

## **Abyssal 931**

### Chapter 931 Athea Vs Aion (I)

"Athea of the Lord of Emptiness Lineage vs. Aion of the Human Lineage."

The difference between their bloodlines could not be greater, but it was the young man with the supposedly weak Lineage, the one with a smile.

Athea communed with the world around her, attempting to feel anything from the young man, yet she came up with nothing. It was clear to her that unveiling Aion's secret would not be easy.

Aion stared at the young woman, and while his smile remained, he did not look down on her, taking a deep breath before adopting a battle stance before the fight even started.

"Fight!"

The instant that word appeared, a blast echoed across the arena along with a pillar of black-white lightning. Athea did not hesitate before making her energy pool explode, and the Suns of Origin unleashed all of their energy, bathing her figure in golden flaming light.

Athea channeled an outrageous amount of World Strength into her body, making it grow more and more powerful until she could not contain anymore inside. After achieving the limit that she could control inside her body, she channeled that energy around her right fist, generating a tornado of black-white lightning.

"BOOM!" A shock wave cracked the ground beneath Athea's feet as she dashed toward Aion, ready to unleash a blow capable of pulverizing a Low World.

She had seen how Aion dodged all of Zaphirox's punches, and she was not much faster than the Eldar, but her tornado punch carried a massive range, which she expected would be enough to reach the young man.

Noah, Beelzebub, and Sirik focused on the fight since if there was anyone that could force Aion to reveal his secret skills, that would be Athea. The trio could not help but frown when they saw that Aion did not move a muscle and remained in that martial stance.

The geniuses had concluded that Aion's battle skills had reached such a pure level that they came back to the basics, but even then, Athea's punch had such a massive range that it would be impossible to dodge it. His only path would be to block or counter it with an even more potent physical attack.

No one in the trio expected Aion to simply block it, but the idea he could unleash a stronger physical attack than Athea was preposterous. Nevertheless, the young man had performed such amazing feats that nothing seemed impossible for him.

Shock appeared in the eyes of Noah, Beelzebub, and Sirik when they saw how Aion extended his right arm and opened his palm. The idea that he wanted to catch Athea's punch like that was unthinkable.

Athea's eyes were full of confusion as she did not understand Aion's plan. Still, silver flames erased any hesitation from her heart as she pushed that right fist forward with all her power.

The moment Athea's punch touched Aion's palm, something amazing happened.

"¡BOOM!"

A shock wave echoed across the arena as the black-white lightning tornado around Athea's right arm, which she formed using World Strength, scattered when it touched Aion's palm.

Athea could not believe what had just happened. As a bearer of the Lord of Emptiness Lineage, her domain over World Strength was second to none in the same Rank, but there was no way to deny that Aion dispersed everything she had gathered around her right arm.

Aion acted as if what he had done was insignificant, and he moved to the side while still grabbing Athea's arm before making her rotate over and blasting her body against the ground.

"¡BOOM!"

The clash woke Athea out of shock, but before she could get up from the ground, Aion raised his right fist and drew the dispersed World Strength around them.

Everybody saw a tornado of black-white lightning form around Aion's fist before he used it to punch Athea's stomach with all his strength.

"BOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM!"

Athea clenched her teeth as a metallic taste appeared in her mouth. Despite the damage she had just endured, she was able to send a ferocious kick toward Aion, forcing this one to jump back.

She immediately rose to the sky and gathered World Strength around her leg before flashing toward Aion and sending an immensely powerful downward kick.

Aion sent his right palm forward, scattering the World Strength around the leg before grabbing it and making Athea's body crash into the ground again. He channeled the dispersed energy into his feet and kicked the woman in the chest, sending her flying away while puking blood.

Athea regained control of her body immediately but did not dash toward Aion. She cleaned the blood out of her mouth as she attempted to understand what was happening.

'Somehow, he can disperse the World Strength I used to cover her limbs and take control of it. However, it seems he can not control the one I have inside my body, empowering me.'

Athea clenched her fists in frustration. It seemed that her stance against Aion was even worse than that of Zaphirox and Lith since World Strength was her greatest trump card, yet the young man could disperse any she did not have inside her body.

Luckily, her willpower again helped her calm down and find the answer to her predicament.

Athea's body trembled before splitting into three perfect copies. As a Lord of Emptiness, each of her cells had the power to form a copy of her since they contained her energy, body, and soul.

Diving her body into three seemed a mistake since while she could simultaneously attack from three directions, they only had one-third of her full power. However, everything made sense once she summoned World Strength and filled each body.

Each of Athea's avatars could contain the same amount of World Strength as the original. Since she could not channel it externally, she would focus solely on the inside.

The aura of each avatar reached 70% of the original's battle strength, more than enough to present a threat.

Aion's smile grew as he saw the fighting intent in Athea's avatars and raised his hand, signaling for them to come at him.

## Chapter 932 Athea Vs Aion (II)

Athea's offensive grew stronger and faster as the three avatars worked in perfect synchrony, but even then, Aion was able to dodge all of their attacks.

The avatars attacked Aion for over an hour, using superb martial skills and exploiting blind spots, but nothing worked.

Aion dodged the blows at the last second, leaving no opening at all. The young man's technique was the definition of supreme, and one could describe it as perfect, but it grew better with each attack he managed to evade.

Athea's felt great frustration since she could not touch Aion no matter how hard she fought. Just after performing over ten thousand unsuccessful strikes, the silver flame in her eyes grew sharp as a flash of enlightenment appeared in them.

The avatars performed a triangle strike, with two taking the front and the last attacking from the back, using the opponent's blind spot. Athea had used that tactic countless times, and it failed again and again, but things were different now.

Aion easily dodged the blows sent by the avatars in front of him, but then his eyes widened, and surprise appeared on his face.

"¡BOOM!"

Silence reigned, and a sense of utter shock filled the heart of the people in the coliseum as they saw how one of Athea's avatars sent Aion flying away with a right punch to the face!

Someone had finally managed to land a direct blow on Aion for the first time since the finals started!

Noah, Beelzebub, Sirik, and the other geniuses stared at Athea with shock and confusion. They were amazed by the fact that the young man made what Zaphirox and Lith could not do, yet they did not know how she did it.

There was no sudden improvement in the avatar's speed or strength, so they did not understand what changed and why Athea finally managed to hit Aion this time.

Aion regained control of his body almost instantly, and his eyes narrowed as he stared at Athea's avatars. He felt the blood leaking out of the corner of his mouth, and a profound light appeared in his eyes.

The silver light in Athea's eyes burned with even greater strength as she smiled and dashed toward Aion. Once again, the avatars unleashed a barrage of strikes that the young man dodged until the aura on one of them changed.

Aion could not dodge the punch, but he raised his arm and used it as a shield to defend himself this time. The battle carried on like that, with him evading most of the avatars' strikes easily, but there were some he could only block.

Noah's Samsara Eye was bleeding as he pushed it to the brink of collapse, but after a few seconds, a flash of enlightenment appeared on his face as he understood how Athea was doing it.

"She is cutting her connection to the world!"

The geniuses turned toward Noah with inquisitive gazes when they heard those words. Aion's secret was something all of them wanted to understand.

Noah felt those eyes but did not answer right away since he needed a moment to order things in his mind.

"Athea's Lord of Emptiness Lineage gifts her the ability to commune with the world at a superb level, granting her control over World Strength. Yet, now she is doing the opposite, cutting her connection with the world around her. That weakens the avatar severely, but it seems to hide her from Aion's perception!"

The eyes of the geniuses widened when they heard that, and everything made sense. The way Aion seemed capable of knowing everything they sent to him might be his ability to communicate with the world around him.

That was also why Aion could disperse the World Strength outside Athea's body and take control once it lost its master.

The geniuses were amazed by Aion's skill, but there was an even greater sense of awe in their hearts as they turned toward Athea.

She figured out Aion's unique skill from the little information obtained during the battle. Even more impressive, she cut an avatar's connection to the world.

All life forms were connected to the world as they were part of it, and those gifted enough to commune with it could harness World Strength. However, cutting that connection must require a level of effort and focus that pushed Athea beyond her limits. It made sense she could only do it for a few seconds and had to rest before doing it again.

"¡BOOM!"

Despite all the difficulties, it did not change the fact that Athea had found a way to overcome Aion's defenses and was able to harm this one!

"¡BOOM!"

Every blast was a strike that an avatar managed to land on Aion. While they did not carry much power, the combined power of those attacks slowly wore down the young man, and people could see bruises appearing all over his body.

"BOOOOMMMMMM!"

An even mightier blast echoed across the arena when one of Athea's avatars managed to land an elbow strike right on the center of Aion's chest, sending him crashing into the ground.

A cloud of dust covered Aion's crashing site, but Athea did not care, and all three avatars flashed down at full speed, ready to unleash a devastating onslaught.

The energy of two of the avatars exploded, and one of them silently began to fade as Athea was ready to strike, but then Aion emerged out of the cloud of dust.

Athea saw how Aion's smile had vanished, and a cold light emerged in his eyes. Her instincts began to scream danger, warning her to pull back, but it was too late.

Aion appeared in front of the avatar that had cut her connection with the world. An aura that embodied absolute doom emerged from his palm as he used it to touch the avatar's chest.

There was no strength or energy of any kind in that palm, but the moment it touched the avatar, this one shattered into a billion pieces in less than a nanosecond!

### Chapter 933 Athea Vs Aion (III)

Shock and horror appeared on the face of everybody in the coliseum as they saw space and time begin to collapse on themselves around Athea's avatar, shattering this one and erasing her from existence.

Those feelings were especially powerful in the geniuses watching the battle. Aion was already powerful enough with his divine reflexes, ability to communicate with the world, and devastating counterattacks, but now he could instantly kill someone with a single touch.

Even if Athea's avatar had only one-third of the original full power and was weakened by cutting her connection with the world, killing her with a simple touch was a power that defied logic.

How could any one of them face a monster like that!?

That ability was so incredible that it shocked even the mightiest life forms of the Daybreak Universe, the Sacred Kings. Each of them saw how space-time carried out the deadly strike, but there was confusion in their eyes as they failed to understand how Aion forced those universal forces to act according to his wishes.

Ultimately, the Nine Sacred Kings turned toward the only ones that stood above all universal forces and could see things from a higher stage, the two Fourth Realm Life Forms of the Daybreak Universe.

The eyes of Revenge Thearch and Emptiness Thearch glowed as they pushed their consciousness to the limit so they could decipher the key behind that power. Their souls were so powerful that they could see every corner of the Daybreak Universe at once, so despite the ethereal nature of Aion's skills, they were able to find hints.

Venganza and Ezequiel looked at each other as they came to a conclusion, but they did not say a word since the fight was still going on.

Aion's eyes only grew colder after erasing that avatar, and he then turned to another and flashed forward.

Athea's avatar attempted to pull back, but Aion was too fast and grabbed her head. However, Aion was not able to instantly destroy her like the previous one.

A flash of relief appeared in Athea's soul as she saw that, along with enlightenment as she understood the key behind that devastating attack.

She did not understand the power Aion used to erase her avatar instantly, but it seemed that it required first cutting the target's connection with the world.

However, not everything was good news for the young Neo-Demon since the power in Aion's palm paralyzed the avatar.

Right now, Athea felt how Aion's palm severed the connection of the avatar with the world, but it was not so fast that she could not react.

The last avatar attacked Aion, forcing the young man to break contact, but he had moved away less than a nanosecond before flashing back and restarting the connection.

'Since when is he so fast!?'

Athea's eyes widened as he saw the speed of Aion and how the connection of the avatar with the world kept growing weaker. If it reached zero, she had no doubt Aion would be able to erase the avatar just like he did before.

Each of these avatars represented a third of her soul force, vitality, and energy. Losing one already significantly drained her, and losing two would leave her so weak that she could not unleash any skill powerful enough to defeat the monster in front of her.

The free avatar flashed back into the fray but did not target Aion this time. Both avatars made contact, fusing and allowing Athea to express her full power.

Aion's eyes narrowed as the raging forces inside the young woman were able to break the paralyzing power of his hand, forcing him to move away in order to avoid the ferocious punch loaded with black-white lightning aiming at his face.

Athea's breathing was rough as she stared at Aion. She found the key behind the young man's supernatural perception, but hiding from it meant this one only needed a touch to erase her.

Aion did not attack Athea and simply stared at her. His heart was calm since there was nothing the young woman could do to stop him from achieving victory.

Silence reigned as none dared to make a sound. They were all waiting to see if Athea could find a way out of her predicament or if she would only become another stepping stone in the epic legend of the greatest dark horse in the entire Daybreak Universe.

Athea felt the pressure of the universe on her shoulder, but instead of crushing her, it only made her willpower burst with even greater power!

The young Neo-Demon raised her right arm, channeling all the force of her Suns of Origin along with every ounce of energy inside her body. She was ready to unleash the near-suicidal attack that defeated Abadon.

This attack was the only card the young Neo-Demon had left. It carried the essence of her Fourth Realm Bloodline, and she refused to believe Aion could simply avoid it.

Aion's eyes widened as he felt space around him solidifying, closing any path away from Athea's attack. Instead of forcing his way out, the young man took a deep breath, slightly bent his knees, and adopted a martial stance.

Athea did not care about Aion's strategy since she trusted that her greatest attack would be able to break any trick and grant her victory.

Once the light of her Suns of Origin was gone and no energy was left in her body, Athea waved her hand down, unleashing a strike that carried the essence of a Universe Creator.

At that exact moment, Aion flashed toward the young woman, and before her arm could finish its arc, he touched it with the index and middle fingers of his left hand!

Disbelief appeared in the heart of Athea and all those seeing it since that was the first movement of Aion's Redirection Skill. Everybody believed it was an ability that could only work on long-range spells, but as the energy of Athea's arm began to fade, they understood their mistake.

"BOOOOOMMMMM!"

However, just as Athea's hope was about to shatter, Aion's left arm exploded!

#### Chapter 934 Samsara Geniuses

The sight of Aion's left arm exploding upon absorbing Athea's ultimate attack generated a shocking silence. When the young man used Redirection to seemingly nullify Athea's attack, everybody thought that everything was over for her, but it was clear that even Aion had his limits.

Smiles appeared among the geniuses since Aion's left arm exploding meant that the technique failed, and they were sure the young man would endure a devastating backlash due to it.

However, just as the idea that Athea could emerge victorious in this incredible battle, a voice echoed across the coliseum.

"The energy already reached his stomach!"

Noah's Samsara Eye bled as he pushed it to the limit in order to see Aion's internal energy flow. He could not hide his shock when he saw how Aion's stomach diverged the tremendous energy in Athea's ultimate attack into its raw matter.

";Boom!"

";Boom!"

";Boom!"

";Boom!"

Explosion after explosion emerged from inside Aion's body as blood leaked from his eyes, nose, and mouth. Yet, that devastating internal damage did not disturb the calmness in his heart as he directed the energy into his right arm.

Athea's eyes widened as Aion pointed his right hand to her face, and cracks emerged from it as an incredible amount of energy was about to be released.

"BOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM!"

Aion's right arm exploded, unleashing an energy cannon that could have made a hole in a High World!

The beam traveled all the way to the arena's edge, crashing against the wall, generating a massive indentation as it melted the cosmic steel that made it.

Aion fell to the ground the next second and puked mouthfuls of blood. He had a hard time breathing, and it was clear to everybody that using Redirection on such a powerful attack forced the young man beyond his limits.

Nevertheless, there was a small smile on his face since there was nothing in front of him. That attack had more than enough power to erase Athea's existence, but the young man knew this one was alive.

Aion raised his eyes and saw Ezequiel holding Athea's unconscious body while sending black-white lightning into her and healing her.

Ezequiel taking Athea out of the arena in order to save her life meant that the battle had reached its end and Aion was the winner, but there was no cheering in the coliseum, only tension.

The Emptiness Thearch stared at Aion with sharp and cold eyes. He did not heal the young man and instead asked a question that was in everybody's mind.

"Who are you?"

Aion's abilities in this battle were at a realm that not even the Nine Sacred Inheritance could match, and those were techniques left behind by the mightiest life form in the known multiverse.

Ezequiel could turn a blind eye to Aion's mysterious background since he believed to have the power to handle anything the young men might be hiding, but things changed.

Not only could Aion talk with the world, allowing him to see everything and hide from unwanted gazes, but he could also display a mastery over external World Strength that surpassed that of someone with the Lord of Emptiness Lineage!

And if that was not enough, he could compel the universal forces to crush anyone whose connection with the world had been severed.

Aion looked around and saw that everybody focused on him, including the Nine Sacred Kings and both Thearchs. That would be enough to crush the spirit of anyone, but the young man was able to remain calm and smiled at the sky as he gave his answer.

"I am a life form from the Daybreak Universe."

Those words generated a response from the Daybreak Universe, and the next second, golden energy covered the arena, surrounding Aion in a protective mantle.

Everybody retracted their auras the instant they saw that golden energy. That was no other than the Universe Will, the embodiment of Zatiel Daybreak's willpower, and there was no one that could defy it!



The fact that the Universe Will would react like that to Aion meant that it not only considered the young man as a member of the Daybreak Universe but saw him as someone that needed to be protected and nurtured.

Ezequiel sighed as he shook his head before opening his palm and sending a blast of black-white lightning toward Aion.

The Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage felt how that lightning mended all his wounds and left him in perfect condition.

"Aion from the Human Lineage is the winner!"

People in the coliseum and around the Daybreak Universe began clapping their hands once they heard those words. There were conflicted feelings as Athea was a young hero in the mind of many, but there was no way to deny Aion's victory.

Aion only smiled as he heard that but did not give it too much importance as he jumped toward the people that would never hesitate before standing by his side, his wife and sons.

Ezequiel waited until Athea regained consciousness before sending her to Numir and starting the next battle. He knew this defeat would significantly impact his daughter's will, but words would do little good right now, so it was better to simply carry on with the fights.

A giant man with a single fiery eye on his face, a massive body, and four demon wings appeared in the arena, along with a bone cocoon covered in Depravita Aura.

"Johan from the Emperyan Inferno Lineage vs. Azazel from the Depravita Race."

The Neo-Demon with the Emperyan Inferno Lineage stared at Azazel with extreme focus. While his bloodline focused on physical might, it still granted some soul defense skills, so he had a chance to achieve victory against the Depravita.

Azazel did not relax either. Even if Johan was slightly weaker than her, a single mistake could be enough to lose everything.

"Fight!"

Johan's eyes burst with soul force and silver flames as he used everything he had to face off the illusion powers of the Depravita.

Azazel also acted the instant the battle started, making all ten of her Dream Eyes burn as she used all her power to push the Neo-Demon's consciousness into an illusion.

An expression of utter pain appeared on Johan's face as he defended himself from the Depravita's illusion spell. Although he was able to resist momentarily, the attack paralyzed the Neo-Demon.

Johan could not move, but that did not mean he could not attack as the next second, waves of incredibly scorching heat emerged from his body and flooded the Depravita.

Azazel could not hide the pain as the heat waves were burning her body alive. She could not use her energy to enhance her defenses since she focused every ounce on pushing the Neo-Demon into her illusion realm.

Both the Depravita and Neo-Demon experience excruciating pain as they push their energy and soul force to the limit. The victor would emerge once Azazel succumbed to the burn wounds or Johan's consciousness fell into the illusion realm.

People held their breaths as they stared at the duo, wondering who would fall first. Every second was like an eternity, but the Neo-Demon's eyes trembled in the end before he fell unconscious on the ground.

Two torrents of black-white lightning fell from the sky in the next second, healing the duo.

"The winner is Azazel of the Depravita Race."

Ezequiel gave a moment for Azazel to heal from her wound and enjoy the glory of victory before sending her and Johan out of the arena.

The Emptiness Thearch then raised his fist with all his strength, generating a pillar of black-white lightning that reached the sky of the Daybreak Sector before morphing into giant words.

[Final Stage Samsara Geniuses:

-Noah of the Neo-Demon Race.

-Sirik of the Neo-Demon Race.

-Beelzebub of the Depravita Race.

-Azazel of the Depravita Race.

-Aion of the Neo-Demon Race]

Those words carried such a powerful intent and force that they duplicated in the sky of every single Sector across the entire Daybreak Universe!

A radiant smile appeared on Venganza, Orgullo, and Codicia when they saw that. Two of the five people that would rise to the Final Stage of the First Samsara Tournament would be Depravitas!

The power of the Depravita Race was unquestionable since they had two Sacred Kings and a Thearch, but the rise of Beelzebub and Azazel meant that the next generation was just as radiant as the old one.

Unlike the leaders of the Depravita Race, the great powerhouses from the Eldar Race felt greatly disheartened when they saw that. Their geniuses were just as mighty as the ones from the two other main races, but they were unfortunate to clash with monsters like Aion and Sirik.

"The five Samsara Geniuses that will pass to the Final Stage had emerged from the trillions of young warriors that took part in the First Samsara Tournament.

The Final Stage will begin tomorrow, where one of you will rise as the greatest genius of the entire Daybreak Universe!"

Chapter 935 Noah Vs Azazel

The five names of the Samsara Geniuses shine across the Daybreak Universe, making their presence forever lasting.

Noah, Beelzebub, Sirik, Azazel, and Aion stared at the sky, and the honor of seeing their names there was indescribable. Even the Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage had difficulty controlling his emotions.

From now on, every man, woman, and child will know their names, and they will not be forgotten as long as the Daybreak Universe exists!

It took a massive amount of energy for that lightning phenomenon to cover the entire Daybreak Universe. Still, the Emptiness Thearch made sure that it lasted for a whole minute before pulling his arm back.

"Rest now, as tomorrow you will fight until a champion emerges!"

Ezequiel said nothing else and flashed toward Numir and Athea before disappearing with both women.

Noah could not help but sigh when he saw that. It was clear to him that Athea would not feel well, seeing that none of the names on the sky belonged to her.

Even if he did not have romantic feelings for Athea, that did not mean he did not appreciate the young woman as they grew up together and were like brothers.

Noah clenched his fists as a powerful battle intent emerged in his heart. His eyes burned with silver flames as he turned toward Aion.

He was ready to send a challenge to the Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage, but confusion appeared when he saw this one looking to the sky with a lost gaze.

The lightning phenomenon with their names was gone, so there was no reason for them to focus on the sky anymore, yet it seemed that Aion could not take his eyes off it.

It did not last long, and once focus returned to Aion's eyes, he immediately turned toward Noah. The smile on his face was gone, replaced by a profound sense of ancientness.

Noah was surprised by the sudden change in Aion, as it was as if this one had become a completely different person in a matter of seconds. Things only grew somber once he noticed a deep viciousness in Aion's eyes, one that even Nightmare Kings would fail to attain after a life of carnage.

The viciousness in Aion's eyes kept growing as he stared at Noah, but all of it vanished once the woman by his side touched his shoulder. The Neo-Demon's entire body trembled, and calm returned to his heart as he stared at his wife with pure love.

Aion stared at Noah again and showed his calm smile before nodding to the young man and leaving with his wife and kids.

Noah had a hard time figuring out what was happening with Aion. It was clear to him that the Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage had a really mysterious background.

'It doesn't matter what his secrets are. I will defeat him!'

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Twenty-four hours passed in the blink of an eye, and this time, the one that appeared in the sky was not the Emptiness Thearch but the strongest Depravita in the entire multiverse, Venganza.

The Revenge Thearch stood in the sky as his Depravita Aura flooded the heaven, generating darkness that covered the entire Daybreak Sector.

"I will direct the Final Stage. Like before, everybody can use all their power and attack without fear of the injuries you could provoke on your enemy or yourself, as I will stop the battle before any of you perish."

All the geniuses nodded as they heard the Revenge Thearch's voice. There was no question in their hearts they could unleash all their power and killing intent without the fear of ending their opponent's existence with Venganza looking after them.

The Revenge Thearch did not waste time and waved his hand, bringing two geniuses into the arena.

Noah was surprised to see that he would take part in the first fight of the Final Stage, but he soon focused when he saw that his enemy was none other than the woman who managed to finish her battles in a few seconds.

"Noah of the Daybreak Lineage vs. Azazel of the Depravita Race!"

Azazel's Dream Eyes were sharp as she focused on Noah. Of all the enemies she could face, the Neo-Demon with the Daybreak Lineage was the one she would have more problems fighting.

Noah's domain over the soul and incredibly potent soul force made him a perfect opponent against illusion masters like the Depravita.

If she wanted to win this battle, she would have to use every ounce of energy inside her and push her soul force beyond its limits.

"Fight!"

The instant Azazel heard Revenge Thearch's voice, all ten of her Dream Eyes exploded, and the blood in them fused with her soul force and Depravita Aura as she fired the mightiest illusion spell of her life against Noah.

Noah did not waste his time trying to dodge the illusion spell since this one was faster than anything he could unleash. He did not attempt to attack Azazel and instead simply closed his eyes.

The people in the coliseum thought they would once again face an illusion battle that happened in a realm their eyes could not see, but things were different this time.

Vengaza pointed to the sky, and the dark Depravita Aura became a holographic picture depicting Noah in a massive hellish realm.

Everything in it moved at a speed much faster than the real world since time worked differently in illusion, but even Rank 4 life forms could keep up with it, so there was no problem.

Noah saw his body melting into an ocean of lava as a demonic face appeared in the sky. The entity opened its mouth, unleashing a sea of insects that entered his body and began to devour him from the inside out.

The pain was excruciating, and something like Noah had never felt before in his life, but even in that state, he was able to unleash his counterattack.

Sky-blue shock waves emerged from Noah's body inside the illusion realm, making cracks appear on this one.

Noah's mastery over the soul force was superb, and his mastery over illusions was great, but he knew he could not overcome someone like Azazel in that aspect since the Depravita had trained in them for her entire life.

Since trying to take over the illusion would be futile, Noah decided to simply unleash his soul force inside it, forcing it to crumble under its own weight.

Keeping a consciousness inside an illusion realm required an immense focus and soul force, pushing Azazel to her limit, and now she had to fix the cracks formed around the dimension. She knew that if it were to crash, the backlash would be so massive that it would be lucky if she only lost consciousness.

Noah's body shattered over and over again in all sorts of excruciating ways, draining his soul force, but he clenched his teeth and kept unleashing sky-blue waves that filled the dimension with cracks.

Azazel's body could not stop trembling as she did all in her power to keep the illusion from shattering into pieces, and things were not looking well for her.

After ten minutes in the real world and over a week in the illusion realm, the battle reached its end.

"CRACK!"

The holographic picture in the sky shattered as Azazel could no longer keep the illusion stable.

Noah opened his eyes as his consciousness left the illusion, and he immediately fell to the ground since the mental exhaustion made it impossible for him to remain standing. Despite his body being in perfect condition, he could not move it, and fighting was impossible, but he did not care about that.

The reason for Noah's relaxed attitude was simple. He did not need to continue fighting since the battle was already over.

Streams of Depravita Aura fell from the sky into Azazel, stabilizing the young Depravita's soul and stopping it from shattering due to the backlash of having her illusion broken.

"Noah of the Daybreak Lineage is the winner."

Venganza declared Noah the victor of the first battle of the Final Stage before using his other hand to unleash a new torrent of Depravita Aura on the young Neo-Demon, healing this one as well.

The entire coliseum burst into cheers as they roared Noah's name. Seeing the young Neo-Demon enduring that hellish torment and remaining strong was terrific and filled everybody with a deep sense of courage.

Venganza allowed the young Neo-Demon to bask in the glory for an entire minute before waving his hand, sending Noah and Azazel away, and bringing the next duo.

The instant they appeared, all cheering stopped, and silence reigned in the coliseum. The ones that appeared were none other than Sirik and Aion.

Sirik had proven his might, showing the incredible power that the Astral Fiend Lineage could unleash. Still, the one he was facing now was the monster that no one could defeat, the one that ended his first two battles with a single attack and managed to dominate a bearer of the Lord of Emptiness Lineage!

Chapter 936 An Uncertain Winner

"Sirik of the Astral Fiend Lineage vs. Aion of the Human Lineage. Fight!"

Venganza's voice echoed across the sky, reaching every corner of the coliseum, but something weird happened. Neither of the fighters moved a muscle.

Everybody was already used to seeing Aion never taking the first step in a battle and waiting for his opponent. Nevertheless, Sirik's battle style was much more direct and explosive, confusing people about the sudden change.

Sirik looked around the coliseum and could see the way people looked at him. None of them believed he could come up victorious from this battle. An awkward smile appeared on his face, but he did not blame them since Aion was unlike any opponent he had faced before in his entire life.

The Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage had the ability to predict every move he made and the speed not just to avoid them but to unleash devastating counters. Spells were useless since he could simply divert them or even absorb them into his body before releasing an energy cannon that could kill Rank 9 life forms.

What had Sirik shown that could overcome any of those skills? There was no reason to think this fight would end differently than the other three.

Sirik took a deep breath, and a powerful yet calm silver flame appeared in his eye. He took out both swords and grabbed them by the blade before tightening his grip around them.

Confusion appeared on Aion's face when he saw the Astral Fiend's hands bleeding while cracks began to appear in the swords. That behavior had no logic, and he could not figure out the reason behind it.

The people in the coliseum were just as confused, with some wondering if the Astral Fiend had decided to give up the fight since he found it futile to face the unsurpassable mountain that was Aion.

Sirik did not care about those people's thoughts or even Aion's. His eyes focused on one of the Sacred Kings on the podium with great respect.

"Swords are incredibly mighty weapons capable of unleashing the full power of my energy and flesh, but they are not my path. I have been unable to advance in the Sun and Moon Sword Inheritance due to my inability to see them as more than a weapon, but I understand now that there is nothing wrong with that.

My path was never meant to rely on swords since my body is the ultimate weapon!"

Heinz heard every word of the young Astral Fiend, and a small smile appeared on his face as he nodded, showing that he respected and even admired the path this one was taking.

"CRACK!"

The moment Sirik saw that, the strength of his grip grew powerful enough to shatter the swords, unleashing an ocean of energy and soul force as the Sword Spirits lost their bodies.

Sirik would not allow the powerful spirits to simply fade. The next second, his body began to glow, devouring that soul force and grating the Swords Spirits a new host, his own body.

Shock and awe appeared in the eyes of the people watching the Astral Fiend since that was a foolish move. Even if the Swords Spirits were born using his soul force as a foundation, they were still independent entities.

A body could not handle the pressure of having three souls giving it orders. In the best-case scenario, it would lose its ability to move fluidly.

As one would expect, Sirik's body began to twitch as the muscles and flesh did not know whom to obey. But then, the eyes of the Astral Fiend shined like a sea of wisdom as runes bathed in white and black flames emerged over his skin.

Sirik used the divine wisdom his Astral Fiend Bloodline granted to give order to the two other souls inside his body, and he still had enough mental power to unleash the full power of his cultivation in a battle.

An extremely sharp aura emerged from Sirik's body, and for a second, people felt they were not looking at a man but a mighty sword bathed in white and black flames.

"Hahaha, that damn brat."

The Sacred Kings saw how Heinz laughed after seeing Sirik's transformation. Even if they did not follow the sword's path, they understood that becoming one with the sword was a state many swordsmen could only dream of, yet Sirik managed to achieve it despite just now renouncing the weapon.

Sirik felt the rise in the strength of his body and the granular control having three souls granted him. His power rose an entire level.

"Not enough!"

Sirik shouted those words as he grabbed his shoulders and began to squeeze. He did it with so much strength that they began to compress as a reddish-blue vapor emerged from his skin.

The Astral Fiend squeezed every muscle of his bulging body, adopting an extremely thin yet muscular constitution. As for the reddish-blue vapor, it became so intense that it reached all the way to the arena's sky.

Aion's eyes narrowed as he saw the change in the Astral Fiend, and a sharp light appeared when he saw that the reddish-blue vapor was actually the combustion of Sirik's soul force and vitality.

A solemn expression appeared on his face as he saw the strength of the Astral Fiend growing, but he did not interfere with it and waited.

"This is a technique unique for Astral Fiends."

Sirik saw how Aion chose to wait for his transformation to end, which is why he decided to explain what was happening.

"It focused on the compression of every muscle in my body beyond their theoretical limit while igniting my soul force and vitality in order to fuel every cell with an overwhelming amount of energy.

If I had used this form in my previous battles, I would have made everything much easier. I didn't do it because once I trigger this ability, there is no way to stop it."

The geniuses who had fought with Sirik understood the meaning behind those words, and a profound sense of respect appeared in their hearts.

That skill required Sirik to burn his vitality and soul force, and there was no way to stop it. Of course, the Emptiness Thearch would have saved the Astral Fiend's life and healed the damage, but this one refused to win a battle using an ability that activating anywhere else meant death.

"You are a monster full of secrets, so I think it is fine if I use this against you."

Sirik showed a fiendish smile as he finished with the compression of his muscles, making his skin adopt a dark tone. His vitality and soul force were burning at a shocking speed, but he showed no concern as he focused on Aion.

"I am sure you can see every move I make, but are you fast enough to react to them?"

Those words had just reached Aion's ears when his eyes widened as he saw the Astral Fiend right before him, firing a punch straight to his face.

The Neo-Demon could see every movement that the Astral Fiend made and even predict the path the fist would take, but it advanced at such a shocking speed that he had less than a fraction of a nanosecond to react.

Aion moved his head to the right in the last instant, narrowly dodging the punch, but that was just the beginning of a barrage of attacks fired with perfect synergy.

The people in the coliseum saw with awe and shock how Sirik managed to slowly push Aion back. Even if the last one managed to dodge everything, it forced his body to its limit.

After a minute and over ten thousand punches dodged, just as Aion finished dodging a blow, the Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage felt a slight burn on his cheek.

Aion's eyes widened as he understood that a blow had come so close to him that it brushed his skin, leaving a burn mark. Coldness appeared on his face as he fired a ferocious counter the next second, connecting a direct blow to Sirik's face.

Aion's counter took all the strength in Sirik's punch and made it its own, but the second his fist connected, he understood he had made a grave mistake.

That blow, which would have been enough to send nearly all the thirty-three geniuses that reached the finals flying away, failed to push Sirik back a single step.



Before Aion could do anything, a ferocious punch landed on his stomach, sending him flying away while puking blood!

People in the coliseum and all those watching around the Daybreak Universe were speechless as they processed what they just saw.

Sirik managed to hit Aion with enough power to send this one flying away. The Astral Fiend did not rely on tricks but pure brute raw strength!

"YYYYEEEEAAAHHHH!"

The entire coliseum burst into cheers as they understood that the winner of this battle was far from being certain.

#### Chapter 937 One Second Away From Defeat

Sirik's punch sent Aion flying away with so much strength that this one clashed against one of the arena's walls and was embedded in it while puking mouthfuls of blood.

Aion had incredible battle power, but just as everybody predicted when they heard about his Human Lineage, his body was not that impressive in terms of defense. Hence, the point-blank strike from an overpowered Sirik did severe damage.

That was a perfect opportunity for Sirik to unleash a barrage of strikes on Aion, but the Astral Fiend's legs trembled before his knees bent, pushing him to the ground. He might have resisted that counter, but that did not mean it did not affect him.

Still, Sirik was able to stand up very fast and restore his battle stance. The transformation increased his strength and speed but improved his defenses even further.

"You are not untouchable."

The Astral Fiend uttered those words as he saw Aion slowly standing up. Those words had a profound meaning as they sought to make the Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage understand that this battle would not be like the others where he always stood in control.

There were many reactions that Sirik expected to receive from Aion, but the one that he got surprised him.

"¡Hahahaha!"

Aion began to laugh harder and harder, and he had not cleaned himself yet, so blood split from his mouth. That reaction confused people as they did not understand what was so funny until they heard what this one said next.

"YES! Finally! Someone that can grant me the pressure I need!"

Aion did not wait for a second or even bother to clean the blood across his face before flashing toward Sirik with a wild and bloody smile.

Sirik saw that, and instead of allowing confusion to affect his mind, silver flames appeared in his eyes as he erased everything from his mind other than the desire to defeat the man coming at him.

The Astral Fiend flashed at Aion even faster, reaching this one in a nanosecond before firing a powerful punch at his face.

Aion dodged the blow and waited for Sirik to start pulling back the punch before sending one of his own. A fist landed on Sirik's face, but it did little damage and nothing to hinder the left hook this one sent forward.

Aion could not use physical counters against Sirik since, while that would improve his striking power, it would also put him in a position where he could not dodge the Astral Fiend's blows. That is why he was just relying on simple punches and kicks now.

There was hardly enough strength in Aion's punches to overcome Sirik's defenses, but that small amount of damage was enough to push the Astral Fiend closer to exhaustion.

Aion was able to dodge Sirik's left hook, but again a small burn mark appeared on his face due to how close the punch came to his skin.

Any delay or flaw in Aion's defenses would allow Sirik to fire a barrage he would not endure.

This battle would be decided by what happened first. Whether Aion made a mistake or Sirik collapsed due to burning his soul.

The sense of danger and the pressure of not knowing what would happen did not push Aion down. On the contrary, a fierce smile full of battle intent emerged as he pushed himself harder than ever before and understood how easy it would be to lose this battle.

Sirik saw the smile on the Neo-Demon with Human Lineage, and he showed the same. Time was of the essence, and he came closer to defeat every second that went by, but none of that mattered since the only thing in his mind was to carry on with his attacks no matter what!

Aion continued using his superb speed and reflexes to dodge Sirik's attack while firing punches aiming at vital points so they could do the most amount of damage with the least amount of power.

Sirik felt the blows landing on top of his lungs, neck, heart, liver, and every single vital organ, making the reddish-blue vapor grow stronger, but he just kept striking forward.

No direct strike landed on Aion after that first one, but blood was all over his body in less than a minute due to the cuts left by the mere brush of Sirik's punches.

"¡Boom!" "¡Boom!" "¡Boom!"

Those blasts did not come from punches or explosions but from the rumbling of the people's feet as they stomped the coliseum's grades due to the excitement burning inside their hearts.

There were no fancy skills, majestic spells, or shocking phenomena in the fight they were watching. The only thing they saw were two men firing a barrage of punches toward each other.

Even if they lived in a utopia and the notion of cruelty had faded from their hearts and minds, all those Neo-Demons, Depravitas, and Eldars were at their core members of warrior races, so the display the duo gave them made their blood burn!

Aion kept firing punches and kicks toward Sirik, even as a small puddle of blood had already formed beneath his feet due to the laceration and burns that now covered every corner of his body.

There was a focus in Aion's eyes that he had not achieved before in any of his fights, and the pressure of Sirik's endless strikes only heightened. He could see how the reddish-blue vapor coming from the Astral Fiend's body began to diminish, meaning that this one was coming closer to its breaking point, and he just needed to keep pushing forward.

However, just as Aion prepared to dodge a left hook, his legs trembled. It was just an instant, but it was enough for the punch to reach his head, nearly tearing it off, and before he could even process the damage, an even more powerful fist landed on his chest, shattering his sternum!

A mouthful of blood containing pieces of his internal organ came out of Aion as Sirik's right fist sent him crashing against the arena's walls again, and this time there was no time to rest.

Aion could not breathe as the blow collapsed both of his lungs, and his eyes widened when he saw Sirik right in front of him and was about to unleash a relentless barrage over his body.

One full-power punch almost shattered everything inside Aion's chest, and there was no way he could endure a barrage at point blank.

People across the entire Daybreak Universe held their breath when they saw that since it seemed that the epic tale of the undefeatable dark horse was about to shatter under the might of the Astral Fiend.

However, just as the idea of defeat finally emerged, a flash of enlightenment appeared in Aion's eyes as his arms moved on their own, and they were not alone since space and time moved alongside them.

Shock appeared on everybody's face when he saw how he generated a force field by morphing the space-time around him. That was a power Aion had never displayed before, and they were shocked to see him using it at this point of the battle.

Those in the coliseum were not the only ones shocked since even Aion was surprised by what he had just done. He had not used that power before because he did not know he could even do it.

Countless questions appeared on Aion's mind right now, but they all faded when Sirik's fists began to clash with the space-time force field.

"¡BOOM!"

"Crack."

"¡BOOM!"

"Crack!"

"¡BOOM!"

"Cracks!"

Every punch that Sirik connected in the space-time force field generated a massive blast that echoed across the arena and caused cracks in Aion's defense.

Aion focused on the space-time force field protecting him, but he did not even know how it came to be, so he found himself unable to strengthen it. More and more cracks appeared in it, and it was only a matter of seconds before this one shattered.

"CRACK!"

Finally, the force field could no longer endure it, and Aion could only raise his arms as a barrage of punches began to fall on him. The bones on his arms broke near instantly, and just as it seemed his skull would follow the same fate, Sirik vanished.

Confusion and disbelief filled the hearts of everybody in the coliseum when they saw how Venganza had teleported Sirik out of the arena seconds away from attaining victory.

And those feelings only grew stronger when the Astral Fiend sent a punch toward the Revenge Thearch!

No matter how enraged Sirik could be, attacking a Thearch was heresy. Yet, everything became clear once Venganza grabbed the young man's fist and paralyzed him, allowing everybody to get a good look at Sirik.

The Astral Fiend's eyes were out of focus since he was unconscious. There was barely a fragment of his soul left, and the only reason his body was able to keep going was his willpower and desire to attain victory.

Venganza noticed when Sirik fell unconscious but allowed the battle to continue out of respect for the young man. He only stopped it once the damage to Sirik's soul was so significant that if he did not act, there was a chance this one would be gone forever.

The Revenge Thearch channeled his own life force and soul force into Sirik before sending this one into his Inner Universe to recover. He then turned toward Aion, who had fallen to the ground and could no longer stand up.

"Aion of the Human Lineage, you are the winner."

Chapter 938 Beelzebub Vs Azazel

"¡WHOOOOO!"

The entire arena began to cheer once the battle was over. It was everything they could hope it would be and drove them to the corner of their seats the whole time.

Aion showed an awkward smile when he heard those cheers since he could not get up from the ground. Sirik's onslaught had either broken every bone on his body or left them so full of cracks that a slight movement would shatter them. Luckily, Venganza did not waste time and sent a stream of Depravita Aura that began to heal his body.

The Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage was able to stand up a few seconds after the stream of Depravita Aura reached him, and a complicated expression appeared on his face as he looked around the arena. A few seconds more, and the winner of this battle might have been someone else.

It was hard to accept, but Aion knew that luck was the only reason he managed to win this battle. There were countless ways things could have gone wrong, and it made it clear he was far from undefeatable among those of his same level.

Venganza cared very little about the thoughts crossing Aion's mind, and once a minute had passed, he waved his hand, sending this one away and bringing the next fighters.

The people in the coliseum stopped their cheering but excitement did not fade from their hearts since the ones that would fight next were no other than the two Depravitas that made it to the Final Stage.

Beelzebub and Azazel looked at each other, and they could see the battle intent in the eyes of the other. The fact they both belong to the Depravita Race would do nothing to quiet down their killing intent.

Venganza showed a small smile as he saw that battle intent in each of the Depravitas. Rivalry was excellent for motivating people, and he was happy to see it in two of the greatest geniuses in his race.

"Beelzebub and Azazel from the Depravita Race. Fight!"

Azazel did not hesitate before channeling all her power into an immensely powerful illusion. Her Dream Eyes exploded, and the blood fused with her soul force as she targeted Beelzebub's consciousness.

Trying to dodge an illusion spell was near impossible when you were right in front of the opponent at the start of the battle, so Beelzebub did not even bother.

Azazel's spell managed to bring Beelzebub's consciousness into an illusion realm, and thanks to Venganza's power, everybody could see what it was like.

The illusion realm was similar to the one in which Noah fell, but the instant the figure of Beelzebub appeared, this one exploded into a dark fog that spread across the dimension.

A gargantuan demonic manifestation of Azazel appeared in the sky, and coldness appeared in her eyes as a rain of fire descended from the heavens and sought to erase the dark fog.

Beelzebub had a powerful soul force mastery, and as a Depravita, his abilities in the realm of illusions were superb. Although he could not overcome Azazel in terms of illusion mastery, he could diminish the damage he took by splitting his body into a mass of fog and spreading it across the entire realm.

Beelzebub's battle plan did not end there since, despite his consciousness being trapped inside the illusion realm, his body slowly moved toward Azazel.

Each step was like an eternity, and the rain of fire inside the illusion realm burned the fog again and again, but Beelzebub did not lose focus, and his physical body kept moving forward.

Azazel had no idea what was happening in the real world since, in order to defeat Beelzebub, she fused her whole soul into the illusion, leaving her physical body unprotected.

After five minutes, Beelzebub was already in front of Azazel. A spear appeared in Beelzebub's hand, and a flaming and chaotic Depravita Aura burst from it as he waved it toward the enemy.

Just as the spear was about to split Azazel apart, Venganza teleported her out of the arena, breaking the illusion.

Once the illusion was broken, Azazel could perceive the real world and saw herself standing right next to Venganza. She then looked down and saw Beelzebub's spear buried right on the spot she was at the start of the battle.

Beelzebub was breathing heavily and was beyond exhausted, but his condition was much better than Noah's when this one faced Azazel. Clearly, he surpassed the Neo-Demon when it came to fighting illusion masters.

"Beelzebub of the Depravita Race is the winner."

Venganza uttered those words while sending a stream of Depravita Aura into Beelzebub's soul to heal the damage he took from Azazel's illusion realm.

Beelzebub slowly got up from the ground and raised his arm as a sign of victory. He had won his first battle of the Final Stage!

Azazel was in the sky, and although she had no face, the eyes on her wings showed a cheerful light. She was not discouraged from her two consecutive defeats since being able to fight with such monstrous geniuses was good enough.

Venganza had been paying attention to Azazel, and a smile appeared on his face as he saw the behavior of the young Depravita.

"Are you up for the next battle?"

Azazel heard Venganza's voice in her mind and was a little surprised. After her fight with Beelzebub, the ones that would fight should be Sirik and Noah, but it seemed that the Revenge Thearch had yet to fully heal the Astral Fiend's soul.

Venganza was a very powerful True Rank 10 life form, but he rose to the Fourth Realm with the Path of Concept and used the Eternal Flame of Revenge, which was not known for its healing powers. Sirik consumed his soul until there was nothing but a fragment left, and the Revenge Thearch used his own soul force to heal it, which took time.

Azazel's eyes grew sharp as she accepted the Revenge Thearch's request. She was also interested in how things would go with his next opponent.

Venganza did not waste time and sent Beelzebub out of the arena before making a young man with golden eyes appear.

Azazel descended from the sky and stared at Aion with a powerful battle will. The Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage had proven he could counter any physical attack and spell but had never had a fight against an illusion master like her.

Azazel's questions were also in the mind of the other geniuses, all the people in the arena, and everybody watching around the Daybreak Universe. Everybody wanted to see how this battle would unfold.

Aion had displayed all sorts of gifts and abilities that defied logic, and now it was time for him to show them how he handled illusion spells. Those attacks did not occur in the material plane, so Aion could not counter them, or at least that is what they thought.

"Aion of the Human Lineage vs. Azazel of the Depravita Race. Fight!"

Unlike in her previous battles, Azazel did not go all from the start out since her opponent had the tendency to allow the enemy to strike first, and this time, it was no different.

Aion did not rush toward Azazel in order to knock out the Depravita before she could put him in an illusion. On the contrary, he adopted a lotus position on the ground and closed his eyes.

Azazel did not know what Aion's plan was, but she did not lose calm, and her Dream Eyes began to glow as a blast of soul force emerged from inside her and flashed toward the enemy.

That soul force immediately reached Aion, but things did not go according to plan. Azazel's eyes depicted her surprise and confusion as her illusion was not working.

For the Depravita's illusion to start working, she had to bring the consciousness of her target into the illusion realm, but she could not pull Aion's consciousness out of his body.

Azazel's eyes grew sharp as she unleashed all the power of her Depravita Aura through her Dream Eyes, but she could not bring Aion's consciousness out of his body and into the illusion realm. It was as if she attempted to lift the weight of the world on her own.

People in the coliseum frowned when they noticed what was happening and grew as confused as the Depravita. Aion was not invincible, and his soul was not so outrageously powerful that he could ignore Azazel's illusion spells.

Aion's actions once again drew confusion from the people watching him. He was not fighting, only sitting on the ground and waiting.

Azazel's Dream Eyes went cold as she decided to go all out, making her Depravita Aura and soul force explode, making the force attempting to take Aion's consciousness into the illusion realm much more powerful.

The Depravita still could not pull Aion's consciousness out of his body, but her efforts generated an effect as the Neo-Demon began to tremble, and blood fell from his nose.

#### Chapter 939 Countdown

They were just a few drops of blood, but it changed everything for Azazel. She had no idea how Aion prevented her from pushing his consciousness into the illusion realm, but whatever it did took a toll on him.

Azazel set her Depravita Aura ablaze and channeled it into her Dream Eyes, directing an even greater soul pressure into the Neo-Demon.

"CRACK!"

The sudden blast of energy and soul force made the ground beneath Aion crumble, and this one could not stop trembling as more blood began to feel from his nose and mouth.

"MORE!"

One of Azazel's Dream Eyes exploded, increasing the soul force that she unleashed on Aion, and she felt how the Neo-Demon's consciousness was slowly emerging from inside his mind. The Depravita was ready to give everything she had in this battle and go beyond her limits, as the idea of defeating the undefeatable made her soul burn with excitement and thrill.

Aion's ears, nose, and mouth began to bleed profusely, but he did not break his lotus position. He did, however, open his bloody eyes and stare at the Depravita with a cold light as he clasped his hands and intertwined his fingers.

Just like when he defended from Sirik's onslaught in the last second, Aion twisted space-time around him, generating a set of shining gray chains that enveloped his body.

The instant those chains came into existence, Aion's body stopped trembling, and it seemed they were able to pin down his consciousness into his body with monstrous strength.

Azazel's eyes narrowed as she saw those chains, and the original feeling that she got when she attempted to seal Aion's consciousness into the illusion realm returned. Once again, the Depravita felt she was not trying to capture an individual's consciousness but that of the entire world.

Noah was looking at the battle with his Samsara Eye, and a sense of utter shock appeared in his heart when he finally understood how Aion resisted Azazel's illusion spell.

The Samsara Eye showed Noah how Aion's soul fused with the world around him in a way he had never seen before, and the chains sealed that fusion with even greater strength. It was no wonder Azazel was having such a hard time trapping Aion's consciousness.

However, there was a silver lining. The instant Azazel broke that connection, Aion would suffer such a devastating backlash that he might lose consciousness immediately, granting her victory.

Noah did not say a word since he should not interfere in the battle of others. Besides, Azazel was already focusing all her power on trapping Aion's consciousness in the illusion realm, so he did not need to meddle.

Two more of Azazel's Dream Eyes exploded as she increased the pressure over Aion, making this one shake again while bleeding from every orifice in his face. The cosmic chains that keep the Neo-Demon's consciousness in place began to rattle, and it was clear they were not indestructible.

Aion's eyes were cold as he stared at the Depravita. He strengthened the grip between his two hands, enhancing the chains' power as he did all in his power to resist.

Seconds become minutes, and there was total silence in the coliseum as people held their breath and watched the clash between the two geniuses.

Other than Sirik's fight, this was the first time someone had put Aion under such immense pressure, and the most shocking part was that Azazel did not have to recur to suicidal techniques to achieve that goal.

The notion that Azazel only managed to reach this far, thanks to Athea's loss, faded away as the Depravita proved she had every right to be among the mighty Samsara Geniuses.

"Boom."

Azazel's seventh Dream Eye exploded as she kept firing her illusion spell, and despite the exhaustion and pain, her soul grew more vibrant with every second.

The Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage was an absolute monster in physical and energy battles, but his soft spot had finally been discovered, and they were illusions!

"Crack."



One of the cosmic chains holding Aion burst to pieces, making him puke a mouthful of blood, but that was not enough to seal his consciousness or break his lotus stance. The soul force attacking him had already pulverized the ground beneath him, making him float above a pile of sand.

"¡Boom!" "¡Boom!"

"Crack!" "Crack!" "Crack!"

Azazel's eighth and ninth Dream Eyes exploded, increasing the soul force she unleashed by several folds, shattering many of Aion's cosmic chains but also pushing her one step closer to her breaking point.

"¡AHHHH!"

A cry of rage and determination emerged from inside Azazel as the last of her Dream Eyes exploded, charging all the soul force left in her inside the illusion spells. It made it so powerful that people could see the phantom of a demonic hand appear above Aion, closing around this one in order to seal his consciousness.

"CRACK!"

All the cosmic chains shattered into pieces, and the phantom demonic hand began to squeeze Aion's body as more and more blood leaked from his eyes and ears.

Aion's eyes began to lose focus, and he felt himself about to fall into the illusion realm, but an expression of utter rage and viciousness appeared on his face as he bit his tongue with so much strength that he nearly ripped it off. The pain brought an instant of focus to his mind, allowing him to make all the energy inside his body explode!

"BOOOMMMM!"

There was no order or control in that blast, only wild energy blasting in all directions, but it allowed Aion to push back against Azazel's soul force before this one could seal his consciousness into her illusion realm.

The soul pressure faded along with that blast, and everybody could see how the Depravita and Neo-Demon fell to the ground, having difficulty breathing, much less stand-up.

The people in the coliseum did not know how to react. Azazel's illusion spell failed, and she suffered a severe backlash, but Aion endured severe spiritual wounds by facing the soul pressure for such a long time.

In the end, the one that would decide was the one that monitored the entire battle, the Revenge Thearch. People turned to him in order to get an idea of which side was the winner, but Venganza did not move a muscle and simply stared at the duo on the ground.

The Revenge Thearch's eyes glowed as he thoroughly analyzed the duo and saw that neither of them had enough strength on them to continue fighting. After a moment, an idea came to mind, and he took a deep breath.

"10!"

Venganza's thunderous voice echoed across the entire Daybreak Sector, and flaming numbers appeared in the sky for everybody to see.

The eyes of Azazel and Aion widened when they heard that, and the tension in their hearts only grew the next second.

"9!"

The flaming number in the sky changed, and everybody understood this was a countdown. Since neither the Depravita nor the Neo-Demon had any more strength left in their bodies and souls, the first one to rise would be the winner!

"8!"

Aion struck his head against the ground, trying to use it as a lever to push the rest of his body up. Azazel pushed two of her bloody wings into the ground, using all her strength to rise.

"7!"

Just moving their bodies proved immensely painful for the duo, and their exhaustion made them want nothing more than just to lie on the ground, but they refused to give up!

"6!"

Aion clenched his teeth as he spread his arms and put his palms against the ground.

Azazel used all her strength and buried her wings against the ground, breaking pieces of them, but generated a stable base.

"5!"

Vengaza's voice became even more powerful, and he would not slow down regardless of the one ahead. Whether it was the Neo-Demon or the Depravita, the one that rose first would be the winner!

"4!"

The people in the coliseum and across the entire Daybreak Universe focused on the Depravita and Neo-Demon with a sense of absolute focus. It was a matter of seconds before the victor emerged.

"3!"

Azazel pulled herself from the ground but had yet to fully stand up, while Aion had already straightened his chest and now had to do the same with his legs.

"2!"

Aion and Azazel looked at each other and could feel the desire to win over the other. No matter what, neither of them was willing to lose!

"1!"

"¡AHHH!"

"¡AHHH!"

Two roars full of will emerge from the arena as the Depravita and Neo-Demon give their all in the last second.

"In the battle between Azazel from the Depravita Race and Aion from the Human Lineage, the outcome is..."

Venganza's voice carried a solemn aura that made it clear no one could defy his decision.

"A draw!"

Those two final words reached every corner of the Daybreak Sector, and all life forms in the universe could see the figures of Azazel and Aion standing up!

Chapter 940 Noah Vs Sirik

A draw.

Neo-Demons, Eldars, and Depravitas across the Daybreak Universe had a hard time going over the fact that there was no actual winner or loser in this fight.

First of all, no one dared even insinuate that Venganza gave special treatment to Azazel just because she was a Depravita. The Revenge Thearch would never fall so low since he was smart enough to know that a genius like Azazel would not accept someone sheltering her from defeat.

The battle had truly been intense, with Azazel showing an even greater power than in any of her previous fights, and everybody saw how she and the Neo-Demon did stand up at the same time, just in the last second.

In the end, everybody, from the Sacred Kings to the children watching the fight, accepted that the battle between Azazel and Aion ended in a draw.

"Clap!"

It started with one, but everybody in the coliseum soon clapped their hands to the duo. There was nothing in their hearts but respect for the magnificent fight they just witnessed.

Although the burst of applause was directed toward the duo, the true focus was the genius Depravita that managed to end Aion's winning strike.

The idea that the Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage would never stop winning was slowly growing in the mind of the people across the Daybreak Universe. Nevertheless, Azazel proved that everybody had a soft spot, no matter how great and mysterious they were, and she found Aion's.

Venganza opened his palms and unleashed two streams of Depravita Aura that fell into the duo and began to heal any damage they received during the fight.

Azazel and Aion smiled as they felt the Revenge Thearch's Depravita Aura filling them with energy. After a few seconds, they were able to stand straight without having to depend on their willpower to do it.

"I must thank you."

Azazel's mind was full of thrill over the fight's outcome, but she was drawn back to reality by Aion's words. She was surprised by them and was not the only one since it was the first time the Neo-Demon spoke with an opponent after the battle was over.

The Depravita was a little confused by the meaning of those words, but Aion soon carried on.

"I thought that my defenses toward illusion were good enough to face anyone in the same Rank, but it seems that for the first time in my life, I was overconfident. I am still far from powerful enough to face someone who truly puts their soul in the illusion path, but I will fix it."

Aion's eyes began to glow as a silver flame emerged in them.

Azazel was surprised to feel how Aion's aura grew stronger, and awe appeared in her heart. Who would have thought not winning the battle would have helped the Neo-Demon grow more powerful?

"I hope we can fight again in the future."

Aion clasped his hands toward Azazel before turning around and flying toward his family.

Venganza's eyes narrowed as he stared at the Neo-Demon, and something told him that the soul defenses of this one would grow very powerful in the future.

'Interesting.'

Unlike Ezequiel, who displayed concern about Aion's enigmatic nature and background, Venganza was more curious and wanted to see what the young man was capable of.

"Good job"

Azazel heard the voice of the Revenge Thearch inside her mind, making the thrill in her heart reach an entirely new level before being teleported out of the arena.

Vengaza brought Noah into the arena before taking Sirik out of his Inner Universe.

The Astral Fiend's mind was still a little foggy after having his soul reconstructed, but as soon as he appeared in the arena, his instinct pushed him to a state of absolute focus.

Sirik saw Noah standing before him and understood it was time for him to fight again. It was clear that he lost his battle against Aion but was not disheartened since he gave everything he had, and that was good enough.

Noah stared at the Astral Fiend in front of him, and there was a sharp light in his eyes. The battle power that Sirik displayed during the Final Stage was enough to crush his body to pieces if he made a single mistake, so he could not allow himself to lose focus for even a second.

Sirik's eyes narrowed as he detected Noha's battle intent and a small smile appeared on his face. The stronger the opponent, the greater the pressure he would feel, which would only push him to deploy more and more power.

Venganza saw how Sirik and Noah were ready to fight and did not make anyone wait.

"Sirk of the Astral Fiend Lineage vs. Noah of the Daybreak Lineage. Fight!"

The sword runes across Sirik's body set ablaze with black and white fire as he grabbed his shoulders and began to compress his body, exuding a reddish-blue vapor. Now that he had shown that ability,

it would be an insult not to display it against Noah since it would be like saying that this one was not worthy of his full power.

Noah was more than fine with Sirik activating that ultimate technique, and he would have felt offended if this one did not. However, he did not wait for the Astral Fiend to finish with the transformation before attacking with his spear bathed in flaming soul force.

Aion may be fine waiting for the enemy to fully charge a technique, but Noah did not and would take advantage of any opening the opponent displayed, as he should.

Sirik saw how the spear bathed in flaming soul force fell toward his head, but he was ready for it. A burst of energy focused on his legs as he kicked the ground beneath him in such a way that he buried his body beneath the earth, dodging the flaming spear.

Noah saw how Sirik vanished beneath the ground and immediately pointed his right hand toward the hole in the earth, generating nine spheres of flaming soul force and sending them in.

"Nine Suns Supernova!"

"BOOOOMMMMMMMM"

A massive explosion occurred beneath the ground, cracking the earth and generating a pillar of dark purple flames that rose into the sky.

That attack had massive power, and its concentration in such a small space made its destructive force even mightier.

Noah's eyes were sharp as he stared at the ground. His Nine Suns Supernova was powerful, but he saw Sirik's defenses during the battle with Aion and knew it would take much more than that to win.

Just as Noah wondered from which part of the ground would the Astral Fiend emerge, a figure emerged from the pillar of dark purple flames, appearing right in front of him.

Sirik chose to rise inside that flaming soul force, enduring excruciating pain as his skin and soul burned so that he could take Noah by surprise, and it worked.

"¡BOOM!"

Sirik's right fist had yet to land, but it had so much power that its movement generated a massive shockwave across the sky.

Noah's eyes widened as he saw that fist advancing toward his face and felt a power that could shatter every bone in his skull. His battle instincts kicked in, allowing him to raise his spear at the last second to avoid a point-blank strike.

"BOOOOMMMMMMMM!"

A massive explosion of kinetic force shook the sky when Sirik's punch landed on Noah's spear, sending this one flying away.

Sirik's eyes narrowed as he knew Noah jumped back in the last instant to diminish some of his punch's potency. A fierce smile appeared on his face as the thrill of battle made his bloodline burn, and he chased after the opponent.

Noah saw Sirik flashing toward him but was having a hard time regaining control of his body. Although he managed to diminish some of the force in the Astral Fiend's punch, it still had enough to crack the bones on his arms.

Luckily for Noah, his bloodline healed his arms just in time to wave his spear, bathed in flaming soul force, at the Astral Fiend's fist aiming at his heart.

"¡BOOM!"

An explosion of kinetic force and dark purple flames occurred when the spear and fist clashed.

Noah's entire body trembled, and blood leaked from the corner of his mouth since the physical power in the first was much greater than the one in his spear, and it took everything he had not to be sent flying away.

Sirik might have won in the contest of physical might, but that did not mean he came untouched. Every time he touched that dark purple flame, part of his soul force was consumed.

Any damage to his soul force speeded up the consumption of Sirik's soul by the transformation, pushing him closer to unconsciousness and defeat.

This fight would be decided by what broke faster, Noah's body or Sirik's soul. Both Neo-Demons knew that and were ready to unleash everything they had to break the other to pieces.