silver luster, etched with all sorts of ancient and enigmatic patterns.

"You..." Fluttering Star Order's expression changed. She couldn't really grasp what was going on, but as someone with high Snow Force affinity, her Internal Sight was likewise powerful. She gained a general understanding in just a breath.

Leonel breathed out a heavy breath, showing the first signs of an emotion for the last several moments. However, it wasn't anger, relief or happiness. Rather, it was just fatigue, something so rudimentary that even a beast could have displayed it.

And yet, right then, an inconspicuous neckless around his neck began to glow as Force surged toward it, slowly replenishing Leonel.

"When you go," Leonel began to state plainly, his palm flipping over to reveal the Northern Star Pendant, "tell your counterparts that I've come for what's mine."

'When I go...? Wait, is that—?!'

At that moment, a gripping force took hold of Fluttering Star Order's body. A strong spatial Force caught her completely off guard. Before she realized what was happening, her body flickered and disappeared.

When Fluttering Star Order reappeared, she found herself in a random corner of the Luxnix estate, an expression of shock plastered onto her wizened features.

'... My counterparts? What counterparts do I still have?'

...

"Grandma?! What did you do to my grandmother?!"

Riah's shrill cry came from below. But, if even a Star Order elder could be teleported away, if Leonel didn't want her to move, she wouldn't move.

Leonel stood atop the mansion as though he hadn't heard a thing Riah said. His expression was just as indifferent as always, the abyss that was his gaze staring off into the distance. No one could tell what he was thinking.

Noah's looked toward the pillars. He could tell that even now, Leonel hadn't quite recovered from summoning them, but this only left him speechless. Just what was Leonel planning on doing here, exactly?

At that moment, a commotion in the distance was stirred. Two familiar figures leading a group of at least 20 quickly closed the distance, their expressions livid.

Riah's face warped, her heart skipping several beats. She recognized many of those seniors. What they lacked in talent they more than made up for in seniority and time spent practicing. Among them, there was even the current Head of Alfin's division of the Healing Arm, the Quasi Sixth Dimensional Division Head Therin.

Chapter 1123 Flickering

Riah's expression was filled with panic. This matter had already blown up far faster than she had expected. For a Division Head to already be making an appearance was far out of her predictions. It felt like everything was coming crumbling down.

Division Head Therin's expression didn't give much away initially. He had a placid look on his face. He only showed the slightest hint of a frown when he noticed the four enormous silver pillars that surrounded the courtyard. He could sense the strong Spatial and Earth Force fluctuations and it left his heart unsettled.

He came to a stop outside the pillars, his gaze sweeping over to find a small pit where Alfin's body lay, still deformed. No one had come to help him ever since his exchange with Leonel. And, if not for the strong healing properties of Snow Force, it may very well have been the case that he would have already breathed his last.

"What is the meaning of this?" Therin asked coldly.

In truth, he had only overheard part of the story. Even Alfin himself didn't have the right to ask a Division Head for backup, let alone his two lackies. As a result, all Therin knew was that a branch family member had attempted to murder a main family member.

Learning this, he was immediately furious. Hierarchy was among the most important things a family should have. A lack of it would lead to far more trouble than it was worth. A collapse in hierarchy would lead to the downfall of a family not long later.

However, in his fury, he hadn't considered the details. And now that he saw these pillars, he felt that this matter would be even more troublesome than he thought.

"Division Head, it's him! He's the one who struck to kill Alfin!"

Two fingers found their way to Leonel who was still on the roof.

At this moment, Leonel was still just as difficult to read. He stood on the roof, his breathing slowly becoming even once more, but it felt as though his eyes were detached from the rest of his body. Despite his fatigue, they were completely unaffected by it, their deep abyss only becoming deeper.

Even now, as he swept a glance over the 20 or so individuals who had come, he felt unmoved by it all.

What did he want to accomplish here? What was his end goal? Truthfully, he didn't know.

Destroying the Luxnix family? That was more than just a little unlikely. He didn't have the strength to do it and it likely wouldn't be a very long time until he did.

Make those responsible pay? He was just as far away from that goal as well. If Noah's story was anything to go by, it was precisely the most powerful of the Luxnix who were at fault to begin with.

Vent his fury?

Well, that didn't sound so bad... Now did it?

Leonel's figure suddenly flickered and vanished. Twinkling stars were left in his original position, a strong surge of wind manifesting as he reappeared.

The sound of a suffocated gurgle resounded. Division Head Therin's head slowly turned, only to find Leonel's hand clamped down on the throat of the two who had just been pointing at him.

He had appeared within their midst like a shadow. Even though he was a Division Head of the Healing Arm, Therin immediately recognized when he saw it. Leonel's proficiency in using it was so astounding that even he hadn't been able to react in time.

The two young men gripped at their throats, but Leonel's hand had already cut off blood circulation to their brains. They couldn't even think straight, failing to dredge up their Force in time or even remember the techniques they had learned. There was something about Leonel's gaze that made them forget everything, as though they were beasts meeting the King of the Forest.

They foamed at the mouth, their flailing legs going limp.

In that moment, Therin finally reacted. Humiliation and rage bubbled up, his expression twisting and reddening all at once.

"How dare you?!"

A strong surge of Force erupted about him, his fist blasting through the air and piercing through Leonel's skull. The enraged glint in his eye only grew fiercer when he saw that Leonel failed to dodge, however the feeling of emptiness his knuckles felt made his expression change once more.

Leonel stood there, unmoving. Or, so it seemed.

Half his face, the portion Therin's fist had punched through, was nothing more than sparkling motes of light. As for the other half, his one eye gazed toward Therin without the slightest ripple. It felt to the Division Head that he was an ant being observed by the wayside. His heart leapt to his throat, his breathing becoming short and hurried.

He recognized the technique almost immediately. It was .

Just like that, in just a few minutes, Leonel had used , and . The first was one of the strongest techniques of the Healing Arm, the next was one of the strongest movement techniques of the Speed Branch, and the last was known as the most difficult technique to learn within the Fifth Dimension of the Wisdom Branch.

Therin was at a loss. Exchanging for these techniques was one thing, it would usually take a person decades to accumulate enough merits. But, actually learning them to this extent was a completely different matter entirely.

Just who was this boy?!

BANG!

The air shot out of Therin's lungs all at once, spittle and a concentrated wind projectile shooting from his mouth as he flew back.

The image of Leonel he had punched through slowly dissipated, the real form of Leonel appearing, the fist he had just used to punch the Division Head still hanging in the air.

Therin blasted through the entourage he had brought around before skidding along the ground. By now, no matter how good a Sixth Dimensional world was at dispersing the signs of battle, the movement of a Division Head wouldn't go unnoticed as more and more people started to turn their attention toward this courtyard.

Therin's gaze turned crimson, his Snow Force blossoming forth as he stood to his feet.

Leonel's palm flipped over, revealing a three meter long silver spear as his skin flickered with Bronze Runes.

A strong gravitational Domain fell from the skies, streaks of black lines pressuring the integrity of space itself.

Leonel's foot raised, his body flickering once more.

Chapter 1124 Face

When Leonel reappeared, he had already donned a silver armor from head to toe, a visor of silver-black blocking his abyssal gaze from the world.

Therin felt a pressure the likes of which he hadn't felt in countless years. How long had it been since he was forced into such a battle? He had long since stopped having to scratch and claw for his position in life, and even back when he still had to, his role had never been so violent or necessary.

The bloodlust coming from Leonel's body was practically palpable. It was as though the moment his gaze vanished, taking with it the distraction that froze the heart of the world, the tangible form of what had taken root in his chest was bared for all to see.

King's Might rolled off of him in waves, his very consciousness itself constricting the throats of those unlucky enough to lay eyes on him. And then, his spear swung down.

Therin's throat squeezed down on itself, his rage almost evaporating into the skies above. It was only then that a strong will to live manifested out from the depths of his soul.

He roared. But, it was as much about shaking the fear from himself, as though cobwebs fogging his mind, as it was about asserting his dominance. The Snow Force that had receded under his apprehension came back twice as strong, his palm flipping over to reveal a flexible sword that shot out like a whip with just the slightest flick of his wrist.

The sword had always been a favorite of the Luxnix. It could be said that over 90% of their weapon type techniques were constructed with the sword in mind. And, of those 90%, another 90% focused on the speed of said sword.

It could be said that among the Pinnacle Sixth Dimensional families, the Luxnix had the swiftest blade.

CLANG!

Leonel's spear spun in his hands, his downward swing becoming a frontal block that deflected Therin's own blade to the side. A golden spear lit upon his forehead, its light growing every brighter with each passing moment.

Therin's wrist and forearm quaked every time his sword clashed with Leonel. Despite the size difference of their weapons, he couldn't seem to gain a speed advantage. And, when it came to strength, momentum and heft, Leonel seemed to surpass in him all aspects.

Under the astonished gazes of those who had come with the Division Head, including Riah who still couldn't seem to move, Therin was forced back again and again.

Leonel's spear spun around his back. The clink of a mechanism unlocking as the opposite end snapped into his other palm resoundingly.

Leonel held onto both ends of his spear, the chain that connected them dangling behind him.

His fighting style changed, his speed becoming even quicker. Both of his hands seemed to have gained minds of their own and in the blink of an eye, Therin's speed advantage vanished.

'This...'

''

The silvery splendor of Leonel's spear suddenly gain an all new shine to it. Natural Spear Force erupted, every arc leaving crescent moon blades slicing through the air.

The canvas of white, silver and blacks left a trail through the battlefield. Every action Leonel took was taken with such speed that only these swath of colors were left behind. And, every swing of his blades left an indelible mark on the surroundings.

Therin lost the initiative and never regained it. Slicing arcs of blood travelled around and up his forearms, even his robes themselves being torn to tatters. He didn't even have the presence of mind to try and grasp how Leonel had even learn .

"AH!"

Therin roared in pain, humiliation and rage. He couldn't seem to get any leg up on Leonel. He was faster, smarter and stronger.

Every time Therin thought he could counter, he hit nothing but an illusion. Every time he was forced to clash head on, he was sent sprawling back. Every time he tried to maintain some distance to gain some breathing room, Leonel would already appear before him a moment later.

It was infuriating to an astounding degree.

Therin suddenly froze.

His head slowly turned to his right shoulder, only to find a vast emptiness. His arm twirled in the air, separated from the socket it should have been resting in and his sword barely clinging to the palm of it.

A sharp arc of pain rocked his senses when the familiar sensation was doubled with his left shoulder.

Before he could process what was happening, a foot was firmly planted into his chest, his body shooting backward as a trail of blood spurt out in his wake.

"Trash."

The word drifted to Therin's ears even in his half stunned state. It infuriated him so much that a third projectile of blood shot outward, this time from his mouth.

Leonel watched indifferently as Therin skidded along the ground, painting the picturesque scenery of the Luxnix family estate in crimson.

He simply couldn't understand why people as weak and inferior as Therin deemed themselves to be oh so great and important. When Therin went about his daily life, there were probably dozens, hundreds of people, even, that he would interact with that he could only greet humbly. And yet he came here to flaunt what, exactly?

Therin continued to cough up blood violently. He wanted nothing more than to tear Leonel limb from limb, but he had actually lost so thoroughly.

"Use the command token! Use it now!"

Therin's furious howl traveled through the air before dispersing into the clouds. The students of his department all put on shocked expressions before they scrambled to complete his order, each quickly pulling out a talisman.

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At that moment, at a gate entrance different from the one Leonel and the others had entered, a convoy of men and women from the Viola family were making their presence known.

Rychard stood at the helm of the group.

"Please inform your elders that the Crown Heir of the Viola family has something to discuss with them."

Hearing these words, the guards didn't dare to dally and quickly left to do as they were told.

Within this convoy, there were many youthful faces. Among them, there were three young women Leonel would instantly recognize, one of whom was a woman he wasn't quite sure how to face just yet.

Chapter 1125 Today

The sight of numerous talismans being activated at once was ironically quite beautiful despite the purpose they were meant to serve.

In the Luxnix main family, there were numerous bodies or 'powers'. First there were the Three Arms, then there was the Elder's Council, the Feather Sword warriors, the Star Order Council, and finally the Patriarch's Faction.

These seven facets of the family worked in a balance and counter balance sort of way. The Star Order Council, the Patriarch's Faction and the Feather Sword warriors could be considered the high end of this balance, there were many push and pull effects that dictated the politics.

At the lower levels, though, there were the Three Arms and the Elder's Council. Of course, these Three Arms were the Wisdom Arm, the Healing Arm and the Speed Arm. These Three Arms were 'overseen' by the Elder's Council, a group of seniors that weren't good enough to enter the true elite ranks of the main family, but still had strength given by their seniority and age, nonetheless.

This was important to understand at this point because it also described the weight of this command token.

The so-called command token was known by many things, but it was essentially a breadth of authority given to those of a certain rank. As a Division Head, a high-level position of the Three Arms, Therin was, of course, given this authority.

With how the Luxnix were designed, it was no surprise that they promoted competition. At the lower levels, this competition manifested in the head butting of the Three Arms. Sometimes this internal struggle would travel up to the Elder Council who had once been part of the Three Arms themselves, but this was much rarer.

Simply put, battles between the Arms was not rare in the slightest. The command token was used when these situations grew to a level that large portions of the Arm would become involved. The call of a Division Head was enough to spring several talents of the Healing Arm into action.

The trouble was that middling talents like Alfin wouldn't be the only ones alerted.

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In a corner of the Luxnix family estate, a young man stood in the middle of an empty training field. Beads of sweat poured down his body, yet his eyes were unblinking and his sword was steady.

He was about to take a step forward when he frowned.

He trained topless, but he still had his spatial ring and some ornaments on him. As a force of habit, he never took them off. But, he was still baffled when he saw the pendant swinging from his hip glowing.

'What are these fools doing? It's only a month out from the Selection and they've sparked a faction war?'

This young man was none other than the third youth to have a Bloodline Density of above 0.50, Elody Luxnix. Like Syllar of the Speed Branch and Elaquin of the Wisdom Branch, Elody was the preeminent genius of the Healing Branch and had completed the first awakening of his Healing Branch, [Instant Recovery].

Elody wasn't in the mood to deal with such things. So much of his time in the last several weeks had been spent on entertaining Orinik and Ganor, the two Galaxy Ranked disciples of the Void Palace. He hardly had time for himself.

And yet, now that he finally found such time, some idiot had used the command token?

Elody was of the mind to completely ignore it. He did have a responsibility as the Head of the Healing Branch to show up for these matters when their small internal battles rose to this level, but it wasn't strictly necessary either way. It wasn't like any of them could reprimand him.

He shook his head. 'Forget it, I won't go. What a waste of my time.'

Even as he thought this, Elody hesitated once more. If a command token had been used, it was possible that one of the other Heads was involved. If Syllar and Elaquin were participating, it might be worth his while to spar with them, it had been quite a long time since he did so.

'Hm... I'll wait... It'll be obvious soon if they participated or not.'

Elody went back to swinging his sword.

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Elody wasn't the only one who noticed the sudden commotion. The flair up of a command token was something designed to be seen by as many as possible and many stragglers of the other two Arms were alerted to the change as well.

In an irony of ironies, a command token meant to be used to signal battle between two Arms was not only sparked by just a single man, but it had suddenly put all three Arms into motion as neither the Wisdom nor Speed Arm was aware of just which of them was going to be attacked.

A surge of Speed Arm disciples rushed for Riah's courtyard, their gazes practically crimson with pent up energy.

Many of these youths were individuals who knew well that the Void Palace was selecting disciples, but they were simultaneously aware that they would never be among the selected. This sort of existential nihilism, although in just small measures, had been building up among the 'average' of the Luxnix for the past several weeks now.

Suddenly having gained a target to vent their feelings of inadequacy on, they didn't even care to consider which Arm they were fighting or if they were battling an Arm at all. Only a few who had witnessed Therin's tirade earlier that day connected the dots toward what might actually be happening, but even they followed along, wanting to vent that uncomfortable feeling in their hearts.

Soon, over the horizon from Riah's courtyard, dozens of youths became hundreds. The spectators that had been slowly accumulating grew in number as well.

Leonel stood in silence, the two ends of his spear in hand, still linked by a chain and separated into three. He hadn't made any move to stop Therin's commands or the others.

Today, he would flip the Luxnix family estate on its head.

Chapter 1126 Shackles

The surge of youths with crimson eyes flooded the battlefield. But, the targets they were looking for didn't seem to be anywhere to be found. All they saw were the littered and bloody bodies of their fellow Healing Arm members and a single silver armored man standing before a courtyard surrounded by four silver pillars.

Many of them were confused, but even more of them seemed to realize that their enemy was precisely this silver armored man.

"KILL HIM!" Therin's enraged roar shook those who were confused out of this state.

However, when they heard Therin call for murder, they were shocked. Though it wasn't like no one had ever died in a faction war, it was still rare. On top of that, it was quite frowned upon. These were the types of things the Elder's Council would step in to stop.

That said, while there were many who stood frozen, there were even more that didn't need to be told twice. Their egos had been poked and prodded at for too long, and it was already clear to them that a Division Head of their Arm had actually been crippled. This sort of humiliation wasn't something they were willing to let go, even if they weren't already in such a strung up state.

They charged forward like a tide, the ground rumbling as large swaths of Snow Force rippled throughout at the air.

Leonel's chest rose, a sizzling heat at his right hip threatening to tear a hole through his own body. But, for some reason, it felt good. It felt almost too good.

It fed off of Leonel's angst, his fury, his indifference. It swallowed up all that was him and churned out a result that fed into the very fabric of his King's Might.

These hundreds of youths? It just wasn't enough.

BANG!

Leonel's foot rose and fell. In that moment, a tidal wave of earth shot out from the ground.

First, there was a sprinting set of spiderweb-like cracks, folding and bending the earth to Leonel's will. And then, in the next moment, they shot upward, crashing into the first line of charging Healing Arm warriors and throwing whatever semblance of unity and formation they had into absolute chaos.

Leonel's figure vanished. When he reappeared once more, the falling debris of earth sprinkled about him like the ashes of war. Without the immediate support of the man or woman next to them, the Healing Arm could only face the carnage they wrought.

Leonel's blades flashed, his body flickering and disappearing at will, only to appear and vanish once more. Arcs of blood and crimson followed his path, limbs and horrid screams leaving landmarks of his presence.

Leonel used the techniques of the Luxnix seamlessly one after another. It felt as though there were dozens of him and his every action incapacitated another. Blood flowed in rivers and bones formed the earth.

As the curtain of dirt finally descended and the vision of those around cleared to what was happening, half of the Healing Arm warriors had already been cut down, their life's blood fueling the soil beneath their immobile bodies.

A look of absolute horror was painted on the faces of those who headed the initial charge, at least those of them that had survived, anyway.

From the rooftop, Noah watched on, sighing every so often. He could tell at a glance that Leonel wasn't overpowering them with raw strength. If he tried to fight these many talents head on, he would have been cut down long ago. It was just that... Leonel was just so much smarter with how he used his strength.

Noah knew the techniques Leonel was using as well, he too had received those gifts.

was a technique that applied one's Internal Sight to trick the senses of others. It was ironically useless against those who purely relied on their five senses in battle, but which expert wouldn't subconsciously use their Internal Sight to boost their senses?

This overlay of what the body was recognizing and what one's Soul Force was seeing led to a cognitive dissonance that easily formed illusions of starlight in battle. The more powerful and deft one's control of their Internal Sight was, the more deadly the technique.

However, to use it with such skill, and especially against so many enemies, Leonel had to be capable of calculating the perspective of each and every person on the battlefield at the same time, only then would he be able to execute in the most optimal manner.

Simply put... He was like a machine. Noah had yet to see a swing of Leonel's blade not draw blood.

Leonel's gaze flickered with coldness, his every breath becoming so heated that steam billowed from his mouth. His skin reddened and his armor began to glow with a rosy silvery hue.

The temperature in his surroundings sky rocketed, yet Leonel only felt more and more comfortable.

Leonel's blade blocked a sword from one direction, his free hand hacking down and severing the forearm that carried it. His movements became faster and more fluid, his want for destruction and violence billowing off of him in waves.

The heat became so searing that the warriors of the Healing Arm couldn't get close to him without using Force Skins. However, their wants and needs didn't cross Leonel's mind in the slightest.

In that moment, a furious howl left his lips. It brought with it such momentum that violent concentric circles of pulsing air billowed from Leonel's mouth.

BANG!

Leonel's aura erupted, Force shattering the ground beneath his feet.

The momentum of a Tier 2 expert rose from him, shattering the barrier that had held him back and multiplying his strength several times over.

The shackles that held down Leonel's body were being loosened one after another, his howl carrying with it a scorching heat that rose into the skies.

The atmosphere seemed to be affected, rolling clouds of grey responding and slowly beginning to gather.

At that moment, several Division Heads of the Healing Arm finally reached the battlefield. When they saw the state of things, their eyes widened, a furious light sparking within their gaze.

Chapter 1127 Once More

The Division Heads were furious, but they weren't fools. Having seen the state of the battlefield, they knew that it would take someone at least as powerful as them to leave these unranked students in such a state.

The Arms had three sectors within them. There were the Division Heads, the unranked students and finally the Rankers. Number one among these Rankers was the Head of the Arm and there were three of them in total. Of course, these men were Syllar, Elaquin and Elody.

The other Rankers were reserved for students ranked in the top 1000. When one reached deep into the hundreds of these ranks, despite being a lower Tier than that of the Division Heads, the students themselves were considered equals. Above this, the Rankers could dwarf and even one shot Division Heads.

Rankers were the pool from which future Feather Sword warriors were chosen and it was impossible to enter the Patriarch's Faction or the Star Order if you had not been a Ranker in the past.

This was all to say that despite feeling the endless vitality coming from Leonel, and being certain that he was exceptionally young despite being unable to see his face, the Division Heads didn't make the mistake of underestimating him.

In the Luxnix family, strength wasn't decided by how old you were... It was decided by your ability.

At the helm of the Division Heads, there were three. These were men who had been in the outskirts of the Rankers in their youth but weren't quite good enough to become Feather Sword warriors. In addition, because they were so young, they couldn't join the Elder's Council just yet either.

Compared to the other Division Heads, they were several decades younger and they saw through their present situation with just a glance. They were Rayner, Ingram and Samson, a trio of Division Heads that usually acted as a trump card for these faction wars. But, it seemed like this matter wouldn't be able to be handled by them. They had no idea who this silver armored warrior was, but they could smell the danger.

"Send the signal again." Samson said with narrowed eyes.

"But..." Another Division Head tried descent.

"No buts. Those Rankers and especially not our Arm Head would never come out normally. This battle isn't simple and I'm getting a bad feeling from those pillars and that little beast on his head... If we don't make sure that they know this matter is serious, they'll never come."

All of them had a mightier and higher than thou attitude. They would always wait until the last moment to swoop in and see if it was worth getting in on the action. But, if things continued like this, their Healing Arm wouldn't even have anyone left.

"Rayner, Ingram, we need to take the helm."

The two Division Heads nodded, their auras silently brewing as the other Division Heads did as they were told. In that instant, a second round of signals were sparked and sent into the air.

Leonel's hand released one of his blades. With a sharp tug, he pulled on the other side, sending his spear spinning outward in a wide arc.

Everywhere the blade passed, an arc of crimson would follow. The range of the spear had increased by a factor of ten, its chains stretching outward as much as 30 meters under Leonel's control.

With a flick of his wrist, the spear snapped backward. A resounding and satisfying clicking sound echoed across the battlefield as it shot back into place, leaving the afterimages of a silver crescent moon in its wake.

The grass beneath Leonel's feet began to wither and fall to ash, small sparks of fire dancing about and spreading into the surroundings. His steps were slow as he walked toward the Division Heads, the little mink upon his head bearing his fangs menacingly.

A shimmering golden spear pulsed upon Leonel's forehead, an invisible Domain spreading out with his body as the center. It sounded like the whirring of a magnetic field coming to life, just the slightest and faintest purple hue coating the surroundings as the clouds above continued to grey.

The lush and beautiful atmosphere of the Luxnix family estate was withering away one step at a time. Blood pooled the ground, flames licked away at the foliage, and the skies slowly darkened, a slight drizzle beginning to pitter patter.

The first droplet that fell upon Leonel jumped about wildly, reaching a boiling point in an instant and evaporating into nothingness. At first, there was only the slightest hint of steam, but as the rain began

to grow heavier, the billowing plumes of water vapor grew more and more prominent until it seemed like Leonel himself was made of smoke.

Casually using sword techniques was fine against the others, but facing these three, he felt the call of a sharper Force.

The Duality Spear vibrated wildly like a beast pulling against its chain. The billowing fog shot up around it, allowing its blade to split it in two.

The instant the Duality Domain crossed the three Division Heads, Leonel vanished. When he reappeared, he was already at Samson's throat, his spear blade threatening to take a head with its swing.

Samson's pupils constricted, but his reaction was calm. His task wasn't to win, all he had to do was stall. That was all. Just stall. Stall until they could get here.

But, what was this piercing pain?

Samson's sword had shot forward to intercept Leonel's spear and even successfully parried it. So what was this searing heat he felt in his opposite shoulder?

Samson's eyes widened.

In that moment, a three pronged strike shot out from in front of him and carried into the distance, leaving deep trenches in the ground and causing an explosion of earth and taking with it a spiraling arm and a thread of crimson.

Little Blackstar bared his shimmering teeth, his little claws still being held up in a swiping position.

Samson felt a foot land on his knee in his distraction, a violent pain erupting throughout his body as his leg was shattered.

By the time he had collapsed to the ground, Leonel had already flashed and vanished once more.

Chapter 1128 Yellow Crystal

Ingram and Rayner felt their souls leave their bodies. They hadn't even sensed when the little mink attacked but in that moment they felt as though there wasn't a single thing they could do to fight back against it.

Light Force should have been the perfect counter to Dark Elemental Force. But, why was it that it felt like the exact opposite right now?

The group of Division Heads fell into absolute chaos. It was clear that Leonel's speed in dealing with these enemies had fallen drastically, but none of his fire had waned. In fact, with every passing moment, it felt as though Leonel was quickly becoming a rising star of his own.

The rain became heavier and the steam became denser. Soon, it was difficult to see just three meters ahead of you.

Without a choice, the Division Heads could only rely on their Internal Sight, but it was then that they realized that this was the worst decision they could have possibly made.

In that moment, it felt like Leonel was both everywhere and nowhere all at once. Trails of sparkling Star Force sprinkled about the battlefield, giving it a beauty that didn't match the carnage it was experiencing. Limbs flew about and cries of pain pierced the veil.

Ingram and Rayner managed to survive the first exchange. Now that they were keenly aware of the danger of the little mink, they split their attention between Leonel and Little Blackstar, unwilling to end up like their counterpart had.

When these two formed a team, the strength they displayed wasn't just additive. However, in all their caution, they didn't realize just how many of their fellow Division Heads were being cut down by Leonel himself.

"Dammit!" Ingram growled.

He pulled out a second sword, a light silver glow wrapping around him. They couldn't allow things to continue like this.

The familiar sequence of took form.

"Cover me!"

Rayner didn't need to be told twice, pulling out a white leather whip from his hip. His gaze sharpened, a silver Force wafting out from them.

His vision brightened. From being able to see just three meters, he could now see through the entirety of the steam without issue.

Ingram crossed Leonel's path, blocking him from crippling yet another Division Head. His twin blades moved with a practiced smoothness, alternating his speed with the expertise of a veteran. He had learned long ago that pushing your speed to the limit all the time didn't make you a better sword master. Often times, lulling your opponent into one set rhythm before instantaneously changing it at the right time was far better.

However, Ingram very quickly found out that such tricks were worthless before Leonel. In fact, using a technique that Leonel was familiar with before him was akin to courting death.

The flat of Leonel's blade skimmed against the sharp edge of Ingram's sword, parrying it upward. The golden spear upon his forehead flashed as he took an in-step, counterintuitively giving up his range advantage as a spearman.

However, from this vantage point, Rayner's whip had instantly been rendered useless.

Leonel's gaze flashed, his spear vanishing. His fist hit Ingram squarely in the chest before the latter could react, causing an upswell of blood to fly from his throat.

Being hit in the chest, Ingram found the swinging motion of his second sword completely off course. He thought that it was a coincidence at first, but the violent breaking of his rib cage and the tenderizing of his muscles made his arms all but useless.

As though Leonel's fists weren't heavy enough, Ingram found that the space behind him had stacked several times. Leonel's Spatial Domain had made the several meter distance to Ingram's back as much as several hundred meters.

In the end, Ingram who should have been flying back at astonishing speed had practically become a practice dummy, his chest deforming as craters the size of fists formed within it.

BANG!

Ingram's body finally shot out, appearing before Rayner in an instant. The stacking of space had immediately been reversed and shortened instead, resulting in the latter being caught completely off guard.

Rayner felt all the air in his body shoot out in a torrent, spittle flying from his mouth as his tongue hung outside.

In that moment, the robes protecting Ingram's chest burst into flames and fell into a pile of ashes.

Within the four pillars, the branch family youths, Noah, and especially Riah were at a loss for words. They could hardly see what was happening within all that billowing fog, but every so often someone frantic and screaming would run out for their lives, rushing away as fast as their legs would allow them.

Leonel appeared above Rayner and Ingram. The depth of his gaze was filled with a blinding crimson light, the smallest hint of violet fighting for a small corner along the outer edges.

He raised his spear above his head, prepared to swing downward with the same fiery momentum he had been slowly building up. Even his spear itself had begun to glow with a slight rosiness, impacted by the heat coming from Leonel.

BANG!

At that moment, an arrow suddenly shot through the billowing steam.

However, without even looking in that direction, Leonel rose his left hand out and to the side, his palm flipping over to reveal an long sniper rifle.

Light Elemental Force whirred to life and several complex shield shaped yellow crystal formations appeared before the barrel, each proceeding one larger than the last.

By the end of it, the large yellow crystal shield was over three meters in diameter, dwarfing a human in size. And then...

Leonel squeezed the trigger.

A blinding beam of light shot out from the barrel, blasting into the first of the ten yellow crystal shields.

The light was instantly absorbed by it, moving within its structure so quickly that it looked like a pinball fighting for its life.

And then, the light shot out and entered the second shield... Then the third...

It all happened in the blink of an eye. By the time the light exited the tenth shield, it was so thick and fast that the clouds above split, the rain dispersing entirely.

The arrow that had just shot into the wall of fog was incinerated before it even reached the beam of light.

The space quaked and the fog domain was vanquished with a loud WHOOSH.

The beam illuminated the whole of the Luxnix estate, piercing through the air with a speed impossible to track with the eye.

'Shit...'

The Archer, Ranker 302, only had time for her heart to tremble once.

Her right shoulder was blasted through, a bowl sized hole taking her arm and a piece of her collarbone along with it.

The fog completely dispersed revealing Leonel standing amidst hundreds of fallen, the ground beneath his feet dyed red and his breathing still billowing outward with piping hot steam.

Chapter 1129 wonderland

In that moment, Ranker 302 fell backward and collapsed, the Rankers around her still not having registered exactly what happened. It had all happened so fast that it was all still not computing. She had only just released her arrow, but in the next moment, she had a hole through her chest.

Ranker 302 gasped for air, but her attempts all came out in gurgles as the viscous liquid filled her lungs.

"Dammit. Someone heal her. This son of a bitch..."

They were still ultimately the healing branch of the family, and the best among the Healing Arm at that. However, when they bent down to help their fellow Ranker, their expressions couldn't help but change.

A violent aura of destruction ate at her wounds. As though a fire had started, her skin was slowly being burnt away. If things continued like this and the corrosion made it to her heart, she might really die.

Reacting quickly, a young man, Ranker 239, brandished his sword, cutting away the flesh that was being eaten away at. Only after doing this was the healing process able to continue. Unfortunately, they didn't have the ability to regrow limbs and too much of her arm had been destroyed. But, she would still have a chance in the future so long as she continued down this path and awakened her Healing Branch. With [Instant Recovery], she would be able to make her body whole again.

"There's something wrong with this Light Force." Ranker 239 spoke. "It has the speed of Snow Force, but Snow Force doesn't have these corrosive properties. It simply doesn't make any sense."

"If Becqa was taken out so quickly, we'd be going over there just to die. The top 100 need to move out."

Silence fell over the group, but they too agreed. They were just a bit over two kilometers away from the battlefield, standing atop a tall community building. When they received the second signal, they had thought the Division Heads were too useless and Becqa even bet that she could take out the enemy with

a single arrow. Just moments ago, they had even been happily betting on how many it would really take her.

Though they showed disdain for the Division Heads, they still had a baseline of reason to their opinions. Some thought that it would at least take Becqa three arrows to win. If it was within a kilometer, then maybe only then would they agree that it would only take one.

But, who would have thought that Becqa would end up in such a state barely a split moment after the twang of the bow reached their ears? It almost felt like they were dreaming.

"That beam caused too much commotion. If I'm correct, everyone in at least a 50 kilometer radius felt that. If they didn't take it seriously before, they definitely will now."

A Ranker that had remained silent until now, Ranker 129, looked into the distance with narrowed eyes.

"They're already here."

What these few didn't know... was that they were very lucky. In a Sixth Dimensional world, Leonel didn't have the range or stamina to sustain his Internal Sight to a two kilometer range. He had dealt with Becqa using the trajectory of her arrow. If not for this... She wouldn't be the only one on the ground.

...

The fog violently dispersed as though a speeding bullet train had just run through it, the clouds above splitting beneath the surging momentum of the beam of gold.

The ground beneath Leonel's feet had burnt to black. From above it looked like the lush and vibrant lands of the Luxnix were slowly being corrupted one step at a time.

Both Ingram and Rayner collapsed before Leonel, completely unable to move. Just the slightest breath from them imprinted every one of their broken bones into their minds, as though countless needles were being pierced through their bodies all at once.

The atmosphere seemed to grow heavier all of a sudden. Though Leonel didn't turn his back to where it was coming from, he could 'see' it all almost as though his own eyes were watching it.

Several small groups leisurely walked toward the battlefield. Some were alone, but many more were in groups of two or three. Judging by the smiles on their faces and their casual attitudes, they hadn't been doing anything very serious before coming here.

Compared to those Leonel had already fought, their power levels seemed to be far worse off. Leonel had already defeated dozens of Quasi Sixth Dimensional Division Heads, and yet within these many groups he was currently observing, even the best of them were only Tier 6 or 7. Some of the worst off were only Tier 3 or 4. And yet...

The pressure they gave off versus that of their Division Heads was practically night and day.

Leonel slowly lowered his sniper rifle, allowing the barrel to rest against the ground. Though these individuals had walked into the range of his Internal Sight and he no longer needed to rely on their attacking first to respond, he knew that this weapon he had created while he was still in the Fourth Dimension would be useless against these geniuses.

Leonel exhaled another long breath.

'Four Seasons.'

Time seemed to slow for just a moment.

The sky was instantly filled with fluttering Fall leaves, droplets of golden rain and quivering snowflakes of ash. As the ground continued to blacken beneath the heat Leonel was emitting, there was something decidedly beautiful about it all...

Nine Radiant Cores manifested, glowing with a silvery crimson light. They formed into an orbiting circle, rotating about Leonel's back as though they had a mind of their own.

The golden droplets pelted against the ground, dotting the blackness with the heaviness of gold, even as the four silver pillars finally began to quake.

One after another, bubbles began to form on the surface of the spatial wall encasing Riah's courtyard. Small 's' carrying the slightest violet tinge popped out, forming numerous crystal balls of all sizes.

The space around Leonel had suddenly become a wonderland of gorgeous sights. But, the scent of danger in the air was practically palpable.

Chapter 1130 Whetstone

Leonel turned, his sniper rifle vanishing. The slight sound of a blade sharpening resounded, but what was truly baffling was that Leonel's spear hadn't touched a single thing.

The sound echoed once more, and then again.

It felt like one was watching a master at work, a blade slowly gliding against a whetstone gently. The blade slowly gained an edge of its own, the slight flicker of the master's wrist bending it to his will.

The leisurely expressions of the approaching Rankers grew serious when they heard this sound, but it only seemed to continue.

SHING SHIING SHIING

Pick up the blade. Gently apply pressure. Glide it back. Lift it up and repeat again.

SHING SHIING SHIING

The water slowly dripped from the whetstone and the blade, falling to the ground in delicate droplets.

A subtle but fiendish aura began to grow around Leonel's spear. Steam began to rise up from its blade edges. Every time the sound of the blade resounded, the steam only seemed to become denser.

"How many is that?"

A Ranker spoke softly, his gaze having already narrowed. His leisurely attitude vanished and his sword appeared in his hand. Despite the fact he was Ranker 83, he still primed himself to the extreme.

There was only one technique of the Luxnix that could brew this sort of atmosphere. It was known as <Whet Star Droplets>. It was a technique that used the Star Force characteristics of Snow Force to refine

and strengthen a Blade Force. The continuous and abrasive sliding of Force against Force forced them to shine brighter and sharper. And the result?

It was a weapon Force several times purer and more powerful than it was initially.

"Six... Six refinements..." Another Ranker answered slowly.

In the moment Leonel swung his blade, it was as though there was only him and his spear left in this world. The sound of the rustling leaves vanished, the battlefield turned wonderland lost its splendor, it was even difficult to feel the heat coming off of Leonel any longer.

The blade shot out in a blinding light of white, gold and silver. If one looked closely, there was just the slightest hint of crimson as well, belying an aura of pervasive destruction that shook the soul and imprinted itself onto the heart.

In that moment, the Rankers realized that they were completely in over their heads. Just this single blade seemed to overshadow their decades of hard work, all the efforts of their blood, sweat and tears, it was all meaningless.

The group that had been targeted was one of three. Each of their expressions warped to an extreme, their Force surging. Without hesitation, all three leapt forward in unison, realizing that if they didn't work together, they would be finished.

Their three swords drew a line through the air, meeting at a single point.

However, the instant their blades matches just the Blade Force of Leonel's own, it felt as though they had been swallowed up by an unstoppable force.

Their arms broke and their expressions became dyed with pain. Blood vessels in their eyes popped and their teeth cracked beneath the might of their clenched jaws.

They put everything they had forward, knowing that if they took even a single step back, they would die here. The difference was too large.

Unfortunately... Understanding something and executing it was separated by an impossibly vast chasm.

BANG!

Sparkling shards of Natural Spear Force spiraled into the surroundings. Deep gouges tore through the earth and surrounding foliage and trees. In the distance, the windows of several pristine and unblemished buildings and homes shattered to pieces, piling onto the growing chaos of the Luxnix family estate.

It felt as though they had all stepped into a violent spatial storm, swaying under the whims of deep space.

When the battlefield finally cleared, the three youths who had faced the Spear Force together landed on the ground, their breathing heavy and hurried. All across their bodies, deep gashes of bloodied wounds even down to the bone could be seen.

Before them, a young man who could be considered their savior stood. His torso was bare and there was the slight sheen of sweat from an earlier practice session still on his body. Yet, his vitality seemed to be brimming and his gaze was sharp.

"Arm Head!"

The excitement of both the fallen and spectating members of the Healing Arm were practically palpable. The hidden and observing members of the other Arms raised an eyebrow, feeling that this matter was becoming more and more unpredictable.

Elody looked around at the state of the battlefield, a strong shield of Force Skin protecting him from the effects of Leonel's Four Seasons Realm. His brow furrowed in confusion, a clear lack of understanding painted all over his features.

Elody's long white hair danced within the wind, his gaze finally landing on Leonel.

"Who are you? Which Arm are you from?" Elody immediately began to question Leonel.

Elody could still feel his wrist trembling from Leonel's strike, but the issue was that none of the Arm Heads wielded a spear. Even that man who had the favor of all the Star Order elders also wielded a sword. He didn't know of anyone who wore silver armor and used a polearm. But, he could also feel the pure Snow Force coming from Leonel that made it absolutely certain that he was a member of the Luxnix.

"Arm... Head... He is... a branch family member..."

Therin coughed violently. He had been carried away from the battlefield under the help of several individuals, but both of his arms were still glaringly missing. Though, he was far luckier than Becqa. Due to the fact he had lost his arm to a blade, reconnecting them wouldn't be impossible for their Healing Arm.

Therin's words, though, were like a bomb being thrown amidst the battlefield.

It wasn't just the other Division Heads and unranked disciples that were shocked, but the Rankers and even Elody himself took on a great amount of shock.

Elody's gaze narrowed. "State your name and which branch you come from. Do you have any idea the kind of harm you'll be bringing to your immediate family?"

The only response Elody received was the sound of a sharpening war blade.

SHIIING.