

Abyssal 941

Chapter 941 Explosive Fight

The battle between Noah and Sirik was explosive, to say the least. Their fight started less than five minutes ago, and already the entire arena was a realm of destruction, with the ground beneath their feet shattered and the sky overflowing with dark purple fire.

No life form beneath Rank 7 could remain even a second inside the arena, but Noah and Sirik move around it as if time-space could not bind them, unleashing more and more destruction.

"¡BOOM!" "¡BOOM!" "¡BOOM!"

Explosion after explosion echoed inside the arena as the duo clashed at superluminal speed. They moved so fast that most life forms in the coliseum could barely keep up with them, and the only thing they saw was the clash between a dark purple and gray flash.

Sirik's speed in his condensed state was overwhelming, allowing him to display agility that surpassed most Rank 8 life forms. On the other hand, Noah used the Samsara Force's power to twist space around him, generating wormholes so he could teleport.

"¡BOOOOMMMM!"

A massive explosion of fire and kinetic force emerged in the center of the arena when Noah's spear, bathed in flaming soul force, collided at full power against Sirik's fist.

Although one was made of flesh and the other a Rank 10 Artifact, the one that displayed greater strength was the Astral Fiend's fist.

The Astral Fiend could condense his energy inside his hands' flesh and bones, making them as durable as Noah's weapon. He then twisted his entire body, charging a massive propulsion force into his right fist and sending Noah's flying away.

Noah knew he could not win in a direct physical clash against Sirik, so he always pulled back after striking with his spear. However, there were times he could not avoid them, like now. Otherwise, the Astral Fiend's fist would not have landed on his weapon but on his body, which he could not allow unless he wanted all his bones to shatter.

Sirik's eyes unleashed a monstrous bloodlust as he jumped toward Noah with all his strength, ready to end the battle. Every second that passed, his soul was closer to collapsing.

He already felt his mind growing foggy, which meant there was not much time left before he slipped into unconsciousness, meaning the battle would be over.

Noah felt his bloodlines healing the damage done to his arms by that clash but did not have time to wait as he saw Sirik diving toward him like a meteorite ready to destroy an entire world. He tightened his grip around his spear but knew that it would not be enough to stop that dive.

Noah burned his soul force without hesitation, making his Samsara Eye bleed as he rotated the spear in front of him.

"Samsara Shield."

The power of the Samsara Force exploded in front of Noah, generating a massive dark purple pentagram bursting with life force and the energy of origin.

"BOOOMMMMM!"

Sirik dived with all his strength, clashing into the Samsara Shield, generating giant cracks on this one. Although the shield endured the clash, the shock wave pushed Noah into the ground while puking blood.

"BOOM!"

";BOOM!"

";BOOM!"

The Astral Fiend unleashed a barrage of punches upon the Samsara Shield, wanting nothing more than to shatter it to pieces so he could do the same with Noah's body.

Noah's Samsara Eye continued bleeding as he merged more and more energy into the shield, but that was not all he did. A decisive light appeared in his eyes as he burned even more of his soul force, charging it on his spear before thrusting forward, striking the center of the Samsara Shield.

The instant the spear touched the Samsara Shield, the life force and energy of origin inside the spell suffered a complete transformation, evolving into a death aura and power of end.

Sirik's eyes widened as his instincts began to scream danger, but it was too late.

"Cycle of Samsara. From Life to Death. Oblivion Thrust!"

Noah's words echoed across the arena as a giant spear emerged from the center of the Samsara Shield and clashed with Sirik's chest, raising this one into the sky.

Sirik clenched his teeth as he felt the spear pierce his flesh and tried to do the same with the muscle on his abdomen. If that were to happen, dark purple flames would overflow the inside of his body, shattering his soul to pieces.

"AHHHHHH!"

The Astral Fiend unleashed a demonic roar as he grabbed the spear's tip with both hands, stopping it from advancing further and using all his power to shatter it to pieces.

"CRACK!"

Noah's eyes widened as he saw cracks appear on the energy spear. That attack took over half of his soul force and required a dominion over Samsara Force that he could only display by burning a piece of his bloodline.

The idea that a Rank 7 life form could display physical power capable of shattering laws was inconceivable, but that precisely was what happened.

";BOOOOMMMM!"

After using every ounce of strength that his body could unleash, Sirik was able to shatter the Samsara Spear, generating a blast of dark purple fire that spread across the arena.

Noah's entire body trembled as he puked mouthfuls of blood due to the severe backlash he endured by having his spell shattered. His mind went blank for an instant, and once it worked again, Sirik was already less than one hundred meters away from him.

There was not enough time to trigger another spell, but Noah did not freeze. He put both hands on the ground, taking control of the dark purple flames that covered every corner of the arena, concentrating them around his figure before making it burst into the sky.

A pillar of dark purple flames covered Noah's body, and that would have been enough to stop most people, but Sirik did not hesitate before charging into the fire.

The dark purple flames faded the next second, showing everybody in the coliseum Sirik embracing Noah, immobilizing this one.

"CRACK!"

What came next was the sound of broken bones as Sirik tightened his embrace over Noah, shattering the bones on the arms of this one before continuing with the rest of the body.

Noah felt immense pain as the broken bones punctured his internal organs. He lacked the strength to break out of Sirik's embrace, and it was only a matter of seconds before his entire body crumbled to pieces.

"iBoom!"

As if shattering the bones on his body was not enough, Sirik began to headbutt Noah with enough strength to generate small shock waves.

Noah felt the bones on his face shatter under those strikes, and not even his bloodline's incredible regeneration abilities could keep up with the damage he was receiving.

Noah's eyes slowly lost their light, and it seemed he was about to lose consciousness. Even if he managed to stay awake, the pressure over his body was so immense that it was only a matter of a second before this one exploded into a gory mass.

"iBoom!"

"Boom!"

"iBoom!"

"Boom!"

Sirik's mind was already too cloudy to do any complex thinking, but he did not have to. The only thing he had to do was squeeze as hard as he could and strike with all his strength.

The people in the coliseum saw how Noah's broken bones began to pierce out of his body, and his face had become a bloody mess.

Just as Sirik was about to perform the last headbutt, shattering Noah's skull and pulverizing every bone on his body, the Samsara Eye glowed.

A blast of soul force emerged from Noah's Samsara Eye the moment he made contact with Sirik's line of sight. The soul invasion spell was extremely simple and weak, meant only to stun someone's soul.

Sirik's soul defenses would have been enough to ignore an attack like that at the beginning of the fight, but right now, not even a tenth of his soul was left.

The Astral Fiend froze, only for streams of blood to emerge from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth the less second. He was teleported out of the arena a second later, leaving Noah to fall into the ground.

Venganza held Sirik's body in his right hand, hastily infusing his Depravita Aura and life force into the Neo-Demon's Inner Universe to stabilize his soul and prevent it from crumbling into non-existence.

Once the Neo-Demon was out of danger, Venganza sent this one into his Inner Universe for further healing before focusing on Noah and sending a stream of Depravita Aura.

Noah could not breathe, much less move, do the overwhelming damage his body suffered. Although it was impossible to see it due to the state of his face, he was smiling.

The battle with Sirik pushed Noah to the brink of death and took more energy and effort than he thought was inside him, but by breaking his limit and not giving up even when all was lost, he managed to secure victory.

"Noah of the Daybreak Lineage is the winner."

Chapter 942 Aion Vs Beelzebub

"Noah of the Daybreak Lineage is the winner."

The entire arena burst into cheering when Vengaza declared Noah the winner. There was not a second of the battle in which the people across the Daybreak Universe did not have excitement and shock overflowing since the duo truly displayed overwhelming power and fighting will.

Noah remained on the ground as the Depravita Aura healed his wounds, restoring his soul force and bloodline. The smile on his face only grew wider as the sense of accomplishment in his heart was overwhelming.

The battle with Sirik pushed Noah beyond his limit, and that was precisely the kind of fight he needed if he wanted any shot to rise above the limitations of the universe and stand on the highest echelon.

Vengaza's energy was so pure that in thirty seconds, Noah was able to stand up, and he raised his fists, making the cheers that echoed across the coliseum even stronger.

Noah knew that his father was watching the battles, which is why he was so proud of his achievements.

The Revenge Thearch allowed Noah a minute to bask in the glory of his amazing victory before sending him out of the arena and bringing forward the next contestants.

All the cheering stopped once people saw the ones that would fight next. Silence reigned, but that did not mean the excitement in their hearts had turned off. On the contrary, they were even more thrilling as the next battle would be, without a doubt, legendary!

On the left, the mighty genius Depravita came out of nowhere and displayed the amazingly rare and powerful Chaos Force, Beelzebub.

And on the right, there was an even mightier dark horse. A young man that did not know defeat and whose abilities defied logic, allowing him victory over one of the greater geniuses of the Daybreak Universe, Aion!

Azazel had already proved that Aion was not invincible, but that involved using illusions powers of an extremely high degree. When it came to physical clashes and spells, there was nothing Aion could not handle unless it reached an outrageous level like Sirik's ultimate form.

Aion stared at Beelzebub with his characteristic calm smile, but there was a strange light in his eyes as they constantly shook.

Beelzebub noticed the bizarre behavior of the Neo-Demon but did not let it distract him. The only thing on his mind right now should be to find a way to defeat the man in front of him.

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

Venganza's words marked the start of a battle that would shock the hearts of everybody seeing it.

Beelzebub did not hesitate before bathing his spear in flaming Depravita Aura and flashing forward at full speed. He did not activate his Chaos Force from the start of the fight since he knew just how powerful Aion's counter attacks were.

If there was one thing Beelzebub learned from Azazel's fight with Aion was to slowly improve his destructive power, transforming it into a battle of attrition.

Beelzebub was ready to see how Aion dodged his attack performing a feat of incredible agility, but the Neo-Demon did not move a single step, even as the spear was about to pierce his chest.

Aion was formidable but did not have great physical defenses, so the power of Beelzebub's spear would manage to pierce into his chest. Instead of dodging the spear, he used his bare hands to deflect it.

That was just as insane as trying to stop the weapon with his naked chest. It was no different than a mortal man trying to stop a sword's edge with his palm. The only possible outcome of something like that would be having his hand cut in half.

However, despite all that, the entire coliseum saw how Aion easily deviated Beelzebub's spear into the ground right before his feet.

"¡Boom!"

A small explosion occurred when the spear landed on the ground, but that could not compare with the shock assaulting Beelzebub's mind. He raised his sight and saw the golden eyes of the Neo-Demon focusing on him with boredom!

Beelzebub grew furious, raising his spear from the ground and hacking up, intending to split Aion in half.

The Neo-Demon saw that attack, but it did not erase his smile. He sent a palm strike toward the spear's head, erasing all its power and momentum without any sign of effort.

Beelzebub clenched his teeth as he could not raise his spear. It was as if Aion's palm carried the weight of the world, and he could not overcome it. He was not just going to give up and twisted the spear to the side, generating a semicircle with it.

The end of the spear's arc was Aion's neck, but he used the back of his hand to strike it.

Beelzebub's eyes widened as the back of Aion's hand pushed his spear away with so much strength that it almost escaped from his grip. It took all his effort to remain in control of the weapon and an even mightier technique to carry on with his attack.

The Depravita deployed superb skills as he repeatedly attacked with the spear bathed in flaming destructive energy, but no matter what he did, Aion used his bare hands to stop all of them.

Noah's absolute focus was on the battle happening right now. He would have to face those two very soon and wanted to learn as much as possible.

'It's happening again!'

That thought appeared in Noah's mind when he saw how Aion once again displayed unique abilities with mechanism that were nearly impossible to discern.

If Noah was frustrated, one could only imagine how Beelzebub felt. He pushed his martial skills to the limit and made his Depravita Aura burst with power, yet he still could not land a single strike.

After having his spear nearly pushed away from his hand for the tenth time, Beelzebub jumped back, putting some distance between him and Aion. He needed a moment to figure out how to overcome this new obstacle, but things did not go according to his wishes.

Before Beelzebub could even breathe, Aion flashed toward him and sent a palm strike to his face. That behavior surprised the Depravita and everybody in the coliseum.

Aion was able to deploy devastating physical power, but that was always due to his counters, meaning he used his opponent's strength to enhance his own. Everybody always believed he took that path due to his average physical might, but what happened next destroyed that notion.

"¡BOOM!"

Aion's palm clashed with Beelzebub's face with so much strength that it generated a massive shock wave and sent this one flying away.

Beelzebub felt how the bones on his face nearly shattered under the power of that palm. Thanks to his Depravita Constitution, he was able to heal that physical damage almost instantly by consuming his energy. Still, that did not erase the fact that Aion was able to deploy physical strikes that matched those of Sirik or Athea!

The Depravita was able to regain control of his body very fast, but not fast enough since Aion was already in front of him, ready to fire a new palm strike.

A palm full of power flashed toward Beelzebub's stomach. He attempted to use his spear to block it, but it was futile.

Just like Aion could read every move the Depravita made during an attack, he could also see past the defensive stance, finding a perfect opening to land a point-blank strike.

"¡BOOM!"

Another blast echoed across the arena when Aion's palm landed on Beelzebub's stomach, sending this one flying into the sky while puking blood.

That was just the start of a ferocious barrage as Aion continued striking Beelzebub's body, sending this one flying from one direction to another.

"¡BOOM!" "¡BOOM!" "¡BOOM!"

Silence reigned across the coliseum, and the only thing that everybody could hear was the explosion left every time Aion's palms landed on Beelzebub's body.

People across the Daybreak Universe did not know what to think when they saw that. They all expected this to be an epic battle between two extremely powerful geniuses, but Aion simply overwhelmed Beelzebub.

"¡BOOM!"

A massive blast occurred when Beelzebub's body clashed with the ground, generating a dust cloud covering his figure.

Aion did not hesitate before dashing forward into the dust cloud. He was about to reach where Beelzebub crashed when his eyes widened as he saw a spear bathed in chaotic flaming Depravita Aura emerge from the ground beneath him.

Due to his supernatural perception, Aion could always see his opponent's movement as long as they were connected to the world. Beelzebub had not severed that connection, yet the spear still managed to hide from him.

The Neo-Demon stroke with both hands toward the spear's head, but this time he did not come victorious in the clash of forces and was sent flying away.

People in the coliseum were surprised to see Aion pushed into the sky, but they were even more shocked when Beelzebub rose, and there was no longer a clock covering his figure.

Chapter 943 Beelzebub's Past Life

Now that the mantle covering his figure was gone, people could see Beelzebub's true appearance. He had a handsome face, a thin yet muscular body, and twelve majestic obsidian wings.

Those characteristics did not matter too much since someone could easily imitate them. Yet, now that nothing was hiding Beelzebub's soul aura, a sense of shock assaulted many people in the coliseum, including those sitting in thrones.

An individual's soul aura remained fixed over time and even during reincarnations, and the one that emerged from Beelzebub belonged to a legendary man. That person's saga was second only to that of the Samsara Thearch, and he sacrificed everything he had for the Prima Universe more than once.

"Lucifer!"

Ezequiel uttered those words as a sense of shock assaulted his mind.

The Samsara Thearch collected the soul particles left by all those that fell during the Ultimate Multiversal War. He sent those tiny fragments of their existences into the Endless Wheel of Samsara Reincarnation, where they would heal and eventually return to life.

The nature of conception in the Daybreak Universe was similar to that of the Prima Universe, where the Primordial Essence of two individuals would fuse and give birth to a new soul.

Zatiel would have never designed a cruel system that would hijack a baby's body and implant the reincarnated soul. What happened was that the Endless Wheel of Samsara Reincarnation would interfere during the formation of the fetus' body, generating a twin. The first child would be one hundred percent of their fathers, while the second would hold a reincarnator's soul.

It was a great honor for a Neo-Demon family to foster a reincarnator during their first years of life until they recovered enough of their memories.

However, there were times when the reincarnators would return as members of the Eldar or Depravita Race. The Daybreak Universe had no sense of xenophobia, so it did not make a difference.

Many fallen heroes had already reincarnated, but some had yet to return. The greater the damage their souls suffered, the more time the Endless Wheel of Samsara Reincarnation would take to heal them.

An illustration of that disparity was between Hyperion and Yami. The ancient Patriarch of the Titan Clan reincarnated thirty thousand years after the Ultimate Multiversal War.

On the other hand, the Heavenly Empress, who sacrificed her essence and helped Ezequiel rise to the Rank 10 battle power echelon, had yet to return.

It was impossible to accurately measure how long it would take for someone to reincarnate or where they would do it, but it was just a matter of time until all of them did it, so their families and loved ones just waited.

If it were any other universe, there would be a chance they would perish before regaining enough of their memories, but that would not happen in the Daybreak Universe. Even if those people were to travel into the Nightmare Inferno Realm, where there was a chance of someone killing them, the Endless Wheel of Samsara Reincarnation would revive them again.

That was a gift that the Samsara Thearch gave to those martyrs that gave their lives in his name during the Ultimate Multiversal War.

Lucifer's soul disintegrated during the climax of the Ultimate Multiversal War. Almost nothing of his Primordial Essence was left, so no one questioned why he had not returned to life, but it seemed he had done it thousands of years ago.

"What is the meaning of this!"

The Nihilism Sacred King's voice was cold and full of rage as he asked that question toward Codicia and Orgullo. As the most powerful member of the Fallen Lineage, he had made his life work to search for the Forefather of his kind.

Lucifer Morningstar held a special place in the hearts of all the members of the Fallen Lineage, and the fact the Depravita Race had hidden him for such a long time enraged the Nihilism Sacred King.

The rest of the Sacred Kings also focused on the Depravitas. Although they were not as enraged as Nero, it was clear that they needed an answer.

"SNAP!"

The sound of fingers snapping echoed across the coliseum alongside a wave of black-white lighting that froze everybody beneath the Peak of Rank 9.

Ezequiel stopped time since, while he did not want to interfere with the battle, the emergence of Lucifer was not something they could just wait to discuss.

"We must talk."

Venganza sighed as he saw that and frowned as he glanced at Beelzebub. There was no anger in his eyes, more like an annoyance that the young Depravita made him go through all this.

The Revenge Thearch teleported toward the podium and waved his hand, generating a cocoon of Depravita Aura around it. Ezequiel could not freeze the mind of Peak Rank 9 life form, and Venganza did not want anyone other than the Sacred Kings to hear his words.

Roku and many of the powerhouses sitting in the coliseum saw that they were excluded from the conversation but did not bother with it. Their willpower was too great for them to get annoyed about not being included in those discussions.

The two Thearch and Nine Sacred Kings stood inside the podium covered by Depravita Aura, and the tension was palpable.

"So, what happen!?"

Venganza heard Nero's shout, and his eyes grew cold as he stared at the Nihilism Sacred King. He understood the rage of this one but would not allow his dignity as a Thearch to be insulted.

Nero's soul trembled as he felt the pressure of the Revenge Thearch's might, but silver flames emerged in his eyes, erasing any fear or hesitation.

Beelzebub was already a Rank 7 Depravita, and although the reincarnation should have affected his memory, there was no way he would not remember anything from his past life. The only reason for something like that to happen was if someone with the Revenge Thearch's power influenced his soul.

"Enough!"

Ezequiel shouted, making space tremble. Everybody turned toward him and immediately adopted a solemn expression when they saw the crystal in his hand.

The Samsara Thearch left behind that crystal that could be used to summon him from his slumber. No matter how strong the people present had become, the rage of Zatiel Daybreak was something that none could even dream of enduring.

"Nihilism Sacred King, you will show respect to a Thearch!"

When he heard that, Nero clenched his fists, but the silver flames in his eyes grew stronger as he controlled his emotions and gave a small bow toward Venganza.

"I allowed my emotions to go out of control. For that, I apologize. However, I will not relent in my demand for answers."

The Revenge Thearch's eyes grew calm after seeing that, and he nodded before waving his hand, making a crystal sphere full of soul force appear in his hand.

Ezequiel's eyes narrowed, and coldness emerged when he saw perceived memories and emotions inside that crystal sphere. Those should be Beelzebub's memories regarding his life as Lucifer Morningstar.

The Emptiness Thearch was not alone since the other Sacred Kings also grew furious at the idea that Venganza could have twisted Lucifer's mind to make him a faithful member of the Depravita Race.

Before things got out of hand, Venganza closed his eyes and allowed fragments of his soul to emerge.

"Inspect them, and you will get your answer."

The rage inside Ezequiel and the Sacred Kings froze when they saw that Venganza would allow them to inspect a piece of his soul.

The Thearch and Sacred Kings looked at each other and were very careful as they sent their consciousness into Venganza's soul.

An image appeared in their minds of Beelzebub and Venganza standing on top of the Depravita Sacred Mountain.

"Are you sure of following this path? Maybe you could take this decision after speaking with the people of your past and your Lineage."

Venganza was talking with Beelzebub and spoke to the young Depravita as if this one was his equal.

"The memories of my past life are returning faster and faster, and if I wait any longer, it might be too late. I seek to rise above the limitations of my past, and for that, I must start from zero.

If I allow my life as that person to return, I will have an easy path to my former peak, but in my heart and soul, I will believe that is my limit, and I refuse to accept that!"

Beelzebub's eyes displayed a monstrous determination as he uttered those words, and it was clear to everybody that there was not an iota of hesitation in his soul.

Venganza put his hand on Beelzebub's soul before making the power of his soul and Eternal Flame explode.

"You were a great hero in your past life, and it was an honor to fight by your side."

After uttering those words full of admiration and respect, the Revenge Thearch began to extract all the memories of Beelzebub's life as Lucifer Morningstar.

Chapter 944 Chaos And Order Phantom

A complicated expression appeared in the eyes of the Sacred Kings as they saw Venganza taking away all the memories and emotions related to Lucifer Morningstar from Beelzebub's soul.

The images ended there, and Venganza pulled his soul back as the Sacred Kings took out their consciousness.

"I am sorry."

Nero did not hesitate before performing a deep bow toward Venganza.

"Don't worry. I understand."

The Revenge Thearch did not make things difficult for the Nihility Sacred King since he would have done the same in his position.

"I saved all those memories and emotions in this Soul Crystal World so he could look at them after fulfilling his goal."

Ezequiel and the Sacred Kings stared at the crystal sphere, but their expressions were melancholic. Obtaining those memories and emotions after reaching Rank 10 would not transform Beelzebub back into Lucifer.

By that point, Beelzebub's willpower and identity would be so strong that it would not change under any circumstance. That is why the reincarnators gradually regain their memories from a very young age.

"What a formidable man. Worthy of all my respect!"

The Emptiness Thearch's eyes were full of admiration as he stared at the Soul Crystal World before focusing on the Depravita in the arena's sky.

Beelzebub could have secured an Extreme Rank 9 cultivation and the honor of being one of the greatest heroes of the Daybreak Universe, but he gave all that up for the single chance of rising beyond his limit.

The Sacred Kings were also full of admiration. Each of them currently held a power similar to what Lucifer displayed during the Ultimate Multiversal War.

Yet, while all nine wished to rise to the Fourth Realm, how many were willing to give up everything they had to achieve that dream?

Venganza felt the same admiration and respect that the others, which is why he and Orgullo had gone above and beyond in order to proportionate Beelzebub everything in their power so this one could establish a foundation high enough so he could rise to the Fourth Realm.

"What knowledge does Beelzebub have about that decision or his past life?"

Ezequiel wanted to know as it would guide how they would treat the young Depravita.

"He knows he is a reincarnator and chose to relegate those memories, but that is all. He has no knowledge about Lucifer Morningstar other than the historical records spread across the universe."

Venganza had made sure to hide Beelzebub's appearance to respect the decision of this one, even going as far as to make a mantle that could conceal his soul aura from Thearchs.

"I understand."

The Emptiness Sacred King nodded before his soul fused with the surroundings, allowing his mind to cover every corner of the Daybreak Universe.

The Daybreak Universe was dozens of times larger than the Prima Universe, and even for a Thearch, it would be impossible to cover it with their consciousness. Ezequiel was able to do it by using his Truth, but even then, it took a lot of effort.

However, the Emptiness Thearch did not hesitate before reaching every life form that could recognize Lucifer Morningstar's soul aura and speak with them.

"Forget anything you remember about Lucifer Morningstar's soul aura or his connection with the young Depravita genius named Beelzebub.

Anyone that defies that command or interferes in any way with the young Depravita's path will be punished with exile from the Daybreak Universe!"

Roku and all the other great powerhouses in the coliseum and across the Daybreak Universe heard those words in their minds. All of them were wise enough to decipher at least some of the connections between Beelzebub and Lucifer, but it did not matter.

There was not a single powerhouse that did not turn toward the origin of the voice inside their minds and bowed, indicating they would fulfill the command.

Even if they were the unruly and merciless kind that inhabited the Nightmare Inferno Realm, none would dare to test the Emptiness Thearch.

After making sure that everybody swore compliance, Ezequiel was able to relax and open his eyes. His face was pale due to the effort, but he would be fine in a few minutes.

"No one will interfere with Beelzebub's growth."

Ezequiel's eyes were decisive as he uttered those words since he would not allow anyone to affect Beelzebub's path. He then waved his hand, generating a silver orb.

Venganza and the Sacred Kings focused on the silver orb, and awe appeared in their hearts. It was smaller than an apple but had over a trillion magic matrixes covering its surface!

"His name is an Entropy Avatar, an incarnation of my Sanctus Battle Beast. He is a baby right now, but his potential is as high as Entropy.

Give him to Beelzebub once the tournament is over, but make sure he understands this child is a friend, not a weapon."

Even for the Revenge Thearch, that silver orb was an incredible gift. Entropy's cultivation was bound to Ezequiel, but he could unleash a battle power that surpassed even some Sacred Kings!

Venganza took Entropy Avatar with care and deposited him in a secure location of his Inner Universe.

"I will make sure that he understands just how valuable this gift is."

Ezequiel nodded as he gave one final look at the Soul Crystal World before turning his focus back to the battle in the arena, and waving his hand, unfreezing time.

Venganza did not waste time, storing the Soul Crystal World before returning to the arena's sky.

Although several minutes passed for the Thearchs and Sacred Kings, Beelzebub and Aion did not feel any of it, and their battle never stopped for them.

Beelzebub's majestic figure stood in the sky, bathed by the sun's golden light as he focused on his enemy.

"I see it now. You improved your mastery over the power you used to defend from Sirik's final barrage and anchored your consciousness to your mind to resist Azazel's illusion spell.

I must admit I don't truly understand that power's nature, but it is not invincible. If someone cuts their connection with the world, your ability to perceive their movements is severed. Unfortunately, that would leave them vulnerable.

However, there is another way to hide from your supernatural perception: using a power I dedicated my life to master!"

Beelzebub's Chaos Force grew more and more powerful, covering not only his Depravita Aura but every atom of his existence.

Aion's eyes narrowed as he saw that Chaos Force was covering Beelzebub, and this one was right. That power severed his ability to predict every move that the Depravita made.

Instead of growing frustrated, his smile grew wider since, from now on, this battle would be one that would genuinely push him.

"I guess there is no need to hide it anymore."

The Neo-Demon hand trembled as a layer of super-condensed cosmic force covered both of them.

Beelzebub and Aion look into each other's eyes for a second before flashing toward the other at full speed and with monstrous killing intent in their hearts.

"¡BOOM!" "¡BOOM!" "¡BOOM!"

The Depravita and Neo-Demon fought at superluminal speed, with two hands and a spear clashing hundreds of times every single second.

Now that Beelzebub managed to hide his movements, the battle was no longer one-sided, but that did not mean he was winning. Aion's battle skills were greater than his own, and this one could still find openings in his defenses.

The Neo-Demon managed to land several hand strikes on Beelzebub, but he did not come unscathed. Now that he could not read Beelzebub's movements, the spear sometimes managed to cut his body, but they were primarily superficial wounds.

Although it would take longer, it seemed that victory would still come to Aion, but things changed one more time as Beelzebub's eyes displayed the same erratic pattern that those of the Neo-Demon at the beginning of the fight.

The Depravita tightened the grip over his spear and unleashed a powerful strike that pushed Aion away before rising into the sky as his soul force grew stronger.

Aion's eyes narrowed when he saw that, but he did not interfere. The smile on his face grew even wider when he saw the change in Beelzebub.

"Even if you have forgotten everything about your past, your soul still remembers the forces that once tempered every corner of your existence.

Yes! Grow stronger! So you can push me even more!"

A fanatical light appeared in Aion's eyes as he saw Beelzebub's soul aura reach its zenith.

Beelzebub's entire body trembled for a second as a powerful Concept emerged from his soul. It was the antithesis of his Chaos Force, making his body tremble, but it did not take long for them to reach a balance and grow stronger together.

The phantom of a gigantic yin-yang symbol materialized behind Beelzebub. One side was filled with the power of the Law Path in the form of Chaos Force, while the other contained the might of the Concept Path as a manifestation of the Concept of Order.

Chapter 945 The Last Few Minutes (I)

The phantom yin-yang diagram with the powers of Chaos Force and the Concept of Order grew more prominent as the forces inside clashed repeatedly. The very core of their nature, with one origin in the Law Path and the other in the Concept Path, made it unstable.

Yet, like inside Beelzebub's body, the Chaos Force and Concept of Order inside the diagram achieved balance, making their combined power much greater than the sum of their parts.

Beelzebub's eyes widened as focus returned to them, as the power of the Chaos and Order generated a qualitative improvement in every particle of his existence.

The Sacred Kings could see the internal transformation of the young Depravita, and awe appeared in their hearts. Beelzebub was generating a new force that would allow him to embark on a path that belonged to him and him alone and whose potential stood a level above the Nine Sacred Inheritance left behind by the Samsara Thearch!

Venganza and Ezequiel were able to see even more due to the power of their souls and cultivation. A hint of omnipotent power emerged from that Chaos and Order phantom, as it went a level above simply using Laws and Concepts simultaneously.

However, the Emptiness Thearch and Revenge Thearch frowned when they perceived the instability of the phantom behind Beelzebub.

Its power was beyond incredible, but the young Depravita was too young to sustain it. The instability of the phantom would only grow stronger, making it shatter before Beelzebub attained true control over it.

Beelzebub's evolution was very important for Ezequiel and Venganza, which is why they would not hesitate to intervene and help this one, even if he was in the middle of a fight.

Unfortunately, while the Emptiness Thearch and Revenge Thearch mastered a Truth and Eternal Flame, respectively, they were not authorities in the fusion of the Law Path and Concept Path.

The only path ahead was to stop the advance of the young Depravita so this one would not end up wounded by the backlash, but then storm clouds appeared in the sky.

All life forms in the Daybreak Sector turned to the sky as they saw a massive storm with purple arcs of lightning containing the presence of the Universe Will.

"¡BOOM!"

Before even the Thearchs could react, a massive arc of purple lightning fell from the sky and slammed directly into Beelzebub, sending him crashing into the ground.

Confusion and shock assaulted the hearts of the people in the coliseum and all those watching from across the Daybreak Universe. They did not understand the origin of those arcs of purple lightning or why they would crash into Beelzebub's body when this one was going through such a critical point of his cultivation.

People turned toward the crater on the arena left by Beelzebub's crash, and they heard a burst of laughter that reached all the way into the sky.

"¡HAHAHAHAHA!"

Beelzebub's figure was bloody, and there was an exhausted expression on his face, but the smile on his face would not fade. He felt how those arcs of purple lightning were born of the same power he sought to master.

That lightning was the embodiment of the fusion of the almighty Eternal Flame of Justice and the Samsara Truth. The first granted equilibrium to a chaotic existence by destroying evil and raising virtue, while the second gave balance to creation and destruction.

¡More!"

Beelzebub's shouted, and the next second, another massive arc of purple lightning fell from the sky and collided with his body. And that was just the start since they descended from the sky one after another.

Beelzebub was on all fours on the ground as blood fell from his mouth, but he would not allow it to stop. Every arc he endured helped his Chaos-Order Eternal Diagram grow more stable.

If he gave up now, the diagram would shatter, and it would take a long time before he could summon its power again.

After thirty-two arcs of purple lightning collided with Beelzebub, the storm clouds covering the entire Daybreak Sector began concentrating in a small area above the coliseum.

Beelzebub was able to rise from the ground now that the arcs of lightning stopped, and when he looked to the sky, he saw how the storm clouds slowly took the form of an eye.

Ezequiel and Venganza also stared at the eye in the sky, and the soul aura and wisdom they felt in it was too powerful and complex for it only to be a manifestation of the Universe Will.

Both Thearchs looked at each other and came to the same conclusion but did not say a word since it was better to remain quiet until being sure.

The young Depravita genius showed a fierce and bloody smile as he took out his spear and generated a blast of gray and white aura to emerge from it.

"I am ready!"

It was as if the eye on the sky was waiting for Beelzebub's words since the next second, an arc of purple lightning more than ten times larger than the previous ones fell from the sky.

"¡AHHHHH!"

Beelzebub roared as he unleashed every iota of power in his body and soul as he faced the arc of purple lightning. He used all the power of his Chaos and Order to confront Justice and Samsara falling from the sky.

"BOOOOMMMMMMM!"

A massive explosion of lightning and fire spread across the arena as the spear and lightning clashed, with neither wanting to admit defeat.

Beelzebub clenched his teeth, his muscles bulged, and he put all he had into that spear thrust.

The power of the Chaos-Order Eternal Diagram only grew stronger as Beelzebub faced that purple lightning.

Finally, the Chaos-Order Eternal Diagram's power reached its zenith, and the massive phantom the size of a city began to compress until it was no larger than an apple and fused into Beelzebub's forehead.

Gray and white runes carrying the powers of Chaos and Order emerged in the right and left eye, while flames of the same color set his wings ablaze.

That was just on the outside as the changes in his soul were much more significant, and a flash of absolute enlightenment covered Beelzebub's face.

Beelzebub's fierce smile grew calm as he let go of his spear and used his bare hands to face the purple lightning. He no longer had to fight against that destructive force and was able to make it rotate around his body before sending it back into the sky.

Peace and clarity filled Beelzebub's mind as the Chaos-Order Eternal Diagram had fused into his existence. He was still very far from achieving the realm of the Samsara Thearch and still needed to evolve his Law and Concept into Truth and Eternal Flame, but right now, he took the first step into a path that could allow him to stand in the highest echelon of the known multiverse.

However, all that peace faded and was replaced with anxiety as Beelzebub felt his rising soul force and knew he could not stop it. Integrating the Chaos-Order Eternal Diagram into his existence pushed his cultivation to a higher stage.

The divine lucky chance and improvements almost made Beelzebub forget that he was in the middle of a fight, and the cultivation limit was Rank 7, which he would break through in a matter of minutes.

"What are you waiting for!?"

Aion shouted as he adopted a battle stance. He had waited patiently for the Depravita to finish that impressive evolution, but now this one would be disqualified after rising to Rank 8, so they needed to act fast and end their fight.

The fact that he could very well lose this fight now that Beelzebub had mastered that incredible power did not make him nervous. The sole reason Aion chose to participate in this tournament despite knowing it would reveal his identity to the universe was to fight people who could push him beyond his limit.

Beelzebub perceived the fighting spirit in Aion's eyes and did not hesitate before summoning back his spear and making his energy explode to its limit before flashing toward the Neo-Demon, ready to kill this one before advancing to Rank 8.

The power of Chaos covered Beelzebub's body, hiding his presence and increasing the might of his Depravita Aura. And at the same time, Order condensed his energy, making it purer and stronger while altering the world around him, forcing space-time to make him faster and imbue his weapon with greater power.

Aion's eyes narrowed as he saw the speed at which that flaming spear came at him. It moved faster than his eyes could see, and without hesitation, he followed his instincts and closed his eyes.

Beelzebub knew that his Chaos would hide him from Aion's supernatural perception, so he did not understand why this one would close his eyes. Still, he did not let those thoughts cloud his mind and unleashed a spear strike that carried an unpredictable pattern, aiming directly at Aion's throat.

Chapter 946 The Last Few Minutes (II)

Beelzebub's spear seemed to vanish as while the power of Chaos enhanced its might and made it unpredictable, the power of Order forced space-time to adjust to that chaotic pattern.

Combining the Chaos Force and Order Concept allowed Beelzebub to alter more than his body and weapon, extending his power to the world.

That attack distorted reality and seemed locked into Aion's neck, but against all predictions, the Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage managed to evade it!

Beelzebub could not hide his awe at Aion's skill but did not stop his attack, waving the spear to the side. This time the Neo-Demon could not simply dodge the blow and had to use his hands to block it.

Aion did not open his eyes but frowned when his hand got in touch with the spear. Not only was the brute power behind this one nearly five times larger, but the combination of Chaos Force and Order Concept could burn the cosmic force cloaking his hands!

Up to this point, that cosmic force's nature remained a mystery, and even in its most erratic form, it could resist the onslaught of Sirik at point blank, yet Beelzebub was now able to burn it.

"¡BOOM!"

Aion was sent flying away by that strike but pushed his feet against the ground, using the friction to regain balance as he prepared to receive the spear aimed at the space right between his eyes.

The Neo-Demon rotated his entire body, using that torque to enhance his right palm's might, allowing him to push the spear to the left. He did not lose time and immediately sent a strike toward Beelzebub's face.

Beelzebub was impressed to see how Aion could react to his attack with such might. Still, he was much faster and stronger now, allowing him to retrieve his spear, generating a 360° turn with his body, attacking the back of Aion's palm, leaving a deep cut in it.

Aion clenched the muscles of his body, allowing him to remain straight, ignoring the momentum of his right hand and sending an uppercut with the left one.

Beelzebub was not able to dodge the blow, but the cloak of Chaos Force and Order Concept covering his body weakened the impact.

Aion was surprised to see how the attack that could send the Depravita flying away less than an hour ago had almost no effect now. Unfortunately, he did not have much time to think as that uppercut left an opening that Beelzebub did not hesitate to use.

The spear rose at a shocking speed and with immense momentum, cutting Aion's left arm!

Silence reigned in the coliseum as they saw Aion's left arm flying away from his body. That was a crippling wound, especially for someone whose battle style focused on palm strikes.

Such a devastating wound meant the battle was practically over since Aion could not stop the spear from cutting his head off with a single arm.

However, something amazing happened. Thin threads of the cosmic force Aion used to cloak his hands emerged from inside the severed arm.

And that was not the only place from which they materialized since the same cosmic threads also emerged from the open wound on Aion's shoulder.

The threads from the arm and shoulder fused in less than a fraction of a nanosecond, reattaching the severed limb and allowing Aion to send a direct blow to Beelzebub's chest the next instant.

That blow pushed back Beelzebub, but that was nothing compared with the shock assaulting his heart. The power that Aion used to cloak his hands was also inside his body, and he could instantly reattach his limb, making it as if the wound had never existed from the start.

What was truly unique was that Aion could control such a complex and powerful force even if the limbs were no longer in direct contact with his soul.

If Beelzebub had remained focused, he would have noticed that Aion's shock was no less than his own. It seemed that the Neo-Demon was just as surprised as the Depravita that the cosmic force would do something like that.

Aion's eyes focused as he flashed toward Beelzebub and began to attack with all his power.

Beelzebub was able to react just as fast as the Neo-Demon, and countered with his spear, unleashing a barrage of strikes that not only matched Aion's but were able to find openings.

The spear began to leave deep lacerations on Aion's body, but just like the cosmic force could reattach severed limbs, it also closed all the wounds.

The people watching the battle could not help but feel baffled by the abilities of Aion and his formidable display of power whenever he found himself in a dangerous situation. It was as if pieces of his soul would awaken whenever someone pressured him to the brink of disaster.

Aion did not let this new formidable survival skill cloud his judgment and pushed his martial abilities to the limit. Still, his attack lacked the strength to break Beelzebub's Chaos-Order Guard, and the spear kept finding ways to reach his body.

Beelzebub had cut Aion's left arm and both legs in a minute, but the threads of cosmic force kept patching this one back together.

"¡AHHHHH!"

The Depravita roared as the Chaos-Order Eternal Diagram, glowed allowing his body to move at an overwhelming speed, cutting Aion's waist with so much force that he split this one in two!

That was a wound that even people with overwhelming regeneration abilities like Noah or Athea would have had problems recovering. Still, the cosmic reattached the upper and lower part of Aion's body with the same speed and efficiency as it did with a severed limb!

Beelzebub frowned when he saw that. The problem was not just the reattachment but the fact that cosmic force overflowing Aion's insides repelled his Depravita Aura, so all wounds he left were only of physical nature.

Aion could not stop smiling, and the reason was not just the incredible ability his cosmic force was displaying. The more pressure he faced from Beelzebub, the more memories he could remember.

Power and knowledge hiding in his soul were the two things Aion pursued with all his heart, and the First Samsara Tournament acted as a catalyst, helping him recover them at a shocking speed.

"¡Hahahaha!"

Aion laughed as he sent palm strikes that became more and more refined. The brute force in them remained the same, but the skill in them kept growing.

Beelzebub saw the thrill and excitement in the eyes of the Neo-Demon, and instead of getting frustrated or angry, he smiled as well. The idea of rushing for victory faded, and he decided to enjoy this fight, unleashing everything he had.

The peace in the Depravita's mind did not weaken his offensive might. On the contrary, it improved as the power of Chaos Force and Order Concept grew more intense in that state.

The Chaos-Order Eternal Diagram was the metaphysical manifestation of universal equilibrium, so a state of mind that achieved balance was more suitable for controlling its power.

"¡Boom!" "¡Boom!" "¡Boom!" "¡Boom!" "¡Boom!"

Aion's hands and Beelzebub's spear moved faster and faster, clashing with so much power and at such a shocking speed that most Rank 7 life forms could only see a blur.

Noah's Samsara Eye showed him everything the duo could do, and he clenched his fist since he could not equal any of them. The way they were able to awaken an evolution in their souls and power during a fight was something he did not have.

Beelzebub's eyes grew sharp for a second, and he waved his spear with so much power that Aion could not stop it from cutting his neck, severing his head.

Venganza opened his palm when he saw that and was ready to take Aion out of the arena to reconstruct the body of the Neo-Demon, but before he could do it, the cosmic force acted.

Beelzebub's eyes widened when he saw how the cosmic force reattached Aions' head to his body. The most shocking part was the fact that ability did not drain the Neo-Demon's energy!

However, there was no such thing as flawless, and Beelzebub saw how, while the cosmic force fused the head and body, Aion was paralyzed for a second.

Beelzebub made his Depravita Aura explode, and the Chaos-Order Eternal Diagram filled his body and weapon with overwhelming strength as he drove the spear at Aion's head.

It did not matter how powerful that cosmic force was, there must be a limit, and Beelzebub trusted that it could not fix Aion if the spear obliterated the brain and Inner Universe of this one.

Beelzebub's spear was about to reach its target when he was teleported into the arena's sky. Confusion and surprise appeared in his eyes before understanding kicked in.

The Depravita showed a complicated smile toward the Revenge Thearch before nodding. His cultivation advanced to Rank 8 during that last attack, so he lost the battle.

"Aion of the Human Lineage is the winner!"

Chapter 947 The Flow

"Aion of the Human Lineage is the winner!"

Venganza's words echoed across the coliseum and every corner of the Daybreak Sector.

Immediately, a burst of cheers emerged from the people watching the fight since it had been magnificent. In the beginning, Aion showed a new battle style and proved he had the power to wound his enemies without the need for counters, crushing Beelzebub.

However, the overwhelming pressure that Aion put on the Depravita helped the soul of this one to awaken a dormant power, generating an evolution of his power and the birth of the Chaos-Order Eternal Diagram.

Beelzebub's power reached a whole new level after he attained domain over the Order Concept, and they grew even more once he achieved balance with the Chaos Force.

That should have granted the Depravita a certain victory, even if this one could only continue fighting for a few minutes due to his rising soul force and cultivation about to break through to Rank 8.

Nevertheless, Aion being Aion, showed everybody the reason he had become the mightiest dark rose in the entire Daybreak Universe. He learned how to use the cosmic force that allowed him to see his opponent's movements and reinforced his hands' strikes to fix his body after every single wound received.

Beelzebub still had the upper hand in the end and was about to land a final blow that even Aion could not have healed from when his soul finally rose to Rank 8, disqualifying him from the battle and giving the victory to the Neo-Demon.

Luck was an important factor in Aion attaining victory during that battle, and this was not the first time since it also took place during his fight with Sirik and Azazel.

Had the Astral Fiend's soul endured just one second more, Aion would have lost, but things did not go that way. As for Azazel, if she had been able to deploy the illusion a few more seconds, the chains of cosmic force would have shattered, and he would have fallen unconscious.

Once was luck, two a coincidence, but three, that was skill!

Some of the Sacred Kings even questioned if that cosmic force could affect causality, altering space-time so Aion's victory would be the only path forward.

Those were just speculations, but one thing was certain. Aion dominated a power that surpassed the Nine Sacred Inheritance left behind by the Samsara Thearch, which could raise the might of his soul and body to equal that of someone with a Fourth Realm Bloodline!

Aion smiled as he heard those cheers, and it grew even wider as he saw the look of happiness on his wife and children. A minute was about to happen, and the next battle was ready to start, but he stared at the Revenge Thearch in the sky before raising his palm, asking for this one to give him a moment.

Venganza was ready to send Aion out of the battlefield, but he nodded, giving the Neo-Demon a few more minutes.

Aion did not ask for more time in the arena for the cheers, and his reason became clear once he turned to the only person with whom he had not fought yet.

Noah saw Aion's golden eyes focus on him, and he could not help but clench his fist. Before the battle of this one with Beelzebub, he had a battle plan that would have shown him a path to victory.

However, after everything Aion displayed during this last fight, Noah's plan and strategies would no longer work. The worst part was that even after seeing this one fight multiple times, he had yet to decipher anything about the true nature of that cosmic force.

"The Flow."

Aion uttered those two words as he raised his hands, and the cosmic force cloaking them became visible for everyone to see.

Noah's eyes widened as he heard that and understood that the power Aion used was something called The Flow. However, the next second he frowned as rage appeared in his heart.

Aion had never mentioned anything like that before, and the fact he did it now could be interpreted as this one looking down on Noah.

"You are too weak right now, and if we fight, there is no doubt I will win. There is no point in a fight like that. I need you to grow stronger, find a flaw in my power that you can exploit, and pressure me to the point that defeat is the only path left for me."

Aion's face was serious as he spoke, and he did not sweeten his words, making it clear that Noah was not a threat at all right now, and he could easily win the fight.

The rage in Noah's heart grew stronger, but soon a silver flame emerged in his eyes, allowing him to calm his mind, and he nodded. If the enemy wanted to give him information, he would take it and make sure this one realized just how big of a mistake that had been.

"You may be aware that all things in the universe are composed of particles that vibrate at specific frequencies. This includes the energy emitted by our bodies and souls. Even our emotions, such as anger or joy, have their own unique frequency.

Whether it's a tiny virus or an almighty overlord like the Samsara Thearch, there is a frequency for all of them. Even inorganic life, like pebbles or towering Sacred Mountains, does not escape this rule.

Every Law that forms reality and every Concept born out of the collective mind of all life forms generate a frequency."

Aion made a slight pause at this point, giving Noah a moment to process his words.

Noah's eyes had grown calm as he put all his focus on Aion's words, trying to understand what this one was saying. And he was not alone since the rest of the powerhouses in the coliseum were also paying attention.

Those frequencies that Aion mentioned were something all powerhouses could perceive thanks to the power of their souls, but that was just the first step, and everything became incredibly more complex after that.

"Once you can sense those frequencies, you must understand their connection and realize they are part of a whole. Everything in the universe and beyond is connected, no matter how powerful or weak they are.

That connection is what I call The Flow. To perceive it, you need more than a powerful consciousness or soul. You must understand the nature of primordial creation and the goal of all existence."

Aion's eyes seemed to lose focus as he spoke those words, as if the knowledge he was imparting was something that even he was in the middle of understanding.

Silence reigned as the words of the Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage were something incredible. Most powerhouses could already understand that all things were connected thanks to their cultivation and the way they interact with the world, but being able to perceive that connection was entirely different.

The only ones able to understand that connection would be the Thearchs, who have risen beyond the boundaries of reality itself and could see the universe from the point of view of higher-dimensional existences.

But even they could only perceive it and not dominate it the way Aion did during all those fights.

"Using The Flow does not require excessive power. In fact, using too much force can make things more challenging, while using too little will also not be effective.

A balance between opposing forces like hardness and softness, yin and yang, anger and love is fundamental in your search for The Flow.

The human race is the one most suitable for that path since their existence results from harmony itself."

Everybody understood why someone with Aion's talent had the Human Lineage running through his veins when they heard that part. The bloodline that would have been a weakness in everybody else was one of the reasons he was so powerful.

"After understanding The Flow comes the most challenging part, learning how to harvest its power. No amount of brute force would allow you to do something like that.

You must forget about the self, empty your mind and soul of all emotion and thought, to the point that you forget who you are. At that point, your body and soul will vanish from the physical plane of existence and become one with The Flow.

Million, if not billions of years, could go by in that state, with your mind extending further into the universe, becoming omnipresent. The sensations in that state are inexplicable, but there is nothing that you desire more than to stay in that form for all eternity."

Aion's eyes flashed with a mixture of absolute joy and overwhelming fear when he mentioned that omniscient state.

None of the powerhouses, not even the Sacred Kings, could imagine entering that state of existence with willpower beneath the Fourth Realm and surviving, yet Aion clearly did it!

Chapter 948 Azazel Vs Sirik

Aion's eyes began to lose focus as he continued with his words as if just the memory of those experiences could be enough to drive his mind into an eternal dream. However, before the daze could become dangerous and he might lose his mind, the Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage turned toward a person in the coliseum.

The woman looked at Aion, and her eyes showed absolute calm and endless love as she hugged her children. She was like a picture, and even powerhouses were impressed by her charm.

"The only way to return after being one with The Flow is to find your Path. It can be anything, but it must be something you see as more valuable than your own life."

No one had to ask what Aion's Path was. It was clear that the young man found his way back due to the presence of his wife.

"After you return from The Flow, part of you remains in it, and you can use it to manipulate a small portion of its power. That is the key to my power.

Every time I dodged a blow or landed a counter, I did it by communicating with The Flow, and that told me every moment my opponent would make and what posture my body should take to counter it.

When I redirected spells or kinetic forces, I did it by transforming my body into a replica of The Flow, momentarily neutralizing a frequency before carving a new route for its power to be released.

My cosmic force shield and gauntness were made by compressing the power of The Flow, allowing the weight of the world to clash or defend against something or someone.

As for the way I destroyed that Lord of Emptiness avatar. I simply commanded The Flow to fix the error that was an entity cut from the world, and it did it by forcing space-time around the flaw to collapse."

Aion's face was one of absolute serenity as he uttered those words. He was not afraid of people mimicking his power, and they were free to do it, but he knew how difficult it was to merge with The Flow.

As for returning to the material plane of existence after being one with The Flow, that was as difficult as reaching the Fourth Realm!

Silence reigned in the coliseum as even those too weak to perceive the powers that Aion spoke of could understand how amazing it was.

Aion's eyes became sharp as he focused on Noah, making this one feel like all his secrets were exposed.

"Due to my connection with The Flow, I can perceive the power and potential of all things. Your Lineage carries a force unlike anything I have seen before in the Daybreak Universe, and it is clear to me that its origin is unmeasurable, but you seem unable to awaken it."

Noah could not help but clench his fists when he heard that. The Daybreak Lineage ran through his veins, and even if it did not have the full might of his father's bloodline, he knew there was immense untapped power in it.

Although all the battles and trials of the First Samsara Tournament had helped the Neo-Demon awaken more of that power, he had yet to truly excavate his potential to its fullest.

Aion had nothing more to say, and if, even with that, Noah could not give him a good battle, then it was clear this one was worthy of the gift left behind by the Samsara Thearch. He flew toward his wife and sat beside her before playing with his children.

The fierce aura of the warrior that could continue fighting even after his arms, legs, and even head was cut off was nowhere to be seen. It was truly bizarre, but if people had to choose who among all contestants gave a more similar aura to the Samsara Thearch, that person would not be his son but the dark horse.

Old powerhouses still remember the days spent by the Samsara Thearch's side. Zatiel Daybreak could set entire worlds ablaze one second and the next laugh with his friends.

Venganza turned toward Noah for a moment and sighed. The potential of the young Neo-Demon was immense, but by growing up in a utopian universe, he had never been forced to unleash it as if his life depended on it until now.

That was one of the reasons some powerhouses felt that growing in the Daybreak Universe could weaken your potential, but living in a universe where a madman could extinguish your entire race from one day to the other was not a worthy trade-off in the mind of many others.

Whether Noah managed to use the tournament as a catalyst to awaken his potential like many other geniuses had done already or allowed the pressure to crush his spirit would be up to him.

Venganza did not waste more time and waved his hand, making Sirik appear in the arena.

"In the battle between Beelzebub and Sirik, since the Depravita can no longer battle, victory goes to the Astral Fiend."

Sirik had just appeared and was still a little confused when he heard that. He did not understand what was happening, and it was not until he focused on Beelzebub and saw that the Depravita was a Rank 8 life form that he figured things out.

A complicated expression appeared on the Astral Fiend's face when he saw that his first victory in the Final Stage was due to his opponent no longer being able to participate in a fight.

The Astral Fiend was not alone since some questioned the point of the Revenge Thearch, even mentioning the battle.

However, Vegnanza did not think like that. A victory is a victory no matter the way the winner attained it.

During the Ultimate Multiversal War, there were many lucky factors that played into the victory of the Prima Universe against Endless Darkness, and none of the presents would dare to say that it did not count.

Beelzebub could not fight. Therefore he lost his battle against Sirik, and this one had all the right to bask in the glory of victory.

People in the coliseum began to clasp their hands since, even without battle, Sirik obtained his first win in the Final Stage.

Venganza waited a minute before starting the next fight and then waved his hand. Sirik did not leave the arena, but someone else appeared.

Azazel arrived in the arena. She was the only one that had faced Aion and did not lose her battle, and now it was time for her to fight against Sirik.

People in the arena could not help but draw conclusions about who would win the fight. Sirik had displayed a truly formidable physical might, but attaining his ultimate form would take a few seconds, and by then, Azazel would have already sealed his mind in an illusion.

Roku could guess the thought in people's minds and just smiled. One of the key factors of his Lineage was a formidable spiritual power, which was usually employed to fully express the physical body's strength, but cultivation was not a one-way path.

"Azazel from the Depravita Race vs. Sirik from the Astral Fiend Lineage. Fight!"

Azazel immediately made her soul force and Depravita Aura explode, using all the power in her Dream Eyes to the fullest as she could not allow Sirik to get anywhere near her. A single full-power blow of the Astral Fiend might be enough to drain her energy to the point there would not be enough for her to form her Dream Realm.

However, to the Depravita's shock, Sirik did not flash toward her and instead adopted a meditative position on the ground, allowing his mind to enter the Dream Realm.

Azazel was confused but did not lose focus, and once she fully secured Sirik's consciousness inside the Dream Realm, she prepared to drain the soul force of this one.

Venganza did not leave people wondering what was happening inside the illusion, waving his hand so everybody could see it in the sky.

People expected to see Azazel shattering Sirik's body over and over until the soul force of this one was depleted as she did in all her previous battles, but things did not go that way.

"¡AHHHH!"

That was not a cry of pain but a demonic roar as Sirik flashed across the sky, shattering everything around him before a beam of Depravita Aura pushed him into the ground.

As the ruler of the Dream Realm, Azazel was supposed to be in absolute control, but Sirik rose from the ground and carried on with his destruction.

Powerhouses across the coliseum were confused by what they saw, and that only grew when they saw Sirik's real body in the arena, slowly losing its vitality.

Those powerful enough were able to decipher what was happening, and they were once again impressed by the Astral Fiend Lineage.

Just like Astral Fiend used trained powerful minds to unleash the full power of their bodies, they could also use their vitality as fuel to improve the might of their spiritual force!

Chapter 949 The Might Of The Astral Fiend Bloodline

The way the Astral Fiend handled the illusion was unlike Aion, Noah, or Beelzebub. He chose to fight in the enemy's terrain where this one was supposed to be a god, yet it was working!

Azazel was in the sky of the Dream Realm, with awe and shock in her eyes. She could not have imagined that Astral Fiends could do something like this, but she did not have time to waste, as every time Sirik destroyed a piece of the realm, it forced her to drain a part of her soul to regenerate it.

The Depravita's eyes glowed, generating countless chains that emerged from the air and pierced into Siriks' head, legs, neck, arms, and back, stopping his movements.

Azazel's Dream Realm focused on damaging the opponent's consciousness and, that way, draining the soul force of this one until they fell unconscious. She had total domain over reality in this place and could alter the sensations of the enemy so that the pain would be ten times stronger than in the outside world.

Usually, such a combination of pain and fatigue would break people's minds, but that was not the case with Sirik since, from the start, he was unable to feel any pain!

"¡AHHHHHHH!"

The Astral Fiend roared with all his strength, showing the madness and chaotic light in his eyes. Since he needed to destroy the entire dimension, there was no need for technique, so he allowed the wild side of his bloodline to go free, blocking his ability to think and also the pain.

Azazel could not help but frown when she saw that since it would be much harder to drain Sirik's soul force without pain.

"Crack!"

The sound of chains cracking echoed across the dimension as Sirik attempted to break them, but Azazel was confident in the power of her mental constructs since not even Noah could break them.

Unfortunately for the Depravita, she underestimated the efficiency with which an Astral Fiend could transform vitality into spiritual force.

Sirik's real body began to shrink as its blood was used as fuel to enhance the spiritual force, generating a drastic change in the Dream Realm.

Unlike Sirik's real body, which began to resemble a mummified corpse, his spiritual manifestation inside the Dream Realm grew larger, and its muscles bulged.

"CRACK!"

The chains pierced into Sirik's body no longer restrained his movements, and he broke them before falling into the ground like a meteorite, shattering the earth and making the entire dimension tremble.

Azazel's real body trembled as that level of destruction almost destabilized her Dream Realm, forcing her to use a massive quantity of soul force to keep it steady.

She then immediately generated more chains to trap the Astral Fiend's spiritual manifestation. Since she controlled space-time in this dimension, they were able to find their target instantly.

However, Sirik only showed an even fiercer smile when those chains pierced into his body, and he just shattered them before carrying on with his destruction.

Azazel's eyes burst with killing intent as she understood that restraint was impossible and her only path was to destroy Sirik's spiritual manifestation repeatedly.

The winner of this battle would be decided by what drained first, whether it was Sirik's vitality or Azazel's soul force. The first used it to improve his spiritual manifestation, while the second kept her Dream Realm stable.

"BOOOOMMMMM!"

An explosion of fire and lightning emerged from the ground beneath Sirik's feet, shattering his body to pieces, but even in that state, the light in his eyes did not vanish. He reforged his spiritual manifestation before firing an uppercut into the sky, shattering the heavens!

Not even a second later, Azazel made an ocean of lava fall from the broken sky, pushing Sirik into the ground, and she was not over yet. An ice storm capable of freezing space covered the magma, hardening it.

Azazel used a massive amount of soul force in that attack, but there was a thrill in her heart. She created a giant mountain-like prison to crush Sirik's body by combining lava and ice.

That pressure level was much stronger than mere chains, and Sirik's spiritual manifestation could not break free, enduring the heat and cold energy that shattered his body.

There was no more blood in Sirik's real body, but that did not mean there were no more places he could use as fuel to improve his spiritual force.

Sirik's real body fell to the side and could no longer remain in a meditative stance as his bones were breaking apart. The reason was that the Astral Fiend began to burn his bone marrow, fueling his spiritual force.

"SHATTER!"

The massive freezing magma mountain that contained Sirik blasted to pieces as the Astral Fiend shattered from the inside out!

Ezequiel, Venganza, and Sacred Kings were genuinely impressed by what they were seeing. The Astral Fiend Lineage was a truly marvelous one.

It did not grant access to supernatural forces like World Strength or Samsara Force, but there was a simplicity in it, and that was precisely what true powerhouses sought.

The Astral Fiend Lineage granted a physical body that could shatter any material obstacle in your path and a mind capable of generating spiritual manifestation that could fight an illusion master in their own realm!

If Roku managed to rise to the Fourth Realm, using his bloodline as the core for his Truth, then the Daybreak Universe would gain a Lineage that would equal that of Lord of Emptiness.

The Emptiness Thearch and Revenge Thearch glanced at each other for a moment before softly nodding. Sirik had shown them enough to decide to use all their power to assist Roku's growth.

The rise of the Astral Fiend Progenitor to the Fourth Realm would be even more significant than that of one of the Sacred Kings since it would carry on a Lineage that could give birth to countless geniuses.

Roku was oblivious to what was happening in the minds of the Thearchs, as right now, there was nothing more important to him than the projection in the sky.

For Roku, family was one of the most important things in the world. As someone his father essentially abandoned, he knew the importance of that relationship, so he saw Sirik as his greatest accomplishment.

He had never felt more pride and fulfillment in his life than now. Someone like Roku did not need the approval of others, but seeing his son show the Daybreak Universe again and again just how mighty their Lineage was made him extremely happy.

It does not matter what happened from now on, or even if Sirik lost the fight, Roku would boast about this moment for the rest of his life.

Sirik's thoughts did not resemble those of his father since, right now, the only thing on his mind was to destroy and overcome the enemy no matter what.

Azazel's real body had also fallen to the ground since she could no longer keep straight due to the exhaustion that assaulted her. She did not have the luxury of using her energy in anything else that was not the Dream Realm.

The Dream Realm was now less than a tenth of its original size, and it could not stop trembling due to the constant explosion that Sirik's attacks left behind.

The Depravita knew that she could not keep things for much longer and needed to unleash an attack that could drain the last of Sirik's spiritual force. Her soul trembled as she began to manipulate the Dream Realm.

Sirik's spiritual manifestation had just shattered a barrage of flying mountains shooting at him like spears when he saw the sky and earth closing around his figure.

People in the coliseum saw how the Azazel morphed the Dream Realm's sky and earth into a hand of cosmic proportions, and this one began to close around the Astral Fiend.

Even in its wild state, Sirik could feel the dangers of such a spiritual attack and attempted to fly above it, but the hand was too fast, and he ended up trapped inside it.

The cosmic hand tightened its grip with more and more strength, shattering everything inside it.

Sirik's real body could not stop shaking due to the damage he suffered inside the Dream Realm, and there was not enough energy left in his marrow to overcome such power.

Venganza's eyes narrowed as he felt the state of the Astral Fiend's soul and was about to end the battle when he noticed a silver light in the eyes of this one.

Sirik's willpower burst, allowing him to use one final source of fuel for his spiritual manifestation, his bloodline!

The instant Sirik set the Astral Fiend Bloodline ablaze, an incredible burst of spiritual force flooded his existence.

The cosmic hand froze, as it seemed it could not continue closing in. Cracks formed in it, allowing white light to emerge, and then it shattered into billions of small pieces!

Venganza acted immediately, bringing Azazel out of the arena and stabilizing her soul before the backlash killed her.

Chapter 950 Noah Vs Aion

Azazel's entire body trembled as the backlash of having the Dream Dimension obliterated with her soul inside it was too much for the young Depravita. Luckily Venganza helped her stabilize her soul and prevented it from collapsing.

"Azazel of the Astral Fiend Lineage is the winner!"

Venganza uttered those words before sending a stream of Depravita Aura into the unconscious Astral Fiend on the ground. Sirik once again was able to act when his mind and soul reached their breaking point by carrying on with pure willpower.

It was clear to the Thearchs, Sacred Kings, and all the powerhouses across the Daybreak Universe that a warrior growing up in a truly dangerous place like the Nightmare Inferno Realm could perform incredible feats of resolve.

Sirik slowly regained consciousness, and the first thing he heard was cheering so loud that it made the coliseum tremble. He looked into the sky, and when he saw Azazel next to Venganza, he understood that victory belonged to him.

"YES!"

The Astral Fiend shouted with all his strength as he raised both arms to signify victory. That behavior was somewhat childish, but no one could blame Sirik for the burst of excitement.

He came from a background that not many look with good eyes. Still, he proved his might in the First Samsara Tournament, ascending over millions of other geniuses and securing two victories in the Final Stage.

Venganza showed a small smile as he stared at Sirik. A young man who chose to embark on the path of slaughter yet retained a pure soul that followed the Concepts of justice and honor.

Although Aion was the most incredible dark horse for the rest of the powerhouses, the one that truly drew the Emptiness Thearch's attention was the Astral Fiend.

Over and over again, Sirik showed that his greatest forte was not his mastery over physical might or spiritual force but a willpower that surrendered with nothing and continued fighting even when the body and mind could not do it.

A willpower like that was excellent for the Concept Path of Power and could reach the peak of the Third Realm with proper guidance.

The beast path was that Sirik would not have to choose between Paths since as long as his father improved in the Law Path, the Astral Fiend Bloodline would keep growing, pushing his soul and body forward.

'I will take him as my personal disciple if you agree. However, my training will require a level of isolation and mental pressure that could break him.'

Roku was clasping with hand with the largest smile of his life when he heard the voice of the Revenge Thearch in his mind. There was surprise and thrill in his heart when he heard those words.

He was confident in being able to teach his son all the mysteries of the Astral Fiend Bloodline and the Law Path, but when it came to the Concept Path, his talent was average among the great powerhouses.

On the other hand, the Revenge Thearch's talent in the Concept Path was second to no one, equaling the Samsara Thearch in that aspect. Roku could not be happier to have this one training his son.

As for the warning in the last part, Roku knew his son and that there was nothing that this one would fear in the pursuit of power.

'I will leave my foolish son in your capable hands, Thearch. And please feel free to discipline him if he doesn't behave.'

Rokue clasped his hands and bowed toward the Revenge Thearch.

'I appreciate your trust. I will train him to the best of my capabilities and will make sure to erase any bad habit in the brat.'

Sirik was waving his hands with a smile when suddenly he felt a bad omen and could not help but look at his father.

Roku kept smiling, but he knew that a tough time would come for his son, as the Revenge Thearch was not really known for his softness.

Venganza noticed that and almost laughed when he noticed Sirik's instincts reacting, but kept a serious face as he waved his hands, sending this one and Azazel away.

A single person appeared in the arena, and that was Noah.

The Revenge Thearch did not waste time and went straight to the point.

"Beelzebub from the Depravita Race has been disqualified from the Final Stage, so the victory goes to Noah of the Daybreak Lineage."

Noah was not in the mood for cheers, and neither were the people in the coliseum since everybody knew what would come next.

Venganza showed little concern for the tense mood, and just like in any other fight, he waited for a minute before waving his hand again and bringing Noah's opponent.

Utter silence and solemnity overcame the entire coliseum, and it did not end there since the feeling extended across the entire Daybreak Universe.

It was finally time for the ultimate battle of the First Samsara Tournament's Final Stage. The winner of this fight would be crowned the Samsara Champion and prove to the entire Daybreak Universe he was the best of the new generation.

Aion's aura was sharper than ever, and his smile was no longer on his face. He would not contain himself and use all his power to crush the young man before him.

Every time a battle pushed him beyond his limit, a piece of Aion's dormant soul woke up, bringing tremendous power and memories that changed his personality.

The feeling that Aion gave to the Thearchs and Sacred Kings was that of an ancient monster finally opening his eyes.

Some might think it was not fear for a reincarnator to participate in the tournament, but that would be questioning the essence of the Daybreak Universe's origin.

The Samsara Thearch was also a reincarnator, and by using the knowledge of his past lives, he managed to rally the entire Prima Universe and save everybody from infinite darkness.

That is why even when it was clear this was not Aion's first life, neither the Revenge Thearch nor Emptiness Thearch denied his participation at the First Samsara Tournament.

Noah would never fall so low as to blame defeat on his opponent having more experience than him. If he lost, it would be because he was weaker than Aion. Nothing else mattered.

"Aion of the Human Lineage vs. Noah of the Daybreak Lineage. Fight!"

Venganza shouted those words, marking the importance of this battle, and his voice was so powerful that it split the clouds covering the sky, letting the light of the Daybreak Sun wash over the arena.

Noah immediately took out his spear and activated the power of his Daybreak Bloodline, making the Samsara Eye burst with energy.

However, Aion was even faster. The Neo-Demon with the Human Lineage rose to the sky and adopted a lotus position, making a wave of cosmic force emerge from his body and golden light covering his figure.

The golden light soon expanded across the arena, and it did not take long for it to flood Noah.

Noah's eyes widened as he felt like he was at the bottom of the ocean, drowning as the waves crushed his body. He understood immediately that this was the power of The Flow.

Confronting The Flow was like facing the entire universe, facing causality and the bond that connected all things. It was a power that life forms beneath the Fourth Realm should not be able to understand, much less manipulate.

Noah made his energy explode, generating a pillar of dark purple flames around him, but that did not help him. He was not facing a physical, energy, or soul attack but a force that extended beyond the limits of the universe.

Every second, the pressure that the golden light generated on Noah grew more potent, and it reached the point where standing straight became difficult.

Noah was forced to bury his spear on the ground to avoid falling to his knees, and a sense of urgency and frustration filled his heart. The enemy made a single move and was already at the end of his rope.

If things carried on like this, he would lose without even touching Aion, and the worst path was that he had no way of countering the power of The Flow.

'Dammit, dammit, dammit!'

Noah screamed in his mind, unable to believe he was showing such a tragic scene. The bloodline of the Samsara Thearch, the Lord of All Existence, ran through his veins, yet he was about to lose the battle in such a pathetic way.

Aion noticed the frustration and rage in Noah's eyes and shook his head. A true powerhouse would know you must keep a cold head, especially when facing an invincible enemy. His interest in the fight vanished, and he made the golden light even stronger.

Noah felt the grip on his spear about to break. Just as failure seemed inevitable, he felt a hand on his shoulder.

The Neo-Demon trembled and looked over his shoulder, only to see a man with the same eyes looking at him with a kind smile.