

Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills

- Chapter 101 – 120

Chapter 101: Chapter 101: Red Serpent Deity
BOOM!

The two concentrated energy balls collided with explosive force.

The winner seemed obvious—the Naga King’s miasma overpowered the black fireball, continuing its deadly path toward Manas.

Just as the Naga King was about to grin victoriously, a wave of dread washed over him.

BOOM!

Crash!

From the sky, Aengus had already gathered another fireball—this one a hellish, black mass of flames, like a miniature sun. It hurtled down and smashed into the Naga King, sending his massive body spiraling into the ground from the sheer force of the impact.

But the Naga King wasn’t finished.

“Hissssssss!”

With a furious roar, the Naga King’s body rippled, and in an instant, he split into two, each form equally menacing. His rage had intensified more

“Hiss, I will kill you both!”

The Naga King roared, charging madly toward Aengus and Manas.

Manas leapt into the air with lightning speed, her advanced thought processing and accelerated mind allowing her to move with precision. Every ounce of energy was used efficiently, as she clashed with the Naga King, using a combination of raw physical strength and hellfire to chip away at his defenses bit by bit.

Aengus, fully aware that their energy reserves were running low, knew they had to act quickly. He turned his focus to the Naga King’s other body, preparing to immobilize it.

“Earth Cage!”

“Greater Earth Cage!”

Slamming his hand against the ground, Aengus conjured two massive, sturdy earth cages, trapping the Naga King inside one of them.

The Naga King paused, momentarily confused by the elemental Earth prison that surrounded him.

“What’s this? The elemental abilities shouldn’t be possible in demon land, not unless...” he thought a terrifying possibility, but before he ponder further he was hit by a black meteor figure.

Hellfire Dive!

Seizing the moment, Aengus, engulfed in blazing hellfire, launched himself into the sky. With a fierce lunge, he dove down, releasing the earth cages just in time to strike the Naga King’s body with the full force of his hellfire, aiming to end the battle in a fiery conclusion.

“Hisssss!”

“Argh! No, this shouldn’t be possible! How do you know elemental skills like those abominable humans? This is not possible!” the Naga King roared, his voice filled with disbelief as his body began to char under the scorching hellfire.

“Hahaha... so that’s how it is. You must be one of the spies sent by the humans,” he laughed maniacally as his form began to change.

In an instant, the Naga King shed his serpentine features, transforming into a towering human-like figure with explosive muscles. His body was covered in tattoos of a red snake, slithering and curling over his charred skin. Though wounded and burned, his power seemed to surge beyond anything Aengus had faced before.

Aengus furrowed his brows, sensing the shift in the Naga King’s strength. His aura had intensified, suffocating the air around them and pressing down with an overwhelming weight.

“Manas, what’s happening to him? Do you have any idea?” Aengus asked telepathically, his mind racing.

“Master, it seems he’s finally using his blessing,” Manas responded, her tone urgent. “We need to defeat him completely before he ascends to a higher rank. If he does, no one will be able to save us from his Petrifying Gaze and Illusion abilities.”

Aengus’s eyes narrowed. “Blessing? Who is this ‘Ancient Red Serpent’ that granted him such power?”

Manas hesitated for a moment before replying. "According to my archive, The Ancient Red Serpent is an ancient deity, one feared for its power over illusions and petrification. His blessing can elevate a chosen few to unimaginable strength. But, Master... if he fully ascends higher rank, we may not survive."

Aengus clenched his fists, though his expression calm. "So you're telling me I have use that ability? Is there no other choice?"

"No, Master," Manas replied firmly. "It's the best way to defeat him quickly."

With a deep sigh, Aengus steeled himself for what was to come.

Sienna and his subordinates, having finished their own battles, watched in awe from a distance. Their gazes were fixed on Aengus, marveling at the spectacle unfolding before them.

Without hesitation, Aengus invoked his power:

[Naga Transformation]

[Doombringer Fortification]

In an instant, Aengus transformed into a towering 25-meter serpent, every muscle fiber charged with fortification magic. His new form radiated with dark, menacing energy, dwarfing the Naga King.

The Naga King, momentarily struck with disbelief, barely had time to process what was happening when Aengus activated his next ability:

[Gluttony of Darkness]

A black hole formed in front of his maws of Aengus' serpentine form, its gravitational pull growing stronger with each passing second.

The air itself seemed to warp as the intense suction force began pulling everything, including the Naga King, toward it.

"H-How? No... Don't...!" The Naga King's eyes widened in terror as he struggled against the immense force. Desperation gripped him as his mind scrambled to comprehend what was happening. "How can a person possess both Mana and Nether Energy?"

Aengus' Heart of Darkness pulsed faster, amplifying the gravitational pull even further. The Naga King, despite all his strength and rage, found himself being dragged inexorably toward Aengus' black hole, his resistance growing weaker by the second.

The Naga King's roars echoed across the battlefield, sending chill down everyone's spine across the battlefield.

The battlefield fell silent as everyone froze, dumbfounded by the spectacle before them. The once invincible and proud Naga King, the leader who had reigned for over 150 years, was now swallowed by Aengus. It was an event that would be remembered throughout history.

The Naga King's final words rang in the air, venomous and filled with spite: "Argh! You will pay for this! Haha... I have informed the Almighty Red Serpent Deity to bring your demise. Just you wait, you will meet your end soon enough!"

And with that, the Naga King, the ruler of the Naga Tribe, was no more—devoured by Aengus' Gluttony of Darkness.

—

Suddenly, Aengus heard a series of notifications ringing in his mind:

"You have absorbed The Naga King!"

"You have absorbed part of the Ancient Red Serpent's blessing!"

"You have gained +140 Strength, +145 Defense, and +155 Agility!"

"Your Nether Energy / Mana increased by 15,000!"

"You have received the title: Naga King Slayer!"

"You have been marked by the Ancient Red Serpent!"

"You have received the option to choose a new Class for your achievement: Ancient Serpent Slayer!"

Do you want equip? Yes / No?

Chapter 102: Chapter 102: Subjugation Complete

Aengus, back in his humanoid form, winced as he clutched his chest, feeling the sharp pain coursing through his soul.

The process of absorbing a living being, especially one as powerful and defiant as the Naga King, had taken a toll on his soul. It was as though countless needles were piercing through his soul, a consequence of the Naga King's resistance during the absorption.

"Master, are you alright?" Manas' concerned voice echoed softly in his mind, her feminine tone filled with worry.

Aengus grunted, trying to steady his breathing as Butler Yu, Sienna, and several subordinates approached, their faces filled with concern. They knelt beside him, unsure of how to help but determined to protect their lord.

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Meanwhile, across the battlefield, a different tension was unfolding. Sentaro, bewildered and struggling to comprehend the events, confronted his father, Sanka.

"Father, why were you with the enemy, helping them to kill us?" Sentaro's voice was tinged with confusion and anger as he stared into the eyes of the man who had raised him.

Sanka let out a deep sigh, a weariness settling into his features. "It's a long story, son. But understand this — from now on, he is your new lord. Stay close to him, and you'll have a bright future."

Sentaro's frown deepened. "What do you mean, Father? Is he truly that powerful? And what happened to the others who left with you?"

Sanka's expression hardened, the sternness in his gaze warning against further probing. "Stop asking so many questions, Sen. Just do as I say."

Sensing the dangerous edge in his father's voice, Sentaro hesitated. Before he could press further, his father abruptly changed the subject.

"And where is your mother? Is she safe?"

His father hurriedly changed the topic realising if he told him about their enslavement, he might do something rash.

"Mother is fine, but what about you look injured.. Burned to be exact?"

"Oh, this..just got some injuries from the recent fights. Okay enough talking, follow me now. I will introduce you to our new lord. You must behave with respect, understand?"

Sen nodded and followed back his father to see who this new lord was.

Arriving before Aengus, both Sanka and Sen bowed deeply. Sen, observing the man before him, couldn't help but feel a mixture of awe and envy. Aengus, only slightly older than him, had risen to a position of incredible power, with hundreds of loyal followers at his command.

Sentaro also wanted that kind of power to ensure his family's safety.

Aengus, still masking the residual pain from the Naga King's absorption, glanced at the newcomers. Sienna, standing beside him, took the opportunity to introduce them.

"My lord, this is my younger brother. He's hardworking and eager to serve, just like the rest of us," Sienna said respectfully.

Aengus raised an eyebrow and locked eyes with Sentaro. "Oh, your brother, is he? What was your name again?" His gaze was intense, piercing through Sen as if he could see every thought behind the young man's words.

Sen flinched under Aengus' scrutinizing stare, feeling exposed. He swallowed hard before responding, "My name is Sentaro Alsker, my lord. I wish to serve you and assist in your goals."

Aengus shook his head slightly, seeing through Sentaro's ambitions and unspoken desires. "You're not being honest enough. You want power, but your heart lacks sincerity and loyalty. You can work under your sister for now," Aengus dismissed with cold tone.

Sanka and Sienna exchanged a glance, both knowing it was impossible to deceive their lord.

Sen, caught off guard by Aengus' straightforward assessment, quickly nodded, a touch of panic in his voice. "Y-Yes, my lord! I will do my best."

Though rejected, Sen vowed silently to himself. I will gain his trust and rise to power, just like Sienna did.

Aengus's gaze swept over the battlefield as he approached the defeated tribespeople.

The Naganians, still reeling from their king's death, fidgeted nervously. Among them were the elderly, children, and former warriors of the Naga King's court.

Sensing the tension, Aengus stopped before them, his voice cold and commanding.

"I am the Baron of Dark Valley, beyond this forest," he began, his tone carrying an air of finality. "Your king is dead, and those who resisted have met their end."

He let the words sink in, watching as some of the Naganians shifted uneasily. The reality of their situation was settling in. Aengus continued, his voice even more authoritative,

"Now, for those who wish to serve me, I offer you citizenship under my rule and a place in my army. You may bring your families with you, but know this—your performance will determine their fate and prosperity. If you harbor hatred against me, you are free to step away now."

With those words, he unleashed Darkness Haki, a wave of dark energy that intimidated the crowd, causing many to tremble. Some clutched their children closer, others looked away in fear.

Among the tribespeople of hundreds, the common Naganians quickly averted their gazes, too afraid to oppose Aengus. However, the former guards, children, and wives of the Naga King looked defiant, their expressions twisted with fury and disbelief. They refused to kneel, and their resentment was palpable.

One of the Naga King's children, his eyes burning with hatred, spat, "Traitors! How dare you serve the man who killed our king! You are nothing but abominable cowards!"

A few of the tribe members who weren't as emotionally tied to the Naga King sneered at their words. "Hmph! Foolish pride will only lead to more death," one muttered, stepping forward to pledge his loyalty to Aengus.

Without hesitation, Aengus extended his hand. "Spectral Death Strings!" he commanded, dark threads of ethereal energy shooting forth. They wrapped around the dissenting members of the king's family, binding them and suck away their life force. They gasped, their eyes filled with terror mixed with anguished screams.

One by one, nearly 40 of the former Naga King's closest confidants were reduced to half-dead beings. Their corpses, though lifeless, still had their uses.

Aengus's cold gaze shifted to the hundreds of tribespeople before him, and fear gripped their hearts as they felt the weight of his stare.

"M-My lord, please don't kill us. We will serve you wholeheartedly. You're one of us, after all. We have no objections," one elder stammered, stepping forward cautiously.

"Besides, it is a blessing that you freed us from that tyrant king. We can't be grateful enough actually."

“Y-Yes, the elder is right. We will follow you to your dominion,” others echoed, eager not to be left behind.

A satisfied smile tugged at Aengus’s lips.

Meanwhile, Sienna, her father, and her brother approached a beautiful Naganian woman dressed in red.

“Mother!”

“Dear!”

The woman looked up and exhaled deeply, relief washing over her face.

“Husband, Sienna, Sentaro—thanks the demon god that you’re all alive! I was so worried about you.”

They embraced, exchanging stories of their adventures and near-misses.

“Let’s go, dear. We’re leaving this cursed forest today,” Sanka said to his wife.

“Alright,” she nodded with a smile. Wherever her loved ones were, that was her home.

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Afterward, Aengus ordered everyone to collect all the spoils and demon cores from the treasury.

Meanwhile, he gathered the corpses, ready to add them to his Legion and strengthen his most trusted subordinates.

Chapter 103: Chapter 103: Vespera’s Worst fear

After transforming the half-dead Nagas into his Legion, Aengus finally had a moment to check his stats:

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[Name: Aengus Degaro] (Marked by Ancient Red Serpent Deity)

[Age: 18]

[Title: Naga King Slayer]

[Race: Half-Human Half-Demon]

[Level: 31]

[Occupation: Baron of Dark Valley, Demon Servant]

[Class: None] (Options: Ancient Serpent Slayer)

[Bloodline Lineage: Beelzebub (Partial-Royal), Viperscale Naga (Half-Noble)]

[Special Trait: Energy Converter (Artificial)]

Physical Stats:

[Strength: 380]

[Agility: 404]

[Defense: 400]

[Mana: 18,352 /50,552]

[Nether Energy: 10,000 /50,552]

[Attribute points: 30]

Skills:

– [Active: Doombringer Fortification -3 (C) Hellfire Dive (C), Earth Manipulation-12(D), Azure Ghost Blade (D), Venomous Ripper (D)]

– [Passive: Blazing Purge (D), Predator's Instinct -23 (E), Health Regeneration -4 (E)]

[Special skills: Monster Breeding (Level-2)]

[Demonic Abilities:

– Peak: Heart of Darkness

– Intermediate: Gluttony of Darkness

– Basic: Darkness Pulse, Darkness Veil, Darkness Haki, Blood Regeneration, Hellfire Control, Poisonous Miasma Control, Body Duplication, Armoured Black Scales, Naganian Transformation, Spectral Death Strings, Pain Resistance.

[Unique Skills: Appraisal (Basic), Skill Absorption (Mythic), Universal Synthesis (Ultimate)]

[Equipment: None]

Aengus allocated the 30 attribute points he earned from his six-level power-up but paused, furrowing his brows at the ominous mark beside his name.

“Manas, what does this mark mean? Can I remove it?” he asked, a hint of unease in his voice.

“Master, it’s a mark left by an Ancient Deity from long ago,” Manas replied. “Although they are dead, they can still exert some influence on the world by using devotion energy. While they can’t harm you directly, they may send someone in their place to confront you. Until you’re powerful enough to remove it completely, you should remain cautious, Master.”

“I see... Now, what about this Ancient Serpent Slayer class? Should I equip it?” Aengus inquired as he oversaw his followers collecting demon cores and dead bodies.

Manas responded, “It is a strong class, Master, but it’s not ideal for you. It grants special skills related to slaying Ancient Serpents and their bloodlines, but it’s too niche for your goals. I advise waiting for a more suitable class. Remember, you can only equip one in your lifetime, and it can’t be synthesized with others for that same reason.”

Aengus nodded thoughtfully, absorbing the knowledge.

“But Master, I can sense you’re clearly in pain,” Manas spoke, his voice laced with concern. “You should seek treasures to heal your soul. If you let the pain accumulate, it will eventually weaken you. Who will care for you then?”

Aengus looked up at the starry sky, his expression tinged with melancholy. “Yes... alone. I have no one close now, perhaps I never did. Aria, Aunt Greta, Emily... the only ones who ever showed me kindness, and they’re all gone now.”

His thoughts lingered on Aria’s radiant smile, her captivating emerald green eyes, and the graceful way she moved in her white dress. Her memory flashed vividly in his mind, stirring emotions long buried.

“It’s all those damn demons’ fault,” he growled, his voice trembling with rage. “I will kill every last one of them.”

He roared to the heavens, his body emanating a dark aura as the fury within him surged. The force of his anger sent a chill through the air, and everyone nearby felt a shiver run down their spine.

After some time, Aengus and his subordinates led over 900 tribespeople toward Dark Valley, their new home. Along the journey, they cleared out numerous demonic creatures, ensuring the safety of the weaker members of the group.

Six to eight hours later, when Aengus finally arrived near his Barony, his forces had grown significantly. He now commanded over 220 Lesser Demons and 30 Greater Demons—a remarkable increase compared to just a few days ago when he first entered Dark Valley.

His Legion had also expanded, boasting 700 Lesser Demons and 25 Greater Demons.

In total, Aengus's army now consisted of more than 900 Lesser Demons and 55 Greater Demons, not counting the ordinary tribespeople. It was an overwhelming force, especially compared to the other baronies under Bella's rule.

"Hey, look! It's our new lord!"

"Oh, shi*t! Who are those Naga people behind him? So many of them!"

As Aengus and his subordinates entered his territory, the citizens whispered in hushed voices, their faces filled with awe and disbelief.

"It seems our new lord is quite capable!"

"Of course! Why else would Marquess Bella appoint him as Baron out of nowhere?"

The townspeople welcomed their lord with applause and cheers, impressed by the strength of his growing forces.

Once inside, Aengus and his newly added subordinates began settling in. Butler Yu and the administrative department assigned each individual to new posts and ranks based on their strengths and weaknesses.

However, Aengus had little time for these administrative tasks. Instead, he retreated into a secluded chamber, focusing on synthesizing the demon cores to increase their value and power, allowing him to grow even stronger.

Since low-level demons no longer provided him with stats, Aengus began ascending them to higher ranks. The process of "farming" continued as before, ensuring his army and personal strength would keep escalating.

At the Fortress Marquis Estate, within Bella's mansion, Bella Bellfrost sat seductively on an armchair, her chin resting on her shoulder with a casual expression.

"My Lady, we have received news about the newly appointed Baron of Dark Valley," a vampire with long, dark wings reported respectfully.

Behind Bella, Vespera, her loyal confidante, narrowed her ruby-red eyes at the mention of the Baron, while Bella's interest was clearly piqued.

"Oh? What's the news?" Bella asked, her enchanting purple eyes fluttering slightly. She was intrigued, especially since this involved the man she shared her first kiss with—the man she shared her aspirations with.

Confident that the Hex poison had fully taken effect on him, she had no concerns about his betrayal.

"Lord Aengus has subjugated a significant number of formidable Naganians and brought them to his town."

"How many?" Bella inquired, her voice carrying a hint of curiosity.

"Nearly 700 or so, my lady," the vampire servant replied swiftly.

"Mm.." Bella seemed impressed. "Alright, you may go," she dismissed him with a wave of her hand.

As the servant left, Vespera stepped forward, her tone laced with concern. "My lady, his power is growing exponentially. I believe you should enslave him quickly. I've had a bad feeling about him ever since he arrived."

Bella chuckled softly, a sly smile curling her lips. "Oh, Vespera, you worry too much. Don't fret. I have my own plans. We'll pay him a visit in a few days—after I finish these menial and boring paperwork tasks," she said, glancing with mild irritation at the towering stack of documents on her desk.

Chapter 104: Chapter 104: Hell-flareborne Wings
[Name: Aengus Degaro] (Marked By Ancient Red Serpent)

[Age: 18]

[Title: Naga King Slayer]

[Race: Half-Human Half-Demon]

[Level: 31]

[Occupation: Baron of Dark Valley, Demon Servant]

[Class: None]

[Bloodline Lineage: Beelzebub (Partial-Royal), Viperscale Naga (Half-Noble)]

[Special Trait: Energy Converter (Artificial)]

Physical Stats:

[Strength: 490]

[Agility: 480]

[Defense: 490]

[Mana: 20,500 /60,500]

[Nether Energy: 40,000 /60,500]

[Attribute points: 0]

Skills:

– [Active: Doombringer Fortification -3 (C) Hellfire Dive -3 (C), Phantom Venom Slash (C), Earth Manipulation- 89 (D)]

– [Passive: Blazing Purge -5 (D), Predator's Instinct -34 (E), Health Regeneration -79 (E)]

[Special skills: Monster Breeding (Level-3)]

[Demonic Abilities:

– Peak: Heart of Darkness

– Intermediate: Gluttony of Darkness

– Basic: Darkness Pulse, Darkness Veil, Darkness Haki, Blood Regeneration, Hellfire Control, Poisonous Miasma Control, Body Duplication, Armoured Black Scales, Naganian Transformation, Spectral Death Strings, Pain Resistance.

[Unique Skills: Appraisal (Basic), Skill Absorption (Mythic), Universal Synthesis (Ultimate)]

[Equipment: Storage Bracelet]

Two days had passed since the Naga people arrived in Dark Valley. During this time, they settled their families and began to familiarize themselves with the town and its people.

The townsfolk of Dark Valley welcomed the newcomers with open arms—after all, they had little choice. Resistance meant certain death, and they no longer had the right to question their new circumstances.

Aengus took some personal time to check on their progress. He couldn't simply ignore them, could he? At the same time, he absorbed a significant number of demon cores, further increasing his energy reserves and stats. He also got a space bracelet from the treasury of the Naga King, which he found very useful.

Aengus could be considered an Elder Demon rank, or a C+ Rank powerhouse.

Seated in his office, Aengus mulled over his next move, contemplating when to subdue the nearby tribes. He still hadn't forgotten the declaration of the Horned Lizard Tribe.

Bang!

The door swung open with a loud bang as Sienna hurried into the office.

"My lord, we are under attack!" Sienna exclaimed, her face filled with anxiety.

Aengus raised an eyebrow. "Sienna, how many times have I told you? No banging on the door."

Sienna clicked her tongue, flashing a sheepish smile.

By now, Sienna and her brother had been quite enthusiastic and worked hard to assist Aengus with his duties. Because of this, they were a little closer to him than the others.

"So, tell me, who's attacking us this time?" Aengus asked, standing up as he looked out the window.

"It's the Hellfire Wolf King and Queen. They're here for revenge after we captured their kin."

Aengus glanced at her and nodded in understanding.

“Alright, let’s go and make them our new pets,” he said confidently.

Sienna followed Aengus, feeling speechless at his overconfidence.

When they arrived at the confrontation spot between Dark Valley’s troops and the Hellfire Wolves horde, Aengus was momentarily startled by the scene. Nearly 500 wolves, along with their King and Queen, stood at the forefront, their ferocious roars filling the air. Hellfire blazed around them, turning some of Aengus’ subordinates to ashes.

Despite the chaos, Aengus remained calm, his cold demeanor reinforced by the passive effect of his ****Heart of Darkness**** ability.

Without hesitation, Aengus summoned his Legion, their overwhelming presence clouding the battlefield.

“Thank the Lord! Lord Aengus is here!” Some of his subordinates visibly sighed in relief, their hope restored.

The Wolf King and Queen locked eyes with Aengus, sensing the threat he posed.

“It was you who captured and killed our children?” they growled in fury.

Aengus didn’t flinch. “Yes, it was me. What are you going to do about it?” he replied coldly.

As the Legion clashed with the enemy wolves, hellfire igniting all around them, the tension between Aengus and the wolf rulers reached its peak.

“You... accursed creature! You will die!” Both the Wolf King and Queen lunged at him, using one of their abilities to fly toward him with murderous intent.

But Aengus was prepared. He no longer feared Elder demons—he himself was one.

“Doombringer Fortification!”

“Body Duplication!”

As the Hellfire Wolves descended upon him, spewing flames from their mouths, Aengus leapt into the air, confronting them head-on with his raw physical power. He knew he had to defeat them quickly before they could use their flying abilities to escape—it would be a significant loss if they managed to flee.

The battle was intense. Aengus fought both the Wolf King and Queen, two Elder Demons, with the aid of Manas, who functioned as an efficient battle machine. Their

fierce clash sent shockwaves across the battlefield, reducing some of the lesser demon wolves to ashes in an instant.

Aengus' subordinates watched in awe, their respect for him growing with each moment.

"Lord Aengus will be victorious for sure!" Some murmured, finally feeling a sense of relief.

As time passed, the Hellfire King and Queen were gradually worn down, their bodies battered and bruised beyond recognition. Their once fearsome presence had faded, and victory was within Aengus' grasp.

"Arghhh, please, my lord, have mercy! Spare us! We yield completely to your overwhelming strength. We will do anything—just let us live!" the Hellfire Wolf King pleaded desperately.

Aengus's cold gaze remained unwavering. "Accept allegiance, or die," he said with an icy finality.

"Y-Yes, my lord! We and our children will serve you wholeheartedly!" they replied, their voices trembling with fear.

"Good," Aengus nodded in acknowledgment before stepping toward the female wolf.

"But before that," he continued with a twisted grin, "give me what I want the most."

The Hellfire King and Queen exchanged confused glances, unsure of his intentions. Without another word, Aengus placed his hand on the female wolf's body.

"Skill Absorption!"

The Queen shrieked in agony as Aengus pulled one of her abilities from her like a tendon being ripped from flesh. His grin widened as the long-awaited notification flashed before his eyes.

"You have acquired a new demonic ability: Hell-Flareborne Wings (Physical)."

Aengus savored the moment as the ability surged through him, leaving the defeated Wolf Queen gasping for breath.

But they didn't dare complain, realizing Aengus could snuff out their lives at any moment. Any sign of disobedience meant certain death.

Aengus unfurled the newly acquired wings from his back—nearly 1.5 meters long, dark-colored with hard, razor-sharp feathers. The power they held was palpable, and he could feel the potential to take flight coursing through him.

Just as he was about to soar into the sky, eager to savor his first moment of flight, an unexpected interruption froze him in place.

“Clap, clap, clap!”

The sound echoed across the battlefield. Bella Bellfrost appeared, a sly smile on her lips, her entourage trailing behind her like shadows.

Chapter 105: Chapter 105: Face To Face

“Let’s go talk somewhere else!” Bella said in one quick sentence before flapping her wings and lifting Aengus into the sky.

Bella’s heart was far from calm. If she hadn’t been there at the right time, she wouldn’t have believed that Aengus had reached Elder Demon rank in such a short period of time. It was unbelievable. If she hadn’t seen it with her own eyes she would have never believed it.

It had taken her years of hard work to achieve what he had done so quickly. She had a growing sense of foreboding that Aengus was slipping out of her control, and she wanted to test him.

Her subordinates didn’t follow after receiving her instructions to leave them alone.

Aengus could feel Bella’s inner turmoil as she held him tightly against her chest, but he remained silent.

He realized this might be the moment to clarify everything between them once and for all.

When they landed, Bella’s gaze locked onto his, and a flicker of anxiety crossed her face. She noticed the absence of the respect and flattery he used to show her, a stark contrast to their previous interactions.

“I never imagined you could become this powerful in just a week, Aengus,” she said, her voice steady, calling him by his name. The familiarity signaled that she was being serious this time.

Her piercing purple eyes bore into his as she continued, “Why don’t you call me Mistress anymore? Why can’t I see the obedience you once had? Or was it all just a facade—some fake persona you used to wear?” She searched his gaze, as though hoping to uncover the secrets he had been hiding.

The tension between them thickened, the weight of unspoken truths hanging in the air.

Aengus's silence confirmed her suspicions, and her heart panicked for a moment.

She quickly calmed herself and used one of her abilities to activate the Hex poison she had secretly placed in his body. The poison, made from her own blood, was meant to enslave him under her control.

"Why isn't it working?" Her beautiful brows furrowed in frustration.

"No. I can't accept this, Aengus. After so many years, I finally found hope, and I'm not going to let you go just like that," she said, almost in desperation, her eyes slightly teary.

Aengus was confused by the sudden emotional outburst of the Succubus woman.

In hurried motion, Bella took out a leather collar made of unknown components.

"Here... wear it!" Bella extended her jade-like hand, offering the collar to Aengus.

Aengus glanced at the collar and immediately recognized it as a Slave Collar, causing his brows to furrow.

He knew he was no match for her in his current state, but enslavement was something he could not accept.

Without hesitation, Aengus took the collar and burned it to ashes with Hellfire.

"Y-You...!" Bella's anger surged through her chest.

"Paah!" She moved with incredible speed and slapped Aengus hard, sending his body crashing into the ground with a loud bang.

Even though he had activated all of his demonic abilities beforehand, he still couldn't react in time to defend himself.

Aengus, lying on the ground after being struck with such force, felt the sting of Bella's power. He had known she was strong, but the speed and ferocity she displayed left him momentarily stunned. His demonic abilities, though formidable, paled in comparison to hers. Yet, the fire inside him, the dark power he'd cultivated, refused to allow him to feel submission.

Bella, standing over him with fury in her eyes, couldn't believe the defiance he'd shown. The collar—her last hope of binding him—had been reduced to ashes in an instant. Her hands trembled, not out of fear, but frustration. She had never felt so powerless to control someone in her long life.

"You... dared..." she whispered through gritted teeth, her voice quivering with a mix of anger and something more vulnerable beneath the surface. Tears welled in her eyes,

though she tried to suppress them, unwilling to let her emotions break through her hard exterior.

Aengus slowly stood up, his expression calm but his eyes filled with a dark resolve. “Bella, I am not the man you once knew,” he said, his voice cold. “Whatever bond we had, it shattered the moment you tried to enslave me. I am no one’s servant—not yours, not anyone’s.”

Bella’s heart clenched as she listened to him. She had hoped to control him, to keep him close, but now she realized that something fundamental had changed between them. “I saved you from death, gave you everything... and this is how you repay me?” she asked, her voice now filled with sorrow more than anger.

Aengus shook his head. “No, I’m grateful for you saving me. But you gave me control disguised as power. You tried to control me in every way you could. But I have my own goals. I’m going to take over the world—not just you. I’ll kill that Demon Lord who took everything from me. And no one can stop me. Not even you, Bella. Unless you kill me.”

Bella trembled at his bold declaration.

“K-Kill you? What would I gain by killing you? Would I get the power you have?” she asked, her voice shaking. “And what about the love we shared?” Her eyes searched his, wondering if the kiss they shared had been a lie too.

“Love?” Aengus paused for a moment, then spoke coldly. “That wasn’t love. You were just trying to enchant me.”

“Paah!” Bella slapped him hard again, sending him stumbling sideways.

“B-Bastard! You’re not just ungrateful—you’re an emotionless creature as well! Do you think I would kiss someone just to enchant them? Do I seem like a whore to you?

I’m not like my other sisters, Aengus!” Bella shouted in frustration, her chest rising and falling with her breath.

Aengus, holding his cheek, asked, “Why would you fall in love just after meeting me? And if you did, why would you try to enslave me? It doesn’t make sense.” He seemed genuinely confused, momentarily forgetting that he had just been slapped twice..

Bella’s face flushed with both anger and frustration. Her emotions, which she usually kept tightly controlled, were unraveling in front of Aengus, the one person she thought she could easily manipulate.

"You think everything is so simple, Aengus?" Bella shot back, her purple eyes flashing dangerously. "You don't understand anything about me or why I did what I did. Yes, I tried to control you. Yes, I used my power to bind you, but it wasn't just for my own gain!" She paused, her voice breaking slightly, as if the weight of her feelings was too much to bear. "I was... afraid. Afraid of losing you to the world, just like my mother.."

He wasn't expecting such raw emotion from someone like Bella, who had always appeared calculating and powerful. "Afraid? You're one of the most powerful beings I've ever met. What could you possibly be afraid of?"

Bella's fists clenched as she turned her back to him, trying to regain her composure. "Just like how I lost my mother, I was afraid of losing you too."

"She left me alone here when I was just a child, going to the human lands, and I never heard from her again."

"I can't really blame her. If I were in her shoes, I might have done the same. She was forced by her illustrious family—and, more importantly, by the demon lords who opposed my parents' relationship for their own selfish reasons. My father and mother had no choice but to end their relationship to protect a half-breed child like me." She spoke as though she were letting out years of pent-up frustration.

"From that moment on, I vowed to overthrow their rules. But no matter what I did, it always fell short because of their power and influence."

"I'm still helpless against them. But when I saw you, Aengus, I saw hope. You're also a half-breed like me, and our goals are the same."

She turned to face him, looking into his dark eyes. "Now, tell me, what did I do wrong?" she asked, her voice firm, still standing by her principles to the very end.

Chapter 106: Chapter 106: Settling Their Feud

Aengus understood the motivations behind her actions; it was clear that her attraction stemmed from his potential rather than genuine devotion. It wasn't complete love. It was mixed with calculation.

She had sought to use him, and while she had her reasons, the manipulation left a bitter taste.

Her confession fell on deaf ears, for his heart no longer held space for love, only the echoes of memories long past.

She clung to him, her embrace tight and desperate, as though she hoped that by doing so, her allure could conquer his indifference. But it was in vain; her helpless attraction, despite her beauty, could not stir him.

Aengus gently pushed her away, his voice calm and resolute. "It's pointless, Bella Bellfrost. My heart belongs to someone else already, and now, it's as cold as ice. I can no longer feel the love or affection you wish to offer."

Bella's crimson lips pressed into a thin line as she felt a sharp pang in her chest. Yet, she forced a seductive smile, like the beguiling succubus she was.

"It's fine," she purred, her voice laced with temptation. "I'll find my place in your heart eventually. And if I'm not mistaken, your former human partner is long dead, isn't she?"

Her words made his gaze harden with every second.

Realizing her misstep, Bella quickly backtracked, her tone softening. "Ah, forgive me, sweetheart. I shouldn't have brought her up."

Aengus remained silent, restraining the surge of anger within him. Confronting an Archdemon was no small feat, and to strike her would be sheer folly. It was fortunate enough that she hadn't retaliated against him for his defiance.

Still, if she had, Aengus would have been forced to take drastic measures—measures that could have destroyed them both.

Suddenly, Bella's gaze fell on the locket around his neck. She leaned in, her fingers brushing it with possessiveness, as though it hers already.

"And who gave you this locket, sweetheart?" she asked, her voice laced with jealousy. She suspected it had belonged to his human lover, and the thought stirred something dark within her.

Aengus grasped her hand firmly, halting her attempt to delve deeper.

"It's from my parents. You don't need to concern yourself with it," he replied, his tone sharp and cold.

Unfazed by his icy demeanor, Bella pressed her cheek against his chest, letting out a contented sigh.

"Where are your parents, sweetheart? Why don't we visit them?" she asked, her voice laced with feigned innocence.

"They're not in this world," Aengus said shortly.

Her eyes widened slightly. “You mean they’re dead? Oh, I’m so sorry, sweetheart.” She smiled seductively, her voice dripping with false sympathy. “But you’re not alone—I’ll stay by your side from now on.” Her breath, warm against his skin, sent an involuntary shiver through his body, stirring reactions he fought to suppress.

Steeling himself, Aengus broke free from her embrace, striding toward his residence.

Bella trailed after him, her presence is more clingy than ever. Her eyes, brimming with naughty thoughts.

The Hellfire Wolf King and Queen were still kneeling by the time Aengus and Bella arrived at the recent battleground. Their immense forms, once so fearsome, now cowered under the weight of defeat.

Bella let out a soft snort, and with that small sound, an invisible force descended upon the wolf couple. The crushing pressure was a subtle yet unmistakable warning. She would tolerate no harm coming to Aengus—her decision to align with him was final, their goals now intertwined.

Without a word, Aengus summoned back his Legion, the ethereal creatures vanishing into the void at his command. He turned toward the mansion, motioning for his subordinates to withdraw and return to their posts.

Even though this was the second time Bella had witnessed it, the sight of Aengus conjuring powerful monsters out of thin air still left her astonished. It was nothing short of extraordinary.

As they entered the mansion, Butler Yu and the maid Donna greeted them with respectful smiles.

Aengus, however, cast a cold, knowing glance at Donna.

The maid froze, a shiver running down her spine as the realization struck her—he was aware. Aengus had discovered her audacious act, and the silent warning in his gaze made it clear.

Why else would he want to unsettle her like this?

Sensing the tension between Aengus and the maid, Bella stepped in with a playful smile.

“Sweetheart, don’t blame her. I was the one who instructed her to do that foolish thing.” She squeezed his hand gently, her words soft but deliberate.

The maid let out a breath of relief, while Butler Yu exchanged astonished glances with her, noting the sudden intimacy between the two. His only concern now was not to become an unwelcome third wheel in whatever was transpiring. So, with hurried steps, both he and the maid discreetly left the room, giving them their privacy.

Aengus, pulling his hand free from Bella's warm grasp, turned to her with a hint of irritation. "Why are you still following me, Bella? Don't you have your own territory to manage?"

She pouted slightly but stayed close, trailing behind him. "Didn't I say I'm staying with you now?" she teased. "I'm giving you my army—and myself—to manage. I'm tired of responsibilities. From now on, I'll just eat, sleep, and take care of you." Her wings fluttered slightly, betraying her excitement.

Aengus stopped in his tracks, his voice low and irritated. "What do you mean, 'sleep with me'?"

The mere thought was unsettling. If she insisted, even his sleep would be disturbed by the uncomfortable tension she always seemed to bring.

Bella smirked, her lips curling with mischief. "Sleep means sleep, of course. What else?" She raised an eyebrow suggestively, her curvaceous figure all too prominent as she leaned closer. "But if you're thinking of something naughty... well, I wouldn't say no."

Aengus shot her a sideways glance, his body betraying him with that all-too-familiar tingling sensation. He could already tell that tonight, his greatest enemy would not be Bella—but his own self-control.

Chapter 107: Chapter 107: Expedition

It was late at night, and Aengus and Bella found themselves alone in his bedroom.

Bella, having retracted her wings, now wore a revealing nightdress as she lay seductively on his bed. A playful smile danced on her lips as she watched Aengus's reaction.

"Sweetheart, why don't you come over?" she smiled, her body's soft curves and the alluring contours of her chest drawing his gaze.

Aengus narrowed his eyes, his expression hardening. "If you're sleeping there, I'm staying here," he said, his tone icy as he settled into a chair in the far corner of the room.

The Baron's mansion was small, and with new guests occupying the remaining rooms, Aengus had no other place to sleep. He resigned himself to spending the night on the chair, silently resisting Bella's persistent advances.

He could have given in to her wishes, but something deep within him refused. A man and woman's bond, he believed, should be sacred—an unshakable belief he had carried from his past life.

Sigh!

Bella rubbed her temples in frustration.

She rose from the bed and moved toward him with a commanding presence. "Sweetheart, being alone isn't always best. Trust me, I know." She grabbed his hand firmly, her grip surprisingly strong.

"Come on, let's share some warmth in this cold reality."

With a swift pull, she tugged him onto the bed, wrapping herself around him like an octopus.

Aengus tried to free his hand from her grasp, but her strength was not to be underestimated. It was a mystery how a woman like her could possess such physical power. Even compared to his own, she still had an advantage by a mile.

Seeing no other option, Aengus rolled onto the bed, turning his back to her.

The bed was small, leaving barely any space between them. Bella smiled mischievously as she leaned closer, wrapping her arms around his body, closing the gap entirely.

"Uh..."

Aengus felt an unsettling sensation crawling inside him, but he ruthlessly suppressed it, refusing to give in to the temptation gnawing at him.

He let go of the tension that had plagued his mind, craving the rest his body desperately needed. Though his enhanced physique allowed him to stay awake longer than most, his body still yearned for sleep.

Despite how irritating her actions could be at times, there was a strange comfort in her presence—something warm he hadn't felt in ages.

Closing his eyes, he allowed the exhaustion to take over. Bella, sensing his weariness, remained silent, not wanting to disturb him.

As she quietly watched him, a figure seemingly consumed by loneliness, her feelings for him deepened.

“Aengus, one day, I’ll make you mine,” she whispered, determination filling her voice. “I’ll clear the stone in your heart and claim my place there.”

With those words, she too tried to drift into sleep, her senses sharp, ever alert for any danger.

—

The next morning, when Aengus and Bella stepped out of their room, Butler Yu and maid Donna exchanged strange glances. They had their suspicions about what might have transpired between the two, and their thoughts quickly spiraled into extreme conclusions.

Unbothered by the silent judgment, Aengus issued his orders with authority. “Gather the army. Today, we begin our campaign to conquer the unclaimed tribes and territories that have remained independent for far too long.”

These tribes had long been overlooked, even by Bella, who had more pressing concerns. Her enemies circled her like vultures, each waiting for a moment of weakness to strike. The backing of other Dukes and Demon Lords meant they had no fear of Belial’s influence.

Still, Bella followed Aengus, curious to see his leadership firsthand. She needed to know whether he had the strength to lead them toward their shared vision of domination.

Though Aengus hadn’t spoken openly of it, he had already decided to accept her offer. Aligning with Bella would make his path smoother, at least for now.

But the real question lingered in the air: What would the Duke of Lust think of this alliance? Only time would reveal the consequences. He might have to clash with him as well.

As they stepped outside, Vespera shot him an unpleasant look. She knew what had transpired between her mistress and him, and for some reason, she didn’t like him.

“What? Do you have any problem with me, Vespera?” Aengus asked, his eyes piercing her soul.

“N-No...” Vespera stammered, realizing he was on a whole other level than before as she sensed his suppressed aura. She shrunk back and moved behind Bella.

Bella giggled, watching their interaction with amusement.

Afterwards, followed by Aengus and Bella, all of them started their march towards the Dark swamp. Their mission: Unconditional Subjugation.

The Horned Lizard Tribe

Inside the grand hall of the Horned Lizard Tribe, a tense discussion unfolded. The hall, constructed entirely of massive bones and the hides of fallen beasts, was dimly lit by flickering torches. At its center, the tribe chief sat upon his throne, his clawed hand resting on the armrest made of a colossal serpent's skull.

"Chief, we need to rethink our defenses," one of the tribe's warriors, a tall, muscular humanoid lizard with rough, scaled skin, spoke with conviction.

"The extra guards at the border are a waste. We've been spending resources we can't afford to lose, guarding against a threat that never came. That half-breed... whoever he was... he's not coming back. His threats were nothing but empty boasts. He wanted to scare us, make us retreat. He's a liar, Chief. You must reconsider."

The chief's eyes, glowing faintly in the dim light, remained narrowed in contemplation. His tail flicked behind him as he listened, his massive body shifting slightly on the throne.

Around him, the older lizards of the tribe nodded thoughtfully, their aged scales dull but their minds sharp.

"I hear your concerns, Goruk," the chief finally said, his voice deep and loud.

"But fear is a powerful tool. This half-breed, as you call him, may have seemed like a mere braggart, but he carried with him an air of danger I have not felt in a long time. We cannot let down our guard. The world is shifting, and it is better to be over-prepared than to fall into complacency."

One of the elders, his scales faded with age, raised his voice. "Chief, Goruk has a point. Our people are struggling. The swamps no longer yield what they once did. If we continue to stretch our defenses, we may not have enough left to feed the tribe through the next season.

"The chief's gaze hardened. "I am aware of our struggles, but pulling back now would invite danger. I know there is a storm brewing, and we cannot afford to be caught off guard."

Just as the room fell into silence, a scout burst through the bone-laden entrance, panting heavily. His scales were covered in mud and swamp water, a clear sign he had been running without rest.

“Chief!” the scout gasped, his breath uneven. “That half-breed... he’s coming! A large army was behind him... and they’re heading straight for us!”

Chapter 108: Chapter 108: Aengus Vs Gourmond
“What?”

The hall instantly erupted into chaos.

The murmurs of doubt and cautious optimism were replaced by shouts of alarm and fear. The elders looked at one another, their earlier confidence faltering.

Goruk clenched his fists, his previous words now hanging heavy in the air.

The chief rose from his throne, towering over the others. His voice boomed across the hall, silencing the panic in an instant.

“Everyone, don’t panic. Go and prepare the defenses! Call back the guards from the borders and station them at the heart of the tribe. We will not be caught unprepared. If this half-breed seeks war, then war he shall have!”

Outside, the drumbeats of war began to echo throughout the swamp, signaling the beginning of a battle that would shape the fate of the Horned Lizard Tribe—or perhaps the entire region.

—

Aengus observed the tribe’s futile efforts with a smirk playing on his lips. Behind him stood an imposing force—over 500 lesser demons, dozens of Greater demons, and his Legion, all waiting in disciplined silence. He was confident they all wouldn’t even be necessary for such a minor skirmish.

From the side, Bella’s spoke.

“Sweetheart, should I help?” she asked, casually gathering energy in her hand. The raw power radiating from her caused a noticeable chill to run through the nearby subordinates, sending waves of unease down the ranks.

Aengus sighed inwardly, recognizing the inevitable headache her involvement could bring. While her strength was undeniable, Bella had a tendency to go overboard,

sometimes leaving a trail of destruction that didn't always differentiate between friend and foe.

Still, her presence was reassuring in its own chaotic way. He glanced at her, offering a slight nod, silently hoping she wouldn't obliterate his own forces as collateral damage.

From a distance, Sienna watched Bella, her expression betraying a hint of jealousy. Bella's power and closeness to Aengus always stoked something bitter in her, but there was nothing she could do but swallow her feelings.

Sen gave her a knowing sidewise glance.

Meanwhile, the Horned Lizard Tribe Chief, who had previously stood with a semblance of confidence, now glanced at the overwhelming enemy force, his earlier bravado quickly crumbling.

He looked uneasily between his own meager troops and the mass of demons at Aengus's command. Panic was setting in, not just for him, but for the other tribe elders as well.

"Is this it? The end of our tribe?" one of the elders whispered in despair.

But then the Chief's gaze locked onto succubus Bella, her striking beauty and aura unmistakable.

He seemed to be recognising her, so with a sudden shift in demeanor, he stepped forward, raising both of his large, scaled hand in a gesture of peace.

"What is Tribe Chief doing?" his people murmured from behind. They already took him as he was going to surrender to the enemy.

Some brainless fools began to feel dissatisfied at their Chief's cowardice.

Aengus watched him curiously. The Tribe Chief's earlier arrogance from a few days ago had melted away into something more akin to desperation, and now, he was approaching, his hand lifted in surrender.

"Wait," Aengus muttered, holding Bella back for the moment. There was no harm in hearing the chief out.

Bella pouted slightly, clearly disappointed at being stopped, but she relented, folding her arms as she observed the situation with sharp eyes.

Whatever the chief's next move was, Bella remained alert—ready to crush them all at a moment's notice.

The Tribe Chief Gourmond halted his steps, his voice trembling with a mixture of desperation and frustration. "Lady Bella, why is someone of your esteemed status aiding this man? Have you forgotten the pact we have with Lord Duke Belial for non-aggression? If I may be so bold, let me explain—"

Bella interrupted him with a smile, but her words were laced with chilling indifference. "Yes, I remember the pact, Tribe Chief. But you misunderstand. This is no aggression from my father. This is a matter of survival in an age of chaos. I suggest you surrender to my sweetheart obediently. You lack the power to oppose him."

Bella's cold, unyielding tone stung worse than any weapon.

Chief Gourmond clenched his fists in rage, veins throbbing on his scaly skin. "Why are you doing this?" he growled. "Have you forgotten what the Black Dragon Emperor did for your father? Now that he is missing, is that why you behave so ruthlessly?"

Bella's smile vanished, her eyes narrowing dangerously.

"Oh tribe chief, I haven't forgotten. Nor has my father," she replied, her voice icy. "Your ancestor, the Black Dragon Emperor, indeed aided my father in reaching his current rank. But that debt was repaid long ago. As for the non-aggression pact—" she tilted her head slightly, her gaze piercing into Gourmond's soul, "If I am not mistaken, it will expire in just a few days, will it not?"

Gourmond's composure shattered as reality set in. The pact, once a source of protection, was now little more than an illusion of safety, soon to be obsolete.

His tribe was isolated and weakened. They had no hope of standing against Aengus and Bella, much less her father's forces if they chose to intervene.

He could feel the eyes of his tribe elders and warriors on him, waiting, watching. He had promised them protection, assured them of their safety. But now those promises were crumbling before him.

"Think carefully, Tribe Chief," Bella said, her voice low but filled with menace. "Your time is running out. If you surrender now, we may still grant your tribe a place in the new world we are about to build. But if you continue to resist..."

She let her words trail off, the threat hanging in the air like a guillotine blade.

Gourmond's gaze shifted to Aengus, who stood silently, observing the exchange with an air of quiet dominance. There was no sympathy in his eyes, only expectation. It was clear that if Gourmond didn't act soon, his tribe would be erased from existence.

But he wasn't ready to give in so easily. "Lady Bella, I challenge this man to a duel. If he wins, my tribe will surrender completely. But if I win, you must leave us alone forever."

Bella turned to Aengus with a confident smile. "What do you think, sweetheart? Why not show him your power?"

Aengus, who had been quietly listening to their conversation, stepped forward without a word. His aura grew stronger with each passing second.

The towering tribe chief's heart raced as he sensed Aengus' power, now clearly miles beyond what it had been in the past. Even so, he steeled himself, determined to give his all.

News of the duel spread quickly, and the Horned Lizard Tribe gathered around to witness how their fate would be decided. Some felt indignant, but what could they do?

"Doombringer Fortification!"

With a single stomp, the ground beneath Aengus shattered, and he lunged at Gourmond with a devastating punch.

Fssssrr... CRACK!

The sound barrier shattered as Aengus' fist connected with lightning speed. Gourmond barely had time to react before he was struck with massive force.

Bang!

"Mmff..."

With a muffled groan, Gourmond's massive lizard form was flung through the air like a ragdoll, a sharp pain radiating from his stomach.

Cough! Cough!

He spat blood uncontrollably, his entire body went limp and powerless.

Chapter 109: Chapter 109: Surprise

Aengus arrived before him, his expression calm as he looked at the Tribe Chief

With a heavy heart, Gourmond loosened his clenched fists and lowered his gaze.

"What... would surrender entail my lord?" Gourmond gave in, feeling utterly defeated.

“Surrender your lands, your resources, and your loyalty. In return, your tribe will live under our protection. You will be given power to join our cause. ”

Gourmond hesitated, his pride and duty at war with the harsh reality of his situation. But as he looked around at his people—at their fear, at the hopelessness in their eyes—he knew the answer.

Swallowing his pride, he spoke the words that sealed his tribe’s fate. “We surrender!”

The news of his defeat and surrender quickly spread among the hundred or so combatants of the Horned Lizard Tribe. It was ironic how their fate had been sealed so swiftly. But what choice did they have? Though they carried the diluted bloodline of the black dragon, it wasn’t enough to secure their place in a land ruled by raw power.

A few, driven by pride and foolishness, attempted to resist, but their efforts were in vain. They were swiftly executed, a brutal reminder that disloyalty would not be tolerated.

With the situation settled, Aengus and Bella moved on to their next conquest, now with another hundred Horned Lizard warriors added to their growing army. The ordinary tribespeople were ordered to remain behind, guarded by a few demons, with instructions to head to the Dark Valley at a later time.

“Darling, why are you always in such a hurry?” Bella asked with concern as they soared through the sky, their wings cutting through the wind.

“You should’ve taken a moment to rest. I can see you’re struggling to breathe. What’s going on with you, Aengus?”

Aengus, still adjusting to his wings, remained silent, flying ahead without a word.

Bella sighed in frustration. Sometimes, she felt like smacking some sense into him.

“Master, your soul injuries are getting worse. You really need to ease up on using your skills until you find a way to heal your soul,” Manas warned anxiously.

“I know..”

Behind them, Vespera and a few vampires followed at a distance, while on the ground below, his loyal subordinates tried to keep up, racing to match their pace.

“So, sister, where are we headed next?” Sen asked Sienna, a hint of frustration in his voice. “We didn’t even get to fight last time,” he grumbled.

Sienna chuckled. "We're going to the Orc village next. But don't get overconfident, Sen. The orcs are known for their bloodthirsty and ferocious nature," she warned.

"I know, Sister. I'm not a kid anymore. Plus, I've received some power boosts from him. I'm close to reaching Greater Demon rank, just like you," he said with a proud smile.

Sienna's expression darkened as she furrowed her brows. "Show some respect, Sen," she said sternly. "He may not be much older than us, but you shouldn't speak so casually about him."

Sen let out a sheepish grin. "Oops, I forgot. But, Sister, aren't you being a bit too protective of our new lord? Is it just respect... or something more?" He smirked mischievously, clearly thinking along other lines.

Sienna's heart skipped a beat, her face flushing slightly. "What nonsense are you talking about? I was just warning you," she retorted, flustered. "You've become quite bold to tease your older sister like this!"

As the siblings continued to bicker, the hundreds of demons, led by their superior, marched steadily toward the Orc village.

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After nearly two hours, they arrived near the outskirts of the Orc village and set up camp to rest and regroup before launching their attack.

Aengus and Bella flew ahead to scout the area from the sky, gathering intel on the enemy. However, the scene that unfolded below left them both stunned.

"What... is this?" Bella muttered in astonishment. "How did humans get this far into demon territory?"

Aengus was also equally intrigued.

Below them, just outside the Orc village, a fierce battle raged between hundreds of humans and orcs. The humans vastly outnumbered the orcs and appeared to have the upper hand in the fight.

Aengus couldn't fully grasp what Bella was saying.

"Bella, if we can cross into the human realm, why can't they enter back?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

Bella shook her head. "You're missing the point, Darling. We used a special treasure to cross realms, and it only allows a small number of people through. Our mission was to retrieve the Darkness Core from the Dreadnaught Colossus, under the command of Demon Lord Beelzebub. But, as fate would have it, that core ended up inside you."

"Anyway..." She sighed before continuing. "It's simply not possible for humans to cross the realm boundary with so many people. Not unless..." her voice trailed off, a terrifying thought crossing her mind.

"Not unless what?" Aengus asked, noticing the sudden shift in her expression.

Bella's face turned serious. "Not unless the realm boundary has been severely weakened. And if that's the case, it can only mean one thing: the great war is coming... and it would start very soon."

"Oh..." Aengus mulled over the news thoughtfully.

This could be an opportunity to catch Beelzebub off guard and weaken his forces. On the other hand, in the worst-case scenario, he could be thrown onto the battlefield as cannon fodder. The Demon Lords wouldn't hesitate to summon every demon under their command—living or dead.

"Let's go, Darling," Bella said, her purple eyes shimmering dangerously. "Let's see what these humans want and why they're after our prey."

Aengus nodded in agreement, and together they descended, their wings beating in unison as they prepared to confront the unknown threat below.

As they descended, dark clouds began to gather overhead, casting an eerie shadow over the landscape. The blood red sun struggled to pierce through the thickening gloom, its rays dimming as if acknowledging the ominous presence of Aengus and Bella. The atmosphere around them grew heavy, filled with a sense of impending conflict.

Chapter 110: Chapter 110: Another Unique Skill Holder

"Hey, who are you? Where are you going?"

A hostile young man clad in battle-worn armor, brandished his sword and moved to block their descent.

"Please be quiet!" Bella's voice was icy as she flicked her finger dismissively.

"Ahhh..." The man disintegrated into ashes almost instantly, his body vanishing without a trace.

Aengus watched with a detached demeanor, his Heart of Darkness numbing him to any semblance of pity for human. He just felt it was a waste of resources.

The dead young man's final, anguished scream drew the attention of a few nearby humans.

Another young leader—similar age to Aengus, stepped forward, his face twisted into a bloodthirsty grin and rage.

His eyes, wild with a mix of aggression and unsettling eagerness, locked onto Bella's smoking figure. His grin widened, and he licked his lips, his gaze becoming overtly lecherous.

Bella felt his lecherous gaze. But maintaining her composure, she suppressed her aura to avoid a panic-stricken retreat of the young man.

Otherwise, the young man would have already been pissed out of fear.

The young leader's lecherous grin widened as he leered at Bella. "A succubus, huh? What's a beauty like you doing here? Planning to seduce me?" His eyes roamed her body with obvious desire.

Bella glanced at Aengus, expecting some reaction to the disrespect. To her slight disappointment, he remained impassive, his expression unchanging.

The leader's eyes narrowed as he continued, "So, you two are a couple?" He looked between them, his grin turning malicious. "Don't worry. We'll take him along too. He can watch us have some fun in the bed as well."

Aengus remained unmoved, his demeanor as cold and unreadable as ever. Bella's disappointment turned into a silent frustration. She had hoped for a show of some kind of reaction, but it seemed Aengus's focus was solely on their objective.

"Enough of this nonsense, human kid," Bella said, her voice cutting through the leader's taunts with icy blade. "We're not here for games. Tell us how many of you had infiltrated the dmeon land, so that we can put you to death first."

"A kid?" He was dumbfounded for a moment, then snarled angrily, "Bitch, how dare you call me a kid? I'm already a father at my age! And, do you think I'm stupid enough to answer all your questions?"

"Hahahaha..."

His companions, clad in armor and wielding swords, burst into boisterous laughter.

Aengus, watching silently, could only pity them, knowing their fate was sealed.

“Yes, you’re a kid, human. Want to see a real man?” Bella asked with a mocking smile.

As the young man stood there, confused, she pointed to Aengus. “He’s a real man. My Darling.”

“Fuck... this bitch!” The group charged at Bella, swords raised, with the young man leading them in a fury.

Bella looked at Aengus with pity as if asking to help her.

Aengus found her request ridiculous.

Regardless, he moved to stop their charge and slapped them hard.

Paah, Paah, Paah!

They all crashed onto the ground hard, hitting their head, and blood flowed thereafter.

“Ouch!”

“Ahhhh...”

They shrieked in pain, and horror struck them like nightmare. The half breed Demon and Demoness was not so simple as they initially thought. They instantly panicked, their heart beating fast.

Bella smiled. “Now, tell me—how many humans entered with you all?”

She leaned forward, her eyes glowing pink as she activated her seduction ability.

Instantly, the eyes of all the humans around her turned pink, a clear sign they had fallen under her spell, their tongues hanging out. All except for one.

The young leader remained unaffected, his gaze sharp and defiant.

“Huh?” Bella furrowed her brows in surprise. She hadn’t expected a mere human to resist her charm.

“What’s going on?”

The young man suddenly burst into maniacal laughter. “Hahaha... Bitch, your demonic charm doesn’t work on me. I’m immune to it all. I’m special.”

His grin widened as he continued. “Now, let me go, or else you’ll regret it. While you were busy charming these fools, I already alerted the others. I’ll forget this ever happened if you walk away now.” He offered, as if he held the upper hand.

Bella just scoffed at her foolishness, while Aengus felt intrigue. It shouldn’t be that easy to resist Bella’s charm for a human at least.

[Appraisal]

[Name: Ashter Vestovile]

[Affiliation: Dragon God’s Shrine, Dragon Empire. Otherworlder]

[Level: 42]

[Skills]

– [Blade Tempest (C), Dragon Wings (C), Dragon Enhancement (C), Dragon Claws (D), Quick Step (D), Power Strike (D), Quick Draw (D)]

[Unique Skills: Nullified Mental Attacks]

—

“What?”

Aengus was momentarily shaken, a rare crack in his usually composed demeanor.

Bella, noticing, raised an eyebrow and smiled. “What’s wrong, sweetheart? You look… startled.”

“I-It’s nothing,” Aengus quickly regained his composure, trying to brush off his reaction.

“Ehehehe… And where do you think you’re going?” Bella muttered, her gaze shifting to the sky, where the young man was attempting to escape, his dragon wings unfurled.

In an instant, Bella flew beside him, her speed unmatched. With a casual flick of her wrist, she delivered a light smack.

“Bang!”

“Ahhh!” The young man was slammed into the ground, crashing hard despite activating his physical enhancement skills. His body was wounded, and pain surged through him.

It was a stroke of misfortune to encounter Bella and Aengus—the two monsters. Under different circumstances, he might have been stronger than most, but not against them.

By now, everyone had noticed the confrontation. Both humans and giant orcs halted their battle, sensing a powerful third party had entered the fray.

They took cautious steps backward, avoiding the gaze of the newcomers. It was clear these two were far beyond anything they could handle.

On the other hand, Aengus' mind was in turmoil.

He had encountered someone with the mysterious Unique Skills—the very same kind he possessed.

It was hard to believe.

All this time, he thought he was the only one chosen for such abilities, but now... things seemed entirely different.

And then there was the mystery surrounding himself. Was this reincarnation body also an Otherworlder like them? Could he have come from the same world as them? Or perhaps from some other world entirely?

If that were the case, did it mean there were others—more individuals with Unique Skills like his?

Chapter 111: Chapter 111: Secrets Unknown

For the first time ever, Aengus seriously questioned his own identity. Was this body also from another world, like the young leader's?

"But how could he know his identity?" There were no clues apart from this young man before him.

"Bella, I need to ask him something. Don't kill him yet," Aengus said with a serious tone.

Bella turned and smiled. "Sure, sweetheart. Ask away—he can't escape anyway."

The young leader was in a dire state, his bones and body twisted in a disturbing manner.

Aengus leaned in closer, while Bella stepped back slightly, giving him some space. She understood that invading personal space too much could lead to distrust. Until they could share their secrets equally, she was willing to tolerate it.

Ignoring Ashter's agonized cries, Aengus leaned in closer and whispered, "Hey, which world are you from? I'm one of you. If you tell me the truth, I might let you live."

The young leader's eyes went wide with shock. "H-How did you know?" His voice was a shaky whisper, disbelief etched on his pale face as he scanned Aengus from head to toe, searching for any clues. Then, something clicked in his mind. His expression shifted, recognition and fear mingling in his eyes.

"So, you're a trial participant like me? What... what is your family name in the higher realm?" he asked, his voice trembling, as though speaking too loudly would summon something terrible.

Aengus inwardly smirked but kept his face composed, his exterior calm as if this was nothing new to him. In reality, his mind raced. This was his first real lead to uncovering the truth about his identity and the origins of these Unique Skills. He had to play along carefully. The answers he sought were within reach, and this Ashter might hold the key.

"My name is Aengus... Degaro," he replied, his voice steady.

The reaction was immediate. Ashter's eyes went wide with horror, his face draining of color. He stumbled back a step, trembling. "D-Degaro?" His voice cracked. "Y-You're from that ruthless Devil Family? B-But... how? H-How could you be here?" He stuttered incoherently, as if even speaking the name was enough to curse him.

"N-No, leave me alone... I can't... I can't stay here any longer! You're a devil... I have to inform everyone!" Panic overtook him as he struggled to rise, frantically trying to summon the strength to flee. His dragon wings flared, and his body tensed, ready to escape at any cost.

Aengus watched the pathetic display, his mind racing. Ashter knew something crucial, something about his family, the so-called "Devil Family," and what it meant. If this information leaked, it could lead to catastrophic consequences-perhaps even drawing unwanted attention to him. He couldn't let Ashter escape.

Ashter was a loose thread that had to be dealt with, and Aengus knew deep down, the moment he uttered the name Degaro, there was no turning back.

Bam!

Crash!

Aengus moved with blinding speed, his Boost Skill enhancing his strength and speed as he struck Ashter mid-flight. His fist collided with Ashter's side, sending him hurtling toward the ground like a broken doll.

The impact shook the earth, dust and debris flying up as Ashter's body crumpled into the dirt, his dragon wings folding awkwardly beneath him. His ribs caved inward, and blood trickled from his mouth as he gasped for breath, his once-defiant face twisted in agony.

“Aarrgh...” Ashter groaned, his voice barely a rasp, trying to muster what little strength he had left. His eyes, once full of defiance, now flickered with fear and desperation. “You’ll pay for this... you devil-”

THWACK!

Aengus delivered another brutal punch, this time directly to Ashter’s face. The impact twisted his head at an unnatural angle, a sickening crack echoing through the air as his neck snapped. Blood splattered across the ground as Ashter’s body went limp, his eyes glazing over in death.

Silence descended upon the battlefield. The humans and orcs who had once been engaged in fierce combat stood frozen, their eyes wide with terror as they watched from a distance. None dared approach. They had seen enough to know that these two newcomers- Aengus and Bella-were not to be trifled with.

Bella, standing nearby, simply smiled as she watched the scene unfold. She knew Aengus was searching for unknown answers, and for now, she let him have his space. Her gaze lingered on Ashter’s lifeless body before she turned her attention back to Aengus. “Done already, sweetheart?”

Aengus straightened, wiping the blood from his hands. His heart stirred, not from the fight, but from the implications of what Ashter had said.

The name “Degaro” seemed to strike fear into those who heard it, but why? What did it mean for him? For the first time in a long while, Aengus wasn’t sure where the path ahead would lead.

But one thing was certain: Aengus was not forgetting his goals because of this.

Aengus then turned to Bella, meeting her gaze.

“Yes, I got my answers.”

“Good,” Bella replied, her voice sharp. “But did you find out how many of them there are? And their positions?” She pressed, wanting to be sure.

Aengus hesitated, a frown crossing his face. “Uh...” His words trailed off as if caught off guard. “No, I didn’t. I was asking him about... something else,” he added slowly, his uncertainty clear.

Bella’s lips curled into an amused smile. “Don’t worry, sweetheart.” She waved it off, her tone laced with a mix of affection and danger. “They’ll tell us what we need to know.”

Her eyes flicked to the trembling humans, kneeling before them, their bodies shaking uncontrollably despite being under the charm's influence.

She stepped forward, her voice dripping with venom. "Now, tell me, you filthy humans. How many more of you are out there, besides this place?"

One of the charmed humans responded mechanically, his words hollow and devoid of any emotion.

"We have entered in several battalions, numbering five thousand."

Bella's eyes narrowed slightly, her surprise barely visible. "Why are you here? Who sent you?" she demanded.

"We were ordered by the Dragon God's Shrine to collect demon cores... for unknown reasons."

Bella's jaw clenched. "Where are the others? Tell me their exact locations."

"They are scattered throughout this region, attacking villages and tribes, slaughtering them to gather demon cores," the man answered in a monotonous voice, oblivious to the rage building in Bella.

Her fists tightened, a wave of fury rising through her chest. "Filthy humans!" she hissed, her voice trembling with contempt. "You dare to slaughter the innocent? I'm ashamed to share even a drop of your blood."

Her eyes glowed with murderous intent. "Die."

In an instant, all the kneeling humans and the humans on the battlefield fell lifeless, as if Death God itself had passed judgment upon them.

Chapter 112: Chapter 112: Army Of Liberation

Ignoring everything else, Aengus placed his hand on Ashter's lifeless body, preparing to cast Skill Absorption. His curiosity gnawed at him—would he be able to obtain Ashter's unique skill alongside the others?

The familiar system notifications flashed before him.

[You have acquired a new skill: Blade Tempest (C)]

[You have acquired Dragon Claws (D)]

[You have acquired Dragon Wings (C)]

.....

After multiple attempts, Aengus finally achieved what he had been hoping for.

[Congratulations! You have acquired a new Unique Skill: : Nullified Mental Attacks (Rare)]

[Skills:]

– [Active: Doombringer Fortification -5 (C) Hellfire Dive – 10 (C), Blade Tempest (C), Dragon Wings (C), Dragon Enhancement (C), Dragon Claws (D), Quick Step (D), Power strike (D), Quick Draw (D), Earth Manipulation- 21(D), Azure Ghost Blade -2 (D), Venomous Ripper – 5 (D)]

– [Passive: Quick Reflexes (C), Melee Combat (C), Blazing Purge -10 (D), Predator's Instinct -30 (E), Health Regeneration -20 (E)]

[Unique Skills: Appraisal (Basic), Nullified Mental Attacks (Rare), Skill Absorption (Mythic), Universal Synthesis (Ultimate)]

“There's another category for unique Skills called 'Rare' as well?” Aengus felt intrigued.

Ashter's skill set, though impressive, paled in comparison to Aengus' monstrous abilities. His newly acquired Nullified Mental Attacks (Rare) was particularly useful, granting him immunity to mental assaults such as charms, enchantments, and hexes.

“Not bad,” Aengus muttered, satisfied. While Ashter had been formidable, this victory proved just how much further Aengus had progressed on his path of strength.

Some of the orcs cautiously approached Bella and Aengus, their expressions a mix of gratitude and awe.

“Your esteemed selves, thank you for saving the people of our village. We are truly grateful. Your kindness knows no bounds,” said a tall, muscular orc, his tone laced with admiration.

“Yes, my lord and lady, thank you for your protection,” echoed a few more orcs from the sidelines, their faces showing clear signs of exhaustion and relief.

Aengus stepped forward as Bella gave a mischievous grin. “We're no saints like the humans, you know,” she began, her voice carrying a confident edge. “Surrender and join our Army of Liberation, and you'll be offered protection under our care. Our goal is to bring peace to the world.”

Aengus nodded in agreement.

The Army of Liberation was Bella's idea—a grand vision to liberate the world and bring lasting peace. To achieve that goal, they would use any means necessary, though certain moral boundaries would be upheld.

"Just the two of you, my lord and lady?" one of the orcs asked, doubt creeping into his voice. It seemed far-fetched for only two individuals to claim such lofty ambitions.

"Huala... Huala..."

Before the orcs could voice their skepticism further, the sound of marching feet echoed through the air. Their attention shifted as a massive army of hundreds emerged from the distance, standing in perfect formation behind Aengus and Bella.

The orcs' eyes widened in shock, their uncertainty vanishing. This was no mere boast. The Army of Liberation was very real, and its strength was far greater than they had imagined.

"What else do you have to say?" Aengus asked coldly, his eyes scanning the orc Warriors and villagers at the distance.

"N-No nothing, my lord. We submit," all of them submitted instantly, kneeling down in respect. Their fate was already tied to the Army Of Liberation.

After the recent battle, only about a hundred orc warriors remained, leaving them vulnerable. Faced with the overwhelming power of Aengus and Bella, they had no choice but to submit. It was better to serve under their might than become prey for the humans.

The orc warriors were treated and given time to recover, preparing to join the ranks of the Army of Liberation.

Bella glanced over the fallen human bodies, then turned to Aengus with a sly smile. "Do you want to make use of them, sweetheart? I'd love to see your incredible ability firsthand. Of course, only if you're comfortable using humans for this." She flashed him a flirtatious smile, her eyes gleaming with curiosity.

She was referring to Aengus' Synthesis Skill, which she mistakenly believed to be some form of demonic power from the Darkness Core.

Aengus's lips curved, "Yes, I do have some use for these bodies."

He had no qualms about demonstrating his abilities in front of her. After all, Bella already knew about both his System skills and his so-called "demonic" abilities. She had taken it in stride, seeing it as some kind of rare mutation from the Darkness core.

Aengus was slightly impressed that despite knowing the truth about his powers, Bella hadn't tried to manipulate or harm him. Instead, she stayed by his side, loyal and seemingly genuine in her affection.

"Could it be... she really does love me?" Aengus pondered seriously. Yet, no matter how much he thought about it, he couldn't bring himself to feel anything in return.

Still, her actions had earned his trust, and from this point forward, he found himself willing to rely on her more.

—

Aengus looked thoughtfully at the nearly 300 human bodies.

He decided to use them to strengthen his subordinates since the dead bodies were of no use to him. Their skills were mediocre, and they couldn't be bred as monsters in the dimensional space either.

One by one, he called his chosen subordinates and merged them with the human bodies, giving them more human-like features and elevating their rank to Greater Demon.

Sen was also given the opportunity. He, like his sister, became a Greater Demon, though his skin took on a slightly human appearance while his features remained largely the same.

"Good for you, Sen," Sienna called out, congratulating him.

"Thanks, Sister," Sen replied, adjusting to his newfound strength.

Although the merge didn't grant them human skills, their physical strength improved significantly. Now, they just needed to practice their abilities more to fully use this power.

"That was incredible, Darling," Bella muttered in astonishment, her eyes locking onto his. "With this, you could even turn the dead wastes into useful materials. I'm impressed."

She smiled mischievously and added, "I'm really curious—what will our child be like? Will they have your powers or mine?" She thought smiling happily.

At the mention of a child with her, any normal human would have been excited, but Aengus looked into her eyes indifferently.

Chapter 113: Chapter 113: Doomscale Dragonification

At that moment, two humans in heavy armor emerged from the narrow landscape.

“Did the distress signal come from here?” one of them asked, uncertainty in his voice.

“I’m not sure. This place feels way too quiet,” the other replied, his eyes scanning the eerie surroundings.

“Wait... What the hell?!”

One of them cursed loudly as his gaze locked onto the massive army of demons, with two imposing, humanoid figures standing at the forefront. The weight of the situation hit them immediately.

“Bill, we need to go, now!” Gill shouted, already bolting in the opposite direction.

Gill quickly glanced where Bill had been looking, his heart hammering in his chest. Panic surged through him as his face went pale, and without a second thought, he sprinted after Bill.

“Oh, what’s the rush, humans?”

Sen grinned, effortlessly catching up to them. In an instant, Sienna appeared beside the other one.

Bill and Gill’s faces fell, terror sinking in as they desperately fought back with everything they had.

“Pathetic,” Sen chuckled, easily subduing them both.

They dragged the two struggling humans in front of Aengus and his subordinates, who appeared to be waiting for their arrival.

Aengus glanced at the battered duo, their armor dented and their faces bruised. He stepped forward, his eyes cold. “Where are you from? If you value your lives, lead us there,” he commanded, his voice laced with menace as he activated his Darkness Haki, enveloping them in an oppressive aura.

Bill and Gill exchanged horrified glances as they felt the darkness seep into their very souls, suffocating them.

“W-Wait... Don’t kill us!” Bill stammered, trembling. “We’ll take you there. We have families—wives and kids! We were forced to come here. Please, your excellency, let us live!”

Their resistance crumbled instantly, and they begged for their lives, recognizing Aengus as the one in charge. Behind him, Bella watched the scene unfold with interest.

“Just shut up and lead us there,” Aengus ordered with indifference, though a deeper part of him recoiled at the senseless violence. If they surrendered, they would be spared. He knew these men had families waiting for them, just like anyone else.

“Y-Yes...” Bill and Gill sighed in relief, hastily leading the way.

“Let’s go, darling.” Bella smiled, leaning in closer. She took his hand and gently pulled him toward the sky, her carefree spirit contrasting with the weight of the situation.

“Tsk... what a show-off,” Sienna muttered, a tinge of jealousy in her voice.

Sen chuckled at his sister’s reaction and picked up his pace, matching the speed of the others.

Behind them, Butler Yu, the Hellfire Wolf King and Queen, Gourmond, the Orcs, and the rest of Aengus’s subordinates followed in an orderly formation. Nearly a thousand in total, with 300 or so Greater Demons and the rest Lesser Ones, they marched through the land, unchallenged.

After some time, they arrived at another village.

“This is an Ogre village,” Bella said, hovering in the air. “This place falls under Marquis Reynard’s domain.”

Aengus narrowed his eyes, surveying the devastation below. The village lay in ruins, its ogre inhabitants being slaughtered one by one, their demon cores harvested like mere trophies.

“Abominable... these humans have grown bolder,” Bella muttered in disgust. “But where is that damned Marquis Reynard? Hasn’t he heard the news yet?”

Her frustration was palpable as she scanned the skies, expecting resistance but finding none.

Aengus, hovering with his Hell-flareborne wings, began his descent, the powerful flapping of his wings sending gusts of wind across the ruined village below.

“Master, I have synthesized all the new skills obtained as per your instructions. You can review them now,” Manas informed him telepathically.

Aengus nodded in acknowledgment, already feeling the presence of the new skills etched into his soul. He took a brief glance at his status screen, his eyes quickly scanning through the list of freshly acquired abilities.

[Name: Aengus Degaro]

[Age: 18]

[Title: Naga King Slayer]

[Race: Half-Human Half-Demon]

[Level: 32]

[Occupation: Baron of Dark Valley]

[Class: None]

[Bloodline Lineage: Beelzebub (Partial-Royal), Viperscale Naga (Half-Noble)]

[Special Trait: Energy Converter (Artificial)]

Physical Stats:

[Strength: 510]

[Agility: 500]

[Defense: 521]

[Mana: 30,000 /60,500]

[Nether Energy: 30,500 /60,500]

[Attribute points: 5]

Skills:

– Active:

- Doomscale Dragonification (B) ← Dragon Wings + Dragon Claws + Dragon Enhancement + Doombringer Fortification)

- Spectral Blade Storm (B) ← (Blade Tempest + Azure Ghost Blade)

- Venomous Flash Strike (B) ← (Quick Step + Power strike + Quick Draw + Venomous Ripper)

- Hellfire Dive – 11 (C)

- Earth Manipulation -22 (D)

- [Passive: Quick Reflexes (C), Melee Combat (C), Blazing Purge -10 (D), Predator's Instinct -37 (E), Health Regeneration -2 (D)]

- [Special skills: Monster Breeding (Level- 3)]

- [Demonic Abilities:

- Peak: Heart of Darkness

- Intermediate: Gluttony of Darkness

- Basic: Darkness Pulse, Darkness Veil, Darkness Haki, Blood Regeneration, Hellfire Control, Poisonous Miasma Control, Body Duplication, Armoured Black Scales, Naganian Transformation, Spectral Death Strings, Pain Resistance, Hell-flareborne Wings.

- [Unique Skills: Appraisal (Basic), Nullified Mental Attacks (Rare), Skill Absorption (Mythic), Universal Synthesis (Ultimate)]

- [Equipment: Space Bracelet (D), Holy Mythril Blade (C)]

Aengus felt pleased as he reviewed his new synthesized skills, each one bringing him closer to his ultimate goal.

However, a lingering pain throbbed in his soul, a reminder of the injury he'd sustained. He knew he needed to find a way to heal, or perhaps even strengthen his soul. But the real question was where to find the necessary treasures or medicine.

He considered asking Bella, but for now, there were more pressing matters to handle.

Down below, the human soldiers wore cruel smiles, their expressions dripping with sadistic anticipation as they continued their slaughter. But that quickly changed when one of them caught sight of Aengus, Bella, and the approaching demon army.

The soldier, his armor emblazoned with the symbol of a dragon, quickly rushed to a large tent where several high-ranking officials were gathered.

"Commander, we have unwanted guests outside. Hundreds of demons are marching toward us," he reported with a solemn expression.

The commander, a hardened man in his forties with a face marked by scars and a thick beard, furrowed his brows. The other high-ranking officers exchanged uneasy glances.

One of them scoffed. "Only a few hundred demons? What's there to worry about? We have 2,000 soldiers at our disposal. We can crush them easily."

"But, Your Excellency," the soldier stammered, lowering his head, "those demons looked powerful, especially the two leading them. I'm afraid we don't have the strength to confront them head-on."

The commander, sensing the gravity of the situation, stood up and silenced the room with a stern look. "Enough with the pointless chatter. Let's go see who these newcomers are."

With that, the officers picked their weapons and prepared to face the threat, marching toward the battlefield with grim determination.

—

"Whoa! Two half-breeds leading a thousand demons? That's rare," one of the human leaders commented, his expression arrogant as he flexed his muscles.

"Tsk, so what? Just a succubus—and what is this male one, again? Some Hybrid maybe?" another said with disdain. "He looks pretty humanlike, except for the horns," he added, somewhat intrigued.

"Silence! Be serious!" the commander snapped, berating them. He could feel the threat emanating from the pair, especially the succubus in front.

"Everyone, at my command!" the commander roared, standing at the front. Behind him were nearly two thousand human soldiers clad in armor bearing the dragon insignia. They were from the Dragon Empire, and their disciplined formation exuded an intimidating presence.

Aengus and Bella grew serious; this was no battle to be taken lightly.

"Darling, I'll handle the commander. Can you take care of the rest?" Bella asked, her confidence unwavering as she looked to Aengus.

"Yes," Aengus nodded before turning to his army, the Army of Liberation.

"Soldiers, tonight you are the darkness that snuffs out lives. The humans before you are our target, but they will not be the last. Emerge victorious, and I shall grant you new power!" Aengus's voice boomed across the battlefield.

The demon soldiers' morale surged as they chanted in unison:

"Long live Lord Aengus!"

“Long live the Lord of Liberation!”

The human soldiers and the Liberation forces stood across from each other, the humans with focused eyes, weapons ready, and their skills prepared, while the demons radiated a sinister, dark energy.

Some of the human soldiers, who were well versed in demon language, understood what they were saying.

“Lord of Liberation, my ass!” one sneered.

“They’re so full of themselves, aren’t they?” another battalion leader scoffed. “We’ve got three thousand soldiers, ten C-Ranks, and five hundred D-Ranks. Not to mention, Commander Tyrel is a B-Rank powerhouse. They don’t stand a chance.”

Suddenly, a shout of alarm came from one of the soldiers, “Hey, guys, look at this!”

“What is it now?” The C-Rank battalion leaders turned, only to be left speechless.

Out of nowhere, hundreds of additional demons materialized on Aengus’ side.

“What the hell? Where did this Demon summoner come from? I thought only humans had summoners!” one soldier muttered in disbelief..

“Commander, looks we have found another anomaly like those Otherworlders,” one of them said with grave expression.

Chapter 114: Chapter 114: Dragonification Might

At the front, Commander Tyrel’s expression turned grim as he watched the growing demon force. Despite the unease spreading through the ranks, he steeled himself, his eyes narrowing in determination.

“Men, charge! Leave no demon alive!” Commander Tyrel bellowed, his voice full of authority.

The human soldiers roared back, their collective cry echoing as they surged forward. The ten battalions, each with over two hundred soldiers, led by their respective leaders, charged toward the demon horde with a coordinated and disciplined assault.

Nearby, a group of surviving ogres—severely injured but still watching the battle—glared at the humans. Were it not for their injuries, they would have eagerly joined the fight to get their vengeance.

Aengus and Bella took the lead, followed closely by their elite warriors—Butler Yu, Gabi, Maru, Sienna, Sen, the Wolf King and Queen, and Gourmond—each leading their own groups of demons. Behind them, Aengus' Legion surged forward, driven by his telepathic command, charging mindlessly toward the enemy.

Bella, with a smile that seemed almost serene, soared through the air toward Commander Tyrel, who had taken flight as well. As she approached, her soft, creamy skin began to harden, radiating an intense, dangerous energy. Despite the growing pressure surrounding her, the smile never left her face. She looked like a deadly succubus, but far more powerful than any ordinary demoness.

“Boom!”

Bella's fist collided directly with Commander Tyrel's Greatsword, her bare hand meeting the weapon with a resounding impact. To Tyrel's shock, her skin remained unscathed, not even a scratch marring its surface. His eyes widened in disbelief, realizing that Bella was far tougher—and far more dangerous—than he had anticipated.

Above the battlefield, their clash was explosive, sending shockwaves throughout the area. Even those fighting below could feel the pressure from their battle in the sky. Commander Tyrel's colorful magical energy clashed violently with Bella's dark, malevolent power, creating a dazzling and dangerous display that caught the eyes of all who fought on the ground.

Their battle raged on, each exchange of blows causing the air to tremble.

“Aengus targeted the 10 C-Rank humans below. They could pose the greatest threat to his people, as C-Rank would be too much for them to handle.

However, he wasn't going to help them more than that. He wasn't raising flowers in vases. They needed to grow stronger and more confident to become a true powerhouse. Only then could they help him achieve his goal.

Aengus took the Mythril Blade he had taken from Ashter's dead body.

Rising into the sky with his Hell-flareborne Wings, he looked down at the ten battalion leaders below.

“Spectral Blade Storm!”

He cast the skill, raising his blade as invisible spectral copies lunged toward the C-Rankers in rapid succession..

[Spectral Blade Storm (B): Rain of invisible phasing blades that can phase through physical objects and deal damage to the enemy. Over time the damage increases in a wide range while the enemy inside it]

Caught off guard, a few were stabbed in the hands, legs, and stomachs, turning the battlefield into a bloody scene.

Those with sharper instincts quickly glanced up at Aengus, their brows furrowed in anger.

Aengus hovered in the sky, watching the aftermath of his Spectral Blade Storm with cold eyes. The bloodied bodies of several C-Rank battalion leaders littered the ground, their arrogance shattered by the invisible, deadly force of his blade. Some still writhed in pain, desperately clutching their wounds. Others, those with sharper instincts, had managed to deflect or evade the worst of the attack.

A few of them glared up at him, their faces twisted with fury.

“Tsk, how arrogant!” one growled, wiping the blood from his mouth.

“He dares to challenge us all together?!” another spat, his hand already reaching for a health potion. “Let’s show him what we’re made of brothers!”

“Yes, if we can take him down, the half war will already be won!” One smiled.

Without hesitation, they gulped down their potions, healing their wounds as best as they could. Then, with a battle cry, they charged at Aengus, their bodies pulsing with enhanced strength and speed.

Aengus watched them approach, his expression unreadable. His Hell-flareborne wings beat steadily, keeping him aloft as he prepared for the inevitable clash. He could see the rage in their eyes, the desperate need for revenge.

But he felt no fear—only calm, deadly resolve.

“They think they can match me with brute force,” he muttered under his breath. “Fools.”

Aengus picked up his pace, clashing head-on with the battalion leaders with his blade in hand. (AN: The “blade” refers to a short sword-like weapon, similar to daggers but not exactly the same.)

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The sound of metal clashing and grinding echoed as the ten leaders surrounded him, determined to finish him off.

Their expressions were serious and alert after experiencing the strange, invisible blade attack. They attacked in proper sync, each strike coordinated to overwhelm him.

Aengus, with his quick reflexes, melee skills, and high stats, defended and countered with increased ferocity.

But the enemies weren't to be taken lightly. They all possessed similar dragon-like enhancements—wings and claws—like Ashter had. It seemed to be tied to some Dragon-type class or ability.

Clang! Clang!

Boom!

Despite the intensity of the battle, Aengus was enjoying himself. It had been a long time since he got to flex his muscles. To him, they were nothing more than practice dummies.

And the battalion leaders began to realize this. As much as it stung to admit, they knew he was toying with them. The half-breed was far stronger than they had anticipated—stronger than all of them combined.

“F*ck!”

Frustrated, they shifted tactics, launching long-range attacks—elemental blasts and non-elemental skills—barraging Aengus relentlessly.

But Aengus moved with incredible agility, his wings propelling him from one spot to another, dodging their attacks with ease. This only fueled the humans' frustration.

“We need to do it now, brothers!” one of the leaders shouted.

They exchanged glances, silently agreeing on something important. Bloodstains covered their mouths, but they were done being played with.

“Fusion Dragon!”

Aengus watched with narrowed eyes as the battalion leaders transformed into the colossal red dragon, towering 40 meters high. Its scales gleamed with an almost impenetrable toughness, and its massive wings beat the air with a force that sent shockwaves across the battlefield.

The sight of the dragon drew astonished gasps from the nearby demons and humans alike, many pausing mid-fight to witness the formidable creature's sudden appearance.

“A fusion skill?” Aengus muttered under his breath, intrigued yet unfazed.

ROAR!

The red dragon roared, the sound shaking the ground, its fiery breath glowing ominously from its mouth. Without wasting any time, Aengus raised his Mythril Blade, summoning Spectral Blade Storm once more. Hundreds of shimmering, invisible blades materialized, spiraling down like a storm upon the dragon.

Clang! Clang!

The spectral blades struck the dragon's scales, but they barely left a mark, merely bouncing off the creature's tough exterior with metallic clinks. Aengus frowned, realizing that this dragon was no ordinary foe. Its scales were enchanted, and his usual tactics wouldn't be enough to bring it down.

With a deafening roar, the red dragon flapped its wings and surged toward Aengus, the force of its propulsion sending gusts of wind across the battlefield. At the same time, it opened its mouth wide, releasing a torrent of searing flames that streaked toward Aengus like a blazing inferno.

Aengus' eyes gleamed with interest.

"Finally, something interesting," he muttered as he dove to the side, narrowly avoiding the column of fire that scorched the sky where he had been.

The heat was intense but it did a little damage due to his Blazing Purge Skill.

Aengus moved with precision, his wings carrying him swiftly out of range. As the dragon charged again, he assessed the situation.

But before Aengus could make a move, he noticed the red dragon's speed had increased manyfold, its body steaming with rage.

Bang!

The dragon shot forward like lightning, its claws striking out. Aengus barely had time to block with his sword.

Crash!

He was sent crashing into the ground, creating a small crater upon impact.

Quickly, he stood up, wiping the blood from his lips. Glancing upward, he saw the red dragon still coming at him from above, moving at a terrifying speed that broke the sound barrier, tearing through the sky like a small meteor covered in flames.

Bella, while engaged in fight with the commander, looked at Aengus worriedly for second, but when she what Aengus had became next moment she smiled, her worry vanished away instantly.

She then focused, on the commamder who seemed to have weakened down a lot. It won't take before long he's defeated.

Below, just before the red dragon could Aengus, he activated the first B-Rank skill he attained after the synthesis.

[Doomscale Dragonification]

[Rank: B]

[Type: Transformation]

[Description: The user transforms into a terrifying Dragonoid form, covered in impenetrable black scales, dragon wings, and claws. The transformation drastically increases the user's strength, defense, and agility by 20 times while it lasted. Consumes 500 Mana / second]

Chapter 115: Chapter 115: Dragonification Might (2)

Aengus, now fully transformed into his fearsome Dragonoid form, was a sight to behold. His body was covered in black, destructive scales that gleamed ominously under the light, each one like a piece of indestructible armor.

With a powerful beat of his long, wide wings, he shot into the sky, defying gravity as if it held no sway over him. His movement was swift-faster than the eye could track-as he became a streak of black lightning tearing through the air.

The roar of his acceleration shattered the sound barrier, sending shockwaves rippling across the battlefield. In an instant, Aengus closed the distance between himself and the red dragon, his razor-sharp claws outstretched, gleaming with lethal intent.

BOOM!

The collision was nothing short of cataclysmic. A deafening explosion rocked the air as Aengus' claws slammed into the red dragon with terrifying force. Fire and darkness erupted in a chaotic mix, swirling violently as the raw power of their clash created a massive shockwave. The explosion blazed like a miniature sun, casting a blinding light across the battlefield.

The sheer force of their impact sent out waves of destruction. The ground trembled beneath the feet of the soldiers below, while large cracks snaked across the earth, as though the planet itself could not withstand the clash of titans above.

The explosion's shockwave was so intense that many of the onlookers were blown off their feet. Some screamed as their eardrums ruptured, blood trickling from their ears as they fell to the ground, writhing in agony.

Even the fiercest of warriors, those who had witnessed countless battles, were left speechless. Their eyes widened in disbelief at the overwhelming display of power, their faces pale as the realization of the scale of the battle before them sank in. This was not just a fight—it was an unearthly, devastating war between two godlike forces.

As the dust settled, Aengus stood tall and unscathed. Before him lay the ten human leaders, their bodies crushed, ribcages shattered, and blood streaming from their seven orifices. Lifeless and defeated.

For a brief moment, the battlefield was consumed by stunned silence. Then, with newfound fury, the demons charged, their bloodlust ignited by the sight of their fallen enemies.

The human forces began to crumble, falling one after another. Just as the chaos reached its peak, a thunderous explosion ripped through the sky.

The soldiers of the Dragon Empire looked around in disbelief. Their commander had vanished—seemingly obliterated by the explosive force, leaving nothing but ash in his wake.

At the center of the devastation stood Bella, a chilling smile curling on her lips. Her hands crackled with raw, destructive energy, radiating a deadly power that had just claimed another life..

Sienna and Sen watched from a distance, a chill running down Sienna's spine.

"So powerful!" she muttered, both in awe and envy of Bella's and Aengus's strength. A longing stirred within her—she yearned for that kind of power.

Bella, smiling, approached Aengus and wrapped her arms around him without hesitation.

Aengus felt her soft figure press against his chest, sending his body's reaction through the roof.

"That was incredible, darling! I knew you'd do it—you're my husband, after all," she said with a sweet smile, leaning in to brush her lips near his cheek.

Sienna scowled and muttered under her breath, "What a vixen..."

Almost as if she had heard, Bella turned sharply, raising an eyebrow. “Did you say something?”

Sienna flinched. “N-No, lady Bellfrost. I didn’t say anything.”

Taking advantage of the moment, Aengus quickly pulled away from Bella’s embrace.

“Sienna, go see if the humans have surrendered,” Aengus commanded, giving her an excuse to escape the awkward situation.

“Y-Yes, my lord,” Sienna stammered before hurrying off, grateful for the chance.

Bella gave them a suspicious glance, but remained silent as she followed him.

—

“See that, dear? The lord is powerful and dangerous. Don’t even think of seeking revenge for me,” the Wolf Queen advised, her voice firm as she watched the Wolf King finish off a Dragon Empire soldier.

He gave her a reassuring nod. “I know, my love. I realized long ago that I could never stand against him. Besides, he has given us—and our children—great power. We should be grateful, not resentful.”

The Wolf Queen sighed in relief, her tension easing.

Bill and Gill watched the horrific battle unfold from a distance, their expressions grim.

Without hesitation, they hurried to join the group of nearly 1,200 surrendered humans.

The defeated soldiers knelt on the ground, pleading for mercy. Their morale had been shattered the moment they witnessed the brutal deaths of their ten battalion leaders.

Aengus began to Skill absorption from the fallen 10 Battalion leaders.

[Congratulations! You have acquired new passive skill: Extraordinary eyes (C)]

[Congratulations! You have acquired new active skill: Mind Perception (C)]

[You have acquired a new active skill: Dragon Aura (C)]

[You have acquired a new active skill: Dragon Gaze (C)]

[You have acquired a new active skill: Dragon Fusion (B)]

[You have acquired a new active skill: Dragon Claws (C). It had been assimilated]

[You have acquired a new Unique skill: Rapid Cast (Rare)]

[You have acquired a new passive skill: Critical Strike (C)]

[You have acquired a new passive skill: Poison Resistance (C)]

.....

Another Unique Skill?

[Rapid Cast (Rare): It is a passive Unique skill that allows you to cast skills continuously and faster without burdening your soul.]

The Rapid Cast seemed satisfied enough..But he felt dissatisfied not being able to get more info on the otherworlder stuff.

Aengus, having just finished absorbing the skills of the fallen 10 Battalion leaders, now turned his cold gaze toward the kneeling humans, their pleas echoing in the silence.

“What are you going to do with them, Sweetheart?” Bella asked, her voice soft with concern. “Are you going to kill every one of them?” Despite her demonic heritage, she still felt a tinge of sympathy for the humans, knowing she shared part of their bloodline.

Aengus shook his head, rejecting the idea. “No, mass killing isn’t necessary, even for me.” He paused, then added, “I’m going to recruit them into our ranks. You said our army should be called the Army of Liberation, right? Then it should include humans, not just demons.”

Bella’s eyes fluttered, an amused smile forming on her lips. “But, darling, if you do that, you’ll attract unwanted attention more—on yourself and on us.”

Chapter 116: Chapter 116: Adding Humans to the Ranks

Aengus was calm, but his tone grew dangerous. “We’ll say they’re our slaves. It will solve out the current problem. And if anyone meddles too much, they’ll be dealt with.”

Bella’s smile widened. “Alright darling, I support you. We’re in this together.” She took his hand, gripping it firmly with determination.

Aengus looked at her intertwined and met her gaze, her eyes filled with affection and purity. For a moment, his heart stirred, touched by the love she showed him—but deep inside, he felt nothing.

From inside, Manas watched with growing worry, already plotting the right moment to replace his heart with something new. She couldn't bear to see her master like this. A being utterly devoid of real emotions.

"Who is your representative? Step forward," Aengus's voice echoed across the battlefield, commanding the attention of the Dragon Empire soldiers.

The injured soldiers, clad in battered armor, exchanged wary glances. With their leadership decimated, they hesitated before selecting two representatives to step forward in their place.

One was a tall male warrior, his armor dented from battle, while the other was a female fighter, her head wrapped in a blood-stained bandage but still moving with a determined stride. The duo marched toward Aengus and Bella, their expressions resolute despite their injuries.

As they approached, the representatives first cast a glance at Bella, her succubus features subtle but unmistakable. Then, their eyes shifted to Aengus, the demon leader.

From close, Both Aengus and Bella shared human-like appearances, their features far more familiar than the monstrous visages of the other demons surrounding them. The representatives realized they were standing before two half-breeds—a rare sight, something only spoken of in tales and rumors.

The female warrior spoke first, her voice steady despite her injuries. "We represent the Dragon Empire soldiers. What is it you want with us?"

Aengus locked eyes with them, his gaze unreadable. "Your leaders are gone. You have only one choice: Join us or face your demise. There is no third option."

The male warrior, Lupert, furrowed his brows in deep thought. "By joining you, do you mean we'll serve you as your subordinates?"

"Yes," Aengus responded firmly, his voice unwavering.

"But who will ensure the safety of the humans?" Avelina Gregor, the female warrior, cut in, her tone unyielding. "Demons are carnivorous and feed on humans. Who will guarantee that these people won't be killed to satisfy their hunger?" She spoke without fear, fully aware that the fate of hundreds of humans rested on her shoulders.

Aengus's eyes sharpened as he turned his full attention to her. "What's your name again?"

"Avelina Gregor," she replied confidently, standing tall. "I come from the Gregor family of the Dragon Empire."

Her tone was resolute, an attempt to show strength and possibly intimidate him, but Aengus remained unbothered.

“So, Avelina,” Aengus began, his voice carrying authority, “Listen well. From this moment onward, I, Aengus Degaro, the Supreme Leader of the Army of Liberation, give you my word: no subordinate of mine will ever harm the humans under my protection. And that... is final!”

He spoke loudly, making sure every demon on the battlefield heard his declaration. The words sent a ripple through his army, the demons flinching ever so slightly, knowing full well the weight of his promise. Anyone who dared to break it would face severe consequences.

Avelina and Lupert exchanged glances, the tension easing from their shoulders. They had been given a personal guarantee by the man they would now serve, a man who commanded both fear and respect. Though the idea of serving under demons was unsettling, they understood they had little choice.

At least now, they had a promise of protection.

“We are willing to submit, my lord,” Avelina and Lupert replied in unison, their words carrying the weight of the decision for the rest of the humans.

Aengus nodded approvingly. “Good. Now go inform the others.”

“Yes, my lord!” They quickly made their way back to relay the message of submission.

As they left, Sienna, who had been observing the entire exchange, spoke up. “My lord, I don’t believe they will be completely loyal to you. Humans are not like demons. They are cunning and disloyal.”

The others—Sen, Butler Yu, Gourmond, the Wolf King, and Queen—all nodded in agreement, their faces serious as they considered the potential risks.

Aengus remained calm, his expression unchanging. “I know,” he replied simply.

Bella, standing beside him, smiled knowingly. “Well, that’s the reality we face. We can’t exactly afford thousands of slave collars, can we?” She glanced at the others before continuing, “But if they try anything treacherous, a single thought from me could wipe them all out.”

Her words caused a ripple of confidence among those loyal to her, especially Vespera and Bella’s personal subordinates, who now served under the banner of the Army of Liberation. They were well aware of Bella’s immense power, and her reputation as an Archdemon was not earned lightly. Even among all Archdemons, she was extraordinary.

Aengus glanced down at the fallen human bodies, drawing everyone's attention in the same direction. Almost instantly, their eyes lit up with anticipation.

The allure of gaining more power was hard to resist.

"So, who's next?" Aengus asked, his gaze sweeping over his subordinates.

Many of them were eager to volunteer but held back, not wanting to appear overly eager or give the wrong impression.

Seeing no one step forward, Aengus was about to choose someone himself. He hoped that at least one of them, driven by both ambition and loyalty, would rise to the challenge.

"Darling, why don't you make me stronger?" Bella teased with a playful smirk, causing him to roll his eyes.

"No, Bella Bellfrost. I doubt they'd be much use to you," he replied bluntly.

"Tch..." Bella clicked her tongue, knowing he was right. "And here I am, working hard for everything," she added, feigning sadness.

It sometimes felt unfair to her—while Aengus possessed immense power with ease, she had to struggle, spending countless hours honing her abilities and consuming countless demon cores to grow stronger.

As their playful banter died down, someone finally stepped forward.

"I want more power, my lord!" the figure declared, the person's voice filled with determination.

Chapter 117: Chapter 117: Transformation of Race

Aengus turned to find Sen standing with a determined expression.

A smile of satisfaction crept across Aengus's face. He appreciated initiative, especially when it came to growing stronger. "Alright... lie down."

Without hesitation, Sen complied, lowering himself onto the ground. Aengus swiftly ordered for several bodies to be placed nearby, intending to reward Sen's eagerness by elevating him to the rank of an Elder Demon. This, Aengus reasoned, would not only strengthen his subordinates but also serve as a powerful incentive for others to strive for the same reward.

“Synthesis!”

Aengus raised his hand, and instantly, Sen and seven other corpses were enveloped in an eerie, otherworldly blue dome. The synthesis had begun.

“Ahh...” Sen’s agonized cries echoed, sending chills down the spines of Sienna and the others. Though each of them had undergone synthesis before, the sheer intensity of today’s fusion was unprecedented. This time, it was a seven-body fusion, far beyond the usual one or two bodies they had experienced.

Sienna watched with growing concern, her brow furrowed with worry, while Bella stood captivated by the process. No matter how many times she witnessed it, the spectacle never ceased to fascinate her, and with each successful fusion, her confidence in Aengus deepened.

As the process concluded, the blue dome dissipated. Aengus stepped forward, his eyes glowing as he used his Appraisal skill to check Sen’s newly enhanced stats.

The data flooded his mind, and Aengus couldn’t help but be astonished.

[Appraisal]

[Name: Sentaro Alsker]

[Race: Half-Demon Half human]

[Bloodline: Viperscale Naga, Human]

[Rank: Elder Demon (C)]

[Demonic Abilities:

1. Poisonous Cloud
2. Armoured Scales
3. Black Lightning Storm
4. Blessing Of Ancient Naga Emperor.
5. Chains Of Petrification
6. Human-Naga Transformation

[Skills]

- Mind Control (C)
- Puppet Master (D)
- Arcane Shield (D)
- Tactical Combat (D)

Aengus stared in astonishment at Sen's transformation. Not only had Sen's race changed, but he had gained Skills typically reserved for humans. Moreover, a strange power had interfered within the synthesis, bestowing upon Sen a blessing from the Ancient Naga Emperor.

"Wh-what...?" Sienna muttered, struggling to comprehend the magnitude of what had just transpired.

As the blue glow faded and Sen's form was revealed, the others stood in shock, speechless.

"Sen, why do you look... more like a human?" Sienna murmured, barely able to believe her eyes.

Sen clenched his fist, feeling the newfound power of both Mana and Nether Energy surging through him. His eyes gleamed with excitement.

"Hahaha..." Sen's laughter echoed through the chamber. "Thank you, my lord. I will never let you down," he said, kneeling before Aengus, his expression now filled with genuine gratitude.

Aengus nodded curtly. "Get up. I expect nothing less."

As Sen rose, Manas's voice rang cheerfully in Aengus's mind. "Master, it seems the mutation that occurred in you has also happened to your subordinate. Congratulations! Your force will be far more powerful with this development."

Aengus's eyes gleamed as he envisioned the potential of an army with powers like Sen's. His mind began to weave a grand plan to turn the world upside down with his unique, formidable army.

Meanwhile, Sen approached his sister, Sienna, to explain the transformation to the others. Bella, intrigued by the change, stepped closer, her fascination growing.

"So, basically, you got the system that humans have, right?" Bella asked, wanting to confirm her understanding.

“Yes, Lady Bella,” Sen replied with a firm nod.

“Interesting...” Bella muttered, clearly amused. She turned toward Aengus with a mischievous smile and said bluntly, “Darling, do it.”

“Do what?” Aengus raised an eyebrow, curious.

Bella’s smile widened as she explained, “Give me the system and a human appearance as well. I want to go to the human lands unhindered, just once. That’s my only wish.” She held his hands, her eyes pleading as she almost begged.

Aengus studied her for a moment before realizing her true intent. “You want to see your mother, don’t you?” he asked, guessing her reason.

Bella smirked. “Smart. Come, let me give you a kiss...” She leaned in, planting a kiss on his cheek.

Aengus sighed, wiping away the lipstick mark.

He couldn’t deny that he had considered returning to his human form himself. His demon form had long prevented him from freely roaming human lands as well.

“Okay,” he relented, resigning himself to the task.

As Sienna and the others watched from the sidelines, eager for their own chance to receive the unearthly system that had been denied to them for so long, they silently waited for Aengus to grant them the same power.

One by one, they lined up, ready to receive the gift from Aengus.

The process of synthesizing Bella began with intense focus from Aengus. As the ritual progressed, the atmosphere crackled with power, and the numbers of bodies used and Mana consumed steadily increased.

“1... 4... 5... 6... 7... 10... 15... 20... 23...”

The count reached 25 human bodies and consumed 5,000 Mana before the transformation was complete. The air shimmered with energy as Bella’s new form emerged from the blue dome of light.

Before them stood a vision of unparalleled beauty—a woman with long, flowing purple hair and striking violet eyes. Her new human form exuded a sensual allure, accentuated by a form-fitting black dress that highlighted her graceful features. She looked like a living embodiment of grace and elegance, a stark contrast to her previous succubus form with wing and horns

“Wow! Thanks, darling!” Bella exclaimed, her voice filled with genuine delight. She hugged Aengus, her new form pressing against him with a blend of appreciation and sensuality.

Aengus, though visibly annoyed by her habitual displays of affection, couldn't entirely hide his body's enjoyment.

He gently pushed her away, his tone curt. “I got it...”

“Tch...” Bella, sensing his body's reaction, smirked with newfound confidence.

She felt her charm and appeals were not completely useless against him, which made her feel relived.

With a fluid motion, she reverted to her Succubus form as she needed time to adjust with her new human form without wings.

With Bella's transformation complete, Aengus turned his attention to his own impending change. The others watched eagerly, their anticipation palpable. Each of them hoped for their own turn at gaining the system and the advantages it promised.

At the corner of the battlefield, Avelina and Lupert observed the spectacle with a mix of awe and apprehension. They thought they were witnessing a ritual of immense power and complexity, something beyond their understanding. The sight of demons turning humans filled them with dread. They couldn't differentiate if they were humans or demons at all.

“Doesn't that mean they would be able to enter Solis unhindered now?”

But They remained passive, acutely aware of the demons' watchful eyes, and refrained from making any moves that might provoke them.

As Aengus prepared himself for his own transformation, the tension in the room heightened. Each subordinate waited with bated breath, eager for their chance to undergo the same metamorphosis..

Chapter 118: Chapter 118: Granting Systems

[You have received a new active skill: Telekinesis (D) – A skill to manipulate objects with the mind.]

[You have received a new active skill: Water Manipulation (D) – Grants the user the ability to manipulate water at will.]

[You have received a new active skill: Basic Gravity Manipulation (D) – Grants the user basic control over the Law of Gravity.]

[You have received a new passive skill: Enhanced Stamina (C) – Increases the user's stamina by 5 times.]

[You have received a new passive skill: Charm (D) – Increases the user's appeal to females by 5 times.]

[You have received a new active skill: Elite Human Transformation (B) – Grants the ability to transform into the High Human species.]

—

As the synthesis continued, Aengus received nonstop notifications. He felt excruciating pain throughout his body, but he endured, gritting his teeth until it was completed. The prospect of success kept him going.

Eventually, he fused with 10 humans before he couldn't take it anymore.

He stopped, gasping for breath, feeling the rising storm within him from the newfound skills and strength.

[Name: Aengus Degaro]

[Age: 18]

[Title: Naga King Slayer]

[Race: 2/3 Human 1/3 Demon]

[Level: 35]

[Occupation: Baron of Dark Valley]

[Class: None]

[Bloodline Lineage: Beelzebub (Partial-Royal), Viperscale Naga (Half-Noble)]

[Special Trait: Energy Converter (Artificial)]

Physical Stats:

[Strength: 612]

[Agility: 620]

[Defense: 612]

[Mana: 40,000 /70,124]

[Nether Energy: 30,124 /70,124]

[Attribute points: 15]

Skills:

– Active:

- Doomscale Dragonification -2(B)
- Elite Human Transformation (B)

- Dragon Fusion (B)
- Spectral Blade Storm -5 (B)
- Venomous Flash Strike -2(B)
- Hellfire Dive – 12 (C)
- Extraordinary eyes (C)
- Mind Perception (C)
- Draconian Aura (C)
- Dragon's Gaze (C)
- Telekinesis (D)
- Basic Gravity Manipulation (D)
- Earth Manipulation -23 (D)
- Water Manipulation (D)

– [Passive: Enhanced Stamina (C), Strike (C), Poison Resistance (C), Quick Reflexes (C), Melee Combat (C), Blazing Purge -10 (D), Predator's Instinct -37 (E), Health Regeneration -2 (D)]

[Special skills: Monster Breeding (Level- 3)]

[Demonic Abilities:

– Peak: Heart of Darkness

– Intermediate: Gluttony of Darkness

– Basic: Darkness Pulse, Darkness Veil, Darkness Haki, Blood Regeneration, Hellfire Control, Poisonous Miasma Control, Body Duplication, Armoured Black Scales, Naganian Transformation, Spectral Death Strings, Pain Resistance, Hell-flareborne Wings.

[Unique Skills: Appraisal (Basic), Nullified Mental Attacks (Rare), Skill Absorption (Mythic), Rapid Cast (Mythic), Universal Synthesis (Ultimate)]

[Equipment: Space Bracelet (D), Holy Mythril Blade (C)]

It was a long list of skills and abilities, and he decided to synthesize them later. For now, he was satisfied with the results.

He had gained the Human Transformation ability, though it specified Elite/High Human Transformation.

Elite Human Transformation: Transforms the user into the High Human species—an evolved version of humanity. They possess an optimal body for absorbing mana from the atmosphere, enhanced skill-learning capabilities, a perfectly healthy physique, and elevated wisdom and appeal. High Humans are naturally superior to ordinary humans. They can also release their aura to command the submission of weaker humans.

“Wow!”

As everyone looked at Aengus’s High Human form, gasps of amazement echoed through the air.

The humans felt an overwhelming urge to worship the man before them. They sensed their own inferiority in his presence, unknowingly bowing down in submission.

Avelina did the same, gazing at the incomprehensible man with awe and respect. To her, he was nothing short of a divine being, someone who could bring salvation to everyone in this chaotic world.

Bella eyed his new body, licking her lips as his natural charm began to affect her.

Aengus now possessed a perfectly fit human body, his muscles tight and filled with extraordinary strength. Though his face was mostly unchanged from when he was

human, there were subtle shifts in his natural appeal, and his muscles had grown slightly larger.

The black clothes he wore accentuated his muscular physique.

Aengus felt as though he had ascended beyond mortality. A High Human's lifespan, after all, was much longer.

Bella approached and gently caressed his face, feeling a warm sensation from his smooth skin.

"So handsome! Darling, we're almost the same height and build in this form," Bella remarked as she stood close beside him, comparing their height and frames.

Aengus glanced at their shoulders and realized she was right.

"I'm falling more and more in love with you," she added with a charming smile.

Sienna, watching from a distance, admired him with shining eyes. She longed to get closer but knew it would only provoke his disdain. Resigned, she kept her distance, silently admiring him.

Feeling increasingly uncomfortable under the humans' awestruck stares, Aengus deactivated his High Human form.

As soon as he did, the humans snapped back to their senses, exchanging curious glances.

Turning to Sienna and the others, Aengus said firmly, "Alright, it's your turn now!" With his mana fully replenished, he was ready to continue.

"Me... Me..." Sienna quickly hurried to his side, not wanting to be left behind this time.

"Lie down."

She obeyed, and the synthesizing process began, granting them their Systems. He made a mental note to remind them to keep this transformation secret, at least for now.

One by one, Sienna, Butler Yu, Gabi, Maru, Peru, the Wolf King and Queen, Gourmond, and finally Vespera and the other vampires were granted their Systems. This first group would wield unique powers and authority, marking the beginning of a new hierarchy.

After the synthesis process was complete, Aengus took a moment to rest. He arranged some makeshift seating to sit comfortably and have something to eat.

As usual, Bella asserted her authority and sat beside Aengus at the table with a pleased smile.

“Everyone, sit down!” he instructed.

Sienna, Sen, and the others, particularly the new system users who had risen in rank within the army, nervously took their seats. They maintained a respectful distance from Aengus as they gathered around the long stone table in their human forms.

Out of caution, Bella discreetly activated one of her abilities, casting an illusion to conceal what was happening from the outside world. She was careful not to let the humans realize that they now possessed system powers and skills as they experimented with them. It was a matter of great importance.

It wasn’t unheard of for a demon to take the form of a human, but the discovery of the system could turn the world upside down. The balance of power would be broken, and chaos would erupt—though that chaos was already on the horizon.

The consequences could be disastrous if anyone managed to inform the humans about this, though it seemed highly unlikely.

The consequences could be disastrous if anyone manage to inform the humans about that, though it was very unlikely.

Afterwards, they began to eat slowly, while talking about some small stuffs.

Bella enthusiastically began to feed Aengus while chatting and laughing, despite his unwillingness.

Chapter 119: Chapter 119: Crimson Demon City

After a brief rest, they were ready to resume their journey.

Aengus called out to Avelina.

“So, are there any other Dragon Empire soldiers nearby?” Aengus asked, his voice calm yet carrying an underlying threat.

“And don’t even think about lying,” he added, his gaze sharpening. “We have ways to ensure the truth.”

Avelina flinched under the weight of his words, feeling the piercing stares of the powerful demons surrounding her. Their presence seemed even more oppressive than before, though nothing had visibly changed. It was as if the very air thickened with their power, their eyes locking onto her as if a single lie would seal her fate.

She swallowed hard and answered truthfully, “No, my lord. None remain. There were three thousand more, but they have already left. They decimated a few nearby villages and completed their objectives.” Her voice trembled, betraying her fear of drawing their wrath.

Aengus, his Extraordinary Eyes glowing faintly, scrutinized her words. These eyes allowed him to read emotions and glimpse surface thoughts, while his Dragon Gaze granted him a potent eye attack capable of destruction.

Satisfied that she was telling the truth, Aengus’ gaze softened slightly, though the weight of his presence remained.

On the other hand, Bella and the others harbored a simmering anger toward the outrageous actions of the Dragon Empire—an instinctive reaction, given that they were of the same kind.

Yet, the matter was settled for now, and what else could they do now? Still, that didn’t quell the resentment they felt toward the Dragon Empire.

“Darling, we should return. We’ve been away from our territory for far too long,” Bella reminded him softly.

“Besides, I will have to appoint you as the new Marquis of Fortress City,” she added with a smile, her eyes locking onto his.

Aengus merely nodded. “Okay...” His gaze met hers, but his expression remained cold and indifferent.

Bella Bellfrost sighed in frustration. “Ugh, you’re such a boring man, darling!” She pouted, exasperated by her repeated failures to stir any emotion in him.

Was there truly no way to reach his heart?

Her mind wandered, troubled by the mystery. “What in the world did that Darkness Core do to him?” she wondered silently.

The surrendered Ogres, seeking protection for their people, had also joined the Army of Liberation. Their resentment toward Marquis Reynard, who failed to save them in time, pushed them to submit to the Supreme Leader of the Liberation Army.

Nearly 1,000 Ogres, including their elderly and families, had become part of the growing force.

As a result, a vast army of 3,000 to 4,000 soldiers and civilians could now be seen marching toward the same destination in the distance. It was a rare sight—humans and demons following the same leader in unity and obedience.

From afar, a lone demon stood silently, watching their retreating figures with smoldering eyes. After a moment of tense observation, the figure turned away, leaving in a huff, seething with anger.

The journey back to the Dark Swamp took only a few hours, their enhanced power and abilities hastening their pace. Along the way, they encountered a few minor obstacles, but nothing that could truly hinder them. Eventually, they reached the Horned Lizard Tribe, where they gathered the civilians for safety. With the Great War looming on the horizon, they needed to consolidate their strength and prepare for the worst.

From the Dark Swamp, the trek to Dark Valley was short.

Numbering between 4,000 and 5,000 strong, the combined force marched into the shadowed expanse of the Mountain-top Dark Valley.

The demons residing there watched the humans with growing curiosity, their eyes gleaming in the twilight.

“What are humans doing here?” a four-legged demon muttered to a nearby companion.

His companion chuckled darkly. “Maybe they’re foolish enough to trespass on the Lord’s territory. We might just get a human meat feast—who knows?” He wiped the saliva from his mouth, hunger flashing in his eyes.

While Sienna, Sen, and the others helped settle the newcomers, Maid Donna greeted Aengus and Bella with a warm smile, though she still bore the weight of her previous disappointment.

“Welcome back, Lord and Lady! I trust the hunt went well?” she said, maintaining her pleasant demeanor.

“Yes, indeed,” Bella replied with a reassuring smile as she stepped into the hallway. She knew that because of her, Donna had missed an opportunity to gain power.

Turning to Aengus, Bella asked, “Darling, when do you plan to head to Fortress City? You could catch far bigger prey there, though the limelight will be hard to avoid.”

Aengus, moving as though blending into the shadows, responded, “We’ll leave tomorrow. I need time to rest, Bella.”

Both Maid Donna and Bella’s expressions shifted, concern flickering in their eyes.

“Is it the same pain as before?” Bella asked softly, stopping him with a gentle hand. She placed her warm palm against his chest, her worry palpable.

Maid Donna, standing by, didn’t dare interfere. She averted her gaze, but her ears remained keenly attuned to their conversation.

Aengus delicately brushed her hand away from his chest and said, “Yes, it is the soul injury I got a few days ago. Do you know of any remedies that could heal or fortify the soul effectively?”

Bella, unfazed by his gesture as usual, responded, “Ah, Darling, the subject of the soul is truly natural and sensitive. So, they are difficult to come by. However, you already possess a solution.” A slight smile graced her lips as she spoke.

“I have a solution?” Aengus was perplexed by her words.

Bella continued, “You could utilize Naga pearls from Naganians to enhance your soul, though doing so would result in their complete demise, and the benefits would be minimal. Given your unique mutated soul, I doubt it would prove very effective.”

“No, that’s not an option,” Aengus replied, shaking his head to reject the notion. Although he appeared indifferent, he could never bring himself to commit such an unethical act.

Bella anticipated his reaction.

“Then it seems we have only one alternative: we must journey to the Crimson Demon City.”

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“Crimson Demon City?” Aengus inquired, his curiosity piqued.

“Where is that?” he asked, glancing at Bella.

Bella turned her gaze toward the horizon through the window, her expression turning serious.

“Crimson Demon City is a hub for ancient treasures, trade, and human slavery merchants. It is ruled by Demon Lord Crimson—a being infamous for his mastery of the

Crimson Flame of Destruction. He is an extremely dangerous individual. My father, Duke Belial, along with twenty-six other dukes, serves him as if he were a king."

"Demon Lord Crimson?"

Aengus furrowed his brows, sensing the gravity of the situation. He found the prospect a bit troubling. Although his power had increased, it still paled in comparison to Bella's raw strength, let alone that of Duke Belial and the other Demon Lords.

He realized that he had a long way to go before he could truly contend with such formidable forces.

"Do you want to go there?" Bella asked, her voice curious yet cautious.

Aengus paused, his gaze distant before he finally responded. "Yes, but not right now. Leave me alone for some time," he said, his tone flat as he entered his room, shutting the door behind him.

Bella stood there, slightly taken aback by his sudden coldness. "Ah, sure... darling," she muttered, her voice trailing off as she watched him disappear into his chamber. What's wrong with him all of a sudden? she thought, concern flashing across her face.

Her eyes fell on Maid Donna, who stood fidgeting nervously in the distance.

"Guard the door, Donna. I'm going to send a message to the Fortress City," Bella ordered sternly, her commanding tone leaving no room for argument.

"Yes, Lady Bellfrost," Maid Donna replied, straightening up as she moved to stand obediently outside Aengus's door,

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Aengus sat cross-legged on the cold, dimly lit floor, feeling the weight of the challenges ahead. He had sensed Donna's presence just outside the door but dismissed it. It didn't matter right now. What mattered was preparing himself for the battles that awaited him.

The pressure was mounting. He knew it.

The ancient Red Serpent Deity's influence loomed like a shadow in the back of his mind. There was also the inevitable clash with noble-bloods and Bella's father's forces once he sought the Marquis title. Visiting Crimson Demon City would be perilous, not to mention his final goal—entering the human lands.

For that, he needed more power.

He pulled out several space bracelets, the spoils of war from the demonic tribes, fallen humans, and conquered villages. Twenty... thirty of them. A small smirk crept across his lips. Each bracelet was filled with resources, and now, they were his.

Using his Appraisal ability, Aengus scanned through the contents of each bracelet. Nearly 2-3 million demonic cores. The majority were low-grade, but there was a decent number of mid-grade cores, and even some high-grade ones.

70% low-grade, 25% mid-grade, 5% high-grade... That'll do for now.

He also found a few basic items, Mana orbs, Holy Elemental swords. Nothing extraordinary, but useful nonetheless. Weapons weren't easy to come by in the demon lands. Most demons usually fought barehanded or relied on their monstrous forms, so his current C-grade blade wasn't going to cut it in the long run.

Aengus began the synthesis process, using his Universal Synthesis skill to fuse the demonic cores into high-grade ones, absorbing the potent essence they carried.

High-grade cores contained ten times the essence of low-grade ones. Inside his stomach, as he absorbed their energy into his body, a surge of strength rushed through him, his veins pulsing with raw demonic power.

His mind focused on one goal—becoming strong enough to face whatever came next.

Aengus' body was ablaze with power as he absorbed demonic core after demonic core. Familiar notifications flooded his mind, a rhythmic hum of accomplishment:

+1 Core Absorbed... +5... +10... +30... +80... +150... +300... +500...

He pushed himself until he hit 999 high-grade cores, the maximum his body could handle. The energy coursing through his veins was intoxicating, but there was a clear limit to how much his body could absorb without tearing itself apart. Even with his increased potential of body and endurance, he could feel the strain.

His muscles ached, and his skin felt like it was burning from the inside out. He was stronger now, no doubt—significant stat points and an immense amount of Nether Energy had been added to his reservoir—but his body screamed for rest. He knew better than to push further. The power he had gained needed to be adjusted into.

"Enough," Aengus muttered, his voice hoarse from the strain. He could feel the vast energy swirling within him, waiting to be used, but he needed time.

He checked his basic Stats:

[Strength: 1204]

[Agility: 1230]

[Defense: 1300]

[Mana: 65,000/130,000]

[Nether Energy: 65,000/ 130,000]

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“Rumble!”

Without realizing it, Aengus placed his hand on the floor, and the sheer force of his touch sent cracks spiraling outward, collapsing the ground beneath him into a deep pit.

A throbbing headache crept in. He still wasn't used to his newfound strength. Managing such raw power would take time. Until then, even the slightest touch could shatter anything around him into dust.

“Lord, what happened?” Maid Donna rushed in upon hearing the thunderous crash.

Her eyes widened in disbelief as she saw the gaping pit beside Aengus. At first, she thought it was a display of anger, but his calm, emotionless expression left her bewildered.

Still seated, Aengus glanced at her, his voice as cold as ice. “Nothing happened. Leave.”

“Ah, y-yes, my lord...” Donna stammered, backing out of the room and shutting the door. Her heart raced; for a moment, she felt a crushing pressure radiating from Aengus—the same overwhelming force she once felt from Bella.

“Lord Aengus has grown even stronger... Will he ever forgive me?” she whispered to herself. Then, with steely resolve, she muttered, “No. I will earn his forgiveness, no matter what.”

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“It's time for synthesizing the Skills and Abilities!”

Inside, Aengus started another round of synthesizing for using his energy for more destructive and useful mediums.