

Bloodline 1481

Chapter 1481 Final Trial

Gustav shook his head. "Miss Aimee is on a level so high that I can't pinpoint the center of this space manipulation. Our only option is to keep moving forward until we break through."

"How long will that take?" Stark wondered aloud.

"It's hard to say, but we have to keep pushing. Come on," Gustav said, grabbing Stark's arm.

Gustav activated Lightning Blitz again, their forms blurring and transforming into a lightning streak as they shot forward.

He activated it multiple times, causing them to keep traveling forward at unfathomable speed.

The distance they covered was staggering, millions of miles traversed in what felt like moments. Yet, the pathway seemed endless, the glowing walls never changing, never offering an end in sight.

Lightning Blitz soon went on a cool down and they had to travel at their usual speeds.

They traveled for days, pushing their speed to the limit without a moment of stopping. Stark's energy beginning to wane. He might emit the energy of an alpha but he wasn't a true alpha after all.

Gustav, despite his vast stamina, could see the toll the journey was taking on Stark.

"...How much longer?" Stark asked with a slightly weary voice.

"We keep going. There has to be an end," Gustav replied, determination hardening his tone.

Just then, a sudden chill filled the air, and a group of astral beings in dark cloaks appeared, materializing out of the walls.

Their forms were translucent and eyes glowing with an violet light. Without warning, they launched a mental assault on Gustav and Stark.

Stark clutched his head, groaning in pain as transparent ripples originated from these beings. "My mind... it feels like it's being ripped apart!"

Gustav, his own mental defenses straining, turned to face the attackers. "Stark, focus on keeping your mind together. I'll handle them."

The astral beings pressed their attack, their combined mental assault almost overwhelming. Gustav's high mental fortitude allowed him to withstand their onslaught, but the continuous travel had left him a little vulnerable.

It seemed like these astral beings were timed to appear when their targets guards would be down. In this case, Gustav and Stark.

They had been traveling forward for ages and it was bound to leave anyone distracted since all the saw in the last couple of days were glowing walls.

Unfortunately for them, the ripples centered on Gustav didn't do much to keep him in place.

The beings, shocked that Gustav could resist their power, pooled their strength for a final, concentrated attack. Gustav gritted his teeth, activating his Mental Manipulation ability.

"Calm rhythm..." Gustav mumbled with a calm tone as his pupils emitted a white glow.

[Mental Manipulation: Calm Rhythm Has Been Activated]

A certain calmness suddenly pulsated from deep within him like a calm lake rippling occasionally.

They focused more on him and now Gustav decided to fight fire with fire.

The air crackled with energy as he countered their mental barrage.

The battle played out in the realm of the mind, where Gustav's mental landscape clashed with the ethereal presence of the astral beings.

Their spectral forms wavered as Gustav's mental energy surged, fighting back against their attacks. The struggle was intense, each side pushing their limits.

"You think you can defeat me in my own mind?" Gustav roared, his voice echoing through the mental plane.

The lead astral being hissed, "Your mind is powerful, but it will fall. All minds do."

Gustav focused, channeling every ounce of his willpower. He visualized a barrier, a fortress within his mind, and pushed it outward. The barrier expanded, repelling the astral beings' attacks, inching them back.

Stark, still reeling from the initial assault, watched in awe as Gustav held his ground. "I'm no longer affected..."

The astral beings recoiled, sensing the scales tipping; "Impossible... how can anyone's mind be at such a level of strength!"

Gustav seized the opportunity, launching a counterattack.

"Purification..."

His mental projection surged forward, piercing through the lead being's defenses. The astral being shrieked, its form disintegrating under Gustav's assault.

The remaining beings faltered, their unity broken. Gustav pressed on, tearing through their ranks with sheer force of will. One by one, they fell, their ethereal forms dissipating into the void.

Finally, the last of the astral beings vanished, leaving Gustav and Stark alone in the pathway once more.

Gustav panted as he felt his mental reserves teetering on the precipice.

'Such powerful mental attacks...' Gustav couldn't imagine how he would have fared if he was a level weaker.

Stark approached, his expression a mix of admiration and concern. "You did it..."

Gustav nodded, taking a moment to steady himself. "Yeah... but we can't let our guard down. There might be more ahead."

Stark agreed with a nod. "What now?"

"We keep moving," Gustav said, determination rekindling in his eyes.

They resumed their journey, the glowing walls seemingly endless.

Hours turned into days, the journey testing their endurance and sanity. Fortunately, even after traveling for so long, they hadn't bumped into any other astral beings. Still they had to be on guard every step of the way.

"This trial... what do you think it's really testing?" Stark asked.

"Perseverance, maybe. Or the ability to keep going despite the odds," Gustav replied.

"Why did Miss Aimee make it this tough? Did you offend her or something?" Stark wondered.

"Haha I doubt that. She always believed in pushing limits," Gustav said with a hint of admiration in his voice.

"I don't know what the end goal is with this but trust me, she means no harm."

Suddenly, a faint light appeared in the distance. It was small, but unmistakable.

"Look! Up ahead!" Stark exclaimed.

Gustav's eyes narrowed, focusing on the distant glow. "That has to be it. Come on, let's go!"

With renewed vigor, they surged forward, the light growing closer with each step. The pathway seemed to shorten, the walls narrowing until they finally reached the source of the light.

Before them stood a grand archway, bathed in a soft, welcoming glow. The air felt different here, lighter and filled with a sense of peace.

"This is it," Gustav said with a sense of accomplishment washing over him.

Stark nodded, his exhaustion momentarily forgotten. "We made it."

Together, they stepped through the archway, leaving the endless pathway behind.

They immediately found themselves in an entirely different space.

The air shimmered with a mystical glow, casting a soft, dreamlike light over the surroundings.

They were in a vast, open field, dotted with luminescent flowers that glowed in hues of blue and purple. Above them, the sky was a display of swirling colors, resembling an aurora borealis, casting a mesmerizing dance of lights across the horizon.

In the center of this serene landscape stood a massive crystal structure, its surface reflecting a kaleidoscope of colors. As they approached the structure, a projection of Miss Aimee materialized before them, her form as radiant and graceful as ever.

"Congratulations, Gustav," Miss Aimee's voice echoed warmly. "You have passed the second trial. But your journey is not yet complete."

Gustav looked around, absorbing the beauty of the place. "What is this place?" he asked, his curiosity piqued.

"A training environment I created for you," Miss Aimee explained. "A place where the essence of this Agon converges. It is here that you will face your final trial."

'Oh it's an interactive projection this time...' Gustav took note of the fact that this was different from the previous.

Stark, still catching his breath from the previous ordeal, looked at Miss Aimee's projection. "What is the purpose of these trials, Miss Aimee?"

Miss Aimee's expression remained serene. "The purpose of these trials is not for me to reveal. It is something you must discover for yourself."

Gustav nodded, accepting the challenge. "What is the third trial?"

"The final trial is one of physical strength and endurance," Miss Aimee said. "It will push your limits and test your resolve. Prepare yourself well, for this trial will require every ounce of your strength."

Gustav and Stark exchanged a determined look. They took a couple of hours to rest and regain their energy, knowing that they needed to be at their best for the trial ahead.

The peaceful surroundings allowed them to recuperate, and they used the time to mentally prepare for what was to come.

Once they felt ready, they returned to the crystal structure. Miss Aimee's projection reappeared, acknowledging their readiness. "The third trial begins now."

The surroundings began to shift and change. The tranquil field dissolved, replaced by a rugged, mountainous landscape.

Jagged peaks and rocky outcrops stretched as far as the eye could see. The air was crisp and thin, and the ground beneath them felt solid and unyielding.

Gustav and Stark were led down a narrow path that wound through the mountains. This time, the journey was much shorter, and they soon found themselves in an expansive open space.

The area was surrounded by towering cliffs, creating a natural amphitheater. In the center of this space stood a massive stone platform.

Gustav stepped onto the platform. "Let's do this," he said, his voice filled with determination.

Stark nodded, his draconic eyes glinting with resolve.

Chapter 1482 Physically Adept

The sky above was a swirling vortex of dark clouds and crackling energy, casting an eerie glow over the landscape. The ground beneath their feet was rugged and uneven, with jagged rocks jutting out at odd angles.

"You will have to destroy the targets... But only with physical strength..."

Miss Aimee's voice faded into the background.

As they stepped forward, the first set of destruction targets appeared. These targets were large, stone obelisks, each etched with glowing runes.

Gustav approached one and an atomic blade appeared in his grasp. He swung at the target but it went straight through it.

Other means of attacks also failed to work until he delivered a powerful punch, shattering it into pieces.

"Looks like we'll have to use our fists for this one," Gustav said, turning to Stark.

"Fine by me," Stark replied, cracking his knuckles. "Let's get to work."

The two of them moved swiftly, destroying the initial set of targets with relative ease. However, as they progressed, the targets began to change.

They grew sturdier, their surfaces harder and more resistant to damage. Gustav's punches now required more force, and Stark had to put more effort into each strike.

"This is getting tougher," Stark remarked as he smashed through another target.

Gustav replied. "Yeah the density of the targets... let's see how much tougher they can get."

The arena continued to shift, presenting new challenges at every turn. Some of the destruction targets transformed into massive stone golem like creatures as their eyes glowing with a menacing light.

These targets were incredibly durable, requiring multiple hits to take down. Gustav and Stark had to coordinate their attacks at certain times, using their combined strength to overpower these formidable foes.

"Take the left one!" Gustav shouted, dodging a swing from a golem's massive fist.

Stark nodded and charged at the golem on the left, landing a series of powerful punches that cracked its stone exterior. Gustav focused on the golem on the right, delivering a barrage of rapid strikes that finally brought it to its knees. They both delivered finishing blows simultaneously, reducing the golems to rubble.

As they moved forward, the destruction targets became even more menacing. Some targets now took the form of agile, shadowy figures that moved with incredible speed.

These figures could only be hit when they materialized briefly to attack. Gustav and Stark had to rely on their reflexes and timing to land their blows.

"Watch out!" Stark warned, narrowly dodging a swipe from a shadowy figure.

Gustav responded with a swift uppercut, catching the figure as it materialized. "Got it," he said, turning to face another target.

The two of them continued to fight their way through the arena, facing increasingly difficult challenges.

They encountered targets that emitted powerful shockwaves, targets that regenerated if not destroyed quickly, and targets that split into smaller, more aggressive forms.

"This is insane!" Stark shouted, landing a powerful kick on a regenerating target. "It keeps multiplying."

Gustav replied, his voice filled with resolve. "Which is why we have to finish this quickly."

[Size Manipulation Has Been Activated]

Fwwwhiisshh~

Gustav right arm became the size of a massive tree as he swung it forward, clearing the targets in one fell swoop before it could split again.

Their surroundings continued to shift, the arena becoming a labyrinth of destruction targets.

The targets now took the form of massive, armored beasts with thick hides and razor-sharp claws. These beasts required both strength and strategy to defeat, as their armor could only be pierced at specific weak points.

"Hit it from the side!" Gustav instructed with his eyes emitting bright glows as he dodged a swipe from one of the beasts.

Stark followed his lead, landing a powerful punch on the beast's exposed flank. The armor cracked, and Gustav finished it off with a devastating blow to the head.

They repeated this process with each beast, using their combined efforts to overcome the formidable opponents.

With God Eyes, Gustav was able to easily see through everything and use physical strength to overwhelm the targets.

They soon found themselves in a massive chamber with a single, towering destruction target in the center.

This target was different from the others, its surface a shifting, shimmering mass of energy and stone. Gustav could instantly tell that this one was very powerful and even doubted being capable of defeating it with physical force alone.

As they approached, the target suddenly split into two identical copies.

"What the...?" Stark began, but his words were cut off as the copies multiplied again, turning into four targets.

Gustav's eyes widened; "It maintains the same level of strength despite multiplication! We need to attack before it multiplies beyond what we can handle."

Gustav darted forward alongside Stark but before they could even engage, the target had already created more than sixty copies.

They were immediately on the defensive, dodging attacks from the multiplying targets. Each target was as strong as the original, and their numbers quickly became overwhelming.

Gustav and Stark fought back with everything they had, their fists a blur of motion as they tried to keep up with the ever-increasing swarm.

"This is becoming troublesome!" Stark shouted, narrowly avoiding a hit.

Gustav nodded, his mind racing. "They are getting tougher."

They focused their attacks on a single target, hoping to destroy it before it could split again.

The target was incredibly resilient, but they kept up their assault, landing blow after blow until it finally shattered. To their relief, the remaining targets did not multiply further.

"We've got to take them out as quickly as we can to avoid further multiplication," Gustav voiced with a determined look.

They resumed their attacks, working together to destroy each target as quickly as possible. The battle was intense, the air filled with the sound of shattering stone and the echo of their powerful strikes.

But the targets kept multiplying, and soon they were surrounded by hundreds again. Stark was the first to take a damaging hit, a powerful blow that sent him crashing to the ground. He quickly got back up, but it was clear the strain was taking its toll.

"This is getting out of hand," Stark muttered, wiping blood from his mouth. "I might have to physically go all out."

Gustav nodded. "Do it. We can't afford to hold back."

Stark transformed into his draconic form, becoming a three-headed dragon the size of a skyscraper with shimmering gold and silvery scales and multiple eyes.

His physical strength increased exponentially, and he used his massive claws and tails to smash through the targets.

Gustav, seeing Stark's transformation, decided to do the same.

[Size Manipulation Has Been Activated]

He grew to a ninety-foot-tall giant, his body becoming muscular and reddish with tusk-like protrusions growing out of different areas.

Gustav grabbed a couple of them at the same time, raising them into the air and ramming them to the ground with intensity.

The ground rumbled as cracks spread across them.

His newfound size and strength allowed him to crush and pummel the targets with devastating force.

For a moment, it seemed like they were winning. They tore through the targets, their combined might overwhelming the swarm.

But the numbers continued to grow, and soon they were facing tens of thousands of targets. The pressure was immense, and they started taking damage again.

Gustav covered himself with iro silk, but the targets smashed through it with relentless attacks. He grunted in pain, feeling the strain on his body. "We can't keep this up," he said, his voice strained. "We need to find the original."

Stark, in his draconic form, roared in agreement. "Easier said than done! These things are perfect replicas!"

Gustav activated God Eyes, scanning the targets for any sign of the original. It was difficult, the sheer number of targets making it nearly impossible to pinpoint the source. But he didn't give up, focusing his perception to its limits.

"There!" Gustav shouted, spotting a subtle difference in one of the targets. "That's the original!"

They fought their way toward it, smashing through the targets in their path. The original target tried to multiply again, but they were too quick.

Gustav delivered a powerful punch, burrowing a massive hole in it's center and causing it to shatter.

The multiplication stopped, and the remaining targets ceased to replicate.

"We did it!" Stark roared, his voices echoing through the arena.

But the fight was far from over. Tens of thousands of targets remained, and they were still incredibly strong.

Gustav and Stark focused their efforts on battling the remaining targets, their movements a blur of speed and power. Gustav's punches were like cannonballs, each strike burrowing holes into the targets and sending shockwaves through the ground.

Stark's dragon form tore through the targets with relentless fury, his claws and tails ripping them apart. The battle raged on, the arena filled with the sound of destruction.

Gustav's fists moved with blinding speed, each punch reducing a target to piles of rubble.

Stark, using his massive tails, swept through the targets like a whirlwind, clearing a path for Gustav.

Chapter 1483 The Three In One

The targets fought back with everything they had, their attacks relentless. But Gustav and Stark were unstoppable, their combined strength overpowering the swarm.

Gustav's fists glowed with energy as he delivered a final, earth-shattering punch that sent shockwaves through the arena, reducing the last of the targets to dust.

The arena fell silent, the air filled with the remnants of their battle. Gustav and Stark stood in the midst of the rubble, with battered but victorious looks.

"We did it," Stark voiced in relief.

Gustav nodded, a faint smile on his lips. "Yeah, we did."

As the arena transformed back into the serene, glowing field where they had started, Miss Aimee's projection appeared before them once more.

"Congratulations, Gustav," she said, her voice filled with pride. "You have completed the final trial."

Gustav and Stark exchanged a look of accomplishment.

"So what's next?" Gustav inquired.

"What was the purpose of all these challenges?" Gustav needed answers.

Miss Aimee's projection smiled warmly. "All these trials were necessary for you to gain the Three-in-One Body, kiddo," she explained.

Gustav's brow furrowed. "Three-in-One Body? Elaborate, please."

Miss Aimee nodded. "To proceed with reaching Dimension Six on Planet Humbad, you needed to unlock it or you might as well give it up because it would be suicide,"

A projection appeared on Miss Aimee's right which displayed a footage of Gustav in the midst of the warp demolator.

"Aarrghhhh!"

This Gustav was covered in a sacred armor so his physical form was partly sustained but one could see him being ripped apart from the inside out.

Eventually he got ripped apart completely and tuned into sand particles.

"This is what would have happened had you rode the warp demolator. Which is why you need to achieve that form first," Miss Aimee pointed out.

'I would have died? This is confusing... It doesn't add up with the prediction from the Vertigon family,' Gustav face displayed an expression of confusion while Miss Aimee continued.

"The Three-in-One Golden Body is a combined form of physical, mental and spiritual strength... all at unparalleled level. These trials have unlocked certain spots in your body required to achieve this form."

Gustav's mind raced with questions and speculations. "So, these trials were meant to prepare me?"

"Precisely," Miss Aimee affirmed. "You have now unlocked the specific energy points within your body needed for this transformation. Follow my instructions carefully, and you will achieve the Three-in-One Golden Body."

She then gave Gustav a detailed rundown of the process.

"Since I'm already here, I might as well just do it too," Stark mumbled.

Gustav and Stark sat in a cross-legged position, their minds focused and their breaths steady. They began to channel their energies, following Miss Aimee's guidance. Time seemed to blur as they engaged in the intricate process.

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Meanwhile, in another location in outer space, chaos reigned.

Endric, Aildris, Falco, and Ria were engaged in a fierce battle with the Alliance Corps. Their spacecraft had taken significant damage, forcing Endric and Falco to fight on the exterior, using their abilities to fend off the relentless attacks.

Endric's telekinesis phased through physical walls of a couple alliance corps spacecraft disabling their weapons. He hovered in the void, his mind a whirlwind of concentration as he deftly maneuvered debris and machinery.

Falco, surrounded by an aura of darkness, moved with a primal fury. His eyes glowed with a malevolent light as he tore through spacecrafts with raw, unbridled power. The vacuum of space did little to dampen his ferocity.

"We need to get out of their encirclement," Endric shouted over their comms, his voice strained. "We're outnumbered!"

- "And I don't think our spacecraft can get out of here," Ria voice rang out through the comms.

"Just hold on!" Falco growled back, his voice a deep rumble. "We'll get out of this even if we have to take one of theirs."

Suddenly, they were accosted by a squad of Alliance Corps members, each one with powerful supernatural abilities and strength rivalling Delta ranked Mixedbloods.

The space around them crackled with energy as the battle intensified.

Aldris, still inside the damaged spacecraft, coordinated the movement as his fingers flew over the control panels. "Engines are failing!"

"This won't be able to stay afloat for too long," Ria eyes emitted glows as he manipulated some of the asteroids in space to cover their spacecraft while they repeatedly took hits from all around.

One of the alien attackers, a towering figure with four arms and skin that shimmered like liquid metal, lunged at Endric. "You won't escape this time!" the alien snarled, his multiple limbs a blur of motion.

A massive wave of energy surged forth causing the surroundings to thrum uncomfortably.

Endric's snapped his fingers, creating a barrier that intercepted the attack. "You'll have to try harder than that," Endric's eyes glowed with intensity as he thwacked his index finger, causing a pressurized telekinetic wall to drive forward.

Falco, meanwhile, found himself facing another corp member with the ability to manipulate gravity. The enemy's power distorted the space around them but the alien had another thing coming.

"Out of my way insect," Falco growled, his dark aura flaring. He unleashed a torrent of dark energy, blasting the alien back.

Bang!

His figure got sent flying as his face distorted in shock.

'How are they so powerful? Weren't they supposed to be kids?'

Before Falco could get very far, he got accosted by two other opponents.

Falco quickly assessed them.

The first was a hulking alien with rocky, armor-like skin, capable of manipulating stones. The second was a lithe, almost serpentine being, with multiple arms and the ability to generate electrical currents.

"More clowns?" Falco growled as dark energy swirled around him.

With a swift movement, he formed a massive dark energy hammer and swung it at the rock-skinned alien. The impact caused a shattering sound to ring out, sending shockwaves in all directions.

The alien tried to counter with a barrage of stone spikes, but Falco effortlessly shattered them with his dark energy constructs.

Meanwhile, the serpentine alien struck with lightning speed, aiming a flurry of electric bolts at Falco. He formed a shield of dark energy, absorbing the bolts before retaliating with a barrage of dark energy spears.

Each spear found its mark, piercing through the opponent defenses and incapacitating it.

"Too easy," Falco muttered as he turned his attention to one of the alliance spacecraft.

For reasons unknown Falco was starting to look down on those who were weaker than him, feeling like he could crush them like bugs.

Fwwwhiisshh~

He made his way into one of the alliance spacecraft and fought his way through the guards, using his dark energy to disarm and incapacitate them.

He cleared the spacecraft with a series of brutal attacks, ejecting the alliance members out into space.

"Aildris, Ria! Abandon the old spacecraft and get in here!" Falco shouted through the comms.

Aildris and Ria quickly complied, leaving their damaged spacecraft behind and boarding the captured one.

As they did, Endric was still engaged in a fierce battle with his opponents. One of them, a tall, muscular alien with multiple eyes and the ability to create objects out of thin air, was giving him a hard time.

"Damn it, this is tougher than I thought," Endric muttered, his telekinesis struggling to keep up with the alien's creations.

The second alien, a bulky being with the power to generate energy blasts, kept bombarding Endric with powerful attacks.

Their combined attacks were messing with the flow of Endric's telekinesis as he seemed to be a bad matchup against them.

However Endric knowing how his telekinesis branched off into different usable aspects wouldn't be deterred for long.

Blink~

He vanished and reappeared a hundred of miles away while reaching out with his right hand.

Endric gritted his teeth and used his telekinesis to drag a nearby moon, ramming it into the energy-blasting alien. The collision sent the alien flying, finally incapacitating it.

With one opponent down, Endric focused on the object-creating alien. He telekinetically lifted massive debris and hurled it at the alien, who countered by creating barriers and weapons. The clash of telekinesis and creation powers caused the air to crackle with energy.

"With such power, I can't let my guard down against you," the alliance corp member yelled while sending spikes at Endric.

"You can't keep this up forever," Endric voiced while wrapping his will around the spikes and hurling them right back at his opponent.

As the battle raged on, Aildris decided to help. He stepped out of the spacecraft, his eyes glowing with an eerie light.

The entire surroundings lost their color as his ability activated, sapping the energy from the environment and weakening the attacks of their opponent.

The object-creating alien's constructs began to falter and disintegrate under the influence of Aildris's power. Endric seized the opportunity, launching a powerful telekinetic attack that sent the alien flying across space.

"Thanks, Aildris," Endric panted. "Let's get out of here."

They hurried back to the spacecraft, and it began to fly away from the encirclement of Alliance ships.

However, one of the Alliance Corps leaders, a stern-faced alien with sharp features and piercing eyes, glared at them from a distance within one of the spacecraft.

"I cannot let them escape," he snarled. "Activate the Traken!"

Chapter 1484 Sudden Capture

The Traken, a powerful machinery, was activated within the Alliance spacecraft. It beamed up and emitted a bright glow, creating an unreadable force.

Ria, sitting at the control panel, pushed the hyperjump button. At the same moment, a blinding light enveloped him, and he was teleported out of the spacecraft, reappearing within one of the Alliance ships.

"No! Ria!" Aildris shouted, reaching out as their spacecraft turned into a streak of light and zoomed off, leaving Ria behind.

Ria struggled against his captors, but they quickly overpowered him and secured him in restraints. The stern-faced leader approached, a cold smile playing on his lips.

Ria tried to use his bloodline but noticed he couldn't channel.

"Damn it!" He yelled in frustration.

"I'll advise you to let go of me now because you won't get away with this," Ria threatened.

"Oh, but we already have," the leader replied, his voice dripping with satisfaction. "You are now a prisoner of the Alliance Corps."

Back in their spacecraft, Endric, Aildris, and Falco were filled with a mix of relief and dread. They had escaped the immediate threat, but Ria's capture weighed heavily on their minds.

"We have to go back for him," Endric said firmly.

"I agree, we can't just abandon him," Aildris agreed. "But we need a plan."

Falco clenched his fists, his dark energy swirling around him; "They better not harm him."

"I don't think they will. I think they will use him as bait to lure out the one person they've been trying to capture this whole time... Gustav."

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[Earth]

Within a grand and imposing board room, a discussion seemed to be taking place. The space was dominated by a long, oval table made of polished dark floating glass, around which the MBO higher-ups sat in their respective places.

The walls were adorned with holographic screens displaying live feeds and data, casting a cool blue glow across the room.

The ceiling, a dome of transparent material, offered a breathtaking view of a very modern city.

General Chell, a broad-shouldered man with a stern face and a perpetual scowl, sat at the head of the table. His dark hair was cropped close to his scalp, and his uniform was immaculate, decorated with numerous medals signifying his long service and accomplishments.

Beside him sat Commander Xanatus, with his yellow hair was slicked back, and an analytical gaze.

Elevora, with her striking azure hair tied back in a practical yet elegant style, stood at the front of the room. Her presence was commanding, her black uniform contrasting sharply against the room's cool tones.

E.E. sat beside her, his dark eyes scanning the room for any signs of dissent or disbelief.

Elevora began with a steady and confident voice. "We have new information regarding the Gustavo Alliance. Sources have indicated that the true leader of the Alliance Corps is not Gustav Crimson but someone else operating from the shadows."

General Chell's scowl deepened. "This is absurd," he barked, his voice carrying the weight of his authority. "Only Gustav could be behind this. He is the face of the Alliance and has caused untold destruction across galaxies. Who else could command such loyalty and fear except the infamous planet destroyer."

"I understand your skepticism, General," Elevora replied, maintaining her composure. "However, my source is highly credible and has provided information from within."

Commander Xanatus nodded in agreement. "We cannot dismiss this information outright, General. It is very possible that Gustav is being used as a figurehead while the true leader remains hidden. This tactic would sow confusion and divert attention from the real orchestrator."

General Chell's eyes narrowed. "And who is this source of yours, officer? Some nameless informant with a vendetta? You are putting too much faith in unverified information."

Elevora met his gaze unflinchingly. "The source is reliable, General. I cannot reveal their identity for their safety."

'Who knows the spies we have in our midst,' She said internally.

Commander Xanatus added, "We have to consider all possibilities. If Gustav is not the true leader, we need to find out who is and dismantle the Alliance. Dismissing this out of hand because it does not fit our current narrative is shortsighted."

The room fell into a tense silence as the officers absorbed the implications of the new information. Some nodded in agreement with Elevora and Xanatus, while others seemed swayed by General Chell's forceful disbelief.

"Elevora, what evidence do you have that suggests Gustav isn't directly involved?" asked Major Reva, a tall woman with piercing green eyes and a reputation for her keen strategic mind.

"Besides the provided information from the source, we have also intercepted communications that hint at directives being given to Gustavo Alliance operatives that do not match Gustav's known patterns of behavior. Added with the alliance corps occasional run in with Gustav Crimson engaging in acts that highly contradicts with that of the Gustavo Alliance." Elevora explained.

General Chell slammed his hand on the table. "Hearsay and conjecture! We need hard evidence, not speculation. Gustav has been at the center of every major conflict. Until there is irrefutable proof, the planet destroyer remains the primary threat."

"General, with all due respect, clinging to a single narrative could blind us to other threats," Commander Xanatus countered calmly. "We must investigate all angles. The intelligence Elevora has brought forward is worth pursuing."

Gradier Oria, a petite but formidable officer with short red hair, leaned forward. "I agree with Commander Xanatus. We should at least explore the possibility that there is someone else pulling the strings."

Colonel Voss, a muscular man with a shaved head and a booming voice, sided with General Chell. "Our resources are stretched thin as it is. Diverting attention to chase shadows when we have a known enemy in Gustav is not a wise use of our efforts."

Elevora stepped forward with clear determination. "We are not chasing shadows. This could lead us to the true leader of the Gustavo Alliance. If we are wrong, we lose nothing by investigating. But if we are right, we could cut the head off the snake and end this threat for good."

As the tension in the room eased slightly, E.E, who had been silent the whole time, spoke up. "I agree that we need concrete evidence. We should deploy our best intelligence agents to gather irrefutable proof of who is truly behind the Gustavo Alliance."

General Chell, still visibly reluctant, sighed and finally gave his go-ahead. "Fine. Elevora, you have a limited time frame to prove your claims. Gather your evidence, but know that if you fail, we will shift all our focus back to Gustav as the main threat."

"Understood, General," Elevora replied, her voice steady.

Just as the argument seemed to be reaching a conclusion, General Chell suddenly paused. His eyes glazed over slightly as he pressed a small button glued to the left side behind his ear. The room fell silent, the tension mounting once more.

General Chell's expression hardened as he received the information. He then proceeded to inform the room, "We've just received new intelligence. One of Gustav's companions has been captured."

E.E and Elevora exchanged a quick glance, both doing their best to maintain an expressionless face.

Inside, however, their minds raced with worry about who might have been captured. The implications of this could be severe, both for their current operations and for Gustav himself.

"Who was captured?" asked Major Reva, her curiosity piqued.

"Reports indicate it's one of his close allies," General Chell replied. "We don't have all the details yet, but the captured individual is being transported for interrogation."

E.E's heart pounded in his chest but he had to remain composed. "Do we know which companion it is, General?" He asked without portraying the inner turmoil he currently felt.

"We're working on confirming the identity," General Chell said. "But given the nature of the capture, it's likely someone high up in Gustav's inner circle. Perhaps one of your little former teammates."

Elevora's mind was racing. Who could it be? Falco, Aildris, Endric, Ria? Any of them captured would be a significant blow.

She needed more information. "General, may I suggest that the security be enhanced around the prisoner transport facilities? If Gustav learns of this, he will undoubtedly attempt a rescue."

"Already in motion," General Chell replied curtly. "The alliance is taking no chances and should he try anything, he will be captured."

As the meeting continued, General Chell received another update. "The identity of the captured individual has been confirmed. It's former MBO Cadet Ria."

A murmur of surprise rippled through the room. Elevora and E.E exchanged another glance, their worry deepening.

"This is an opportunity we cannot squander," General Chell said, his tone steely. "I will make sure every bit of information is extracted from Ria. This could lead us directly to Gustav."

Elevora nodded, masking her concern with a determined expression. "We need to ensure the interrogation is handled with utmost care."

Chapter 1485 Connecting The Three Lines

"Are you sure you and officer E.E are okay with this? We know he is your frie..."

"Former friend sir. Our loyalty lies with Earth and the MBO," E.E answered before General Chell could complete his statement.

General Chell's eyes narrowed. "Good. I will visit the alliance to process Ria's transfer to earth so he can be interrogated here."

As the meeting adjourned, Elevora and E.E walked out together, their minds racing with plans. They needed to find a way to protect Ria, or at the very least, ensure that the MBO didn't extract anything that could endanger Gustav and the others.

"We need a plan," E.E said quietly as they moved through the corridors. "This could be bad if they manage to get any information out of him."

Elevora nodded. "Agreed. Once he is brought back to Earth we have to do something."

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Back on Agon, Gustav and Stark were still in the process of trying to achieve the three-in-one golden body. They had been at it for days, immersed in intense meditation and channeling exercises, with no contact with the outside world.

The environment around them was serene yet charged with an underlying energy, the kind that made the air feel almost tangible.

The temple-like structure where they were housed was a marvel of unnatural architecture. The walls were made of a translucent material that glowed softly, casting a warm, inviting light throughout the space.

Intricate patterns that seemed to shift and move of their own accord adorned the walls, ceiling, and floor, creating a mesmerizing display.

Outside, the skies were a beautiful teal, with clouds that looked as if they were painted by a celestial artist. The air was incredibly fresh, carrying the scent of exotic flowers and lush vegetation that thrived on Agon. The temple stood amidst a landscape that was both alien and familiar.

Inside, Gustav and Stark sat cross-legged on ornate mats, their eyes closed in deep concentration. The process of achieving the three-in-one golden body was far more challenging than Miss Aimee had described. It required not just physical endurance but also mental fortitude and spiritual alignment.

Gustav's progress was noticeable, albeit slow. Occasionally, his body would take on a yellow hue, a sign that he was beginning to align with the necessary energies.

Each time, however, the glow would fade, and he would return to his original state. His frustration was quite noticable, but Gustav remained focused.

Stark, on the other hand, struggled more visibly. Despite his intense focus, he had not managed to produce even a flicker of the golden glow. His draconic heritage and innate strength seemed to offer little advantage in this deeply spiritual and metaphysical task. The more he tried, the more the energy seemed to elude him.

"Come on. You've faced tougher challenges. This should be a walk in the park," Stark muttered to himself, his voice barely above a whisper.

He clenched his fists, his knuckles turning white. He took a deep breath and calmed his mind despite the frustration that was starting to build.

As the days passed, Gustav continued to make incremental progress. Each successful alignment lasted a little longer, and the yellow hue of his body grew a bit brighter each time. It was clear that he was getting closer, but the process was exhausting, both physically and mentally.

However he still hadn't gotten there.

Gustav remained cross-legged on the ornate mat with his eyes closed in intense concentration. He had been at it for another day, feeling the energy within him build up once more. His body began to glow a faint yellow, a sign of progress, but he knew the challenge was far from over.

Inside his mind, a battle raged. The memories of his training with Miss Aimee played out, interspersed with the lessons he had learned on his journey.

His internal thoughts were a whirlwind of determination, frustration, and a relentless drive to succeed.

Focus, Gustav. You need to connect your soul, your mental form, and your body in perfect harmony. It's all about balance.

Miss Aimee's voice echoed, offering guidance and encouragement.

Remember, the three-in-one golden body is nothing like activating a normal ability. It's about the alignment of every aspect of your being. Feel the energy flow through you and guide it where it needs to go.

Gustav visualized his soul, mental form, and physical body as three separate lines within him. They needed to be perfectly aligned, like threads being woven together into a single, unbreakable strand. He could feel the energy coursing through him, but keeping the lines straight and balanced was proving to be an immense challenge.

He could feel the warmth spreading through his body as the yellow glow intensified. Slowly, it began to shift, turning into a shade that closely matched gold.

His face was scrunched up in concentration, beads of sweat forming on his forehead. The energy felt like a raging river that he had to channel into a narrow stream, guiding it carefully without letting it overflow.

Almost there, Gustav. Keep it steady.

His muscles tensed, and he could feel the strain on his mental form. It was as if his mind was being stretched to its limits, trying to maintain the alignment.

The golden hue grew brighter, and for a moment, he felt a surge of elation. But before he could fully achieve the transformation, the energy slipped, and his body reverted to its usual state.

He let out a frustrated sigh, opening his eyes and wiping the sweat from his brow. "*sigh* I was so close," He muttered underneath his breath.

Stark, who had been watching from a distance, approached. "You're making progress, Gustav. Don't be too hard on yourself."

Gustav nodded; "I know, but whenever I get close I suddenly lose it."

"It reminds me of all my recent failures. Feeling like you're close to achieving something... Only for it to slip from your grasp," Angy's face appeared in his mind as he spoke.

"One thing I know about you is that you never throw in the towel. In as much as there have been mishaps, you're not someone that stops until he gets what he wants... So keep going," Stark voiced from the side.

"Yeah... I guess," Gustav muttered although he couldn't recall when last he had to struggle this much in the aspect of training.

He closed his eyes again, trying to calm his racing mind.

He took a deep breath, focusing on the three lines within him. He visualized them again, seeing the slight misalignments and disruptions that caused the energy to falter. Slowly, he began to adjust, trying to find the perfect balance.

His soul, the essence of his being, needed to be in perfect alignment with his mental form, which represented his thoughts and emotions.

Both needed to connect seamlessly with his physical body, the vessel that carried him. It was like tuning a delicate instrument, where even the slightest misalignment could throw everything off.

Focus on the connection, Gustav. Feel the energy flow through each aspect of your being and guide it.

Miss Aimee's voice rang out in his mind again

He imagined the energy as a golden thread, weaving through his soul, mental form, and body. As he did, he felt the warmth spreading again, the yellow glow returning. This time, he tried to keep his mind calm, not letting anything disrupt his focus.

The glow intensified, turning a deeper shade of gold. He could feel the energy aligning more closely, the lines within him becoming straighter and more balanced. It was a delicate dance, maintaining the flow without letting it slip.

'Keep it steady.'

He could feel the strain, but he pushed through, his mind and body working in perfect unison. The golden hue grew brighter, almost blinding in its intensity.

He felt a surge of power, unlike anything he had experienced before. It was as if he had tapped into a wellspring of energy that had always been there, waiting for him to unlock it.

But just as he was about to fully achieve the transformation, a slight disruption in his mental form caused the energy to waver. The golden glow flickered, and his body reverted to its normal state once more.

He let out a frustrated growl, clenching his fists; "Not again,"

He took another deep breath, trying to center himself. He was very much determined to see this through. The three-in-one golden body was within his grasp, and he wouldn't stop until he achieved it.

He closed his eyes again, focusing on the three lines within him. He visualized the energy as a gentle river, flowing smoothly through each aspect of his being.

The yellow glow returned, slowly turning to gold. He felt the energy aligning more perfectly than before, the lines within him straightening and balancing. It was a delicate process, but he could feel himself getting closer.

The golden hue grew brighter, and he felt the surge of power once more. This time, he maintained his focus, guiding the energy carefully. The connection between his soul, mental form, and body felt stronger, more harmonious.

The glow reached its peak, and for a moment, he felt a sense of completeness. The three-in-one golden body was almost fully achieved.

Chapter 1486 The Alliance Leaders Rejection

Within the vicissitudes of space, a platform shaped like a syringe floated imposingly in place, giving off an aura that seemed to pierce the very fabric of the cosmos.

Lines of white light surrounded it on all corners, radiating in an indescribable manner. Spacecrafts flew into the perimeter and vanished as soon as they got bathed in the white lines of light it emitted.

This was the heart of the Alliance's command center, a beacon of authority and power in the vast expanse of the universe.

Inside the Alliance command center, a grand chamber housed five leaders currently present, each an alien from a different planet, with the exception of General Chell.

The room was circular, with a high domed ceiling that shimmered with the same white light as the platform outside. The walls were adorned with holographic displays showing various parts of the universe under the Alliance's jurisdiction.

General Chell stood in the center. His uniform, a deep blue adorned with gold accents, matched the intensity in his eyes. Across from him stood four other leaders, each unique in their appearance.

The first was Zil'kar, a being with multiple limbs, each one ending in a sharp claw. His skin was a deep emerald green, covered in star-shaped patterns that glowed faintly. His eyes, six in total, were a piercing yellow, always scanning the surroundings with suspicion.

Beside him was Viara, a lithe and elegant figure with silver skin that shimmered like liquid mercury. Her eyes were a deep violet, and her hair flowed like a cascade of water, seemingly defying gravity. She had an ethereal presence, and her movements were fluid and graceful.

Next was Xanas, a hulking figure with obsidian skin and horns protruding from his forehead. His eyes glowed a fierce red, and his voice was a deep rumble. His body was covered in a dense, rocky hide, giving him a menacing appearance.

The last was Xandar, a being whose body was composed of a crystalline structure. His skin was translucent, and light refracted through him.

His eyes were the color of sapphires, and his voice had a melodic, almost musical quality to it.

"I demand custody of Ria," General Chell's voice echoed through the chamber, filled with authority and frustration. "He is an Earthling and falls under my jurisdiction."

Zil'kar's multiple limbs shifted as he spoke, his voice hissing with disapproval. "Earth has proven incapable of managing such a matter. Look at what happened with Gustav."

Viara nodded in agreement, her silver skin shimmering. "Ria will remain imprisoned within the Alliance. He will be questioned here."

General Chell's eyes narrowed, his fists clenching. "Ria is not Gustav. We have protocols in place to ensure he is properly detained and monitored."

Xanas's deep rumble filled the chamber. "Your protocols failed once. They can fail again."

Xandar's voice was calm but firm. "The Alliance cannot afford to take any more chances. Ria stays."

General Chell took a step forward, his voice rising. "This is unacceptable! As a fellow alliance leader, you cannot just strip us of our authority over our own people!"

Zil'kar's yellow eyes glowed with intensity. "It's the decision of four alliance leaders against one. Majority rule. Besides, the Earth will lose him just like they lost Gustav. It is better for everyone if Ria remains here."

General Chell's face turned red with anger. "This is unacceptable!"

Xanas crossed his arms, his rocky hide scraping against itself. "We have made our decision, General Chell. Ria stays."

General Chell stormed out of the chamber, his mind racing with frustration and anger. He knew the odds were against him, but he couldn't let this go.

After the heated discussion with the Alliance leaders, General Chell made his way to the holding cells to visit Ria before his departure.

The holding cells were located deep within the bowels of the platform, a structure designed to house the most dangerous and high-profile prisoners.

The cells were fortified with layers of energy barriers, each one more powerful than the last.

The walls were constructed from a rare, virtually indestructible alloy, and the floors were lined with runes that suppressed any supernatural abilities.

Each cell was monitored by an array of surveillance systems, ensuring that no movement went unnoticed. The air within the holding area was heavy, almost suffocating, a constant reminder of the oppressive security measures in place.

General Chell approached Ria's cell, his stern expression betraying the frustration simmering beneath the surface.

Ria, dressed in a plain grey jumpsuit, sat on the floor with his back against the wall. Despite his circumstances, Ria's eyes held a defiant spark as he looked up at the General.

"As a former MBO Cadet, I am disappointed in you, Ria," General Chell began, his voice carrying the weight of his authority. "Your father is also one of the most influential people in Plankton city and you have soiled his name by being involved with someone like Gustav..."

Ria smirked, his gaze unwavering. "Funny, I also never thought I'd end up in a place like this, held by people who claim to uphold justice... Really ironic."

General Chell's eyes narrowed. "You chose this path. You associated with a known fugitive, a planet destroyer. What did you expect?"

Ria shrugged, a nonchalant air about him. "You guys are still holding that narrative. You must think we are all fools who are unaware of the truth."

"What truth?" General Chell's voice rose in anger. "Gustav is a menace! He needs to be stopped, and you can help us do that."

Ria's smirk widened into a grin. "And what makes you think I'd betray him? Even if I told you where he is, you'd never be able to capture him."

General Chell's frustration boiled over. "You don't understand the gravity of your situation, do you? If you cooperate, you could be free. You could return to Earth."

Ria laughed, a harsh, mirthless sound. "Free? Under your terms? No thanks. I'll take my chances here."

General Chell clenched his fists, struggling to maintain his composure. "You're throwing your life away for a lost cause."

"Maybe," Ria replied, his tone mocking. "Or maybe I'm just not interested in playing your games."

The General's face turned red with anger. "You think this is a game? Do you have any idea what's at stake?"

Ria's expression hardened, the defiance in his eyes burning brighter. "I know exactly what's at stake. And that's why I won't help you."

General Chell took a deep breath, trying to calm himself. "This is your last chance, Ria. Tell me where Gustav is, and I'll make sure you get a fair trial. Refuse, and you'll rot in this cell for the rest of your life."

Ria leaned forward, his voice low and filled with conviction. "I'd rather rot here than betray him. Gustav is fighting for something bigger than himself, something bigger than you or me."

General Chell's fury erupted. "You're a fool! Gustav will lead you to ruin, and you'll regret this decision."

Ria leaned back against the wall, his gaze never leaving the General's. "Maybe. But at least I'll know I stood for the truth and not selfish fools like yourself who only care about their benefits."

General Chell turned on his heel, storming out of the cell block, his mind racing with anger and frustration.

He had hoped to reason with Ria, to make him see the futility of his loyalty to Gustav, but it seemed the young man was as stubborn as ever. As he exited the holding area, the heavy doors clanged shut behind him, the sound echoing through the cold, sterile corridor.

Ria watched the General leave, a sense of satisfaction mingling with the tension in his chest.

"That felt pretty good haha. Talking smack at people with authority."

Back on the platform's main deck, General Chell boarded his spacecraft, the weight of his failure heavy on his shoulders.

The mission to retrieve Ria had been a critical one, and now it seemed that hope was slipping further away.

As the spacecraft lifted off and began its journey back to Earth, General Chell's mind was filled with thoughts of Gustav, Ria, and the uncertain future that lay ahead.

The whole situation with Gustav had led to a lot of interpersonal conflict within the Alliance and he feared that it would only lead to more chaos.

'The grand commanders won't be happy to hear this,' General Chell voiced internally.

In his cell, Ria closed his eyes and took a deep breath, steeling himself for the long days ahead.

The cold, sterile environment of the holding cells was a stark contrast to the warmth and camaraderie he had shared with his friends.

'My first time in jail... But there's a first time for everything, right?'

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Back on planet Agon, Gustav had been in deep meditation for a couple of days, his body occasionally flickering with a yellow hue that hinted at the imminent transformation he sought.

Stark, meanwhile, struggled to make any visible progress, despite his fierce determination.

Gustav's mind was a whirlwind of concentration and focus. The process of achieving the three in one golden body required an alignment of his soul, mental form, and physical body.

Chapter 1487 Longer Maintenance

It was an intricate dance, each aspect needing to fall into perfect harmony with the others. Gustav visualized a triangle, each point representing one of the three elements. They needed to converge at the center, creating a unified force.

The yellow shade of Gustav's body deepened to a low shade of gold. He felt himself drawing closer to the goal, the connection between his soul, mind, and body growing stronger.

Every fiber of his being thrummed with energy, a resonance that felt both alien and deeply familiar. It was as if he were reaching out to touch the fabric of the universe itself.

Stark watched with a mixture of awe and frustration. His own attempts at the transformation had yielded no results, and he could only admire Gustav's tenacity and progress. "You're almost there," Stark murmured, more to himself than to Gustav.

After what felt like an eternity but was only a few hours, Gustav entered a peak focused state.

His breathing slowed, his heart rate dropped, and his mind cleared of all distractions. In this heightened state, the alignment he sought finally clicked into place. It was like the chime of a bell, clear and pure, resonating through his very being.

Suddenly, Gustav's body transformed. His skin turned a radiant gold, glowing with an otherworldly light.

He felt an unfathomable and indescribable connection to realms beyond human understanding. It was as if he were one with the cosmos, able to perceive and interact with the very essence of existence.

For that brief moment, everything made sense. Gustav's awareness expanded, touching upon the infinite possibilities and knowledge that lay beyond the mortal plane.

He felt invincible, omnipotent, and yet profoundly at peace. It was a state of perfect unity, the culmination of his efforts and determination.

'Is this... It feels like I have transcended mortality...' Gustav had never felt anything like this before.

But the moment was fleeting. No sooner had he achieved this transcendence than it began to slip away.

Gustav felt a wave of immense fatigue wash over him, his golden form flickering before reverting to its original state. He gasped, his body trembling with exhaustion. The transformation had drained him, leaving him weakened.

"It's gone," Gustav muttered, wiping sweat from his brow.

Stark stepped forward, concern etched on his face. "Are you okay? You looked like you were there, just for a second."

"I was," Gustav replied, his voice strained. "... but I couldn't hold onto it."

Stark placed a hand on Gustav's shoulder. "You've practically done it. You've made more progress than I have. Just rest for a bit and try again."

Gustav nodded, taking deep breaths to steady himself. He couldn't give up now, not when he had come so far.

The brief taste of the three in one golden body had only fueled his determination. He needed to achieve that state again, to master it.

He closed his eyes and resumed his meditation, focusing on the alignment of his soul, mind, and body. Hours passed as he cycled through moments of near-transformation and intense fatigue.

Each attempt brought him closer, but maintaining the golden state eluded him.

He visualized the triangle, the convergence point, the harmony he needed to achieve.

Stark watched, his own frustrations momentarily forgotten as he saw Gustav's determination. He knew that if anyone could achieve and master this transformation, it was Gustav.

Another hour passed, and Gustav felt the familiar resonance building within him. His body began to glow again, the yellow deepening to gold. He focused all his willpower on maintaining the alignment, on keeping his soul, mind, and body in perfect harmony.

For a brief moment, he achieved the transformation again. His body shone with a radiant gold, the connection to the cosmos once more within his grasp.

But the strain was immense, the energy required to maintain the state overwhelming. Gustav felt himself slipping, the golden glow fading as exhaustion took hold.

"Achieving it seems to be more easier than holding onto it," his voice was a mere whisper as he slumped to the ground.

Stark knelt beside him, offering support. "You're doing great, Gustav. Just rest for a bit and try again."

Gustav nodded, too tired to speak.

After some time, Gustav took a deep breath, gathering his strength. "I need to find a way to channel the energy more efficiently. The trials... they were about testing my limits, pushing me to adapt. I need to use that adaptability to sustain the transformation."

Stark nodded, understanding dawning. "You think you can do it?"

"I have to try," Gustav replied, determination hardening his features.

With renewed focus, Gustav resumed his meditation. He visualized the energy flowing through him, seeking ways to channel it more effectively. He remembered the strain of the trials, the need to adapt and overcome.

Slowly, he began to adjust his approach, finding a rhythm that felt more sustainable.

The yellow glow returned, deepening to gold. Gustav felt the alignment once more, the connection to the cosmos within his reach.

However, no matter how much he tried, maintaining the three in one Golden body seemed like an impossible task.

Gustav sat on the cold, stone floor of the temple, his body trembling with fatigue but his spirit unbroken.

Suddenly, a familiar glow filled the room, and Miss Aimee's projection appeared before them. Her long, greyish hair flowed like a river, and her eyes sparkled with a mixture of pride and warmth.

"Well done, Gustav," Miss Aimee said, her voice gentle yet powerful. "You have made remarkable progress."

Gustav looked up with a face full of fatigue; "Miss Aimee, I managed to achieve it, but I can't seem to maintain it for more than a second."

Miss Aimee nodded, her expression understanding. "The three in one golden body is not something that can be easily attained or maintained. Even achieving it for a few milliseconds is a tremendous feat. It takes an incredible amount of energy and focus."

"But how can it be useful if I can't hold it for longer?" Gustav asked, his frustration evident.

"The fact that you can activate it at all is a testament to your strength and potential," Miss Aimee explained. "You are a Cosmic Superior being, Gustav. This is why you were able to achieve it within a couple of weeks. For anyone else, it would take years of dedicated training."

Stark, who had been silently listening, let out a sigh of relief and frustration. "So, it's not something I can achieve anytime soon?"

Miss Aimee turned her gaze to Stark, her eyes softening. "Your efforts are commendable, but this training was originally built for Gustav to participate in alone. I don't think anyone else will be able to match his pace."

Stark nodded, accepting her words. "Alright, I understand."

Gustav still looked troubled. "But how do I improve on maintaining it for longer?"

Miss Aimee smiled gently. "You must continue to activate it as many times as possible. The more you use it, the longer you will be able to sustain the transformation. It will take time, but with your determination, I have no doubt you will get it."

Gustav took a deep breath; "Thank you, Miss Aimee. I'll keep working on it."

For the next few hours, Gustav resumed his meditation, focusing on the alignment of his soul, mind, and body. Each attempt brought him closer to maintaining the golden state for longer periods. The brief moments of success fueled his determination, even as the strain of the process took its toll.

Gustav's focus intensified with each session, and the intervals of golden transformation grew longer. The process was grueling, but he could feel himself getting more in tune with the cosmic energy that flowed through him.

He wanted to test it out to see the capabilities of the golden body but he still needed it to be maintained for longer first.

As the days passed, Gustav began to notice subtle changes in his perception. The alignment of his soul, mind, and body felt more natural, as if they were becoming a single entity.

One evening, as the sun dipped below the horizon, casting a golden hue across the temple, Gustav felt a surge of clarity. He sat cross-legged, his breathing steady and his mind calm. He visualized the triangle once more, each point representing an essential aspect of his being.

With a deep breath, he focused on the convergence point, the moment of unity that would trigger the transformation.

The yellow glow began to spread across his body, deepening into a rich shade of gold. Gustav concentrated on maintaining the flow of energy, adjusting and adapting as needed.

For over two minutes, he held the golden state, his body radiating with an otherworldly light. The connection was strong, the alignment stable. He could feel the potential within him, the power that came with the three in one golden body.

Stark watched in awe, sensing that Gustav had finally found the key to maintaining the transformation for longer. He remained silent, not wanting to disrupt the moment.

As the golden glow persisted, Gustav felt a profound sense of peace and empowerment.

He could perceive orbital bodies in space as his mind merged with constellations and stars like he was a part of them.

'It almost feels like I can be everywhere at once... What is this power?' Gustav felt like taking it further and letting himself go.

Chapter 1488 Power Of The Golden Body

Gustav's perception expanded, his mind traveling across the vast expanse of space. He could see stars and galaxies, their light twinkling like distant beacons. He felt the pull of distant worlds, each one a point of interest in the endless cosmos.

His further pushed the spread of his being.

Then, his mind focused on a familiar sight. The blue and green orb of Earth floated before him, its beauty magnified by his enhanced senses.

Gustav's heart swelled with a mix of awe and nostalgia. He could see the continents, the oceans, and the swirling clouds that blanketed the planet. It was a sight that filled him with both pride and longing.

"I can see Earth from here," Gustav whispered to himself, astonished by the clarity and detail of his vision.

But he wasn't content to merely observe. He wanted to feel the earth beneath his feet, to walk its lands once more.

With a determined thought, he extended his astral form towards the planet, his consciousness traveling at a speed that defied comprehension. In an instant, he found himself hovering above Earth's surface, his astral form shimmering like a golden phantom.

Gustav descended slowly, his feet touching down on familiar soil. He stood in the heart of a bustling city, its streets filled with people going about their daily lives.

But no one noticed him. He was invisible, his presence undetectable to those around him. He marveled at the sights and sounds of the city, the hustle and bustle of everyday life continuing without interruption.

He walked through the crowded streets, his astral form gliding effortlessly among the people. He saw children playing in a park, their laughter filling the air. He passed by a street musician, the melody of their guitar blending with the city's ambient noise. Every detail was vivid, every sound crystal clear.

As he wandered, Gustav felt a deep connection to the world he had once called home. He moved through neighborhoods, each one filled with memories.

He passed by old cafes and even saw the MBO tower.

Gustav wondered what more the three in one Golden body could do and tried to tap into other abilities.

However, the strain was still immense, and eventually, Gustav felt himself slipping again.

He instantly disconnected from Earth as the golden glow faded with his body reverting to its original state. He gasped for breath in exhaustion.

"You did it," Stark said in admiration. "You held it for longer this time."

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[Earth]

In E.E's apartment, the activities of the city outside provided a comforting background to the intimate setting inside.

The room was warmly lit, casting a golden glow that highlighted the smooth, modern furnishings and the personal touches that made it feel like home.

Elevora lay relaxed in E.E's arms, her head resting on his chest. It was a rare moment of vulnerability from her, a side she only showed to him.

"We need to figure out what to do about Ria," Elevora said softly, breaking the comfortable silence. "I know they're using him as bait to lure Gustav out."

E.E nodded, his hand gently stroking her hair. "Yeah, it's clear as day. But this whole narrative about Gustav being a villain has gone on long enough. We have to clear his name."

Elevora looked up at him, her eyes searching his face. "How? The entire universe believes he's a planet destroyer and the leader of the Gustavo Alliance."

E.E's gaze was steady. "I've documented all of Gustav's exploits since he went on the run. Every planet he's saved, every act of heroism. We need to get this information out there. But more importantly, we need to figure out who's really running the Gustavo Alliance and bring back credible evidence that Gustav was never involved."

Elevora sighed with her brow furrowing. "That won't be easy. I'll have to travel off-planet to track them down. And..." She hesitated, her usual confidence wavering. "I don't want to be so far from you."

E.E chuckled, a warm, reassuring sound. "There's that fragile side showing," he teased gently. "The side most people never get to see."

Elevora pouted, a rare and endearing sight. "Don't make fun of me."

E.E pulled her closer, kissing the top of her head. "I'm not making fun of you. I'm just reminding you that it's okay for you to not act like you're superman all the time. It's our job to make sure our friends are okay, and that includes Gustav and Ria."

She smiled softly, snuggling closer to him.

"You're right."

Their conversation shifted as their proximity deepened the connection between them. E.E's hand moved from her hair to her cheek, tilting her face up so their eyes met. There was an unspoken understanding in his gaze, a promise of support and love.

Slowly, he leaned down and pressed his lips to hers. The kiss was gentle at first, a tender exploration that quickly grew more passionate.

Elevora responded eagerly, her arms wrapping around his neck as she deepened the kiss.

E.E's hands roamed her back, pulling her even closer as their lips moved in perfect sync. Elevora's fingers threaded through his bushy hair, anchoring herself to him as the world outside faded away. The only thing that mattered was the here and now.

They broke apart for a moment, both breathing heavily. E.E looked into her eyes, his voice a whisper. "You're so beautiful..."

She smiled, her eyes shining with emotion. "You're beautiful too, E.E."

"That makes me feel girly..."

"It's okay for you to not act like Superman all the time."

She repeated E.E words to him, causing both of them to chuckle in response.

Their lips met again, more urgently this time. E.E's hands found the hem of her shirt, sliding under the fabric to touch her warm skin.

Elevora gasped softly at the sensation, her body arching into his touch. The kiss deepened, a fiery exchange that left them both breathless.

E.E guided her gently onto her back, his body covering hers as they continued to kiss.

The world outside ceased to exist, leaving only the two of them in their bubble of love and desire.

E.E's lips left hers, trailing kisses down her neck and collarbone. Elevora moaned softly, her hands gripping his shoulders as he worshipped her with his mouth. Every touch, every kiss, was a promise of his love and devotion...

(Author's Note: Y'all know what happens next ☹️ so let's skip this)

- One hour later

Eventually, they lay tangled together unclad underneath the sheets. Their heavy breathing slowed as the intensity ebbed.

E.E held Elevora close, his fingers gently tracing patterns on her skin. Elevora nestled against him, her head resting on his chest once more.

"We'll find a way," E.E murmured, his voice filled with determination. "We'll clear Gustav's name and save Ria."

Elevora nodded, her eyes drifting closed. "I know we will. Together."

E.E kissed the top of her head, a smile playing on his lips. "Together..."

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Back on planet Agon, the surroundings had returned to their serene state. The sky was a stunning gradient of purples and blues, the air was crisp and fragrant, and the landscape was a verdant paradise.

Gustav and Stark sat on a grassy knoll, surrounded by a feast brought by Celethial. The spread was vast, featuring succulent meats, vibrant fruits, and a variety of dishes that delighted the senses.

Celethial stood nearby, her presence adding to the surreal atmosphere. "Miss Aimee would always speak so fondly of you, Lord Gustav," she said with a soft smile. "She was incredibly proud of your achievements and always knew you would surpass any challenge set before you."

Gustav paused, a piece of fruit halfway to his mouth. "She talked about me that much?"

"All the time," Celethial confirmed. "She even mentioned some incidents and one of them was when your little thumb..."

"Stop! I think you've said enough," Gustav voiced with a wry smile.

'How could she tell them about that. Damn you miss Aimee!' Gustav cursed internally.

Stark, wiping his mouth with a cloth, leaned back with a contented sigh. "This food is incredible. I've never tasted anything like it."

Gustav nodded in agreement but his thoughts were elsewhere. After finishing their meal, Gustav turned to Celethial. "Do you have any idea where Miss Aimee is? Like her real physical form."

Celethial shook her head. "Our creator said she would reveal her location to you when the time was right. She instructed me to make sure you rest tonight. She will contact you when she's ready."

Gustav let out a sigh of resignation. "Alright. Thank you, Celethial."

As night fell, Gustav and Stark found themselves a comfortable spot to rest. The sky above was a display of twinkling stars, and the air was cool and refreshing.

Gustav lay on his back, staring up at the heavens, while Stark was already snoring softly beside him.

("Achieving the three in one golden body is a major feat. You should be proud of yourself... It's just as rare as achieving cosmic superiority,") the system's voice echoed in his mind.

Chapter 1489 Warp Demolator Fragment

Gustav closed his eyes, feeling the exhaustion in his bones.

'I know, but I can't shake this feeling of unease. It's like something is brewing.'

("What makes you feel that way?") the system inquired.

Gustav took a deep breath, trying to pinpoint the source of his anxiety.

'I don't know. Maybe it's because nothing ever goes as planned. Every time I achieve something significant, it feels like a storm is waiting just around the corner.'

("That is understandable goofball... given your experiences. But you've always risen to the challenge, haven't you?")

Gustav nodded slightly. 'Yes, but this feels different. There's a weight to it.'

("It might be because you have a year left to complete your five-year quest," the system suggested.)

Gustav sighed deeply. 'I hope that's all it is and nothing more. I can't shake this feeling.'

As he pondered, Stark approached, "Hey, man," Stark began, settling down beside him. "How are you holding up with the whole Angy situation?"

Gustav's gaze darkened, and he took a deep breath. "I don't know man... she's trapped in a dimension that threatens our plane and it's governed by Falco's father."

Stark's eyes widened. "Falco's father?"

Gustav nodded gently. "Yes. Falco's father is the lord of that dimension. Angy is still trapped there even though we freed Falco and it's been a nightmare trying to figure out how to get her back."

Stark shook his head in disbelief. "I can't even imagine. How did you free Falco?"

Gustav recounted the events with a somber tone. "We visited Xelios Tower to gather information on how to get there so we can rescue both of them but then things went in an entirely different route than we planned..."

Stark listened intently, his expression shifting from curiosity to shock and sympathy.

He hadn't heard about the MBO run ins with the half dark and white being since they kept it under the wraps but he was incredibly shocked that she could go toe to toe with the strongest Mixedblood.

"And do you have plans to rescue her yet?"

Gustav clenched his fists, frustration evident in his voice. "As much as I want to... It's not something I can just snap my fingers and be done with it. I have to put a lot of thought into everything I do but I will definitely get her back one day."

Stark placed a reassuring hand on Gustav's shoulder. "You know I'll help in any way I can. Just say the word."

Gustav managed a small, grateful smile. "Thanks, Stark. I appreciate it."

They sat in silence for a while, the weight of their conversation hanging in the air. Finally, Stark broke the silence. "So, tell me more about what's been happening. What else have you faced since we last saw each other?"

Gustav leaned back, staring at the sky again. "Where do I even begin?"

The night wore on as Gustav recounted more tales of his battles, his struggles, and the moments of victory that kept him going.

Stark listened, absorbing every word, his admiration for Gustav growing with each story.

They talked until the first light of dawn began to break over the horizon, the sky shifting from deep blues to vibrant pinks and oranges.

They were both powerful Mixedbloods so they could stay days without a wink of sleep.

Gustav and Stark had a quick breakfast, exchanging a few words before Celethial arrived to escort Gustav to another part of the structure for meditation.

As they walked, Celethial guided Gustav through a series of winding paths. The air grew cooler, and the environment changed to one of quiet tranquility.

They arrived at a secluded area nestled within a grove of trees.

The ground was covered in soft, moss-like grass, and a gentle stream flowed nearby, its water shimmering with a blue glow. The atmosphere was peaceful, almost sacred, providing an ideal environment for deep meditation.

Miss Aimee's projection materialized before Gustav. "Good morning, kiddo," she greeted him.

"Morning, Miss Aimee," Gustav replied, settling down cross-legged on the mossy ground.

"What exactly is the end goal here? I know achieving the three-in-one golden body is important, but the warp demolator has vanished. There's no chance of me getting to the Stagnant Siterus Void now."

Miss Aimee smiled softly. "There is a chance, Gustav. That is why you needed to achieve the three-in-one golden body. It's not over yet."

Gustav's brow furrowed in curiosity. "What do you mean?"

"Follow me," Miss Aimee instructed, her projection moving toward a hidden path partially obscured by the dense foliage. Gustav rose and followed her with an expression of curiosity.

The hidden path led to a concealed door embedded within a rocky outcrop. Miss Aimee's projection passed through it effortlessly, and Gustav pushed it open, stepping into a dimly lit chamber.

As his eyes adjusted to the low light, he saw what appeared to be a containment field in the center of the room. Within it was a swirling, greyish sandy substance that seemed to pulse with a strange energy.

Gustav's eyes widened in shock. "Is that... warp demolator?"

Miss Aimee nodded. "Yes, a fragment of it. I contained it here for you. This is your key to reaching the Stagnant Siterus Void."

"The strange entity I met in the past," Miss Aimee added, "told me that you would need this so I created it."

Gustav's disbelief was visible. "You created this for me?"

Miss Aimee nodded. "Yes, it was a challenging task, but the entity's instructions were clear. I knew I had to prepare you for this moment."

Gustav's mind raced. Everything was beginning to make sense. "So, that's why the NID directed me here."

"Precisely," Miss Aimee said. "But you still need to train your three-in-one golden body to maintain its form longer. Only then will you be ready to use the warp demolator."

Gustav approached the containment field, examining the warp demolator fragment.

The energy it radiated was proof that it was definitely the warp demolator. Unlike the usual size that would be swallowing planets up, this was just around the size of a building.

Gustav nodded, understanding the gravity of the task before him. "So, I need to master maintaining the three-in-one golden body for longer."

"Precisely," Miss Aimee confirmed. "Take your time, Gustav."

Gustav took a deep breath and sat down before the containment field, closing his eyes to begin his meditation.

The serene environment, coupled with the gentle sound of the nearby stream, helped him focus. He began the process of aligning his soul, mental form, and body, striving to achieve the perfect balance required for the three-in-one golden body.

Hours passed as Gustav meditated, his body occasionally glowing with a faint golden hue. Each time he neared the transformation, he felt the intense connection to realms beyond human understanding, but maintaining it for more than three minutes proved challenging.

Nevertheless, he persevered, driven by the need to reach the Stagnant Siterus Void and uncover the answers he sought.

As dusk settled over Agon, Gustav felt a surge of energy within him. The golden glow enveloped his body, and this time, he held onto it for a few moments longer than before.

Miss Aimee's projection appeared once more, her expression proud. "You're making significant progress, Gustav. Keep going."

Gustav opened his eyes, the golden glow fading as he exhaled deeply. "Thank you, Miss Aimee. I'll keep at it until I've mastered it."

The projection smiled warmly. "I know you will. Rest now and regain your strength. Tomorrow is another day."

Gustav nodded, feeling a sense of accomplishment despite the challenges ahead.

The night passed uneventfully, and as dawn broke, Gustav rose with renewed determination.

He continued his meditation, each session bringing him closer to maintaining the golden form for longer periods. The serene environment and Miss Aimee's guidance were invaluable.

By midday, Gustav had managed to sustain the three-in-one golden body for several minutes, feeling the immense power coursing through him.

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Falco, Endric, and Aildris worked diligently on Gustav's spacecraft.

They were on a planet known as Verdantia, an emerald gem nestled in the far reaches of galaxies.

Verdantia was a breathtaking world, teeming with life. Towering trees with leaves like shimmering jade, vines that glowed with an inner light, and flowers with petals that pulsed softly in the evening air. The inhabitants, the Verdantians, were a peaceful and wise race of plant people, their bodies adorned with vibrant foliage and bark-like skin.

"Hand me the plasma wrench," Aildris said to Falco with his hand outstretched. He looked up at the majestic canopies above, their soft light casting a greenish hue over everything. "This place is incredible, isn't it?"

Falco, with his hands deep inside an engine compartment, nodded. "It sure is. Almost makes you forget why we're here." He glanced over at Endric, who was securing some wiring near the ship's hull. "How's it coming along, Endric?"

Endric frowned, concentrating on his task. "Slow but steady. We need the ship in top condition if we're going to make it to wherever Ria is being held."

Aildris sat back on his haunches, taking a moment to appreciate the lush surroundings. "I've been thinking about that. Ria could be back on Earth, or worse, he could be with the Alliance."

Chapter 1490 Battle With The Gustavo Alliance

Aildris sat back on his haunches, taking a moment to appreciate the lush surroundings. "I've been thinking about that. Ria could be back on Earth, or worse, he could be with the Alliance."

Falco stood up, wiping his hands on a rag. "Yeah, and finding the Alliance location is next to impossible. Only their leaders and core members know where it is."

Endric paused, considering their options. "If we assume the worst, and Ria is with the Alliance, we'll need to be smart about this. Even if we do discover the location, it's not somewhere we can just barge into."

Falco looked thoughtful. "Even Gustav wouldn't barge in there thoughtlessly but he probably will have knowledge about the place. If only we can find someone who can give us inside information."

Endric leaned back in his seat, his brow furrowed in thought. "We had to destroy the homing system in the Alliance spacecraft. If we didn't, they would have tracked us by now."

Falco nodded, his expression tense. "Good call. But that would have really helped us locate the Alliance too. We'd be flying blind."

Aldris turned to face them. "We need to find another way. We can't just be flying out there aimlessly."

Falco drummed his fingers on the armrest, frustration evident in his eyes. "What if we inform Gustav? He needs to know about Ria."

Endric shook his head firmly. "No, we can't do that. The Alliance captured Ria to draw him out. If we tell him, he'll come rushing in, and that's exactly what they want. We have to keep this from him, no matter what."

A tense silence settled over the cockpit as they contemplated their next move.

Aldris broke the silence, his voice thoughtful. "Maybe returning to Earth is our best bet. We can regroup, gather more resources, and plan our next move more carefully."

Falco frowned. "But what about Ria? We can't just leave him there."

Endric placed a reassuring hand on Falco's shoulder. "We're not abandoning him. We're just making sure we're prepared. We need to be smart about this. If we go in unprepared, we'll be captured too, and then we're no good to Ria or anyone else."

Falco sighed, his shoulders sagging. "You're right. I just hate the thought of leaving him there."

Aldris nodded. "We all do. But we need to think long-term. If we're going to save Ria, we need to do it right."

They sat in silence for a moment, each lost in their own thoughts.

Aldris finally spoke, his voice resolute. "Once the repairs are completed, we head back to Earth. We'll come up with a solid plan and gather any resources we need. Find out all the information needed about the alliance. Once we're ready, we'll go after Ria and bring him back."

Falco and Endric nodded in agreement, their resolve strengthening.

The day passed slowly as they continued repairs on Gustav's ship with the help of the Verdantians. Their plant-based technology seemed to seamlessly integrate with the spacecraft.

As dawn broke on Verdantia, the planet awoke to a serene and beautiful morning. The vibrant plant-life swayed gently with the breeze, and the bright sun cast a red glow over the verdant landscape.

The air was fresh, filled with the scent of blooming vegetation and the sound of chirping creatures.

Elder Thalon, a verdantian approached them, his eyes filled with wisdom and understanding. "May the roots of Verdantia guide you on your journey."

Falco handed over a bunch of credits. "Thank you, Elder Thalon."

Thalon smiled gently. "Go now, and may you find what you seek."

They boarded the spacecraft, the engines beaming to life. As they lifted off, they looked back at the beautiful planet to engrave it's look into their mind before final departure.

Suddenly, the sky began to darken unnaturally. The red hues of the morning were replaced by an eerie twilight. Endric, Aildris, and Falco exchanged worried glances, their senses heightened by the sudden shift.

"What's happening?" Aildris muttered, his multicolored eyes scanning the sky.

Without warning, figures in dark robes descended from the sky, their forms silhouetted against the ominous clouds.

They hovered above the ground with masks obscuring their faces. A loud, booming voice echoed across the landscape, amplified by some unseen force.

"In the name of the Gustavo Alliance, we declare a takeover of Verdantia!" the voice announced, sending shockwaves through the verdant fields.

Endric's eyes widened in shock. "The Gustavo Alliance? Here?"

Falco clenched his fists, dark energy crackling around him. "Such rubbish! We have to interfere,"

Aildris nodded, his eyes glowing with the colors of the universe. "Let's do this."

The three friends stepped off the spacecraft, ready to confront the intruders. The robed figures descended, their feet touching the ground as they spread out in a menacing formation.

Each figure exuded an aura of power unleashing their supernatural abilities as they spread about the surroundings.

A couple of the robed figures landed before the trio. One was a tall being with shimmering scales. The figure's mask bore a star-shaped pattern, and its eyes glowed with a violet light.

'Hmm? They don't seem like ordinary folks...' The figure said internally as he noticed the strange aura all three of them exuded.

The fact that they were also not native species rang a warning in his mind but nevertheless they were the Gustavo alliance. Anyone knew not to mess with them.

"Surrender now, and your lives will be spared," the figure declared.

Endric stepped forward, his eyes narrowing. "I'll offer you the same opportunity."

"Hmph! At least I gave you lots a chance!"

Twwwwhoosshh~

All of the figures charged forward in the next moment.

Endric's telekinetic abilities surged to life, a wave of force emanating from him and crashing into the robed figures. Several were thrown backward smashing into trees and plant life behind.

Falco launched himself into the fray, dark matter swirling around him like a storm. He conjured weapons of pure darkness, slicing through the air with deadly precision.

He cut them down one after the other, painting the surroundings with blood as he mercilessly engaged them.

One of the robed figures, a creature with wings and razor-sharp talons, met Falco's attack head-on, their own dark energy clashing with his.

"You dare compete with my darkness?" Falco's eyes gleamed in annoyance as a burst of darkness radiated from his form.

The eyes of the creature widened in utter disbelief as he turned around to flee.

Unfortunately for him, before he could get far, Falco's darkness consumed him.

In another area, Aildris's eyes glowed as he absorbed the colors from the surroundings, his body radiating with power. He targeted a group of robed figures, binding them with beams of multicolored light. The figures struggled against the bindings, their own abilities trying to break free.

The leader of the robed figures, the multi-limbed being, retaliated with a powerful blast of energy. Endric countered with a telekinetic shield, the force of the impact causing the ground to tremble.

"That's it?" Endric taunted.

The robed leader's eyes narrowed. "You will regret defying the Gustavo Alliance."

"For people who claim to be under my brother's banner, you are extremely weak!"

Blink~

Endric vanished and reappeared behind the leader.

With a thrust forward, a surge of telekinesis radiated with immense vigor, ramming into the back of the leader.

Bam!

He spat out blood as he spiralled across the air and half of his robe got ripped.

'How did he? I thought his power was just telekinesis?' the leader was in disbelief.

Endric blinked again appearing right above him and snapping his fingers.

"Moon drop..." The moment these words left his lips, the leader felt an insurmountable pressure.

The robed figure unleashed a barrage of energy blasts, each one powerful enough to level a building and aimed them upwards.

This helped him have enough time to evade it's area of concentration as a burst of energy zoomed him towards the side at very quick pace.

Boom!

The moon drop descended on the surroundings, creating a huge crater as a burst of wind spread across the surroundings.

The battle raged on, each side unleashing their full power.

Endric's telekinetic abilities allowed him to manipulate the environment, lifting boulders and hurling them at the robed figures. He wasn't just facing the leader alone, he was still rendering assistance in defeating the others since there were a lot of them.

From a swirling vortex of luminescent energy high above the planet, a figure watched the fierce battle unfold below.

The portal, shimmering with hues of violet and emerald, framed the scene like a celestial window. Through it, the cloaked observer could see the struggle between Falco, Endric, Aildris, and the relentless forces of the Gustavo Alliance.

The figure's eyes, hidden beneath the shadow of a dark hood, gleamed with admiration and anticipation. The powerful trio fought with a fluidity and ferocity that was mesmerizing.

His lips curled into a smile beneath the mask. "That's our Lord's brother and his friends... This will be exciting," he murmured, his voice a low, reverent whisper.