

Descent 1261

Chapter 1261 "King"

"Are you all sure?"

Leonel frowned as he gazed toward his brothers. With all they had been through in the Dimensional Verse, the term brother had really gone from something they called each other in jest to something they truly meant. So, Leonel couldn't help but feel a bitter taste in his mouth after he heard their decision.

"We're still a bit lacking like this, Leo." Joel nodded seriously. "If we go to the Void Palace with you right now, we'll end up holding you back. And, if you really let us go free, I'm certain that more than one of us would die and that's not something I want to see, and I'm sure you don't want to see it either."

Leonel knew that Joel was right. In fact, Leonel would make certain that he never had to see it, and the result of that would be, unsurprisingly, them holding him back.

Despite knowing this, Leonel didn't like it. He had neglected these brothers of his for too long and he felt like he owed them far more than he had given them. They never asked for anything from him, but that didn't mean that he didn't want to give back.

"There's no need to make that face, Cap." Raj laughed. "We'll still be mooching off of you. Grammy said she'd take care of us and those Luxnix old fogies don't dare to fart too loud around us anymore."

Leonel smiled and shook his head. Couldn't this guy be serious for once?

Still, Raj's words did make him feel a lot better. The environment on Earth was still good, but the Milky Way was simply far too lacking. If these guys had spent the past year on Planet Luxnix instead, Leonel had no doubt that their real talents would have shone through fiercely.

It seemed that he had overstepped by asking his mother to reserve spots for everyone. Alienor had, of course, been willing to do it since Leonel had asked. But who would have thought that everyone would already have their own plans.

Of his brothers, only the silent Arnold would be coming with Leonel. The rest chose to stay here and would find a later opportunity to join. For now, they would solidify their foundations, learn more about their abilities, and slowly push themselves to the Quasi Sixth Dimension.

"Plus, Leo, I'm sure there are a lot of things here that you'll want us to handle, right?" Joel met Leonel's gaze unwaveringly.

Leonel slowly nodded. He still needed to care for the Oryx and the remnants of the Milky Way Guild. In addition, he had moving pieces that were still setting themselves up with the Umbra family, not to mention the secrets related to the Midas and Radix. This wasn't something he had forgotten about, but while he was in the Void Palace, it would be difficult to police these matters.

His own mother hadn't even been allowed to leave on her own whims, but she was a Sector Ranked disciple. Logically, then, Leonel had no chance at moving freely after he entered their organization.

Leonel had factored this into his plans already and the reason he was okay with it was because there would surely be an exception made for when the Morales family Heir Wars were set to begin. That would be his chance to leave and ensure that his pawns had all promoted as they should.

But, leaving things so hands off for such a long period of time wasn't smart. It was especially a problem since his cousins turned competitors would definitely have their own men and women on the outside making moves for them. If Leonel didn't do the same, he would be handicapping himself.

Thinking to this point, Leonel closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

When he opened them once more, he had regained his focus.

"Alright, I will leave these matters to you. I'll find a method to establish communication with you all once I get to the Void Palace."

"Right." Joel grinned a rare smile.

Leonel had one major flaw that maybe even he wasn't aware of: He was a control freak. If he could do something himself and not disrupt anyone else, he would rather do things that way.

The day James betrayed them during the final game of the year, Leonel had realized what the problem was. Yet, instead of talking to anyone or even confronting James, he found a way to win the game by himself and preserve their friendship.

When Leonel chose to show them his labs and the things he was working on like the tentacle womb and others, they had already felt closer to him than they ever had before. But now, that feeling was even more potent.

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Leonel. Aina. Yuri. Savahn. Karolus. Noah. Arnold. Elthor.

These eight would be the representatives of Earth that made their way to the Void Palace. This was maybe the first time in all of history that a Fifth Dimensional World had actually produced so many entries. In fact, it was rare for a Fifth Dimensional World to even stumble upon an entry to begin with, let alone have such a display.

Of course, there were others that had made it as well.

The Luxnix had the best showing, though this was unsurprising. After years of suppressing themselves, they had blossomed forth and gained many Nominal Ranked spots.

Elaquin, Syllar and Elody all gained spots in addition to a few Ranked disciples within the top ten, making the total reach eight alone. Though Orinik felt that Leonel definitely didn't deserve the Amethyst Token, he could agree that there was no nepotism at play here.

Of course, the ninth of the Luxnix was Myghell himself who had, unsurprisingly, long since recovered.

Among those unrelated to the Luxnix, though, there were only four.

One was a familiar young lady Leonel recognized, Riah Sage. The second was Higlis, the now Heir to the Montex family who was now in a very awkward position. And, the final two were both masked and exceptionally silent, but no one bothered them.

However, at that moment, Aina, who hadn't spoken a word to Leonel in months, suddenly did so as though it was the most natural thing in the world.

"King, I thought you should know about something that happened months ago..."

Leonel went from feeling like his bones were melting toward Aina calling him 'King', before he was suddenly enveloped by a flashbang of fury everyone but Aina and Myghell were forced to retreat from.

He stretched out a hand and one of the masked men shot out, their throat landing in his palm as though it had always been there.

Chapter 1262 Buried Pride

Leonel would say that it had been a very long time since he had been this angry, but that would only be partially true. He was more enraged now than he had been with himself just a few months ago, and that was because this anger had nothing to do with him, but rather a very clear reverse scale of his, his mother.

Leonel hadn't spent very long with his mother by his side but those memories of affection he had with her as a child had been practically seared into his mind. Knowing that it wasn't her choice to leave his side only made these emotions easier to accept. The idea that someone would disrespect her left him infuriated to an extreme.

The mask of the man that flew into Leonel's palm shattered, revealing the pale features and deep violet eyes of Rychard. Of those here, maybe only a small percentage weren't surprised by this turn of events. It was unknown how this young man had managed to survive the ordeal of the Viola family, but none of that mattered now.

Aina had been a part of Rychard's schemes for a long while. Leonel never hid anything from her, so she was well aware that the Luxnix family was related to him. The trouble was that she didn't learn of what Rychard had done until much later.

Gradeyr's younger brother, Ossan, had been caught by the Luxnix for daring to help in spreading the rumors. Aina's only task was to save him. But with her intelligence, it wasn't hard to piece together how these things were related. The Luxnix wouldn't just casually capture a member of the Viola family's main bloodline lineage without proper cause, especially when they were trying to lie low to begin with.

When she saw the two masked figures, she was immediately suspicious. She had spent a long time with the Viola family and was well aware of how cunning Rychard was. But, what was even more important was that Rychard didn't gain this sort of character from himself. She simply didn't believe that the Viola family would have no contingency plans given a situation where they faced eradication.

Since she wasn't sure, though, she only chose to tell Leonel a summary of those events and did nothing to point out the two masked young men. But, as she had expected, Leonel had known from the very beginning that these two masked young men were none other than Rychard and Gradeyr, it was just that he simply hadn't cared.

Leonel had been able to assign the energy signatures on the billboard to the contestants from the very beginning. He just hadn't seen much of a reason to target Rychard. From his perspective, the two of them had only had a clash in the Dimensional Cleanse Trial Zone, but there was no reason to hold a grudge, especially since he had won that exchange.

But now... Things were different.

"You're responsible?"

Leonel's hand squeezed down on Rychard's neck, any stronger and he might snap it in two. The latter tried to struggle and claw and Leonel's hand, but it felt like his nails were scratching against a metal plate. Not only did he not succeed, but he even ended up peeling his own nails back, resulting in a bloody mess that left his fingers mangled.

The region fell into complete silence.

The envoys of the Void Palace had been preparing the teleportation portal and Leonel's mother had been overseeing the progress. The region was the front gates of the Luxnix estate and there wasn't much of a crowd to begin with aside from a few close friends and family members.

Orinik couldn't help but frown as the situation now was completely different than it had been in the past. Rychard could be considered an official disciple of the Void Palace, albeit nominal. He couldn't just be casually killed because Leonel felt like it, even if Leonel had the Amethyst Token.

Rychard's face went completely blue. He couldn't answer Leonel even if he wanted to. For some reason, he felt like there was Dimensional suppression between the two of them despite the fact they were both within the Fifth. In fact, his Tier was still higher than Leonel's own. He couldn't even begin to believe the feelings of fear he was experiencing, but the humiliation was worse.

If he hadn't guessed by now that the man Aina had always been comparing him to was Leonel, he wouldn't have earned half the intelligence those around him believed him to have. To know that he had lost so handily to Leonel more times than he even knew was enough to infuriate him to an extreme. It only made it worse that the Goddess he had been chasing for so long was rejected by the very man before him. And yet, by some horrible twist of fate, was still by his side like an obedient little wife.

It had taken all the self control in the world for him not to show his anger or leak any killing intent. He just wanted to put his head down and grasp this opportunity given to him by the Void Palace.

Even though it as rare for Nominal disciples to become True Disciples, Rychard didn't believe he would fail if he gave it everything he had.

So, he buried his pride, his rage, his sadness to the deepest parts of his soul...

But then in the greatest of ironies, it was the very woman who he had been chasing for so long that outed him in the end. He was under no illusion that he could be saved. He now knew who Leonel's mother was and it only made him feel even more foolish for what he had done.

However, Rychard didn't want to give up, not here, not now. He couldn't.

His eyes rolled to the back of his head, their whites flashing as blood seeped out from between his teeth. The harder he struggled, the quicker he seemed to approach the gates of death.

"Please show mercy!"

The voice came from none other than Gradeyr, the second masked man.

Chapter 1263 Morales Family Troublemaker

When Leonel's gaze shifted to him, Gradeyr felt as though his mind was collapsing. It was just a single look, an indifferent glance, and yet it gripped at his soul, almost tearing it away from his body. The pressure was palpable to a degree that it almost manifested like tendrils of dark crimson in the air.

Leonel didn't quite know who Gradeyr was, but Aina, who was still by his side, spoke a few simple words that made him understand what remained of the final pieces. It was then he understood that his mother's reputation had become collateral damage for an Heir War maybe no different to what he might experience in a few years' time.

Though, Leonel would soon find out that the scale of the Morales family Heir Wars couldn't be compared to these petty games in the slightest. It might very well reach the point of it embroiling the whole of the Human Doman. And, even if it didn't, it would most definitely grasp attention at least that far and wide.

In truth, despite coming to understand things, Leonel didn't want to even give Rychard a chance to live. He had never been very good at controlling his anger when it came to matters like this, and this certainly wasn't the first time he had flown into a rage for his mother's sake.

Alienor, though, being the madwoman that she was, simply sent a glance back as though she was witnessing the most adorable thing ever, even going to the point of dabbing at her eyes with a fresh handkerchief.

Gradeyr could tell that Leonel had no intention of listening to him, so he stepped forward, removing his mask.

"I know that what my cousin has done is irredeemable, but he is one of the final hopes my Viola family has. I'm willing to exchange for his life, all of the most important treasures of the Viola family rest with us. I have heard of your Morales family from the envoys and know that your Heir Wars are coming very soon. What we have could be invaluable to you.

"I know that you could just kill us and take them, but if you did this you would find that they won't work as they should and end up becoming a detriment rather than a help to you."

Gradeyr spoke as fast as he could, hoping that Leonel would at least care enough to stay his hand for the moment.

While Rychard had been hosting the envoys and basking in his new position, Gradeyr had taken a completely different approach.

Rychard had said himself that he lost some of his sharpness after finally gaining the position he had fought for his whole life, it was to the point he had almost exposed himself to Patriarch Luxnix. However, Gradeyr, who had lost the very same position, was still looking forward and hoping to find a new way for himself to make an impact.

So, when the envoys came to their family, while Rychard had schemed to find a way to get Aina into his bed, Gradeyr was asking questions that would prepare him for the future, and that was when he learned the weight the Morales family held.

Originally, Gradeyr simply wanted to understand the political landscape of the Void Palace and come to an understanding of who held the largest centers of power. Never would he have expected that the boy who had been stricken from the Luxnix family records was actually related to one of these behemoths.

In truth, Gradeyr didn't actually know that Leonel was an Heir Candidate, he simply thought that even if he wasn't, a vast amount of resources would be valuable nonetheless.

If the Morales Heir Wars worked like most did, then this wasn't just a jockeying of position for the Heirs themselves, but also for their subordinates. Everyone who had backed Gradeyr found their lives to become a hundred times harder all of a sudden while it was the opposite for everyone who had followed Rychard.

Little did Gradeyr know that Leonel was indeed one of the Heirs.

Contrary to Gradeyr's expectations, though, Leonel didn't even waver when he heard such enticement.

"Why should I care?"

Leonel's hand squeezed down.

Gradeyr gaze flickered but eventually fell to despair. In their final plan, the Star Order Council equivalent of the Viola family had designed two spatial rings, one for Rychard and the other for Gradeyr. Only by working together could they access 100% of the Viola family's legacy. It was a measure to ensure that the two of them would work together.

What the Viola needed right now was stability, not infighting. Heir Wars were a luxury of well established families, something that they were decidedly not any longer.

Toward this seen, the gazes of Orinik and the other envoys only became more odd and reserved. There was only so far that this nepotism should go. Allowing Leonel to kill a disciple was definitely way too far. It was hard to accept, but they also didn't dare to say anything either.

But, who could have expected that it was while Rychard was on the brink of death that Alienor would suddenly appeared to press a hand down on Leonel's forearm.

"... Mom?" Leonel frowned.

He wasn't quite familiar with the rules of the Void Palace just yet, so he was unaware that there was an issue. Though he probably should have guessed, he was too pissed to care enough to think about it.

"It's just a few words, what are you getting so angry about? Are you going to fight everyone that says something about me?"

"Yes." Leonel replied without hesitation.

Alienor was stunned for a moment before she let off a light, airy laughter. While Leonel only saw his mother, the envoys and the others had to pay very special attention not to stare for too long, lest they have even worse luck than Rychard.

After she finished laughing, Alienor finally spoke once again.

"He isn't wrong, you may very well need what they have."

"But..."

Leonel's frown deepened. What could the Viola family have that he could possibly need? The Luxnix treasure vaults should be far beyond them, and then there was still Wise Star Order's treasure deposits as well. Plus, even if he didn't have these things, he didn't like the idea of trading for forgiveness he didn't want to give.

"Trust me."

Alienor laughed and shook her head. It seemed the Void Palace would be gaining another Morales family troublemaker with the way things were trending now.

Chapter 1264 Paifang

The WHOOSH sound of a formed portal caught everyone's attention. It swirled about with a radiant dark violet and looked like a rotating nebula.

Alienor cast a glance and released her hold on Leonel's forearm.

"It seems it is time to go."

Somewhat reluctantly, Leonel released his grip on Rychard's throat. The latter fell to the ground heavily, coughing and wheezing. It took several moments for the color to return to his face and several more for his light headedness to vanish.

Rychard grit his teeth hard but he restrained himself, relaxing his body in the next instant. If it wasn't for the somewhat vacant look in his eyes, one would have never guessed that something had happened. Well, that and the fact there was already a clear bruise in the shape of a hand around his throat.

He rose from the ground slowly, but steadily.

"Follow me." Alienor said lightly.

There was a certain heaviness in Alienor's tone right this moment. It wasn't because she feared for herself, but rather because she wasn't naïve enough to believe that her actions would have no effect on her son. In fact, she was certain that it would be the direct opposite.

As a mother, she couldn't help herself. Worrying was what she did. Even if her husband had been watching Leonel like a hawk right this moment, and even knowing the kind of strength he had, she would still be worrying.

The Void Palace had its rules that protected disciples, but there were too many ways around them and they could only be enforced within its territory. And... Velasco had many enemies that had more than enough leeway to ignore these rules all on their own.

Of course, whether they would dare to do so was a different matter entirely, but there were several more ways for them to make things difficult. They knew Val's personality well enough to know that they would get away with it too.

While Alienor looked like a reckless mother who had done as she pleased to save her son, the reality was that she had only gone so far because she needed to give her Little Lion every advantage he could get, because the truth was...

He was already lagging far behind.

The step through the portal was unlike anything Leonel had ever experienced before. It was far less subtle than his transportation to the Dimensional Cleanse Trial World and felt a lot like his body was being stretched into a thin string, as though all his nerve centers had been shut down and his limbs were being pulled into a tight tube.

When his vision cleared and he could finally feel his feet beneath him once again, the world around him was even more of a shock than the initial feeling.

Leonel had thought that he had seen a lot of the Dimensional Verse already. Or, more accurately, his talks with Wise Star Order over the past few months had made it feel like his horizons had been broadened beyond the scope of even his previous imagination. However, the scene he saw before him now still took his breath away.

There was no world, no planet, no moon... The Void Palace was just an enormous obsidian mountain range, floating in the depths of space and hanging upon a vast nothingness.

The sheer size alone was impossible for a normal human to fathom. The distance from its base to its lowest peak was taller than the diameter of three planets stacked on top of one another, and its highest was more than five. As for its width, it was as much as ten planets wide.

This alone was astonishing enough, enough that Leonel found it hard to wrap his brain around just how such a construct could even have been formed. But, that was when his breath was taken away by the Gates.

The Paifang were even more glorious than the mountain range itself. Of course, this was partly due to the fact that the obsidian mountain that made up the Void Palace's territory seemed to be covered by a thin veil of protection, stopping Leonel from observing it as deeply as he wanted.

[Author's Note: A Paifang is a Chinese style gate/archway]

They towered for thousands kilometers, the center piece of each one of their archways containing what looked like a miniature blazing white star, providing the only sort of contrast to the endless blackness in the surroundings.

While the mountain range seemed an almost infinite distance away, the Paifang were close, almost too close. They bore down with a haunting momentum that made the Valiant Heart Pillars Leonel had experienced before seem like nothing more than child's play.

It felt like these Gates were the linchpin that kept everything in place. They protected the Void Palace despite not having doorways and acted as passageways simultaneously.

It was only then the shocking question hit Leonel like a ton of bricks.

The mountain was over there, and the Gates were there, but they all hung in a vast and empty space. So, what the hell was he standing on?

Leonel looked down, his pupils constricting when he realized that he wasn't standing on anything at all. There was nothing between him and an endless abyss.

Usually, this wouldn't be a big deal. After all, in space like this, there shouldn't have been a need to worry about gravity inevitably leading him to a crushing death. But, he could very clearly tell which way was up and which way was down in this place. Just what was going on?

Before Leonel could think about it any further, the closest Paifang whirred to life, the shadow of several figures stepping outward. Leonel couldn't seem to see through any one of them, but he could tell that each one was unfathomable.

Orinik and the other envoys seemed to be snapped awake right that moment, hurriedly bowing in greeting. However, these figures didn't spare them a single glance as a woman at the center of them all frowned deeply, her gaze having been locked onto Alienor the entire time.

"What is the meaning of this, Alienor? Your Sector is several months late."

Chapter 1265 Deft Fingers

There were three individuals who stepped out, all dressed in elaborate robes wrapped in violet, blacks and silvers. It seemed to paint the picture of swirling a nebula and was most definitely a beautiful contrast in colors and construction. It took no more than this for Leonel's cool uniform senses to tingle once again.

He had already forgotten the weight of the conversation, looking them up and down as though he could already envision himself wearing it.

For someone who didn't care about how he dressed much, Leonel was very much obsessed with how well the organizations he joined did in this fashion. But, maybe only he was aware of the reason why this was.

"Late?" Alienor asked lightly.

Her demeanor seemed to have completely shifted. There was nothing left of a loving mother and there was only a calm indifference left. The pressure she exuded multiplied several times over, causing the brows of the woman who had stepped forward to furrow.

Of the three that had appeared, all of them were Sector Ranked disciples and were, as such, well acquainted with one another.

The young woman who spoke was maybe the most powerful of the three and as such had spoken on their behalf. But, even though her words were laced with an impatience and hardly concealed anger, if it was contrasted with how furious she had been earlier, it would be obvious to anyone that she was being reserved right this moment and only became more so after Alienor had spoken.

"The last group before yours arrived over a month and a half ago. What possible explanation could you have for delaying us all for so long?"

Leonel had originally been paying attention to the subtleties of the conversation. He could see that power dynamic here and it was quite clear that his mother was a step above. It seemed that even though she couldn't be as rampant as Velasco, she had her own small hegemon. However, Leonel's attention was soon pulled away by something else.

Orinik and the other envoys who had stepped forward to bow in respect were a bit off. It took Leonel a moment, but he realized that they were actually still trying to adjust to the long scale teleportation.

When he noticed this, his attention shifted once again to those around him and he noticed that even Aina and Myghell still had a deep frown marring their foreheads, their eyes tightly closed and their bodies trembling somewhat. It looked as though they still felt like they were teleporting.

Leonel would soon realize, though, that this conclusion of his was wrong.

"Yip! Yip!"

At that moment, Little Blackstar shot out from Leonel's spatial ring, catching him off guard. Little Blackstar appeared and vanished whenever the little guy felt like it, but he rarely appeared in situations where Leonel wasn't alone, at least not so suddenly.

The little guy excitedly jumped around, appearing and vanishing as he pleased.

When he flashed back to Leonel's head or hair, he didn't seem ready to rest and still continued to hop around.

"Yip! Yip!"

Leonel smiled. "Alright, alright. I get it, you're excited."

"Yip! Yip!"

The expression of the woman darkened before it suddenly flashed with a hint of surprise. She realized that by Leonel's style of dress that he wasn't yet a disciple but he had recovered already? And that little creature...

Adjusting to this place was more than just about the teleportation over. It would make sense for Little Blackstar to be fine as he hadn't had to take the brunt of the travel over. However... Not only was this region a Seventh Dimensional World that sat at the very pinnacle, far beyond what most had ever experienced, there was also a dense concentration of Anarchic Force in the general surroundings that made it feel as though you were breathing in poison constantly.

Of course, this 'dense' concentration was only a few parts per billion. But, this concentration was already enough to make a person feel greatly uncomfortable. The fact Leonel had already adjusted made little sense.

Void Palace was designed this way on purpose even though they had the technology to make the density of Anarchic Force negligible, it was best to get the disciples accustomed to this right now... This would only get worse on the Void Battlefield...

But how was this tiny, insignificant creature, doing just fine? Visit Libread.com for a better_user experience,

Alienor seemed not to have heard her son's 'outburst' at all. Instead, she replied just as evenly as she originally did.

"What do their early arrivals have to do with me? There is no deadline and every Selection is left up to the discretion of the Overseer. Mine just happened to take longer."

The woman snapped her attention back to Alienor when she heard this, her expression couldn't help but twitch. What Alienor said was true, but this all had to be within reason. This was taking things to an extreme, especially since several exceptions had been made already.

However, when the woman thought about how all the other youths had had months to adjust to this environment while Alienor's group wouldn't have this luxury, her mind shifted toward an internal sneer.

"Your words are just as fault proof as they always are, Lady Alienor. But, I still must inform you that the higher ups aren't satisfied with how this Selection has lagged behind the others in schedule. It's been decided that your Sector will only be given three hours to adjust upon arrival. Following this grace period, the true Selection will start immediately.

"I will be overseeing a large portion of these matters, so I will not allow any delay."

Despite having expected such an outcome, Alienor still frowned deeply, much to the satisfaction of Ossenna. Three hours was definitely excessively short, she had hoped that they would receive at least a day. Clearly, those old fogies were throwing their weight around.

At that moment, though, a flash of violet caught Alienor's attention out of the corner of her eye. She looked over to find her son twirling the heavy Amethyst Token as though it weighed as light as a feather, dancing it between his fingers with a deft skill only possible by someone with an impossibly high Grade Designation.

The Token flipped in the air and a satisfying slap was heard as Leonel caught it again.

His gaze twinkled as his mind drifted to the moment Aina had handed it to him. Then, he smiled confidently.

"Leave it to me, mom."

Chapter 1266 Volatile

Ossenna's pupils constricted when she noticed the Amethyst Token. However, her shock in seeing it was far less than hearing what Leonel addressed Alienor as. There was no one who didn't understand who that man's wife was, and there was probably even less who didn't understand that the two had a child between them.

Though this might sound like an odd way to frame those matters, if one knew the kind of commotion that was caused around Leonel's birth it would be much easier to explain.

The Void Palace had many strict rules, among them there were regulations around pregnancy and conceiving children. As such, it was no surprise, then, that Leonel's birth had quite a lot of controversy surrounding it.

Though these rules sounded quite barbaric, from the perspective of the Void Palace, it made a lot of sense. They were raising up the protectors of the Domain and the responsibility placed on the shoulder of their disciples was completely unlike anything one would find from another organization. In such a strict environment, where there were hardly any barriers between men and women, one could imagine what these sort of stress filled conditions would lead to.

At the end of the day, men and women were two sides of the same coin and complimented one another. Left to their own devices, it was inevitable that they would pair up, and if there were no sort of regulations around these matters, it could negatively affect and compromise the ability of the Void Palace to function as it was meant to.

In almost any other situation, Alienor would have been executed and Velasco would follow not long after. However, in this one... Well, it could only be said that Leonel's father was a bit of a madman.

The Void Palace had already reached a point of not wanting to provoke Val too much after what had happened following Leonel's grandfather's death. However, they still had to make a showing for this matter. The rules were important and they couldn't just allow anyone to break them as they pleased.

Unfortunately... Velasco hadn't felt like tiptoeing around the matter and playing their games, leading to the second time Void Palace was almost flipped on its head.

As such, when the three Sector Ranked disciples looked toward Leonel, what they saw was more than just a boy holding an Amethyst Token, they found instead a ticking timebomb in human form.

Alienor sighed. Leonel could have easily kept these matters to himself for a longer period of time, it might have been more advisable to do so and it would have made certain things far easier. But, he had actually purposely chosen this route.

'Well, never mind. He's so adorable when he calls me mom.'

A smile bloomed on Alienor's features. With a wave of her hand, the struggling youths were cradled by a gentle energy and risen into the air. They were so supremely focused on regaining control of their bodies that they didn't even notice the change.

"Well, you've heard my son. If you're finished now, you can move out of the way."

Alienor walked forward without another word, guiding the youths into the gate.

Leonel, who followed after her, took another look around, a curious glint in his eye before his gaze fell on Ossenna. For some reason, he felt the need to memorize her face.

Beneath Leonel's scrutiny, Ossenna's frown deepened, but the smile on his face couldn't help but remind her of a certain man, a reality that only made her pretty features snarl a bit.

Leonel didn't miss this change at all and even felt somewhat inwardly amused. He had a few guesses as to why this woman would react this way to his face despite how polite he was being. Still, he didn't lose his smile.

"My name is Leonel Morales, nice to meet you, overseer. Thank you in advance for your future impartial judgment and I'm sorry about the long wait. I'll do my best to make sure we fall more in line with the coming rules."

Ossenna was stunned for a moment before she realized her reaction was a bit off. But, that only made her stern expression become somewhat of a blush.

'Dammit, this little brat is just like his playboy father!'

Leonel nodded in respect to the two men by Ossenna's side before continuing on after his mother. Though her face was looking away, the smile on Alienor's face could hardly be contained.

...

Deep within the Void Palace, the arrival of Leonel and his mother didn't go unnoticed. With how important this location was, it was simply impossible that anything could slip their attention. From the moment the portal had been formed, they were already aware of who was coming, how many there would be, and how powerful they were.

"It seems like that day has finally come."

An aged voice spoke into the shadows.

The room made the concentration of Anarchic Force in the surroundings of Void Palace look like child's play. However, these were among the most valuable training rooms of the organization. When controlled in this fashion, the continuous suppression caused by Anarchic Force, followed by a period of relief, could cause great growth in a warrior's strength.

For older individuals reaching the end of their potential, these dangerous methods were more of the norm and it wasn't a surprise for many of them to share rooms like this as they oversaw matters. In the end, they were the true backbone of the Human Domain and needed to push themselves as such.

"I was told that the boy suffered a grievous wound after his birth, but it seems that he's recovered just fine. Though, being only at Tier 5 of the Fifth Dimension at his age considering his background... Is definitely lacking."

Another silence fell over the room before another spoke.

"Send Cornelius to oversee these matters. This generation is a bit too... volatile."

Hums of agreement resounded. But, under a layer of their ambience was a silent and tacit understanding.

They were all aware what a volatile generation like this one represented.

Chapter 1267 Very Much

Orinik and the others kept their heads lowered the entire time, not wanting to get involved in these matters. They didn't have a mother like Alienor to rely on, so staying low was the best option they had for now. What Orinik didn't expect, though, was that he would be stopped.

"Hold." Ossenna's voice sounded not long after Alienor vanished. "The rest of you can go. You, stay."

Orinik's lowered gaze flashed for a moment as though he was calculating something. He could hear the shuffling feet around him as though the other Ranked disciples vanished one after another, leaving him behind. Though Ganor hesitated for a moment, he ultimately did as he was told and vanished as well.

"Ossenna?" Visit Libread.com, for the best no_vel_read_ing experience.

One of the male Sector Ranked disciples who had followed after her looked toward her with a questioning gaze. There wasn't exactly anything wrong with what Ossenna was doing, but it was definitely a gray zone, especially since he could guess the kind of questions she would ask.

For the sake of maintaining their façade of equality and fairness, the Void Palace took several measures, not the least of which were the rules surrounding the Selection process. Usually, Alienor wouldn't even be allowed to be an Overseer as she would be biased toward her Sector, but even that potential trouble was mitigated by the True Selection set to take place in three hours.

That said, in order to prevent the spread of rumors, fellow Overseers weren't meant to question the methods of their colleagues either. If no one was asking questions, then there wouldn't be scandals to be found.

This was to say that Ossenna's act in stopping Orinik was most definitely toeing a vague line that she may very well have already crossed. However, she didn't mind her fellow Sector Ranked disciple in the slightest as she asked her question.

"I don't want to question Lady Alienor's methods, I'm only very curious. They were several months late and they even handed out an Amethyst Token, how could I not be intrigued? This year, there was only one other Amethyst Token given."

Orinik's gaze flickered once more, but his head remained downward as he knew these words weren't directed at him but were rather a method of Ossenna using semantics to absolve herself of responsibility.

What was more shocking, though, was that there was only one other Amethyst Token given out. While it was true that they were exceptionally rare and only a handful would be given out every Selection Round, this was still a matter of relativity.

Though Orinik had said in his speech that there were many years not a single Amethyst Token would be handed out, he had only exaggerated for impact. This was a usual approach the envoys took because the criteria for handing out an Amethyst Token were so vague that there would often be geniuses who thought they were greatly deserving who would cause a commotion over them.

It would be fine if it was just the genius alone who acted, but if their family got involved as well, it could lead to a messy situation. So, it was best if they all believed it was far out of their reach, only when they came to the Void Palace would they understand the truth.

Of course, this wasn't to say that the Amethyst Token was some ubiquitous thing. There were tens of thousands of Sectors in the Human Domain and only a handful of Amethyst Tokens would be given out. But, if what Ossenna said was true, that meant that this year there would only be one who was truly deserving of it...

That was unheard of!

Obviously, Orinik didn't count Leonel among this number. In his view and any objective person's view, it was a matter of clear nepotism. If not for this, he would have never laid a finger on such a reward.

This only meant one of two things... Either this generation was so devoid of talent that hardly anyone was worth it or... This generation was so talented that no single person could seem to claim a Sector for themselves. And Orinik had a sneaking suspicion that it was the latter.

It seemed that Leonel would have to suffer for his mother's 'kindness'.

A small smile curled his lips as he kept his head lowered.

Orinik would be lying if he said he didn't get a small bit of satisfaction from this. His life in the Void Palace was very hard and he had to scratch and claw for everything. And soon, Leonel would realize that there were some things that couldn't just be handed to you on a silver platter no matter who your mommy or daddy was.

"Explain the events of the Selection to us."

Hearing these words finally aimed toward him, Orinik didn't hesitate to explain everything he knew. He didn't embellish anything as there was simply no need to. The truth spoke for itself.

The amused expression in Ossenna's eyes only grew with every passing moment. She had thought that there would be some things to nitpick at here and there, but she had never thought that Alienor would actually be so brazenly biased. She almost couldn't refrain from laughing out loud.

In addition, judging by the recounting, that man's son was definitely far weaker than he was at that age. It seemed that she had overestimated him because of how easily he had adapted to the Anarchic Force. But, guessing by the rest of the story, Ossenna wouldn't even be surprised if Alienor had delayed things for so long to use some artificial method to prepare Leonel for this environment.

Though Ossenna was incorrect about this, she still felt like this was the most logical guess, or why else would Alienor put such a brazen target on her son's back.

'To need several months to adapt to this level of Anarchic Force...' Ossenna shook her head. '... It seems that your otherwise pure genes have been tainted by the trash that is your mother. That man had so many women to choose from, and yet she chose a pathetic Galaxy Ranked disciple to ruin his lineage with.

'How strong would our children have been?! We could have built an Empire! But you actually chose that nameless bitch from a Sixth Dimensional family.'

Ossenna's irises turned a darker shade before she calmed, her expression still the picture of stillness.

She would enjoy this very much.

Chapter 1268 Black Wood

Ossenna didn't interrupt Orinik at all, allowing him to speak until he finished the final word. By the end of it all, even the more neutral male Sector Ranked disciples had weird expressions on their faces. It was clear and obvious that Alienor had gone too far. Even though the requirements of the Amethyst Token were quite vague, they were obvious enough to draw a clear line far ahead of where Leonel stood.

Once Orinik finished, Ossenna smiled.

"Thank you for your explanation. This year, the True Selections will be a bit different as the number of talents has grown so exponentially. Doing things the normal way won't work any longer as we wouldn't want those who had proved themselves worthy to fall through the cracks.

"In order to facilitate these new methods, as the Overseer I'll be needing a few helpers to help inform the large amounts of youths under my charge and spread my orders."

Orinik's heart skipped a beat when he heard this. Another opportunity? One maybe even better than what he would have gained selling information about Leonel's appearance?

No, he could take advantage of both, there was not even a need to choose.

This was obviously Ossenna's subtle way of telling him to make sure as many people learned of these matters as possible. This was the kind of news that would spread eventually anyway, it wasn't as though Alienor had taken any measures to silence them. But, it seemed that Ossenna wouldn't be satisfied with just this alone.

"Yes! It would be my honor!"

Ossenna's smile deepened.

...

Having crossed the barrier, the pressure around Leonel seemed more palpable. He had never truly felt the changes when shifting between Dimensional worlds, and it still wasn't very exaggerated this time, but he still felt as though the air around him had become a touch heavier.

Whether it was breathing or moving, it felt like a thin film of plastic had coated Leonel's body, making him slightly uncomfortable. But, this was all. In fact, the feeling only took a few moments to vanish as though he had torn the sheet of plastic from himself. Finally, he could look around his surroundings, but what he saw was almost as unexpected as the shock of the Void Palace's grandeur.

Everything in this place seemed touched by darkness. The ground was coarse and littered with grey soil and black rock, the skies were perpetually overcast without the slightest hint of a sun's rays, and the air seemed to alternate in densities of fog, sometimes one could see hundreds of meters ahead and at other times, it felt difficult even to see your own hand before your face.

However, this wasn't why Leonel was confused.

Before him, there was a small village that seemed completely out of place. Most of the surroundings were made up of simple houses built of black wood. They were only about three meters wide and deep and barely about two meters tall, maybe a bit over. There was no great organization to them, though simple roads seemed to have been formed around them.

Around these wooden cabins, or more toward the center of this odd village, there were larger structures. There was what seemed to be a smithy, an herb exchange, a healer's office, and also a handful of food exchanges.

With just a glance, Leonel could sense several powerful auras resting in this odd makeshift village. Though he looked toward his mother for an explanation, her gaze didn't seem to give anything away.

"I will have to leave you all here. From what I can tell, Little Lion, these True Selections will be different from the past so there isn't much I can do to help you..."

Alienor was going to continue to speak, but her gaze suddenly narrowed, shifting up to the sky. But, all that was there was a vast foggy canopy, and even in the few areas you could see through to the sky, there were nothing but more grey clouds waiting. There wasn't much a difference between them and fog to begin with.

With a thought, Alienor gently placed the youths down and turned toward Leonel with a light smile on her face.

"Don't cause too much trouble, alright?"

Leonel raised an eyebrow, looking down at his mother. After a moment, he too looked up into the skies. But, this time, he sent his Internal Sight in a straight beam.

It was completely invisible to the naked eye and yet those with sensitive senses were immediately placed on alert, the attention of several shifting toward the entrance of the small village. Unfortunately, Leonel still found nothing.

"Huh, I guess the difference really is big."

Alienor was stunned for a moment before she shook her head. The son that she had watched grow up was always so obedient and perfect, how had things become like this?

Of course, Alienor's smile only became brighter. And soon, the 'flaws' she saw in her son just this moment were painted over and assimilated into her memories of him being obedient and perfect, perpetuating the cycle all over again.

"Be safe and protect the others."

"It's because of me that they're at such a disadvantage," Leonel nodded. "I'll make sure nothing happens to them."

"Good."

Alienor ruffled her son's hair before vanishing before his eyes, leaving him staring at the expanse of the village.

...

Up in the skies, a man with a face obscured by a mask stood, his robes fluttering and his eyes narrowed. While it was true that Leonel hadn't been able to sense him, that beam of Internal Sight had gone right through his forehead. With how vast the skies were, and how thin Leonel had made the line, the odds of such a perfect strike was completely unfathomable. There was no coincidence, he had done it on purpose.

"This brat is just as arrogant as his father, still unwilling to take a loss. These matters will be annoying to deal with."

Cornelius mumbled to himself, his voice deep and grating.

Chapter 1269 Aggros

Leonel gazed up at the skies once more after his mother had left, but chose to leave those matters be. He really only used a small trick to pinpoint that mysterious person's location. It was as easy as calculating the line of his mother's sight and the distance at which her gaze focused, then reverse engineering it from his location. With his current mental capacity and the fact his mother wasn't on guard against him, obviously, it was as easy as breathing.

"Yip! Yip!"

Leonel retracted his gaze and took Little Blackstar into his arms. With a sigh, he looked around.

The youths of Earth, Planet Luxnix, Planet Montex and Planet Viola, not to mention Riah, were all now sitting in meditation. Some of them looked far more uncomfortable than the others, but at this pace, there was simply no way they would be prepared in just three hours.

'Old man, what do you think? Is there a way to speed up this process?'

Leonel couldn't very well continue to talk with the old man out loud so he had learned a method of doing so with his Internal Sight thanks to the Luxnix's vast store of Manipulation type techniques. This made things far more convenient as well.

'Anarchic Force isn't a joke, kid. There's no 'speeding' up the process. Doing so will just kill them. I have a feeling that the only reason you are fine is because you suffered for days pulling it out of your body, so you've already undergone a baptism of a far higher concentration.'

'Speaking of which, if it's so volatile in such a low concentration, why did I never notice that so much was in my body?'

'The Anarchic Force came when you stole energy from the Regulator and that energy was immediately used to fuel your Innate Nodes ridiculous growth. It's more likely than not that it was your Innate Node that stored it all, protecting you from it.'

'When you reconnected your Nodal Pathways, it finally gained an outlet to expell it all.'

Leonel nodded, these were his thoughts as well. He felt that he could sense his Innate Node with even more clarity than he had before now, so it was clear that something had been obstructing it.

Leonel suddenly turned his head back, but the envoys he had been expecting to find weren't there. Or, rather, there was only one of them: Orinik. He followed behind Ossenna, but even the other two Sector Ranked disciples were nowhere to be seen. The only explanation was that while they had all entered the same Paifang, that didn't mean they would all end up at the same location. Clearly there were methods of controlling this that Leonel wasn't aware of just yet.

A lot of attention had already been aimed toward Leonel's location due to his sudden use of Internal Sight, so when Ossenna, a Sector Ranked disciple, appeared, the attention toward this region only grew.

Soon, a few figures stepped out from their black wood cabins, their gazes observing Leonel and the other newcomers. But, seeing their silent struggle against Anarchic Force, each one of them had a different reaction.

Some were pensive, others sneered, and others remained indifferent. This last group was maybe the one Leonel paid the most attention to.

Ossenna ignored these observers and trained her own indifferent gaze toward Leonel. Without Alienor being here, the pressure she gave off was far less restrained. Despite her being more than a full head shorter than Leonel, she might as well have been a towering mountain to him. The strength hidden within that petite body of hers was undeniable.

At that moment, though, something Ossenna hadn't been expecting occurred.

A young lady that dwarfed her beauty in every way, shape and form appeared by Leonel's side. Her face was pale to an extreme and her body was trembling from head to toe, but she still struggled to stand shoulder to shoulder with Leonel, bearing Ossenna's pressure along with him.

It felt that everyone's attention was immediately diverted to this young woman. She looked like the perfect image of a gorgeous fairy, her black hair falling like a glistening waterfall and her golden irises flickering like two radiant stars... in this bleak atmosphere, she looked to be the only light.

While everyone else was enraptured, though, Leonel frowned.

"You haven't adjusted yet, go back and meditate."

Aina didn't take her gaze away from Ossenna immediately.

"But, we don't have time." Aina said lightly.

"You'll have all the time you need."

Aina's gaze finally shifted away from Ossenna to meet Leonel's. Her lips gave way to a smile, her pale expression making her look like a frail flower one should protect with their entire being.

"Yes, my King."

Aina obediently turned back and returned to her meditation, her beautiful voice being carried by the wind and making the day seem just that much brighter. Toward her actions, though, despite his expression not showing it, Leonel could only smile bitterly on the inside.

No matter what his mother did... There would never be any greater aggro than a woman with beauty beyond words.

Just the act of Aina stepping to Leonel's side had already lit a fire in several eyes. However, her form of address to him was like a barrel of explosive oil poured over it all.

Leonel's gaze turned back to Ossenna, meeting hers. A flicker of red and violet danced in his eyes, his King's Might swimming between tangible and intangible. The momentum Ossenna had built up seemed worthless.

"..."

Ossenna's gaze narrowed. But, once again, she inwardly found another opportunity. A Generational Goddess was more motivation for some than even an Amethyst Token.

"I've come to tell you all that the True Selection will begin in three hours. The others have already been briefed on what to expect and how to prepare, but you late comers will have to rely on yourselves to figure out what is coming.

"All I can tell you is that if you want a cabin and a place to rest, you'll have to build it yourself. And, if you want to buy things from the smithy or rent the services of a Healer, you will only be able to do so with Void Points as outside currencies are useless here.

"Good luck."

Ossenna vanished, leaving Leonel as the only line of defense between over a dozen meditating and vulnerable youths, and a group of geniuses from across the Human Domain.

Chapter 1270 Ignorant

Leonel turned his gaze away from the youths before him. He couldn't just leave them here, but it seemed he would have to if he wanted to find out what was going on in this place. There was no way he could trust these people who had a vested interest in having as little competition as possible with the wellbeing of his people.

"Blackstar, you stay here and protect them."

"Yip! Yip!"

"If anything goes wrong, you can just reach out to me. I will return immediately."

"Yip!"

Little Blackstar leapt out of Leonel's arms and softly landed on Aina's lap. The little guy scurried around in a state of half familiarity and half hesitation.

Though Little Blackstar couldn't speak like a human, his thoughts were no less complex and his connection with Leonel was very deep. Because of this, the little guy was aware of a great many things though its summation couldn't be articulated.

In the end, though, Little Blackstar's tense body relaxed and his hesitation drifted away. Scurrying up Aina's arm, he found a resting spot on her shoulder before giving Leonel a reassuring twitch of his long whiskers.

Leonel immediately got the gist of Little Blackstar's thoughts. They were something to the effect of 'I won't let anyone touch a single hair on her head.'

Toward such a thing, he could only speechlessly shake his head. He had said to protect everyone, how had this little runt interpreted things that way?

'Forget it, Little Blackstar wouldn't sit idly by if any one of them was attacked.'

Leonel tapped his foot on the ground, causing several beast constructs to slowly take form.

'Interesting. It feels a bit sluggish manipulating Force here. I'm still a bit too used to snatching energy from the atmosphere, though. It would have been much faster if I relied on my internal Force instead.'

Habits built over several years took time to break and the few days Leonel had had weren't enough. Luckily, with the Control Tier of his ability slowly coming under his wing more and more everyday, Leonel was better suited to breaking bad habits than almost anyone else in existence.

The beast constructed Leonel formed were practically invisible to the naked eye and relied on a lot of the concepts he had used in forming the spider beast construct he had prepared for Aina's father. But, now, they only had a small amount of spatial properties but were mostly designed to be Leonel's eyes and ears.

Once this was finished, Leonel turned toward the village once more, strolling forward. However, he had only made it to the line of the outer borders when he suddenly found that his road forward was block by a singular young man.

Nothing in particular stood out about this person. He had normal black hair and he wasn't too tall, being a head shorter than Leonel himself. He had a broad and stocky build and made his shoulders appear to be quite strong and his irises seemed a bit blacker than would be natural, but considering the low light of the surroundings, it could have just as easily been an illusion of the eye.

Still, he stood before Leonel quite confidently, his expression not really giving much away.

Leonel towered over him, his hands carelessly loose within his pockets. Despite the three hour time limit, he didn't seem to be in a rush at all, standing in place and meeting the gaze of this young man without much difficulty.

As silent as the space between the two of them was, the gravel and rocks that surrounded them shifted ever so slightly from time to time. Under such pressure, it was very much possible that the ground of a Fifth Dimensional world would have long been grinded into fine sand.

Leonel shifted his gaze away from the young man, looking past him and seeing that many of the youths who had stepped out of their cabins had yet to return. Their purpose wasn't entirely clear, but if there was a simple method to get rid of competition and variables, why wouldn't they take it?

They had all come with support systems of their own, but it was very obvious that Leonel was alone. Taking him out would only be a matter of a small effort. Once he was dealt with, dealing with the rest while they were so vulnerable would be as easy as breathing.

Leonel fell into thought for a moment.

On the one hand, he didn't particularly want to start off his days in this place on the wrong foot. But, on the other...

Orinik had already silently vanished into the village and though he hadn't said anything to Leonel, there were too many oddities about his appearance here.

'Between our entering the gates and his appearance with that lady, there were three minutes that passed. It's an odd time dilation if there was always a plan to be here. Even if it was a last minute

addition, three minutes is a bit on the longer side... Though, not long enough that it's too suspicious either.

'Plus, is being the nice guy here even possible. I already tried with that lady and yet the first thing she did when she faced me again was try to pressure me once more. There's also that guy in the skies, but he's probably only here to make sure that things actually follow the rules since mom didn't tell me anything about him.

'In that case...'

Leonel sighed. Bringing a hand out of his pockets, he ran his fingers through his hair.

Of their three hour timer, half a minute had already passed and even more was only ticking by. He couldn't very well have to fight everyone in this village, right? No, that wasn't the proper way to think of things.

He would just have to make sure that that thought never even crossed their minds.

The pupils of the young man before Leonel's suddenly constricted, but it was already too late. A claw-like hand had appeared hovering above his head, Leonel's gaze down toward him now having become a frightening cold.

"I'm a bit ignorant of the rules here. Can I kill this ant?"

The words seemed spoken at nobody, and yet the figure in the sky knew quite well they were for him.