

Abyssal 921

Chapter 921 Space-Time Gravitational Rift

Athea crushed the vortices in her path, but the Space-Time Moons flashed toward her at shocking speed. She had already seen the power of that spell and was sure she could crush them before Abadon increased the distance between them.

"Cosmic Punch!"

The Neo-Demon sent a giant fist made of black-white lightning to destroy all the Space-Time Moons, but things did not go her way.

Malevolent faces appeared in each of the Space-Time Moons that Abadon created and began to unleash the power of the Concept of Black Holes.

Athea's eyes widened when she saw the change in the Space-Time Moons and how their power increased exponentially. By using her blood as a catalyst, Abadon created a living spell, similar to how the Samsara Thearch created the Prima Depravitas by using the negative thoughts of life forms!

"¡BOOM!"

Before the Neo-Demon could react to the sentient Space-Time Moons, one of them crashed with the Cosmic Punch and self-destructed, destroying the giant black-white lightning fist.

The blast obstructed Athea's vision, but she relied on her instincts to avoid the flaming hands aimed at her neck and spine. She jumped back just in time and saw nine humanoids made of sky-blue fire that resembled Abadon.

Athea could feel the power in the humanoid, and she could easily destroy them with her physical attacks, but something felt wrong.

The fire humanoids flashed toward Athea, but she generated nine avatars instead of pushing forward, using them to handle the living spells. While relying solely on her body would have been more energy-wise, Athea felt it would be a mistake.

As soon as the avatars and the fire humanoids entered into contact, the latter exploded into a massive sea of sky-blue fire that illuminated the entire sky above the arena.

Abadon's eyes narrowed as he saw that the Neo-Demon managed to overcome her scheme but did not lose focus and kept moving across the sky while raising her energy. The sea of flames covered her vision of Athea, so she pushed her perception to the limit, looking around the explosion for where the Neo-Demon would come.

The Depravita was ready to counter the moment Athea appeared in her field of view, but all her plans failed once the Neo-Demon emerged from inside the explosion and appeared right in front of her.

Athea had crossed the explosion of fire and lightning, enduring burns all across her body but taking the Depravita by surprise.

Abadon clasped her hands and put them forward, unleashing a massive gravitational rejection. However, the defense was too hasty and far from enough to unleash enough power to stop Athea's fist, which she charged to its fullest.

Athea easily broke through the gravitational power before landing her fist directly into Abadon's chest, sending this one crashing down.

Abadon puked blood and felt her internal organs shattering, forcing her to use her energy to heal them, but even with that pain, her eyes did not lose focus. She clasped her hands, burning her blood to take back control of the energy left in the sky by the explosion of the fire humanoids.

Athea was ready to flash after the Depravita when she felt the sea of sky-blue transform into giant jaws that sought to devour her. She immediately turned around and unleashed a barrage of powerful punches forward, each triggering a concentrated energy beam.

The energy beams managed to shatter the giant jaws of sky-blue fire easily, but Athea was not happy. Although it took very little energy to overcome that attack, it gave Abadon enough time to regain her breathing and heal her wounds.

Abadon and Athea looked at each other with battle intent in their eyes. None of them contained their attacks, and everything they used had the sole purpose of ending the other.

There was no hesitation in their eyes as they burst their energy again and continued their fight. Explosions of black-white lightning and sky-blue flames filled the arena, with both women unleashing all sorts of majestic and deadly spells.

The Neo-Demon and Depravita fought at superluminal speed, moving across the entire arena and clashing thousands of times for more than ten minutes. Suddenly, a scream of pain echoed across the sky, and a bloody figure crashed into the ground.

Abadon had a bloody hole in the center of her chest with black-white lightning surrounding it.

Athea managed to land that decisive blow by breaking the Depravita's defenses using her overwhelming brute strength. She had difficulty regulating her breathing, but there was a confident smile on her face as she was sure Abadon would not be able to heal from that attack.

The Depravita lacked the energy to purge her black-white lightning and much less regenerate the broken organs, which is why Athea was sure of her victory.

Athea made her energy explode one last time, ready to give the finishing blow toward the Depravita, and flashed toward the ground.

Abadon saw the Neo-Demon coming her way. She could not endure another direct clash, but instead of fear, an expression of absolute serenity appeared on her face.

The Depravita clasped her hand before burying them into the ground, channeling what little energy remained in her body along with her blood.

Athea felt her instincts screaming danger just as thousands of sky-blue runes emerged in the ground, unleashing a shocking amount of space-time energy.

'Those runes are too complex and powerful to have engraved them just now. She slowly engraved each of them during our fight!'

The Neo-Demon understood the origin of the runes as the picture of a clock without handles manifested in the ground and space-time around her twisted to such a degree that telling up from down was impossible, with a second feeling like a minute.

Although the bizarre behavior of space-time would have been enough to throw most geniuses into a deadly trap, as a bearer of the Lord of Emptiness Bloodline, Athea's senses were able to adapt extremely fast.

Unfortunately for the Neo-Demon, the space-time prison was just the beginning, and the true power of the spell came when Abadon raised her hands.

"Set the Laws of Space and Time ablaze, and may the Concept of Black Holes twist reality!"

Along with Abadon's words, runes began to glow in the sky before generating a massive black hole.

"Space-Time Gravitational Rift!"

Chapter 922 Close Victory

"Space-Time Gravitational Rift!"

Abadon's words echoed across the arena as the power of the Laws of Space-Time and the force of the Concept of Black Holes began to fuse!

Before, Abadon's spells only made the Laws of Space-Time and the Concept of Black Holes work together, something impressive but far from unique. Yet, what she was doing now was so remarkable that even the Sacred Kings looked at the young Depravita with amazement.

It was very crude and could not compare with the fusion of Truth and Eternal Flames. Still, at Rank 7, Abadon combined the powers of the Path of Laws and the Path of Concepts. She had taken a step in the path the Samsara Thearch traveled to become the only Omnipotent existence in the known multiverse!

Abadon had a large and prideful smile on her face as she felt the gazes of the Sacred Kings on her, but she did not allow herself to lose focus since just casting this spell took everything from her. Her mind was about to break due to the burden the Space-Time Gravitational Rift put on her soul, but she clenched her teeth as sky-blue flames appeared in her hands.

Athea was just as shocked as everybody else when she saw Abadon casting a spell that fused the Concept of Black Holes and Space-Time Laws. The Neo-Demon felt the power of the Space-Time Gravitational Rift with her body, and it was incredible.

The power of space-time and gravity did not simply sum their strength but achieved a level of synergy that made their power skyrocket. Spatial and time distortions began to superimpose each other as gravitational force attacked from different directions.

Athea knew that if she wanted to survive, she had to unleash everything she had before the spell consumed all her energy. Unfortunately, as the Neo-Demon burst her energy, Abadon clasped her hands.

"Space-Time Gravitational Rift: Epoch Coffin!"

Abadon controlled the space-time inside the domain and made it fold upon itself, trapping Athea into a pocket of word-crushing space-time and gravity!

The blood in the body of the Depravita genius was burning as she used it as a catalyzer to push the spell forward.

Athea could not move her body as the power of space-time kept her locked, and the force of gravity was simultaneously crushing her atoms from every direction. She was using all her strength to prevent her body from crumbling when she felt her father's gaze on her.

The Neo-Demon understood that her situation was so dire that it would only be a matter of seconds before the Emptiness Thearch took her away from the battlefield, saving her life but also granting Abadon victory. She was using all her power, but it was not enough to fight back against the Epoch Coffin, and then just as things seemed to reach their end, she stopped struggling and took a deep breath.

Blindly fighting was not the answer, so as gravity crushed her cells, Athea emptied her mind and focused on her bloodline. Luckily for the Neo-Demon, the domain around her was similar to a state the universe found itself during its genesis, as a primordial egg full of chaos.

And Lords of Emptiness had the perfect tool to handle that phenomenon.

Athea felt her bloodline burning while the picture of a giant man with three faces, four arms, and obsidian skin appeared in her mind. The man unleashed a laugh full of madness as he hacked toward the primal chaos egg, using every iota of energy in his existence.

Ezequiel was about to take Athea out of the battlefield as her body would not endure more damage, but he froze, and his eyes widened when his daughter's entire body glowed with golden light as she raised her right hand.

The moment Athea's right arm fully rose, the light in her four Suns of Origin shut off since she had already charged their energy into the next attack.

"AHHHHH!" Athea's eyes burst with silver light as a fierce expression appeared on her face before hacking down.

There were no majestic colors or fantastic energy in that attack. It was a simple arm performing a hacking motion. Yet, those who were powerful enough felt its true power and were shocked that a Rank 7 life form could do such a thing.

"CRACK!"

Abadon saw with horror how the Space-Time Gravitational Rift began to crack under that attack. She was not able to react before the spell grew unstable.

"BOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM!"

The domain conjured by Abadon using the Space-Time Laws and the Concept of Gravity exploded outwards, unleashing an ocean of wild energy in every direction.

Abadon couldn't care less about the wild energy as she felt the backlash of having the Space-Time Gravitational Rift, a spell in which she poured her life force and soul, explode. She had no energy left and could feel her body crumbling from the inside out.

Just as Abadon felt she would crumble into dust, a force teleported her next to the Emptiness Thearch, who began infusing Fourth Realm's life force into her body, healing all the damage.

The Depravita genius relaxed as she felt the life force healing her but still sighed.

'I lost.' That thought just crossed Abadon's mind when she saw Athea on Ezequiel's left hand, leaving her confused.

The battle between the two women was beyond epic, and people barely had the time to process it before being left confused about who the winner was.

The decision would normally fall on Ezequiel, but this one did not say a word and instead turned to the podium where the Sacred Kings and Vengaza stood. However, even for them, the answer did not come easy.

Abadon's body was about to shatter due to the backlash, while Athea's would crumble since she used that near-suicidal spell. The one that would have perished first was the Depravita, but Athea was actually unconscious as she performed her spell.

"Did you think you have won? If that is so, then the victory is yours."

Venganza's voice echoed across the coliseum as he spoke to Abadon, carrying a power that made it clear there was no room for discussion.

Abadon was surprised to hear that, and a warm feeling appeared in her heart as she felt the protection of the Revenge Thearch. She turned toward Athea, still unconscious, and a powerful battle intent burst into her eyes.

"I would have perished first, so she is the winner."

Venganza, Orgullo, and Codicia smiled as they saw the determination in the young Depravita and knew she would achieve great things with such a decisive mentality.

Ezequiel nodded and teleported Abadon away before covering Athea with his lighting and raising her into the sky.

"Athea Invictus is the winner!"

Chapter 923 Aion

"Athea Invictus is the winner!"

"¡YEAHHHH!"

The moment Ezequiel uttered those words, the sound of cheering emerged from the Primordials led by Numir and soon spread across the entire arena. The battle between both women was incredible, to say the least, and left everybody in utter thrill.

Athea opened her eyes amidst the cheers. She was momentarily confused, but when she saw herself in the arena's sky, she understood that victory was hers.

An expression of absolute happiness appeared on the Neo-Demon's face as she basked in the glory. That feeling only grew stronger as she saw the slight smile on his father's face.

Unfortunately for the young Neo-Demon genius, a minute after Ezequiel declared her the winner, he sent her back to the seats.

Athea was surprised, and the next thing she saw was two other geniuses appearing in the arena. Awkward expressions appeared in the duo when they heard the cheers quiet down after their arrival.

The Sacred Kings almost laughed as they saw that. Ezequiel was simply too strict and did not give his daughter a second more than he gave to any other genius.

"The next battle will occur between Akius of the Sunlight Dragon Lineage and Katan of the Equilibrium Sacred Mountain. Fight!"

Ezequiel's words turned down all the noise as the people focused on the arena. Although it was far from the level of excitement Athea generated, it was still impressive, and Akius surprised everybody by achieving victory and passing to the next phase.

The battles carried on, with the geniuses displaying fantastic talent and skills, until finally, it was time for the last fight.

Ezequiel waved his hand, making two figures appear in the arena. One was a giant winged snake, and the other resembled a simple humanoid with white hair and golden eyes.

The people watching the duo felt somewhat odd. The contrast between each other was too great, with one being Zaphirox, the son of the strongest Eldar in the entire Daybreak Universe, and the other being a man named Aion, whom no one had ever heard of before!

Even Akius, who came from an ordinary background, had already spread his name across the Sector where he lived, but no one had ever heard of Aion, and they did not even remember him from the Nine Sacred Samsara World. The young white-haired man kept such a low profile that it was only now that it was his time to fight that people focused on him.

But things did not end there since Aion looked simply too normal. In a universe where every life form other than Depravitas had powerful lineages, seeing someone like Aion with no discernable bloodline characteristics was bizarre.

Aion could feel the gazes of the people in the entire coliseum focused on him, but it did nothing to change the peaceful smile on his face as he turned toward a remote corner.

Some people in the coliseum followed Aion's eyes and were shocked to see one of the most beautiful women they had ever seen sitting there with two small children.

The woman had long golden hair and blue eyes, but what mattered was that no one had noticed her before. It was as if the same fog that hid Aion's presence extended to her wife and sons.

Zaphirox frowned as he saw Aion looking away. This one should be using every second to try and analyze him, just like he was doing.

His opponent's easygoing attitude in the most important fight of his life infuriated the Eldar immensely.

Ezequiel stared at Aion, and his eyes narrowed for a moment. He did not understand why, but only now was he paying attention to this young man despite being one of the top thirty-three geniuses of the entire Daybreak Universe.

It was clear to the Emptiness Thearch there was something special about this young man, and when he sent his consciousness into this one, a flash of surprise appeared in his eyes.

"Interesting."

Ezequiel did not hide his voice, so everybody could hear it and caused a great shock. He was a Thearch, a True Rank 10 life form that traveled the Emptiness, so the fact a young Rank 7 life form could draw his interest was mind-blowing for everybody.

"The final battle of the first round begins now. Zaphirox of the Eldar Race, son of the Eldar Overlord Akation, vs. Aion of the Human Lineage."

Those last words explained to everybody Ezequiel's reaction to Aion. The Human Lineage was supposed to have vanished from the Daybreak Universe, but it was clear that was not the case.

"Human?"

Zaphirox was surprised and confused. He had never seen a person with the Human Lineage, much less a human, so Aion was something entirely new for him.

Nevertheless, while the Eldar was intrigued, he was not scared. There was a reason why the Human Lineage vanished, and it was its weakness.

"Fight!"

That word marked the beginning of the battle, and Zaphirox did not hesitate before making his energy explode. Even if Aion's Human Lineage were supposed to be weak, he would not look down on an opponent that managed to rise to this point.

Unlike Zaphirox, who pushed himself to the limit from the start, Aion looked away from his wife and turned toward his opponent before adjusting his blue martial robe. The young man with the Human Lineage did not burn his energy or activate any skill.

"YOU!"

Zaphirox was furious when he saw Aion not showing any power-up and did not hesitate before launching forward.

The giant Eldar advanced at a shocking speed and carried a gravitational force behind him that manifested as a black wave capable of sealing space-time and crushing everything.

Aion saw the massive body of Zaphirox crashing toward him with a momentum capable of piercing a Low World and a black wave that covered the sky with his calm smile.

Just as Zaphirox was about to tackle Aion, the Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage did something that left everyone speechless.

Chapter 924 The End Of The First Round

Zaphirox was about to tackle Aion with his immense body when he saw this one vanish. There was a shock in the Eldar's eyes as he could not believe the opponent had just evaporated, but it was nothing compared to what he felt next.

Everybody in the arena saw how Aion jumped in the exact moment to avoid Zaphirox's dive, only to land in the head of this one the next second!

Silence reigned as people could not believe what they were seeing. Zaphirox marched forward after missing his target, not realizing that Aion was on top of his head.

Of course, the Eldar did not take long to perceive Aion's presence, and he reacted as well as one could expect.

"You bastard!"

Zaphirox roared in rage as he rose to the sky while twisting his body, sending Aion flying away.

Aion's calm smile did not vanish as he moved through the air and saw the giant Eldar returning, full of rage. Just as Zaphirox was about to clash with him, he moved his body to the left, narrowly dodging the charge.

Zaphirox charged against Aion again and again, carrying a massive momentum and gravitational force that manifested as gigantic black waves. Still, the young Neo-Demon just kept moving in the air, dodging all the attacks without any spell or mobilizing his energy.

Noah, Beelzebub, Sirik, Athea, and all the others that passed to the next round could not hide their surprise and awe as they saw the person they had never paid attention to before practically toying with Zaphirox, one of the strongest geniuses.

They used all types of skills, but none of the geniuses could see the technique that Aion was using to dodge all those strikes. It seemed like he was simply moving along the wind, nothing more.

Zaphirox's rage finally peaked as he rose into the sky, making his energy explode to the point that even his bloodline began to burn, exponentially enhancing his strength and bloodline powers.

Dark gravitational shock waves emerged from every corner of Zaphirox as his body began to compress, adopting a three-meter-tall humanoid form.

"¡BOOM!" "¡BOOM!" "¡BOOM!"

Zaphirox's body now unleashed a physical power many times greater than before. Those with high enough cultivation could see that he did not simply morph his flesh and blood but condensed it to a cellular level.

That giant winged serpentine body was now just three meters tall, and the amount of energy in each cell was outrageous.

"Remaining in this state puts immense pressure on my life and soul force. I intended to use it as a trump card in the finals, but you really pissed me off!"

Zaphirox's voice made it seem that the sky would split apart. He said nothing more before flashing toward Aion again, this time at a much faster speed and unleashing a gravitational force that sealed space-time.

Athea and Sirik, the duo known to have the stronger bodies of the thirty-three geniuses, were surprised to see the might of Zaphirox's body. Even they would have trouble facing the Eldar in melee combat now.

Aion could feel Zaphirox's strength, and the punch coming to his face could easily level a Middle World. The seal on space-time made it impossible to do any sort of teleportation, and the air itself felt like mercury.

Despite all that, just as Zaphirox's fist was about to land on Aion's face, this one simply moved to the right and easily dodged it.

"¡BOOM!"

A blast of kinetic energy emerged from Zaphirox's punch, hitting the air beside Aion. The power in the Eldar's fist was immense, but he couldn't care less about it since the Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage once again dodged his attack without showing any effort.

"AHHH!"

Zaphirox's roared as his eyes went red with rage, and he kept punching forward like a maniacal beast. His attacks were immensely powerful and carried great gravitational forces, but none could touch Aion.

No matter the speed or strength of Zaphirox's attacks, Aion always managed to dodge every single one of them at the last moment.

All the geniuses looking at the fight clenched their fists, and none of them dared to mock Zaphirox for his rage since they were sure they would all feel the same. Even now, they could not figure out the key behind Aion's skills, and none of them thought they could touch this one using melee attacks.

It was not only the geniuses but even Rank 9 life forms looking at the battle could not help but frown as they failed to understand how Aion was doing it. The simplest answer would be that his reflexes and speed were that impressive, but none of them could believe that someone with a Human Lineage could reach that level of physical might.

A Rank 7 life form using skills that even Rank 9 could not fully decipher was amazing, but it happened before in the Prima Universe, with those like the Samsara Thearch and the King in Yellow doing it multiple times.

"¡ENOUGH!"

Zaphirox's roared with absolute rage as he jumped back, putting himself exactly fifty meters away from Aion. The anger burning in his heart was so great that it surpassed the ability of his willpower to keep his emotions in check.

The Eldar's bloodline force exploded in the form of a red pillar that reached the sky as he adopted a battle stance and began to gather every ounce of power into his right fist.

Aion's smile vanished as he saw the behavior of Zaphirox, and he softly shook his head but did not move, nor did he interrupt this one's charge.

After pouring all of his energy and power into his right fist, Zaphirox did not say a word before flashing forward with so much power that he broke the space in front of him and moved so fast that it seemed faster than time!

Zaphirox showed a fierce smile as he threw that punch that had all his power.

"CRACK!"

The sound of bones shattering echoed across the arena, marking the end of the last fight.

Chapter 925 Beelzebub Vs Akius

Zaphirox's eyes widened as the bones on his neck shattered. He could not believe what just happened. He launched that attack that was supposed to be as fast as time itself and unleashed a gravitational domain that sealed all space, yet Aion not only dodged the punch but countered it with his own!

The Eldar genius received a strike that carried all of his strength plus the power of Aion's fist. That was enough to shatter his neck, and it did not end there because he felt with horror how his head was about to leave his body.

Just before Aion's counterattack ripped Zaphirox's head, Ezequiel teleported the young Eldar genius to his side and began to heal this one.

Silence reigned in the coliseum as people could not process that incredible turn of events. That counter was the first time Aion performed any form of attack, and it was all this one needed to rip the head of Zaphirox!

Aion's smile returned as he looked to the sky.

Ezequiel examined the young man with white hair, sensing that he harbored a secret that could evade even his near-omniscient awareness.

Nevertheless, Ezequiel did not let his thoughts conflict with his role as referee.

"Aion of the Human Lineage is the winner!"

The coliseum was still silent, but as soon as Ezequiel spoke those words, a beautiful woman and two small children began to cheer.

It did not take long for the rest of the coliseum to join the trio, but that did not matter for Aion. He focused on the woman, and a profound love appeared in his eyes as he jumped toward her.

Ezequiel noticed that Aion left the arena on his own, but he didn't pay much attention to it. Normally, he would let the victor enjoy their triumph for a full minute, but there was no point in doing so if they weren't interested.

"The first round of the final is over, and seventeen of you have passed. I can allow you a day to rest, or we can start the next round right now."

There was no need to question the decision of the young geniuses since the eyes of every single one of them were burning with battle will and wanted nothing more than to enter the arena again.

The Emptiness Thearch did not waste time and sent a new black sphere full of arcs of white lightning into the sky before waving his hand and bringing all seventeen geniuses back into the arena.

"Aion, you were the last winner of the first round, so you have the right to choose first. Noah, you will select last since you did not fight in the first round.

The one that picks number 17 will pass directly to the next round."

Aion walked forward and focused on the black sphere. The next second, an arc of white lightning appeared in his hand and turned into a number.

Unlike the first time that Aion took a number, all the geniuses focused on it this time since a fight with the mysterious holder of the Human Lineage would push any of them to their limit.

Aion did not hide it and show everybody he had the number 7. After him, the rest of the geniuses stepped forward, and the alignment for the second round of the finals began to appear in their minds.

It did not take long for the sixteen geniuses to have their numbers, and it was finally Noah's turn.

Noah's smile appeared awkward as he sensed the piercing gazes of the other geniuses.

The reason for the young geniuses' gazes was simple. There was only one number left, and it was the 17th.

Noah only sighed as he raised his hand, and an arc of white lightning reached it. He immediately stored the arc since there was no reason to rub it into the other geniuses' faces.

Ezequiel stared at Noah momentarily but did not think too much of this one picking the special number twice. The chances of it happening were low, but not so much as to consider it anything else but luck.

"Akius of the Sunlight Dragon Lineage vs. Beelzebub from the Depravita Race."

Those words echoed across the arena, and Ezequiel teleported out all the geniuses except the duo.

The first battle of the second round of the finals would be between no other than Beelzebub, the greatest young genius of the Depravita Race, and the previously unknown Akius.

Although Akius displayed terrific talent and battle power during the first round, defeating Katan of the Equilibrium Sacred Mountain, he was still far from equaling Beelzebub.

Akius stared at Beelzebub, and a powerful silver flame appeared in his eyes as his willpower exploded and majestic golden flames covered his figure. The phantom of a giant dragon carrying a sun on its back appeared behind the young man.

Beelzebub's eyes narrowed as he saw the young Neo-Demon unleash so much power from the beginning. He extended his hand, taking his spear out of his space ring before unleashing the full might of his Depravita Aura, and that was not all.

The Depravita Aura in Beelzebub's spear went chaotic, and its power grew exponentially. Since the opponent showed such a magnificent battle will, Beelzebub was ready to respond with all he had.

Akius jumped forward, morphing into a giant Sun Dragon, while Beelzebub took the form of a mighty arc of chaotic Depravita Aura.

The battle between the duo lasted less than a minute but was magnificent.

Akius' massive dragon body was very fast, and every time it opened its maws, he would shoot a gigantic beam of golden fire that traveled at superluminal speed.

Beelzebub had become one with his spear, and every time he clashed with Akius, he would send the dragon flying away.

It took only one hundred clashes for a winner to emerge. Just as Beelzebub was about to pierce Akius' head, Ezequiel teleported the last one out of the arena.

"Winner of the first battle of the second round, Beelzebub of the Depravita Race."

Chapter 926 Eldar Vs Astral Fiend

"Winner of the first battle of the second round, Beelzebub of the Depravita Race."

Beelzebub calmed his chaotic energy as he stared at the wounded Sun Dragon in the sky. He did not say a word before turning toward the coliseum section where the Depravita Race sat and raising his arm in victory.

Akius felt the power of the Emptiness Thearch healing his wounds, and a small smile appeared on his face as he saw Beelzebub's behavior. There were no words from the winner to the loser.

Although his journey in the First Samsara Tournament had ended, the young Neo-Demon with the Sunlight Dragon Lineage felt a powerful battle intent burning in his heart. He was ready to push himself above and beyond from now on, improving his destiny before challenging the genius Depravita again in the future.

Ezequiel saw how Akius and Beelzebub acted and softly nodded as their behavior was worthy of two great geniuses of the Daybreak Universe.

One minute after Beelzebub's victory, Ezequiel waved his hand, sending both out of the arena and bringing the next duo to fight.

"Sirik of the Astral Fiend Lineage and Magno of the Eldar Race."

The ones that took the arena next were Sirik and a gargantuan Eldar. Magno had a humanoid form made of obsidian crystal, massive arms, and cosmic fire covering his entire body that was larger than a mountain.

Sirik's eyes were sharp as he stared at his opponent. Members of the Eldar Race were known for their powerful bodies, and when it came to pure physical strength, Magno surpassed Zaphirox.

Magno's expression was not relaxed either. He already saw the physical might that Sirik could unleash and was sure that it would only rise to the next level if this one combined it with the Sun and Moon Sword Inheritance.

"Fight!"

Ezequiel's voice echoed across the arena, and the duo did not hesitate before making their energy and bloodline burst with power.

Sirik immediately adopted his Astral Fiend Form and took out his swords, igniting them with black and white flames. It only took him a nanosecond to be battle ready, but his opponent was even faster.

The Astral Fiend was about to flash forward when he saw a massive hand approaching him.

Magno took a basic yet effective approach to this fight. Since he could not surpass Sirik's skill, he removed it from the equation and used all his energy to deploy destructive battle strikes capable of breaking any technique.

Sirik clenched his grip over his swords and was about to counter that palm strike when his eyes widened. Now that Magno's palm was right in front of him, a thought appeared in his mind.

'I can not take it!'

"¡BOOOOMMMM!"

Magno's palm generated a massive shock wave that made the arena tremble. Sirik chose to avoid it, using his impressive speed to dodge the attack before flashing toward the enemy.

The Astral Fiend hacked with both swords on Magno's chest, but they only managed to penetrate the Eldar's obsidian skin a little, which was far from a deadly blow.

Everybody was surprised by Magno's resistance, and those with high enough cultivation understood that the Eldar used the unique power of his bloodline to harden his body to an outlandish degree.

Strengthening his body to the point it could resist a point-blank attack from Sirik drained a lot of the Eldar's energy, but this one had no problem with it since this was never going to be a battle of attrition. Magno bet everything into striking the Astral Fiend with enough strength to incapacitate this one before he ran out of energy.

Sirik's eyes narrowed as he saw Magno's endurance, and he immediately figured out the key behind it. However, that did little to help him handle those massive punches and outrageous palm strikes that sought to destroy his body.

Magno's punch carried a massive power, and it was able to suck the air around it, generating a void that could trap the opponent and prevent this one from escaping.

Sirik's swords burst with flames that covered Magno's vision, affecting the battle awareness of this one and allowing him to redirect that massive punch away.

Although he managed to avoid a direct clash, Sirik felt his arms tremble after redirecting Magno's punch due to the immense power in it. Yet, he clenched his teeth and hacked again with his swords, right in the same spot as before.

Magno saw how the wound on his chest grew deeper. It was still far from being a severe injury, but it could become dangerous if things carried on.

Sirik was not willing to bet everything on Magno running out of energy. While that was a chance, the Astral Fiend would rather carve his own path to victory.

Determination and killing intent appeared in the eyes of the Astral Fiend and Eldar as they attacked with all they had. Magno's palm strikes and punches carried an overwhelming power, but Sirik always managed to avoid them or at least redirect their energy.

The battle continued for around five minutes when Magno's energy began to fluctuate as there was not much of it left. That was not all since the wound on his chest had already pierced its skin and muscles and reached all the way to his ribs.

Sirik's arms did not stop trembling, and their bones were full of cracks, yet he smiled as he felt the fluctuation in the Eldar's energy. His battle awareness was as good as it could be, but his instincts relaxed for an instant since victory was all but certain.

Magno noticed the change in Sirik, and his eyes narrowed as he threw another palm strike. That attack seemed no different than the previous ones, and Sirik was ready to dodge it, but at that exact moment, the Eldar's energy exploded.

Sirik's eyes widened with shock as Magno's energy burst with power, enhancing this one's speed and strength. The Astral Fiend noticed the scheming smile on the Eldar's face and understood that this one had purposely projected a lower speed to trick him.

'Sneaky bastard.'

"BOOOOOMMMMMMMMMM!"

An explosion much more powerful than any of the ones unleashed before in this fight echoed across the arena when Magno's palm collided with Sirik.

Chapter 927 Aion Vs Lith (I)

"BOOOOOMMMMMMMMMM!"

Sirik clashed against the ground with so much strength that he formed a massive crater, generating a dust cloud that covered his figure.

Silence reigned in the coliseum as everybody waited to see what would happen. Sirik's body was formidable, but he took Magno's strike point blank, so it was impossible to say what would happen.

The cloud of dust soon dispersed, and everybody could see Sirik's figure buried in the ground. His legs were out twisted in an unseemly manner, but the rest was beneath the earth.

It was clear that the attack did not kill the Astral Fiend since Ezequiel would have teleported him had that been the case, but there was a chance it left him unconscious, which would grant the Eldar the victory.

Magno's entire body trembled due to the immense pressure it was enduring, and a smile emerged on his face as he saw that Sirik was not moving.

"CRACK!"

Unfortunately for the Eldar, the sound of the ground cracking echoed the next second, and Sirik's bloody figure emerged from the ground.

The first thing Sirik did was puke a mouthful of blood, and it took him a moment to stand up. The Astral Fiend's breathing was rough, and it was clear that the strike did a lot of damage, but he clenched his teeth and strengthened the grip on his swords.

Magno saw that and sighed before looking to the sky.

"I surrender."

Although the Eldar's battle intent was far from empty, there was nothing left in his energy pool. Sirik was hurt but could still fight, and Magno knew he could not endure another attack from those swords.

Since the victor was obvious and continuing fighting would not change things, Magno chose to end the fight now instead of forcing things and making the Emptiness Thearch save him the next minute.

Ezequiel nodded and waved his hand, generating streams of black-white lightning that entered the duo's body.

"The winner is Sirik of the Astral Fiend Lineage."

Sirik smiled as he heard those words and finally relaxed. While he could still fight, Magno's last attack shattered most of his inner organs except for his heart and brain.

After one minute, Ezequiel sent Sirik out of the arena and brought the duo that would fight next.

One was a four-armed humanoid with a crown made of four black holes with golden event horizons, and the other resembled a bone cocoon with ten black wings, each with one blue eye.

"Baldur of the Viking Supernova Lineage vs. Azazel of the Depravita Race."

Baldur stared at his enemy and could not help but sigh. He did not care about the odd appearance of his enemy since, while most life forms had humanoid bodies, there were many Depravitas and Eldars with bizarre constitutions.

The Viking sighed because Azazel was the last opponent he wanted. He had enough confidence in his physical might to face Sirik, but that did not do much against the Depravita.

"Fight!"

Baldur flashed forward at full speed with his energy and bloodline burning and the four black holes exploding with power.

Azazel did not move a muscle, but her Depravita Aura burned as each of the ten blue eyes on her wings burst with a dark light.

Just as Baldur was four meters away from Azazel and ready to unleash a devastating barrage of punches over the Depravita, his eyes trembled just to lose their light the next second.

The Viking fell to the ground unconscious while eight of the Depravita's blue eyes exploded into a gory pulp.

Ezequiel sent a stream of vitality into the duo, healing their wounds before declaring the winner.

"Azazel of the Depravita Race is the winner."

People began to cheer once the winner was declared, but there was not much enthusiasm in the crowd. Azazel was a mighty genius Depravita, but she mastered illusion spells.

While illusions were incredibly powerful, and there were great inheritances in the Daybreak Universe left by the Samsara Thearch, they were not exactly flashy.

Baldur attacked as fast as he could the instant the fight started, but he fell into Azazel's illusion, and his soul force froze, leaving him unconscious. The Viking Supernova Lineage granted immense physical might but was not known for its soul defenses.

Ezequiel let the young Depravita enjoy the glory for a minute before sending her and Baldur out of the arena.

Once the next couple arrived, tension covered the entire coliseum. They were a young woman with twelve blue plasma wings and four tiny black holes and the other a man with white hair, golden eyes, and a calm smile.

"Lith of the Fallen Lineage and Aion of the Human Lineage."

The last time Aion appeared, no one expected much of him, but now he unleashed an aura so powerful and mysterious that it seemed capable of drowning the entire coliseum.

"Fight!"

Lith waved her wings the instant she heard Ezequiel's voice and flew to the sky at full speed while freezing the space between her and Aion. The image of Zaphirox's head about to leave his body was clear in the mind of the Fallen.

While most of the strength in that punch belonged to the Eldar, she was smart enough to understand that it would be impossible for Aion to perform that counter without having a very strong body himself.

Although Lith had some of the Viking Bloodline running through her veins, it was feeble, and she knew her only chance of winning this fight would be by avoiding a melee battle.

The Fallen expected Aion to follow after her, which is why she froze the space in her path, but to her surprise, the young man remained on the ground and just looked at her while the distance between them grew.

Lith rose to the sky for twenty seconds before stopping. She was at the perfect distance where her attacks would instantly reach Aion and grant her enough time to dodge anything he could send her.

"Heaven's Rain!"

Lith did not hesitate before burning her energy and bloodline, materializing hundreds of ice spears in the sky.

Aion displayed immense speed and reflexes when he avoided every attack of Zaphirox, but Lith wanted to see how he would handle a rain of spells.

Chapter 928 Aion Vs Lith (II)

"Heaven's Rain!"

Those words echoed across the arena as hundreds of spears made of ice flashed at superluminal speed toward Aion.

None of the ice spears moved in a straight pattern, and many hid in the shadow of the others, making them virtually invisible. And that was not all since they unleashed a frozen domain that fell from the sky and sealed space-time.

Aion stared at the rain of ice spears coming at him, and the calm smile on his face did not change as he adopted a martial stance. It was the same one he used when facing Zaphirox, which caused great confusion for the people seeing him.

Such a random martial stance would typically not work in a battle of this level, with life forms moving their bodies according to the power of the laws. The fact that Aion made it work against Zaphirox was shocking, but it could not possibly help him face a rain of hundreds of ice spears falling from the sky.

Finally, the first ice spear reached the young man, and under the shocked sight of everybody in the coliseum, Aion touched the projectile with the tip of his finger before redirecting and sending it flying away.

"BOOOM!"

The ice spear clashed in a distant part of the arena, freezing everything in a ten thousand-meter radius. It was clear that its power was more than enough to damage a Low World's foundation severely.

A sense of absolute shock appeared in the heart of the people seeing Aion, and it only grew as the young man went on and deflected the more than one thousand ice spears that simultaneously fell from the sky at superluminal speed.

"BOOOM!" "BOOM!" "BOOM!"

Each of those spears generated a blast of ice that soon covered the ground in the entire arena. Still, despite all their power, Heaven's Rain did nothing to harm Aion.

Noah was watching the battle, and his Samsara Eye worked at full power as he attempted to see the key behind Aion's strength, but no matter how hard he pushed it, he only saw the young man touching the spear and sending it away.

The other geniuses were also doing their best to figure out Aion's abilities, but none obtained a better answer than Noah.

If the geniuses watching the battle felt frustrated, one could only imagine how Lith was feeling right now. Heaven's Rain was one of her most powerful attacks, yet Aion treated it like nothing.

A silver flame appeared in Lith's eyes as her willpower helped her focus her emotions. She understood that if she were to lose herself to rage and frustration, her fate would be the same as Zaphirox's.

The young Fallen took a deep breath as she clasped her hands, making the ice that covered the ground tremble.

Thousands of ice chains with spiked ends emerged from the frozen floor and flashed toward Aion. They were fast and could blend with the ground, reappearing in any part of the arena instantly, but Aion did not have a problem dodging them.

Lith split her mind into two trains of thought, one in command of the chains, while the other constantly generated ice spears that fell from the sky toward Aion.

Even dodging those thousand chains, Aion had no problem redirecting the ice spears.

Noah, Beelzebub, Sirik, Athea, and all the other geniuses could not help but clench their fists as they saw how Aion moved across the arena. A single wrong step would trap him in a sea of ice

chains and spears, but it was clearer by the second that there was no way the young man would lose the fight due to a mistake.

Every time an ice spear exploded, it increased the power of the frozen energy in the ground, generating more chains. Yet, despite the chain covering the entire arena, they could not touch Aion.

Lith's expression grew maniacal as she kept sending her attacks, draining more and more energy. Her face was pale, and it seemed her emotions got the best of her.

However, just as the ice chains had practically overwhelmed the arena, Lith's expression changed to pure serenity as she clasped her hands.

"Ice Hell!"

Lith's voice echoed across the coliseum as her ice chains stopped moving before transforming into giant walls extending to the sky, leaving Aion in the center.

Aion was surrounded by the giant ice walls, leaving a space with a radius less than ten meters wide for him to move. The only way to escape would be to either break them or rise to the sky and fly over.

The ice walls seemed incredibly resilient, and flying to the sky would leave him open to attack from above and beneath.

Lith did not plan to test Aion's ingenuity. The instant she trapped the young man, she raised her arms, channeled the cold energy spread across the arena, and used what little she had left inside her body to prepare her final attack.

The image of a majestic dragon with dozens of Fallen wings and a large horn made of blue plasma appeared above Lith's head.

"Fallen Zero Dragon: Spear of Ultimate Stillness!"

The mighty dragon flashed forward, fitting perfectly in the four-by-four space left by the ice walls that contained Aion.

When Noah and the other geniuses saw that, they could not help but stare at the young Fallen with respect and admiration. She made it seem like she had lost control, only to set a trap for Aion.

Even if Aion were to divert the spell, he would not be able to escape the explosion. There was no way to avoid Lith's final attack!

Aion looked at the mighty dragon coming at him, and a solemn expression appeared on his face for the first time in the entire fight.

The change in the Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage gave Lith hope, but all that faded the next second.

Under the amazed and thunderstruck sight of everybody in the entire Daybreak Universe, Aion touched the dragon's horn with his index and middle finger, making it vanish!

Chapter 929 Aion Vs Lith (III)

"NO! It did not vanish. The spell is inside him!"

Noah's voice broke the silence in the coliseum. His Samsara Eye bled as he pushed it to the limit and saw how the Spear of Ultimate Stillness coursed through Aion's left arm and advanced inside this one's body.

If before people were shocked when they thought Aion had simply made the winged dragon disappear, now their minds could not even react. Not only did most people not understand how Aion made it so the spell could enter through his left arm, but they could not believe someone would intentionally send a spell capable of destroying a Low World into his body.

Aion's eyes showed absolute focus as he emptied his mind of everything, sending the spell from his left arm into his stomach, where it broke into its most basic state.

Noah could see inside Aion's body with the Samsara Eye, but while tearing the spell apart would help, having that massive amount of energy inside his body was still deadly.

What happened next broke what most people thought could be possible.

Aion controlled that massive amount of energy about to explode, making it flow across his body and into his right arm before pointing his index finger toward Lith.

"Redirection."

"BOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMM!"

That word echoed across the arena as a cannon of super-condense energy emerged from Aion's index finger, shattering the ice walls around him as it flashed to its actual target, the Fallen in the sky.

Lith's face was one of utter stupefaction as, even at this moment, her mind could not understand what was happening. It was after her instincts began to scream danger due to the incoming energy beam that she was able to focus again.

There was little to no energy on the Fallen, and she could not dodge that energy beam. As death seemed inevitable, the Emptiness Thearch teleported her out of danger.

Lith took a deep breath as she saw that energy beam rising to the sky and could not help but sigh as she glanced at Aion. Not only did she lose, but the Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage used her own attack to defeat her.

"Aion of the Human Lineage is the winner."

Unlike Aion's first victory, the entire arena began to cheer this time. It did not matter if they knew nothing about him. Every life form in the Daybreak Universe respected the strong since those were the ones that kept the peace everybody enjoyed.

Aion smiled as he heard the cheers and raised his right arm to signify victory before jumping toward his family.

None of the geniuses could take their eyes off Aion as he right now became the most powerful rival in the mind of each. While Noah and Beelzebub were immensely powerful, they at least understood the duo's power, but even after two fights, Aion was still an enigma.

Not only was Aion incredibly fast and with outrageous reflexes, but he could divert any spells and go even further, absorbing them before using their energy to unleash a deadly cannon.

Ezequiel saw the shock and analytic gazes sent to Aion, but he did not waste time. Once a minute passed, he immediately brought the next fighters in.

"Athea of the Lord of Emptiness Lineage vs. Soro of the Eclipse Kobold Lineage."

The next fight involved Athea and a young man with a draconic body and massive dark wings bathed in golden fire.

Soro was a great genius, and his ability was top-tier, but his battle style focused on physical might, so his chances against someone like Athea, who surpassed him in every aspect, were low.

The young man's eyes burned with silver flames as he stared at Athea. Even if he would not win, that did not mean he would not give everything he had in this fight.

Athea could feel the battle intent of Soro, and she clenched her fists as she was ready to respond the same way.

"Fight!"

Ezequiel's voice had yet to fade when Athea and Soro dashed to the other full of killing intent. Explosions filled the arena as dark-golden fire and black-white lightning flooded the sky and the earth.

The duo displayed amazing skills, but in the end, the Emptiness Thearch teleported Soro out of the arena just as Athea's fist was about to shatter his skull.

"Athea, of the Lord of Emptiness Lineage, is the winner."

Although many people cheered for Athea, the excitement in the coliseum was not that high. Her battle with Soro was impressive, but everybody still had Aion's fight in their minds.

Ezequiel showed little concern for the state of the crowd, and a minute after declaring the winner, he sent Athea out of the arena and brought the next fighters.

The next three battles were impressive on their own, but none of them were able to rally the crowd, and while the geniuses displayed amazing battle skills, they were still a level beneath those like Aion, Noah, and Beelzebub.

After the final's second round ended and nine winners emerged, Ezequiel scanned the geniuses. He didn't need to ask if they were prepared for their upcoming battles, as he knew they were all ready to take them on immediately.

The nine winners of the second round appeared in the arena as Ezequiel sent a new black sphere full of white arcs of lightning into the sky.

"The one that picks the number 9 will pass to the next round without the need to fight. You will choose according to the time you took to finish your battles.

Noah, since your time to secure your place was zero seconds, you will pick first."

Noah nodded and stepped forward as he focused on the black sphere. There was only one number he did not want, yet once the arc of lightning reached his hand, that was what he got.

An awkward expression appeared on Noah's face as he showed his number, and everybody saw it was no other than 9.

Once was alright, two was a little too many, but three times made it so that all the geniuses wanted nothing more than to beat Noah.

All of them knew that Noah had the power to reach the final stage, but it was still annoying.

Noah could only sigh as there was nothing he could do about it.

'Damn luck.'

Chapter 930 A Epic Fight

The piercing gazes sent toward Noah did not last long as the geniuses soon focused on taking their numbers.

Next came Azazel since she was able to end her fight in a matter of seconds. Of course, the time she must have spent inside the illusion with Baldur should have been much more than that.

One after another, the geniuses took a step forward and seized an arc of white lightning from the black sphere until it was finally Aion's turn.

Everybody focused on the young man with white hair and golden eyes as he raised his right arm, and an arc of white lightning reached it before transforming into a number.

The number on Aion's hand was 6. As soon as the geniuses saw it, they all turned toward Athea since she had the number 5, meaning that they would fight each other, and only one would pass to the last stage of the finals!

Up to this moment, everybody thought that the ones that would reach the last stage would be Noah, Sirik, Beelzebub, Athea, and Aion, but it was clear that things would not be so simple.

The idea that Athea would be disqualified before reaching the last stage was preposterous, but so it was the notion that someone could defeat the mighty Aion.

Athea clenched her right fist holding the lightning number as she turned toward Aion and saw how this one looked back at her with his characteristic calm smile.

Ezequiel saw the tension over the geniuses and the look on his daughter's face but did not let that get in the way of his task and waved his hand, sending everybody away except for the ones that would fight first.

"Beelzebub from the Depravita Race vs. Amazo of the Dream Moon Lineage."

The ones that remained in the arena were the mighty Depravita and a young man with long black hair and a third eye unleashing a radiant moonlight.

Beelzebub stared at Amazo with a calm expression. He was not looking down at the Neo-Demon, but this one used illusions, just like Azazel.

Not only were Depravitas extremely resilient against illusions, but Amazo was weaker than Azazel, someone with whom Beelzebub had fought many times before in the Depravita Sacred Mountain.

"Fight!"

The instant Ezequiel gave the signal, Amazo's third eye burst with power and sought to drive Beelzebub's consciousness into an illusion.

Instead of blindly fighting against the illusion, Beelzebub allowed part of his soul to enter that dream domain and handle Amazo there while using what little he had left to command his body in the real world and unleash a devastating attack.

Amazo used all his power to crush Beelzebub's mind inside the illusion but was not strong enough to do it before the flaming spear of this one came dashing to his forehead.

Just before the spear covered in fiery Depravita Aura was about to destroy Amazo's head, Ezequiel teleported him out of the arena.

"Beelzebub of the Depravita Race is the winner."

Beelzebub's eyes regained their focus as he heard those words. It took everything he had to defeat Amazo. While others only saw a battle that lasted 5 seconds, he spent more than a week in that dream dimension.

The Depravitas in the coliseum cheered since Beelzebub's victory meant that at least one of their race members would reach the last stage of the final and earn a place among the top 5 geniuses of the Daybreak Universes.

Exactly a minute after declaring the winner, Ezequiel sent Amazo and Beelzebub to their seats and brought the next fighter.

"Sirik of the Astral Fiend Lineage vs. Lyla of the Essence Destruction Lineage."

Sirik's opponent was a woman with a body made of dark and explosive energy in humanoid form. Lyla's Essence Destruction Lineage granted her superb domain over spells and immense destructive power.

Although Sirik was the favorite, Lyla's battle style allowed her to keep a safe distance between them while unleashing powerful spells that carried all her power.

"Fight!"

"BOOOMMMMMM!"

That word had just left Ezequiel's mouth when a massive explosion of dark energy flooded the arena. Lyla made a huge sphere clash into the ground, ensuring massive waves would make their way to the Astral Fiend.

Sirik did not simply remain standing as he flashed toward Lyla at superluminal speed, adopting his Astral Fiend Form while black and white flames covered his swords. Using superb swordplay, he managed to sever the energy waves that sought to drown him and made his way toward the Neo-Demon with the Essence Destroyer Lineage.

One chased and cut every obstacle with his swords, while the other ran away, sending powerful spells at every chance she had.

The battle lasted for nearly an hour, leaving the arena covered in sword scars and raging destructive energy. Everything came to an end as Sirik made his way through a wall of burning force and hacked at Lyla's neck.

Just as the swords were about to separate Lyla's head from her body, the Emptiness Thearch brought her out of the arena.

"Sirik, of the Astral Fiend Lineage, is the winner."

The Astral Fiend showed a tired smile as he heard Ezequiel's voice and streams of black-white lightning flooded his body, healing all the severe injuries he took in the battle.

It did not take long for Ezequiel to send Sirik and Lyla out of the arena, bringing the next fighters, and as soon as they appeared, the entire coliseum went quiet.

The battles that involved Sirik and Beelzebub were impressive, but none could match the excitement that duo in the arena generated in the hearts of all those seeing them. Despite having no idea how their fight would go on, everybody was sure it would be epic.

On the right side was a young woman with a fearless aura and crown made of four shining suns, while on the other side was a young man with white hair and golden eyes.

Athea's eyes were sharp as he stared at the man before her. There was only one thing certain in her heart right now. The next battle will be the greatest of her life.