

Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills

- Chapter 121 – 140

Chapter 121: Chapter 121: Upgrade Skills; Lord's Blade Of Judgment

Synthesis skills → Extraordinary eyes (C) + Mind Perception (C) + Dragon's Gaze (C).

[Synthesis Successful]

[Your Skills evolved into: All-Seeing Sovereign (B)]

[All-Seeing Sovereign (B): The user becomes a master of vision and mental perception, capable of seeing through illusions, detecting hidden intentions, and projecting a fearsome eye attack of destruction that can easily destroy weaker targets by a glance.

Mana Cost varies over the scaling of usage]

Aengus tried to add it with Appraisal, but it failed miserably. It was like they're made of something different.

Synthesis Skills → Water Manipulation (D) + Earth Manipulation -23 (D) +Basic Gravity Manipulation (D).

[Your Skills evolved into: Elemental Graviton Surge (B)

– Description: The increased control over the elements of earth and water, combined with gravity, creating destructive waves and crushing forces that can shift entire landscapes.

Mana cost increases on the basis of the scale of the attack/Manipulation]

Synthesis Skills: Hellfire Dive (C) + Draconian Aura (C) + Telekinesis (D)

[Your Skills occurred a mutation and evolved into: Inferno Overlord's Descent (B)]

Description: A powerful attack that combines Hellfire, psychic force, and the aura of a dragon overlord. The user becomes a telekinetic dragon engulfed in hellfire, controlling the battlefield from above before delivering a final, crushing blow.

Then, he began to synthesis the demonic Abilities of Bloodlines and Non-Bloodline.

He left the passive skills as it is for now.

Synthesis Abilities: Darkness Pulse + Darkness Veil + Darkness Haki.

[Your Bloodline Abilities occurred a mutation and evolved into: Darkness King's Authority (Intermediate)]

Description: The combined darkness ability, allowing the user to project an aura of absolute terror while controlling the battlefield through waves of darkness. The combination of Darkness Pulse, Veil, and Haki transforms the user into a walking nightmare form.

The user can manipulate the darkness to bind, suffocate, or overwhelm enemies while protecting themselves from incoming attacks by merging with the shadows.

Anegus blinked and felt satisfied by the result.

Then, he continued to synthesize the rest of his Basic Abilities and created something terrifying.

Blood Regeneration + Poisonous Miasma Control + Hellfire Control + Body Duplication + Armoured Black Scales + Naganian Transformation + Spectral Death Strings + Pain Resistance + Hell-flareborne Wings.

He had synthesized them in several stages and at last the result was frightening.

Hellfire Leviathan Of Death (Peak)

Description: The user becomes a gigantic Leviathan, a mythic, dragon-like beast with wings of hellfire and the ability to unleash miasma, death, and fire on a city-wide scale.

Size: Over 200 meters tall and 500 meters in length, a truly apocalyptic creature that dominates the sky and earth.]

[Nether Energy Consumption: 1,000 / Second]

He read the description and his whole being shook for a Second, he wanted to try it immediately, but the Heart of Darkness calmed him down.

This Transformation form had all basic Abilities he had. He could access them anytime.

With his current energy, he could use the form for 130 seconds. But, it should be enough for now.

He checked his display panel for final confirmation:

[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), Death Leviathan (Half-Noble)]

[Special Trait: Energy Converter (Artificial)]

Physical Stats:

[Strength: 1204]

[Agility: 1230]

[Defense: 1300]

[Mana: 65,000/130,000]

[Nether Energy: 65,000/ 130,000]

[Attribute points: 0]

Skills:

– Active: Doomscale Dragonification -2(B), All-Seeing Sovereign (B), Elemental Graviton Surge (B), Elite Human Transformation (B), Dragon Fusion (B), Spectral Blade Storm -5 (B), Venomous Flash Strike -2(B), Inferno Overlord's Descent (B).

– [Passive: Enhanced Stamina (C), Critical 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- 4)]

[Demonic Abilities:

– Peak: Heart of Darkness, Hellfire Leviathan Of Death.

– Intermediate: Gluttony of Darkness, Darkness King’s Authority

– Basic: None

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

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

Gazing at his newfound powers, Aengus grinned. With this strength, could he finally face an Archdemon?

He wasn’t certain. He had never battled an Archdemon before, and even Appraisal failed when he tried using it on Bella due to the immense power gap between them.

But now... things had changed. Perhaps it was time for a little sparring session with Bella, to test her abilities and uncover the secrets she kept hidden.

Before that, though, he needed to upgrade his weapons—his swords and space bracelets needed synthesizing to match his new power.

He emptied the contents of his space bracelets, and the already expansive room was soon overflowing with millions of demonic cores, fewer items and weapons.

Using telekinesis, he sorted them effortlessly. Though Telekinesis was now a component of his Inferno Overlord’s Descent, he could still use it without fully invoking the skill. The items floated and moved under the command of his mind, moving them at one site.

He would have to synthesis the demonic cores to increase their value, only then he would distribute them among the army as per contribution.

So much work is yet to be undone, for now he decided to take it slow. It had already been a few hours since he entered the room.

As synthesized the 30 space bracelets and 100 or so Swords the results were presented before him:

[Appraisal]

[Space Bracelet]

[Rank: B]

[Durability: 1345]

[Storage Space: 100 m (diameter)]

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[Lord's Blade of Judgement] (Awakened)

[Description: The Blade had been created by the seeker of Justice, who judges both human and demon alike. It purify all beings of their evil]

[Grade: B]

[Attack Power: 1500]

[Durability: 1650]

Special Abilities:

1. Divine Retribution: Calls forth heavenly light to strike down enemies who have committed grievous sins. The power scales based on the target's level of corruption, causing greater damage to darker or evil foes (All Race).
2. Holy Purge: Unleashes a wave of radiant energy that purifies all evil entities within a large radius. It damages demons, undead, and other malevolent beings while healing the righteous and allies.
3. Judgment Strike: The sword channels divine power into a single strike, delivering a blow that not only deals massive holy damage but also paralyzes the foe, rendering them immobile as they are judged for their misdeeds.

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Chapter 122: Chapter 122:Human-Demon-Phoenix
"Master... Name..."

"Huh?" Aengus responded, his gaze fixed on the sharp pointy blade with a hint of astonishment.

As he held the blade, it seemed to come alive, initiating a telepathic dialogue within his mind. He felt an immediate connection, as if the sword recognized him as its one true master.

He gripped the weapon tightly, sensing the holy aura it emanated. It appeared incredibly menacing to all evils, as though a mere touch could reduce their flesh to ashes.

The powerful holy aura signified that it would show no mercy to either humans or demons alike. Those who had committed evil deeds would be struck down by its formidable might.

Suddenly, the words of Ilyana, the elven merchant Princess, echoed in his mind.

She had mentioned something akin to this—when sentient weapons are upgraded to B-grade, they gain the ability to communicate with their user.

“So you want a name, huh?” Aengus muttered softly, seemingly to no one.

The blade hummed in response, as if affirming its desire.

“Very well then. From this moment on, you will be called ‘Aegis of Judgment.’”

“Thank... you... Master,” the sentient blade, now named Aegis, replied, pleased with its new identity. This moment marked the beginning of Aegis’s tale.

Aengus looked around for a suitable scabbard for Aegis. The blade’s holy radiance was overwhelming, and he was certain it would draw too much attention if left exposed.

Afterward, he turned his attention to synthesizing the demon cores, concluding his power-up session.

By the time Aengus stepped out of the chamber, it was already the start of a new day. He had spent nearly 12 to 16 hours inside, immersed in his tasks.

“Master, you’re finally done with your work? Do you want something to eat?” Maid Donna stood outside his door, having waited there the entire time. Aengus had sensed her presence all along.

“No need,” he replied.

He had long passed the need for food to sustain himself, though he could still indulge in it on occasion. That was all it meant to him now.

His tone softened slightly, but it was clear he hadn’t yet forgiven her.

THUD.

“Lord! Please forgive me!”

Suddenly, Donna knelt down, clutching at his legs, her eyes watery with desperation.

“Master, I had no choice. Please forgive me! I won’t do it again. Just give me one more chance. Don’t give me that cold shoulder. I’m always afraid of incurring your wrath. I know I’ve done wrong, and I’m willing to do anything you ask.”

Aengus paused, but showed no reaction to her plea. The only thing that mattered to him now was practicality.

“So, you want forgiveness, huh?” Aengus asked, his tone indifferent as he looked down at her.

Shiin...

He drew the Judgment Blade from its sheath and said, “If you can lift this sword without injury, I will forgive you.”

Clang.

The blade fell to the ground, even though it did not want to. Yet, it obeyed its master’s command.

“Really, my lord?” Donna’s face lit up with hope, and she reached for the blade.

“Ahhh!” But as soon as she tried to lift it, her hand burned, and she dropped it with a loud clang.

Aengus’s lips curled into a slight smile.

“See? You’re not loyal enough. When your devotion is pure and without selfish desire, only then will it acknowledge you.”

With a simple gesture, the blade flew back into Aengus’s hand, pristine and untouched by dust.

He walked away, leaving his maid gazing after him, her mind filled with awe and fear. She had thought it would be an easy task, but how could she have expected anything simple from her master?

She sighed, already beginning to think of ways to become truly loyal, free of selfish desires.

But it definitely won’t be easy.

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THUD, BANG—

BOOM, CLANG!

In the open field, Aengus observed Bella, Sen, and Sienna engaged in intense sparring. It seemed Bella was teaching them, a rare sight. They fought in their human forms, wielding weapons as mortals would, sharpening their skills for battle.

Nearby, high-ranking demons stood watching from the sidelines. Among them were Vespera, Gourmond, Sienna's father, and the Wolf King and Queen, all in their human forms.

Aengus stepped forward slowly, but each step reverberated with a suppressed, overwhelming power.

"Ba-dum, ba-dum!"

The demons nearby felt their hearts involuntarily skip a beat. His very presence sent a shiver down their spines, as if a primal instinct within them screamed of the danger he carried.

With trembling hearts, all eyes turned toward Aengus, and for a fleeting moment, they swore they saw a devil incarnate—an immense, shadowed power simmering just beneath the surface, ready to unleash itself.

Bella paused mid-strike, followed by Sen and Sienna, their hands trembling slightly from exertion. Bella, however, smiled—she could sense it. Aengus had grown even stronger than before.

The other demons immediately bowed as Aengus approached, but Bella remained upright, her heart skipping a beat as he drew closer.

"So Darling, you're finally willing to step out?" she teased, though her smile was genuine. "I thought you'd be holed up in there forever. And it seems you've made a lot of progress." She sighed, her tone carrying a hint of playful frustration. It felt unfair sometimes, watching him grow so rapidly, but the occasional help from him soothed her nerves.

Aengus met her gaze, his voice steady and confident. "Let's spar."

He used Appraisal to check her information and abilities....

[Appraisal:]

[Name: Bella Bellfrost]

[Rank: Archdemon]

[Race: Demon-Human-Phoenix]

[Bloodline: Succubus (Royal), Eternal Phoenix (Royal)]

[Abilities:

1. Art of Seduction / Charm

2. Vitality Drain

3. Mind Control Puppetry

4. Illusion Crafter

5. Dream Hunter

6. Royal Demon Physique

7. Eternal Youth

8. Phoenix Rebirth

9. Eternal Fire Manipulation.

10. Phoenix Tears.

11. Eternal Phoenix Transformation.

[Skills:]

As Aengus examined her more closely, curiosity sparked within him. Her background intrigued him.

She had the bloodline of the Phoenix. But what caught his attention even more was that she appeared to be a hybrid of three races.

“Where did the Phoenix Bloodline come from? From what he knew her mother was human and father was a demon. Was there’s something more than it meets the eye?”

Chapter 123: Chapter 123: Spar

“Hehehe... You want to spar with me? At full force?” Bella asked with a teasing smile.

“Yes, but just physical power,” Aengus replied calmly.

“Oh, feeling confident, are we? That’s my man,” Bella said, her eyes gleaming with mischief. She clenched her fists and gathered her raw power. “Then I won’t hold back. It’s time for you to witness your wife’s true strength.”

“Less talk. Let’s begin,” Aengus said, his posture steady and focused.

Whoosh.

As soon as he finished speaking, Bella lunged at him with a blend of grace and deadly precision.

Boom!

Aengus managed to block her initial strike, but the force was so intense that his hand went numb. The shockwave from the impact collapsed the ground beneath his feet. Despite the pain, Aengus stood his ground, moving swiftly through the dust and debris as he blocked her relentless barrage.

His passive skills—Quick Reflexes, Melee Combat, and Predator’s Instinct—were working overtime to keep him in the fight. Without them, facing Bella, who was far more experienced, would have been daunting.

The battle continued fiercely.

Sen, Sienna, Vespera, and the others watched from a safe distance, having retreated earlier, sensing the immense danger.

Bella’s flawless face remained serene as she appeared before Aengus, her speed almost teleporting her from one spot to another. But Aengus wasn’t easily caught off guard; he grabbed her foot mid-attack, effectively blocking her critical strike.

Bella quickly retracted her leg, standing tall and poised.

“Impressive, darling,” she said with a smile. “But now... let’s see if you can block this.”

Suddenly, Bella leapt into the air, spinning like a violent whirlwind. Her dark attire blurred into an ethereal form as a powerful vortex of wind swirled behind her. The air around them became chaotic from the intensity of her move.

Aengus, unfazed, launched himself into the air with a powerful stomp, aiming to meet her head-on.

BOOM!

The collision unleashed an explosive shockwave. Aengus was flung backward, while Bella hovered in the air, a triumphant smile on her face.

“Oops,” she clicked her tongue playfully before diving down to catch him midair, preventing him from crashing to the ground. Aengus would have been fine on his own, but Bella’s gesture was both kind and teasing.

Aengus’s blood surged with adrenaline, his entire body buzzing from the impact. Despite the excitement of the battle, he recognized his limits. He was outmatched in raw strength.

Acknowledging his loss, he exhaled deeply. Despite his progress, he still fell short of being a complete match for her.

Bella smiled as she embraced Aengus, their bodies pressed together, sharing warmth. Her neck flushed a soft red, and Aengus couldn’t ignore the soft sensation against his chest.

They landed gracefully, their eyes locking in a brief, intimate moment.

“Hehe...” Bella chuckled softly, her voice teasing.

“Darling, do you want to go to the bed?” she asked playfully, her eyes filled with charm and unmistakable temptation.

Aengus cleared his throat, quickly recovering from the allure. “No,” he replied firmly, stepping back and distancing himself from Bella’s seductive presence.

Bella laughed, her eyes gleaming with amusement. She glanced at the blade hanging from Aengus’ waist.

“So, darling, why don’t you show me your new weapon? It feels incredibly powerful!” she teased, her curiosity piqued.

Aengus narrowed his eyes slightly, noticing her interest. Before he could respond, Bella swiftly grabbed the blade from his side, causing a flicker of annoyance to cross his face. Yet, his expression shifted to surprise as he watched her handle Aegis effortlessly. The weapon’s weight and aura seemed to have no effect on her.

“Did Aegis acknowledge her presence?” Aengus wondered. The weapon could sense loyalty and hidden motives.

For a moment, Aengus found himself captivated by Bella’s presence—her mischievous smile, fluttering lashes, and delicate red lips. Her creamy skin and long black hair

seemed more vibrant than ever. He shook the thought away, focusing instead on the weapon in her hands.

Bella, seemingly oblivious to Aengus' momentary distraction, unsheathed the blade with casual curiosity.

A radiant flash of holy light surged from the sword, causing everyone present to flinch.

"Ouch!" Sen, Sienna, and Vespera shielded their eyes. Bella, though briefly startled, marveled at the gleaming blade now resting in her hand.

When the light dimmed, the blade's intricate runic engravings were visible, and its holy aura still hummed with immense power.

"Hot!" Bella exclaimed, feeling the intense heat of the blade, though it didn't burn her. She turned to Aengus, her eyes twinkling with admiration. "It's handsome, just like you, darling," she said with a teasing grin.

Aengus recovered, though his heart stirred at her words. Sienna, watching from the side, couldn't hide her growing jealousy.

Sen noticed and sympathetically patted her on the shoulder, understanding her feelings but saying nothing.

"I get it," Aengus said indifferently. "Now, give it back."

"Tsk... Here, take it back. I don't need a fake one. I only need you," Bella said, tossing the blade into the air.

Sienna felt a pang of inferiority at Bella's bold statements.

"Can she ever hope to achieve that?" she wondered.

Aengus caught the blade and stored it in his spatial bracelet this time.

Aegis roared in frustration, reluctant to be stored away in the lifeless void. Yet, it was powerless to resist.

"Huh? It can talk as well?" Bella seemed genuinely surprised, tilting her head as if she had just realized Aegis had a voice of its own.

"Darling," she began with a playful pout, "why don't you make one for me before we head to the Fortress City? I want a talking weapon too! You can be so boring at times, and at least it would keep me company when you're not around."

Aengus blinked, surprised that she could hear the mental communication between him and Aegis. He recalled her mind control ability and realized she might have picked up on the conversation subconsciously or that Aegis had allowed her to hear it. He glanced at them, contemplating the request.

Sen, Sienna, and the others watched with curiosity. Although they were intrigued by the idea of having their own sentient weapons, none of them dared to ask Aengus for one. The idea seemed too bold.

“Alright,” Aengus finally agreed, his voice carrying a note of resignation. “I was going to make one for you all anyway. But you’ll have to provide the materials and a weapon of your choice.”

Bella’s face lit up with excitement. “You’re the best, darling!” she replied charmingly, her joy almost infectious.

The others, observing from the sidelines, were taken aback by Aengus’s willingness. Not wanting to miss out on the opportunity, they quickly brought out their own weapons and materials, eager to have them synthesized into sentient weapons as well.

Thus began the miraculous process of creating powerful, sentient weapons for each of them.

Chapter 124: Chapter 124: Floating Mountain

After the distribution of the newly forged sentient weapons, Aengus, Bella, and his formidable subordinates began their journey toward Bella’s territory: the imposing Fortress City.

Aengus was aware that Dark Valley, while a good starting point, was far too small for his growing ambitions. To truly gain power and influence, he needed to expand his reach, and Fortress City presented the perfect opportunity.

The new Baron of Dark Valley had been appointed temporarily, as Aengus wanted to make sure that his first stronghold was well-maintained. Though he had spent little time there, Dark Valley held significance—it was where he had first established his rule. The decision for a permanent replacement would come in time, and it would be a critical one.

The journey to Fortress City, however, posed a small challenge. At their current pace, it would take one day to travel, and that was only if they matched the speed of the slowest member of the group. This was hardly a viable option for Aengus, who preferred efficiency and speed. It was not like the previous time they would just fly alone.

He pondered ways to quicken the journey, knowing that every moment spent traveling was a moment wasted.

Bella, walking beside him, noticed his contemplative expression. "Darling, you're thinking too hard again," she teased, lightly nudging him with her elbow. "Why don't we fly ahead? We can make it there in half the time while the others catch up."

Aengus looked at her, considering her suggestion. Flying would certainly be faster, but his mind formed a better idea.

Nearby, he looked toward a small mountain, approximately 100 meters in height.

Bella, along with a few others, followed his gaze, curious about what was on his mind.

With swift speed, he arrived at the base of the mountain and took Aegis out of his spatial ring.

Bella, Sen, Sienna, Vespera, and Butler Yu followed, while ordering the army to stay on standby.

"Mistress, what's he trying to do?" Vespera asked, leaning closer as they watched him preparing for something in front of the mountain.

Bella smiled, "Who knows? Maybe we'll get to see something spectacular once again."

Vespera slapped her forehead. Who was she even asking? Her graceful, regal queen-like mistress had now become a lovestruck fool.

Aengus held the sword and began feeding it power.

With nearly 1,200 points of raw strength, and in his Doomscale Dragonification form increasing it twentyfold, his raw strength soared to 24,000. Combined with the sword's stats, it became 25,000. (AN: It consumes 100 Mana per second)

Rumble, Rumble!

With such strength, even the ground began to tremble, causing Vespera and the others to be scared out of their wits.

"Fu*k! So powerful!" Sienna cursed, expressing everyone's thoughts.

Bella looked amazed, watching his Dragonoid form, and licked her lips. She had expected his abilities to be powerful, but this was on a whole new level.

However, she remained confident in her own abilities and the bloodline powers of the Eternal Phoenix, which she had yet to reveal. Combined with her Succubus and Phoenix powers, she was a force to be reckoned with.

Aengus held the blade in a stretched arc, preparing to strike.

“Venomous Flash Strike.”

Slash... Shiiin

To everyone’s astonishment, the mountain before them was sliced cleanly in half with precision, as if it were cut by a fine thread.

As the spectators remained stunned, Aengus activated Elemental Graviton Surge, reducing the gravity of the severed mountain.

“RUMBLE...!”

With a casual wave of his hand, the mountain began to float in the air, then flipped over, revealing the perfectly cut ground beneath.

Wow!

Demons and humans alike watched in awe, their eyes fixed on the dramatic display. The massive floating mountain cast a wide shadow over the army of 4,000, leaving them in utter amazement.

“GET UP!”

On the ground, Aengus commanded, effortlessly maintaining the floating mountain, though it was costing him a considerable amount of energy.

Vespera and the others stood with their mouths agape—they had never witnessed such power in their lives.

Hearing his command, they snapped out of their daze and leaped onto the floating platform, their admiration for Aengus growing with each passing second.

Bella smirked and followed, gracefully unfurling her wings as she soared up to join Aengus.

At the very front, Aengus stood beside Bella.

Aengus adjusted the gravity, increasing the speed of the mountain’s movement.

“Darling, let me help you,” Bella said, before using her bright, shimmering Phoenix fire manipulation to propel the mountain forward, like a powerful engine of flame.

Aengus glanced at her with approval, appreciating the assistance.

“Thanks!” he said, breaking his silence.

Bella took the opportunity to grasp his hand.

“I told you, I’ll always be by your side. No need for thanks between us.”

Aengus looked straight ahead, avoiding her gaze, which only served to annoy Bella.

Their journey continued unhindered, largely due to the sheer intimidation caused by the massive floating mountain.

Although there were a few encounters with demonic birds, the soldiers dealt with them swiftly and efficiently.

Aengus sat down leisurely, gazing at the horizon, lost in thought.

Suddenly, his mind drifted to Aria’s face. Was she really dead? It had only been two weeks since everything had happened. How could he forget those memories so easily?

Growl

His peaceful view was suddenly obstructed by a Malefic Gargoyle, looming before him and breaking his tranquil reverie. Aengus’s annoyance flared.

“All-Seeing Sovereign.”

His eyes glowed with a golden hue, and in an instant, the Gargoyle burst like a fragile bubble.

As his eyes returned to normal, Aengus turned his attention back to the horizon, once again intoxicated by the view. The flashing, blackened barren lands held a strange, magnetic pull that calmed his restless heart.

Bella witnessed everything he had done, but said nothing else. She sometimes wished she could see what’s going with his mind and heart to understand him better.

Perhaps, that way she could understand what had made him so emotionless.

“Was that was done by the darkness core? Then how should I fix it?” Bella’s thoughts churned seated gracefully a little away from him.

“Lord and Mistress, we have arrived!” Suddenly Vespera arrived and announced, bringing the duo back from their dazed state.

Chapter 125: Chapter 125: Brother-in-law?

As a Marquisate, the Fortress City was enormous, spanning nearly 1,000 square kilometers and home to almost over a million demons.

It was one of the largest territories under Duke Belial’s rule and had been granted to Bella in recognition of her worthiness. This often sparked jealousy among her siblings. Yet, despite their envy and relentless scheming, their inferior strength made their efforts futile against Bella’s might.

In the marketplace of Fortress City...

Demons of various species gathered for their own purposes, filling the bustling streets. However, there was an unusual tension in the air, as if something was about to happen.

“Oh Lord!”

“Look at the sky brothers!” A tall, double-headed demon shouted, pointing upwards.

“What is it?” His companions, curious, followed his gaze.

“Oh my...” They rubbed their eyes in disbelief, their mouths falling open as they struggled to comprehend what they were seeing.

A nearby merchant and other onlookers, intrigued by the commotion, also turned their heads to see what had captured their attention.

“Is... is that a mountain?” someone muttered as a massive mountain floated upside down above them.

“Yes, it is...” another replied, astonished.

“But who could be behind such a terrifying feat?”

“Are we under attack? Is this the work of those abominable humans?”

Some demons began to panic, while others seethed with rage.

With the looming threat of war with the humans, their fears, though premature, weren’t entirely unfounded.

“Hey, look! There are people up there!”

“Yeah! But there’s only a few!”

Though the figures were visible, it was impossible to tell whether they were human or demon.

At that moment, a succubus with light red skin walked down the street, accompanied by several subservient attendants. She appeared slightly younger than Bella, her baby-faced features contrasting with the fierce expression on her face as she glanced up at the floating mountain.

“Follow me! Let’s see who dares to trespass so boldly in my sister’s territory.”

Unfurling her crimson wings, she launched into the sky using air propulsion, cutting through the air with swift precision.

Her attendants followed like a swarm of bats, using their own wings and flying abilities. Those without wings were swiftly carried by others, rising together towards the floating mountain.

“Huh!”

“Sister?”

As Bianca arrived before the floating mountain, she recognized her sister’s familiar face.

“And who’s that beside her?” she muttered in confusion. It was the first time she’d seen Bella so close to a man.

Bianca had been away when Aengus had first arrived in the demon lands, so this scene caught her by surprise. Bella was holding the man’s arm, as if stopping him from doing something.

Still puzzled, Bianca Bellfrost landed gracefully on the edge of the floating landmass and hurried to her sister’s side.

“Sister Bella, it’s you! I thought someone was waging war on your territory!” she exclaimed, hugging Bella tightly, snuggling like a kitten.

Bella returned the embrace with a warm smile.

Bella and Bianca were close, unlike their other siblings. Having no mother had drawn them together over time, and they shared a bond that only grew stronger.

“Haha... You’re still a worrywart, Bibi. Who would dare to barge into my territory?” Bella teased with a grin.

“True, Sister,” Bianca smiled, turning her gaze toward the vast army below. Her eyes then shifted to the man standing beside Bella.

“So, is this the brother-in-law you mentioned in your letter?” Bianca asked, scrutinizing Aengus from head to toe.

Aengus barked, “Who’s your brother-in-law?”

Bella chuckled. “Yes, he’s the one I’ve chosen as my partner. Don’t mind his denial—he’s just a bit shy. Soon, he’ll be the new lord of this territory. You can call him brother-in-law from now on,” she added mischievously.

“Darling, this is my half-sister Bianca,” Bella introduced.

In reply he just nodded.

“Hmp...Shy? He doesn’t look shy at all,” Bianca thought to herself. “There’s more to this than meets the eye,” she mused, chuckling inside.

Aengus, clearly uninterested in arguing, turned away, choosing to ignore their banter.

Bianca, smiling, stepped closer to him and playfully held his arm.

“Brother-in-law, are you really that powerful? How did you manage to subdue my big sister? Come on, tell me!” she asked, full of enthusiasm.

Aengus scowled, pulling his arm away. “I told you, I’m not your brother-in-law. So stop calling me that,” he said, his irritation evident.

“Brother-in-law, Brother-in-law...” Bianca teased with a sing-song voice.

“So what if I call you Brother-in-law? You’re my brother-in-law after all,” she added, clearly enjoying the way Aengus bristled at the title. It was fun for her to poke at him.

“Alright, enough of that,” Bella intervened with a smile, sensing things could escalate.

“So, Bibi, how did it go managing the territory while I was away? Did you handle everything well? And what about the proposal to Father regarding making my Aengus the new lord?” Bella’s tone turned more serious as she inquired.

At the mention of work, Bianca’s mood shifted, and she became more focused. Aengus, visibly relieved, also began paying closer attention to the conversation.

With a sigh, Bianca responded, “It was tougher than I thought, Sister. Those old councilmen were such a pain, but I managed to get through it somehow.” She ended with a small smile of satisfaction.

“And Father? What did he say?” Bella pressed.

Bianca shrugged. “Father said he wants to talk to both of you first. Maybe he’s planning on giving his blessing... or who knows?” She added a playful smirk to her words.

Bella raised an eyebrow, but before she could respond, Bianca’s expression turned serious.

“Sister, I just received some troubling news,” Bianca began, her voice lowering.

Bella, sensing something important, narrowed her eyes. “Go on.”

“Marquis Reynard lodged a complaint in the court against you, accusing you and—” she shot a glance at Aengus, “—brother-in-law, of raiding his territory and capturing one of his villages. Is it true?”

Both Bella and Aengus furrowed their brows.

“Of course not!” Bella scoffed, her voice filled with disdain. “Either the Marquis misunderstood or he’s deliberately looking for trouble. Perhaps he has a death wish.”

Bianca let out a small sigh of relief. “Good to hear it’s a misunderstanding. It shouldn’t cause too many issues then.”

Bella nodded before turning to Aengus. “Aengus, let’s land. Over there, that flat ground by the market should be fine,” she said, pointing toward an empty space.

“Okay,” Aengus agreed, gesturing downward to bring the floating mountain to a stop.

“Wait, brother-in-law is the one lifting this mountain?” Bianca said, astonished.

Bella grinned, clearly proud. “Yes, he’s strong. Very strong.”

Bianca’s eyes widened with genuine admiration. “And here I thought you just had another crazy ability, but this...” She looked at Aengus with newfound respect. “I’m impressed.”

Chapter 126: Chapter 126: Marquis

Aengus and Bella settled the thousands of demons temporarily in the Fortress City’s military barracks. They had come a long way, leaving their family behind for now, with

the hope of building a new foundation here—if they could make enough contributions to the city.

The atmosphere at the barracks was tense, a strange air of unspoken rivalry lingering. The joined soldiers kept their behavior in check after a stern reminder from both Bella and Aengus, but there was an undeniable sense of competition. They engaged in small talk, mostly to gauge each other's strength.

Bella's side boasted nearly a dozen elder demons and around ten thousand lesser and greater-ranked demons, twice the number Aengus had brought with him. Together, they formed a formidable force, one that could significantly bolster the Marquisate's strength.

Now, inside the grand residence of the Marquis—a large mansion guarded by demon sentinels—the ruler of this powerful Marquisate was currently being decided.

The meeting hall was filled with elders, nobles, and a few Barons, all gathered for Aengus's coronation ceremony.

Bella stood confidently at the center, unfazed by her father's earlier summoning. She knew he would come around eventually—after all, Belial had been searching for a worthy partner for her all this while, and Aengus, with his strength and presence, was perfect for the role.

She was certain her father would see the wisdom in her choice, even if it took time.

The hall buzzed with anticipation as the ceremony was about to begin.

"My lady, isn't it a bit hasty to declare a new Marquis like this?" an elder demon interrupted, his deep voice cutting through the formal atmosphere of the hall.

Several heads turned toward him as he continued, his expression defiant. "We don't even know if he's worthy of the post. We cannot accept this until Lord Duke Belial gives us the official decree."

Murmurs of agreement quickly followed from a few noblemen seated comfortably around the hall. "Yes, the Elder is right," one chimed in. "We won't accept it without the Duke's approval."

Bella's gaze narrowed as the murmurings grew louder. A cold glint passed her eyes, and everyone shivered.

Aengus remained calm, watching the unfolding tension with an air of indifference. To him, this was all unnecessary—mere formalities. He knew no one here could challenge him, and their hesitation was likely due to his status as a half-breed. They didn't want to bow to someone they saw as lesser.

Bianca, standing beside her sister, couldn't help but notice Aengus's unbothered demeanor. It intrigued her.

"Why doesn't he look worried at all?" she thought, a flicker of curiosity sparking in her eyes. "Is he really that confident in his strength? This might turn out more interesting than I thought."

Bella, meanwhile, was growing visibly irritated by the resistance. Her voice trembled with barely restrained fury as she addressed the gathered nobles.

"Have you all forgotten that strength is everything in the Abyss?" she snapped. "Do I need to remind you of that?"

Her eyes blazed as she gestured toward Aengus. "I have chosen this man as my partner, and he will rule in my place. Is that so difficult for you to comprehend?"

The elder demon stood his ground, unshaken by her outburst. "Lady Bella, that's exactly what we're questioning. Strength is what matters most. If he's weak, he cannot take your place."

Bella's face twisted with anger. "What nonsense!" she spat. "Didn't I just say he is as strong as I am—perhaps even stronger? Are you calling my judgment into question now? You've become bold indeed."

She exhaled sharply, her patience clearly thinning. "Fine. If any of you wish to challenge him, step forward. But be prepared to die. This is no game."

The room fell deathly silent. The words Death Challenge hung heavily in the air. A few demons visibly trembled at the idea, knowing what a challenge like that meant in their world.

Bianca chimed in from the side, her tone dripping with mockery. "That's the best proposal, sister. These old fogies won't learn any other way." She sneered, casting a disdainful look at the room.

The gathered demons hesitated, exchanging glances, but none dared to move forward.

"My lady, I would—"

The four-armed giant was about to speak, challenging Aengus.

But before he could finish—

SPLASH!

The giant was instantly obliterated into a gory mess, his body reduced to nothing more than a gruesome display of blood and flesh. The room froze. The sheer brutality of it sent shockwaves through the assembly, paralyzing them with terror.

“Ahh...”

Several demons shrieked in horror, their faces drained of color as they gazed at Aengus, whose glowing golden eyes faded back to normal as if nothing had happened.

It had all occurred in the blink of an eye—too fast for anyone to react.

THUD!

The old demon and the others, who had moments ago dared to question Aengus, collapsed to their knees, their bodies shaking with fear. Heads bowed low, they didn't dare meet his gaze as they frantically begged for mercy.

“We—we accept you as our new lord, your excellency! Please, forgive our insolence!” Their voices quivered, full of desperation, as they pressed their foreheads to the floor.

They now understood the truth. The half-breed they had so arrogantly dismissed was no ordinary demon. He was death incarnate, a force beyond comprehension.

“He was an Elder demon...” one of them muttered, barely able to speak through his terror. “He could command millions, and yet... The new Marquis... He wiped him out like nothing...”

The room was gripped by an oppressive silence.

Every noble blooded demon present realized they were no longer in the presence of just another noble vying for power. Aengus was something far greater—a being whose strength was so overwhelming that it defied belief.

They had been given a harsh lesson. Aengus was not to be challenged. Not now, not ever.

Bianca's mouth formed an 'O' shape as she witnessed her 'Brother-in-law' powers first hand.

She had noticed the ethereal golden glow in his eyes, which made her felt that she was naked in front of him.

“Listen well. Those who submit, lives! For others, only death. ” Aengus remarked, his voice carrying authority and power.

These nobles and barons have their own individual armies, so their submission were important.

Bella crossed her legs like a queen, and smiled lightly witnessing their futile resistance crumbling into pieces in seconds.

Now, the only one was headache on her mind was her father and Marquis Reynard's audacious claim.

Chapter 127: Chapter 127: Preparation For Leaving

The announcement of the new Marquis swept through the city like wildfire, leaving its denizens stunned. Rumors buzzed through the streets, carried by whispers of fear and resignation.

For the most people, nothing really changed. To the powerful, they were merely disposable, and the rise of a new Marquis was a reminder of that harsh reality. Yet, despite their shock, they accepted the news in silence, as resistance felt futile.

All they could hope for now was that the new ruler would not make their already miserable lives worse.

Bella was undeniably capable, but even for her, managing resources for millions of people was a daunting task. The sheer scale made any promises difficult to keep. However, for Aengus, it was a trivial challenge.

While transforming barren lands was beyond his abilities, acquiring resources was a different story. By utilizing his skill of synthesizing demon cores, he produced them in the millions. This ability allowed him to resolve the resource crisis efficiently.

Over the next 3-4 days, Aengus expanded his secret networks throughout the neighboring Marquisate cities and even infiltrated the Duchy capital. Through these covert operations, he amassed near hundred million demon cores, securing the needed resources for the city.

With resources now abundant, the citizens were offered more work in exchange for additional supplies, leading to an improvement in their living conditions. Soldiers, especially those formerly under the demon regime, now rebranded as the Army of Liberation, received a substantial share of demon cores, allowing them to enhance their strength significantly.

The commanders and soldiers were overjoyed, their loyalty solidified by the influx of power. Aengus, understanding the importance of morale and allegiance, made personal visits to the army. During these visits, he would perform "miracles" by showcasing the incredible transformations of a few demons further strengthening them.

Each demonstration further brainwashed the soldiers, making them more devoted to him and driven to rise in power through the ranks.

The city, once desolate and fearful, now buzzed with newfound energy, as Aengus's influence spread like wildfire.

"Brother-in-law, you're really awesome!" Bianca exclaimed, her eyes gleaming with admiration.

"I didn't think you could pull off these kinds of miracles in just a few days and take full control of the military," she added, clearly impressed.

A faint sigh escaped her as she continued, "It was such a headache for me when I was in charge of managing the territory. The soldiers were always so unruly, and resources were so limited..."

"Really, comparisons are odious," she muttered with a slight grin, knowing full well how much Aengus had outshone her efforts by a large margin.

Aengus stayed silent, walking down the bustling market streets, his presence drawing curious glances and respectful bows from the onlookers. It was clear to all that their new lord had already made a significant impact, improving their lives just shortly after taking over the territory.

"Urgh..." Bianca grumbled, clearly frustrated as she walked beside him, her red wings fluttering in irritation. She glanced over at Aengus, who remained aloof, completely ignoring her. "Sister, you should really try to cheer him up sometimes. He's so gloomy all the time. And why do you two sleep in separate beds anyway?"

Bella, who had been smiling earlier, froze at Bianca's blunt statement. Her cheerful expression faltered as she sighed deeply.

"What should I do now, Bibi? Your brother-in-law is always like that," Bella admitted, her voice filled with resignation. "A few days ago, when I was stronger than him, I could force him to sleep next to me, but now... it's much harder."

Bianca almost tripped over her own feet, her eyes wide with surprise. "F-Forcing him to sleep together?" she stammered. "But you're so beautiful, Sister! You really need to force him to... 'do that'?"

Bella's face flushed at Bianca's implication, her embarrassment quickly turning into irritation. "What nonsense are you talking about?" she snapped, twisting Bianca's ear as punishment. "I was just trying to break the ice! You naughty succubus!"

"Ouch! Stop it Sister! I am Sowwy.." Bianca whined, squirming under Bella's grip. "Brother-in-law, save me!"

Aengus, watching their antics out of the corner of his eye, simply sighed. "I don't have time to bicker with you two," he muttered, continuing to walk ahead, ignoring their playful exchange.

"Ugh, brother-in-law is so bad!" Bianca pouted, rubbing her ear, though she couldn't help but smile at the lighthearted moment.

Bella composed herself and turned to Aengus, her voice softening. "Yes, you're right, Darling. We have to prepare for the journey to the duchy capital, to my father's estate." She stepped closer, matching his pace, her presence a gentle reminder of their shared responsibilities.

"Hey, wait for me, you two!" Bianca grumbled from behind, trying to catch up. "Sister, I want to come with you and Brother-in-law to visit Father. I haven't seen him in quite a while."

Bella, without missing a beat, shook her head. "No, you can't come this time, Bibi," she said flatly. "Not at least on this trip. Darling and I will be going alone. Do you really want to ruin our romantic moment together?"

Bianca faltered, unable to find a solid argument. Bella's words struck at her playful persistence.

Bella's expression softened as she placed a reassuring hand on Bianca's shoulder. "Besides, someone needs to be in charge of the city while we're away. You're the only one we trust with that responsibility. We can't leave it to those old fogies. Isn't that right?"

With a reluctant sigh, Bianca nodded. "Yes, you're right, Sister. I'll manage the city."

Bella smiled at her, giving her a comforting squeeze. "Don't worry. I'll ask your brother-in-law to craft you a fine weapon of your choice when we're back."

Bianca's eyes lit up at the promise, a small smile forming on her lips. "Really? Fine, but you better keep that promise!"

"Of Course!" Bella smiled...

—

As they reached the mansion, Butler Yu stepped forward.

"Lord, the distribution of demon cores to the army had been done successfully." he informed Aengus respectfully.

“Aengus, glanced at him and asked, ” How much demon cores left?” His tone was curt.

“Nearly 20 millions, my lord. That’s all we have left in the treasury. It’s enough to last for a month after all the settlement.”

“Hm.. That’s good. I will be leaving for the Duchy Capital, while I am away listen to Bianca’s every order. Inform the others as well.”

“Yes, my lord. As you wish.”

Chapter 128: Chapter 128: Married?

After settling everything, Aengus and Bella unfurled their wings and soared through the sky, flapping them with great speed.

Bella’s wings were typical of a succubus, while Aengus’ wings resembled those of a western dragon—wide and powerful.

In seconds, they ascended into the sky like birds, reaching nearly 5,000 meters above the ground.

Under the cursed, bloody red sun, their figures became elusive, fading from view from below.

“Darling, are you enjoying this?” Bella asked, glancing at Aengus beside her.

“I am... fine, I guess,” Aengus replied, his gaze fixed on the ground shrinking in the distance.

He saw various passing villages, mountains, and a desert littered with skeletal remains. Demonic creatures roamed the land, hungry for prey.

Bella sighed. “You know, it would have been more beautiful if the Abyss was like the human lands—full of vibrant greenery and life. Will it ever be possible? Even the Demon God couldn’t make it happen,” she lamented.

“So, Bella, do you know why this world is the way it is?” Aengus asked, though he knew the basic history. He wanted to hear the demons’ perspective.

Bella answered seriously, “From what I’ve learned, it’s said the Demon God was banished from what they call ‘Heaven.’ They imprisoned him here like a jail, but the reason remains unknown.

“He has lived for ages, and all demons are his children.

"I don't know if he's truly evil, but I want justice for the demons—to give them their right to live. Many are dying, like a plague, because of the lack of resources," she said emotionally.

"Do you want to kill all the humans?" Aengus asked.

She shook her head. "No, that would be foolish. Not all humans are bad. They deserve a fair chance to live."

Her tone shifted, a twinge of jealousy creeping in. "So, darling, is your goal still the same? Seeking revenge for that human lover of yours?"

"Yes," Aengus replied firmly, without hesitation.

Bella's chest tightened at his words, her heart clenching in silent pain. She gazed at him, her voice soft but tinged with sadness.

Are my efforts not getting through to you, Aengus?

Bella forced a smile. "You're very loyal, darling. So, when should we consummate our marriage? I've given my dowry, after all." Her tone was playful, as if she wasn't expecting a serious answer.

Aengus glanced at her, feeling a sudden pang of guilt.

Though her initial intentions were less than pure, she had later given him everything she had. She had aligned her aspirations with his, forsaken her rule, and risked enmity with her father—all for him.

But what had he given her?

He realized he had been too stubborn.

Beneath her constant smile, there was hidden pain, a sorrow she tried to bury—much like the way he buried his own. They were more alike than he had realized.

It didn't take long for him to understand that.

"Bella, listen to me seriously," he said, making a firm decision on the spot.

She met his eyes, losing herself in them for a moment. "What is it, darling? Are you finally agreeing to my proposal?" Her tone was still light, as if her wish was just a fleeting dream.

But Aengus was serious. What he said next left her completely stunned.

“Yes, I can agree to be your partner, not your husband, for everything you’ve done for me. You’ve gone against your father, your subordinates, and lost your position as ruler. You’re strong, and I can’t offer you power or love.

“The only way I can repay you is by trying to be your partner. But understand, there will be no spiritual connection between us. I cannot return your love. If you can accept that, then... I have no problem.”

He wasn’t accepting her out of nowhere. She had proven loyal and trustworthy. Besides, having her by his side would provide another powerful ally in his quest.

Or perhaps it was his deeper desire for a family, a longing he hadn’t been willing to admit. He never wanted to be lonely.

It was time to let go of the past, the memories of Aria, like a passing dream. But it didn’t mean he was giving up on his revenge. He couldn’t let that go—not until Beelzebub was dead by his hand.

Bella froze mid-air, her mind struggling to comprehend his sudden acceptance. The acceptance of her casual proposal left her stunned.

She felt an overwhelming joy rising within her, one she struggled to suppress.

Aengus paused, watching her reaction. He wondered if she felt dejected or conflicted. Deep down, he had hoped she would refuse, thinking he had given her enough reasons not to accept him as her life partner.

But he couldn’t have been more wrong.

Bella smiled like a blooming flower, her expression filled with pure joy.

“Hahaha... Darling! Darling!” she exclaimed as she lunged at his chest, hugging him tightly, her wings wrapping around his in a delicate embrace.

“Of Course. I accept you as my husband, Aengus. I agree with whatever you say. You know, it makes me very happy that you finally agreed. As for the matter of your heart, I’ll conquer it eventually. I’m not in a rush,” she whispered confidently into his ear as they began to fall from the sky.

“You have everything a woman could need, Darling. You’ve captured my heart. What more could I want besides you?”

Aengus was speechless as he gazed into her shimmering purple eyes, now glistening with raw emotion. He couldn’t deny the sincerity in her words, nor could he break the

promise he had made. But in the back of his mind, Aria's face lingered, her memory an unresolved ache.

"What would I do if I ever manage to bring her back?" he wondered, his thoughts briefly shattered as Bella's soft crimson lips pressed against his.

Without thinking, Aengus accepted the kiss—not out of love, but out of a sense of duty to his promise and his body's desires. Their tongues intertwined, and for a few intense seconds, they shared a passionate kiss mid-air.

As they approached the ground, their wings unfurled just in time, allowing them to land gracefully. A thin bridge of saliva stretched between them, breaking apart like spider silk as they pulled away, gazing into each other's eyes in a heated moment.

Bella's breath came in hurried gasps, her face flushed with excitement. Aengus's body reacted instinctively, but his heart remained conflicted.

With a radiant smile, Bella said, "With this, we're husband and wife from now on Aengus. Let the obsidian land and the bloody sky bear witness to our marriage."

She completely forgot the term "partner" that Aengus had suggested.

As he looked at her radiant smile, for a brief moment, Aengus's heart stirred, but it quickly returned to its impassive state. He wiped the mark of her lips from his and nodded, silently acknowledging their union.

His simple gesture filled Bella with immense happiness.

Yet uncertainty gnawed at him.

Had he done the right thing? Had he accepted her just to repay her, or was it merely to fulfill his body's needs? Could he truly form a happy family with her?

He looked at Bella with complex emotions and hope. His previous hope with Aria shattered, reminding him the despairing moment.

Then he touched his chest, where his heart lay, a heart that refused to feel the true love she had for him.

He hoped that one day, he could return her love as well, just like he did with Aria.

Chapter 129: Chapter 129: Arrival Of The Iron Trio
Capital City Gate, Kingdom of Araknis

A trio in hunter attire walked through the grand gates of the capital, their faces marked with exhaustion from the long journey. The group consisted of two young women and a young man, each carrying the weight of their mission on their shoulders.

“Haah, finally, we’ve arrived,” the young man muttered, his voice filled with a mixture of relief and satisfaction.

“My lady, it’s fortunate we made it before the opening of the Ancient Land,” the woman with a bow slung across her back said, addressing the silver-haired woman beside her. “We have a couple of days to get familiar with this place.”

“Yona, don’t forget,” the silver-haired woman replied firmly, her gaze resolute. “We need to meet with the king and request support for my parents. They’re suffering, and we need an S-Rank health restoration potion as soon as possible.” Her hand rested on the dagger fastened at her waist, a reminder of the battles they had fought.

“Yes, Lady Aria. That is our top priority,” Yona nodded in agreement.

The trio—Aria, Drake, and Yona—seemed to have somehow survived the event that had annihilated the whole Arcadia City.

Aria, once filled with youthful hope, now appeared more mature and cold, her earlier warmth hardened by the trials they had endured.

They had grown more stronger and enlightened of the true world.

Drake, who had once been arrogant, now carried a serious, quiet demeanor. His cockiness had been tempered by the harsh realities they’d faced.

Yona, however, remained a steadfast and loyal attendant to Aria, her determination unwavering.

As they stepped further into the bustling capital, the weight of their task hung over them.

“Sister Aria, why don’t we seek General Leon for help? He’s a good man. He might have what we need,” Drake suggested, breaking the silence as they continued through the crowded streets.

Aria paused, her mind drifting to a familiar figure who should have been with them, joining them by their side. Ethan.

The mere thought of him tugged at her heart, sending a sharp pang of sadness through her chest.

Could he really be dead? The idea seemed impossible, but the longer they went without any news of him, the more the terrifying possibility weighed on her.

“Sister?” Drake called again, gently shaking her shoulder, snapping her back to reality.

“Ah... Yes, that’s been on my mind too,” Aria replied, her voice breaking slightly as she tried to push away the lingering memories. “Let’s go and seek an audience with General Leon.”

Drake noticed her hesitation and, knowing her all too well, asked softly, “Are you thinking about Ethan again?”

Aria’s expression faltered. It was no secret among them that her heart always seemed to waver when Ethan’s name was mentioned.

Yona, who had been walking silently, remembered those days they had all spent together. Ethan had been a good friend and a strong ally, someone their party members all relied on.

But when the demon attacked, she thought he couldn’t have survived. Much less Iris, Cedric and Marcus. She felt sad.

“Sister Aria,” Drake began again, his voice gentle but firm, “he’s probably not alive anymore. We barely survived thanks to the Void Escape treasure, and we lost nearly everyone from the clan. I don’t think it’s possible he made it out alone. You need to let him go. It’s probably for the best.”

Aria’s grip tightened around the dagger at her waist. She knew Drake was right, but accepting it was something else entirely. The thought of Ethan being gone forever was like a knife in her chest. Her emotions churned, the ache in her heart hardening into something stronger: anger.

“I know,” Aria finally said, her voice low but full of determination. “But I will never forgive that demon for killing him. I will get stronger, and I will avenge him.”

Her pretty face, usually calm and composed, was etched with an iron resolve. Drake and Yona exchanged glances, seeing the fire in her eyes.

Yona and Drake sighed. They also wanted revenge but found it difficult to achieve. After all, they were talking about a Demon Lord.

Now, there seemed to be only one way to rise quickly: the Ancient Land.

—

In another corner of the world, Aengus and Bella walked side by side, keeping pace with each other.

Bella was in a good mood as their relationship had progressed further, though it might have been a stroke of luck.

The problem, however, was that Aengus never took the initiative to do anything.

Their marriage appeared to exist in name only.

Bella let out an exhausted sigh; she had to cope with it for now.

They were walking through a ruined city where no signs of life could be seen. Only collapsed buildings remained.

"This was once a city full of life, but a single stomp from the Giant Demon Lord reduced it to ashes," Bella said, noticing Aengus's curiosity.

Aengus raised an eyebrow. "Your father didn't say anything?"

"He did. He called on Demon Lord Crimson, as the situation was beyond his control. As a result, there was a war between Demon Lord Crimson and the Giant Demon Lord.

"Hubby, do you want to guess who won?"

Aengus guessed, "From your tone, it must be the former one..."

Bella smiled. "Smart!"

"Yes, Demon Lord Crimson was the victor. He took half of the other party's territory and resources.

But don't think he's some benevolent being. He did everything just to protect his dignity and dominance. Otherwise, he would have been a laughingstock at the Demon Lord Council."

"Demon Lord Council? Where is that?" Aengus asked, casually killing an aggressive demonic creature and storing it in his dimensional space for breeding.

Along the way, they had killed thousands of such unintelligent creatures.

His Monster Breeding skill was now at Level 4, marking 5,000 or so units inside.

Bella didn't have much of a reaction. To her, her husband could do anything now. She wouldn't even be surprised if he could slaughter an entire army on his own.

She continued, "Demon Lord Council is a gathering of all the Demon Lords across the Abyss," Bella explained, her tone calm despite the grim subject. "They oversee the

balance of power and enforce certain rules... though 'rules' in the demon world are twisted at best."

Aengus nodded in understanding, and they continued their journey the Duchy Capital while talking, keeping each other company.

Their relationship just took a major turn and they would need time to adjust.

Chapter 130: Chapter 130: Mana Harvest

Aengus and Bella stood atop a towering mountain, before a giant cave.

At the entrance of the dark cave was an ominous red statue of a coiled serpent.

"Hubby, you said the Ancient Red Serpent Deity had marked you, right? So, we need to destroy this temple to weaken his influence. Although the effect won't be immediate, if we continue destroying his temples, your problem might be solved more easily," Bella said, gathering energy in her palm to destroy the statue.

"That's not a bad idea. We should order the army to destroy all of the nearby temples as well," Aengus agreed, letting her proceed as she wished, while he send a message to Sienna using her Naga pearl. Her Naga pearl was now much stronger and more useful for long distance communication.

Both of them remained cautious, in case any unexpected problems arose, though the likelihood seemed low.

To start, Bella conjured a small ball of Phoenix flames to test the temple's defenses.

"Kaboom!"

The fireball landed on a transparent protective barrier.

"So, it seems there are indeed someone inside," Bella mused, glancing at Aengus.

Aengus gave her a small nod and looked at the spot where the fire was slowly burning through the barrier itself. The effects of the Phoenix flames were immediate.

Clatter, clatter, clatter.

With earthshaking vibrations, several demonic serpents emerged from the large cave. Their figures towering 20 metres, menacing.

"Our guests have arrived!" Bella said, smiling dangerously.

Aengus inspected them using Appraisal and all of them were ordinary, their power at Greater Demon at best.

So, this was just a trivial fight.

But, Activating his All-Seeing Eyes, Aengus could make out several human figures inside the cave, their silhouettes appearing miserable and frail.

“Bella, there are humans inside. Don’t destroy the cave,” Aengus cautioned, his curiosity piqued about their origins and how they were captured.

“Oh, okay,” Bella replied without hesitation, trusting his abilities completely. He had proven them many times by now.

Hiss... “Who are you? Hiss... Why are you attacking this sacred temple?” one of the serpents hissed, trying to initiate a conversation.

Their gaze shifted from Bella to Aengus, attempting to gauge the motives of the two half-breeds.

“It’s you?” they hissed, seemingly recognizing Aengus.

Aengus and Bella raised their eyebrows in unison.

Hiss... “How dare you barge into the Serpent Deity’s temple? Our deity will not spare you. Everyone will hunt you down.”

“Everyone! Capture him! We will offer him as a gift to our deity, and he will surely reward us with his precious bloodline!” the leader commanded, his serpentine features twisted with fanatical zeal.

“Hiss!”

They all charged at Aengus, using their inferior bloodline abilities. Some lashed out with their tails, aiming to crush him into a pulp.

But they didn’t know what they were dealing with.

Aengus remained calm and composed as Bella intervened.

“You dare attack my hubby in my presence? That is certainly bold,” Bella said coldly.

She radiated a dark, sinister aura as she swiftly unleashed her mental attack, turning the serpents into mindless puppets.

The dark aura overwhelmed their minds, enslaving their consciousness.

"Tell me," Bella demanded, her voice sharp, "Does everyone in your cult know about Aengus? If so, what are their plans?"

Aengus listened intently as well, awaiting the serpents' response.

Hiss.. "Yes. We received the Deity's message to capture him. He said the half-breed was needed alive. But we don't know what others have planned," the serpents replied, their answers identical.

Bella's expression darkened.

"If you don't know, then you are no longer needed. Kill yourselves!"

Upon receiving the command, the serpents immediately turned biting on themselves, taking their own lives within moments.

Bella stood like a Succubus queen with royal grace, while Aengus glanced at their lifeless bodies with indifference.

"Let's go inside," Aengus said, stepping forward into the cave.

The cave was vast and broad, and the stench of rotting flesh and human blood filled the air, sickeningly pungent.

The cave was dimly lit, illuminated only by faint light seeping through a few open holes above. Snakes didn't need much light for vision anyway.

Then they finally saw the humans, but they were lifeless, their bodies shrunken to skeletal forms. Among them were young women, men, children, and elderly people, numbering about twenty.

"What were those worms doing with these humans? They've suffered so much!" Bella exclaimed, her voice filled with sympathy.

The Duo's gaze shifted to the menacing Red Serpent statue, its eyes glowing with a bloody hue.

"They must have been offering them to this 'Deity' they call it," Aengus said, his special golden eyes seeing through the process.

"Oh... So these fools were trying to perform a resurrection ritual. But it's impossible to bring back the dead," Bella added, her tone indifferent. She glanced at Aengus, her voice softening. "Hubby, I'm not saying this to target your former human lover or anything."

She was talking about Aria's resurrection as they didn't she was already alive.

"I know," Aengus nodded, though doubt lingered in his mind.

"That's good..." Bella sighed in relief, subtly watching him from the corner of her eye.

"We need to end their suffering. They can't live like this," Bella said, preparing herself to disintegrate the lifeless bodies to ashes.

As Aengus habitually activated Appraisal, he found something intriguing. Among the lifeless bodies, one held a Unique Skill—and it was astonishing.

"Wait! Bella!" he shouted, stopping her flames mid-air.

Bella glanced at him, perplexed. "Why did you stop me? Can you bring them back from the brink of death?"

Aengus gently shook his head. "No, it's not that. I have some business with one of them," he said, leaning closer to inspect the body.

He placed his hand over the Unique Skill holder's chest and activated Skill Absorption.

[Congratulations! You have acquired a new Unique Skill: Mana Harvest (Rare)]

[Mana Harvest:

1. Faster Recovery of Your Mana reserves from the environment surrounding you.

2. Absorb your enemy's Mana to increase your own Mana reserves.]

Aengus was satisfied by the notification. He ignored the other skills, which were ordinary and of no value to him. The person was a young boy, barely at level 19, but Aengus didn't care.

What mattered most was the Unique skill Aengus needed to recover his energy faster.

The boy drew his last breath as Aengus drained his Unique Skill from his fragile soul.

Bella watched his satisfied grin with curiosity.

Aengus turned to her. "You can send them off now, Bella."

Bella nodded and began to finish the task suppressing the curiosity as she realised he wasn't willing to tell her some of his Secrets yet. It made her a little disappointed, but she believed it would be solved eventually.

Chapter 131: Chapter 131: Call Of The Duke

After obliterating the temple with fiery ashes, Aengus and Bella unfurled their wings once more, diving from the towering mountain into the vast sky.

They had only 1-2 hours journey left before they reached their destination.

Increasing their speed, they broke through the sound barrier, the air cracking loudly as they sped toward their goal.

As they approached the Duchy Capital, a sturdy barrier stopped them, even though they were still several kilometers from the ground. Aengus, eyeing the protective shield with curiosity, decided it would be wise to implement similar defenses for their own city in case of any surprise attacks.

“Bella, come to the court immediately. We need to have a serious talk,” a sudden mental transmission echoed in their minds.

“It’s from my father,” Bella replied, a hint of urgency in her voice. “Let’s head down!”

As she began to descend, a wave of concern washed over her thoughts.

Aengus nodded in understanding, casting a glance at her back as they made their way down the grand staircase.

Walking side by side through the Duke’s estate, they traversed the opulent hallways adorned with lavish decorations. As they proceeded, they encountered several of Bella’s half-siblings.

Upon noticing the duo’s approach, the siblings erupted into mocking laughter, some assuming a cowardly demeanor, like Ruby—the greenhouse princess. The memory of her previous encounter with Bella still weighed heavily on her mind, haunting her with the humiliation she had endured.

Turning to her older brother, Ruby sought comfort. She gazed up at the tall Incubus with broad shoulders and a muscular build, who bore a striking resemblance to their father, Duke Belial.

“Big brother Belzard, you have to take revenge for me. She humiliated me in front of everyone,” Ruby pleaded, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears.

Belzard’s heart ached for his sister, and anger surged within him as he regarded Bella and Aengus.

“Don’t worry, Ruby! I will take care of Bella,” he declared, a fierce determination in his voice. “I’ll teach her a lesson she’ll never forget. I am an Archdemon as well, and I will show her that being cocky has its consequences.”

With that, he stepped forward, ready to confront Bella with an air of confidence that belied the brewing storm of emotions.

“Heh, heh. Look who appears. Our Iron Princess Bella with her boy-toy in full display,” Belzard muttered, looking disdainfully at Aengus beside her.

Aengus was suppressing his aura, so he took him for someone ordinary.

“Haha...” Instead of anger, Bella laughed, wondering what his reaction would be when her ‘boy-toy’ crushed him.

“Why are you laughing, Bella?” Belzard raised his brows in displeasure.

“Oh, nothing... I was just laughing at your stupidity Belzard. When will you grow up? You couldn’t even get Father’s recognition to manage a territory yet, and you come to challenge me and my darling? Hehe... It’s truly laughable.”

Belzard remained defiant, even after her reminder.

“You underestimate me too much, Bella. I will be a Marquis in no time after I defeat you. Then there will be no stupid discussion about making him the new Marquis in the first place,” he said with a fierce grin, intending to challenge Bella.

The weaker ones stepped away, sensing the hostile atmosphere.

“Whoosh...”

Suddenly, Belzard charged at Bella with his muscular arm. The force behind the attack was intense, causing the air to rustle wildly along the hallway. He ignored Aengus completely, considering him some kind of a weakling.

Grip!

But before the blow could reach Bella, Aengus stepped in front, extending his hand and stopping Belzard’s charge with a firm grip. His hand felt the impact, but he remained steady.

He looked at Belzard coldly. “She’s my partner. I can’t let you harm her.”

Belzard and the others stared in shock.

“He... he blocked Brother Belzard’s punch! But how is that possible? Didn’t they say he was just a lesser demon weeks ago?”

They looked as if they found the situation incomprehensible.

“Hehehe...”

Bella broke into melodious laughter, which snapped Belzard out of his dumbfounded state.

Bella was happy to finally gain some sort of identity from Aengus after so long. Even though he said ‘partner’ and not ‘wife,’ she was still pleased with the title.

“Bas**rd, how dare you meddle in our siblings’ affairs? You’re still an outsider and an inferior half-breed!” Belzard scowled, trying to remove his hand from Aengus’s stone-like grip, but he failed miserably. His frustration only fueled his rage.

However, someone was even more enraged than he was.

“Belzard! You need to learn your lesson! You dare to call him an outsider in front of me, and use the word ‘half-breed,’ which I despise.”

As she said this, Bella’s right hand conjured Phoenix flames, scaring Belzard out of his wits.

Belzard knew she was serious this time. He readied himself to defend, but still, he was struck across the face.

“Paah!”

A burning, hard slap landed on his face, sending him stumbling sideways, crashing into one of the pillars.

“Brother!” Ruby shouted and rushed to him, worry etched on her face. Belzard sat in a posture of pain, his head spinning.

She looked at his face, and a clear, burned slap imprint was etched into his skin, one that didn’t seem like it would heal anytime soon.

Ruby turned to Bella, her anger evident.

“Sister Bella, why are you so vicious? Taking an outsider’s side and ignoring your blood brother,” she said, her expression full of hurt.

Aengus felt amused. Just a moment ago, they had started the scuffle, and now they were accusing Bella of being vicious.

Bella looked at Ruby and scoffed. "Brother? It was you who didn't show any respect to your big sister. You never considered me your sister because of my human origin. So, stop with the nonsense, Ruby."

"Let's go, hubby. We don't need to waste our time on these kids."

With that, she walked forward gracefully, pulling Aengus by the arm with elegant steps.

"I'm going to complain to Mother!" Ruby shouted viciously. "If only this b**ch was dead!"

Belzard watched them leave, his pride crushed. Despite his recent promotion to Archdemon rank, he realised he didn't stand a chance against either of them.

Chapter 132: Chapter 132: Soul Domination

The Duke of Lust, Belial, watched as his daughter and Aengus entered the grand court filled with various old demons and officials.

He was seated on the Grand Throne, and beside him sat the Duchess along with a few other concubines. They all exuded effortless allure and striking, mature femininity.

However, as they looked at Bella, some of their pretty faces twisted into contemptuous sneers.

Duchess Ruliana looked particularly angry, having just received news of her children being bullied outside. But one of the concubine had a genuine smile as she saw Bella.

She was Vienna, Bianca's mother.

"Call Marquis Reynard. Let's settle this matter first," Incubus Belial ordered loudly, breaking the silence.

Aengus and Bella stood calmly in the center, drawing everyone's attention.

"So, this is the man Lady Bella has chosen for herself? A half-breed like her?"

"How can she be so foolish? Doesn't she know the union of two half-breeds dilutes the bloodline power in their offspring?"

"Honestly, I wasn't expecting this at all."

“Didn’t she receive proposals from various demon princes for her prowess and abilities?”

The mocking whispers echoed throughout the court, causing Belial to frown.

“Silence!” he shouted, instantly quieting the crowd.

Bella looked at her father with slight curiosity and concern.

“Why is Father so serious today?” Bella asked herself, confused.

Usually, Belial was caring and would have already called her “Daughter” or “Dear.”

Bella glanced at Aengus, who seemed to be in a silent staring contest with Belial.

“Does Father not like him? Or is there something else going on?” Bella shifted uneasily.

If her father decided to make things difficult for them, what should she do? Would she go against him entirely for the sake of her newly bonded relationship?

Her thoughts were interrupted as Marquis Reynard entered the hall.

“Looks like he’s prepared for something. What’s his problem now?”

Aengus turned and saw a humanoid demon—a full-body-armored undead warrior of sorts. His eyes were hollow and he radiated an aura of death and decay, and his rusty old bonesword clanked against his armor as he moved.

As an Archdemon, Marquis Reynard was undoubtedly powerful. But whether he was more powerful than Bella and Aengus, only time would tell.

Marquis Reynard, Aengus, and Bella stood to the side, looking at Belial for the case to begin.

“So, Bella, Marquis Reynard has charged you with attacking his territory and capturing its residents as slaves. Is that true?” Belial asked calmly, gazing at them to judge their reactions.

Neither Bella nor Aengus flinched, allowing the conversation to continue.

“Hmph!” Bella scoffed. “Father, it seems Marquis Reynard has misunderstood something, or perhaps he has different motives. There was an attack from humans, and we were merely trying to save the ogres from their clutches.”

Aengus nodded in agreement.

“Yes, Lord Duke, my partner is correct. That’s exactly what happened. I suspect Marquis Reynard might be in cahoots with human soldiers of the Dragon Empire. He was nowhere near his territory to help, even after 5,000 or so humans in several battalions were causing massacres for demon cores for their purposes,” Aengus said, looking coldly at Marquis Reynard.

“Oh?” Belial felt intrigued. He hadn’t expected his so-called ‘son-in-law’ to step in and defend Bella so boldly. Aengus was clearly more confident and assertive than the last time he had been there.

“Reynard, what do you have to say for yourself now?” he asked the other party.

Marquis Reynard spoke in a deathly voice, low and chilling.

“My lord, they are speaking nonsense. Clearly, they have colluded with the humans, attacked one of mine in my absence, and broken the Internal Treaty. They have enslaved my people. Ask them, my lord, if they can deny that the ogres are now in her territory. They should be punished by death for violating the Treaty.”

At the mention of the Internal Non-Aggression Treaty, everyone fell silent. The weight of his words hung in the air.

Some wise demons noticed the unusual situation.

“Why is Marquis Reynard telling Lord Belial to kill his own daughter?”

“Is he not afraid of incurring the Duke’s wrath? Everyone knows how much he loves Princess Bella. Something doesn’t add up.”

“Who knows? Maybe he’s achieved immortality, that’s why he isn’t afraid,” a few chuckled, enjoying the show. They had no intention of interfering.

Aengus listened to the whispers, he activated his All-Seeing and Appraisal to see if he could find any abnormality.

[Appraisal]

[Name: Reynard] (Soul Dominated)

[Race: Demon]

[Species: Undead Skeleton (Intelligent)]

[Rank: Archdemon]

[Abilities:

1. Necrotic Touch
2. Undead Minions Summoning.
3. Death Blade Mastery.
4. Bone reconstruction
5. Undyingly Will
6. Deathly Aura
7. Domain Of Skeleton King.

Soul Domination: A Skill that can dominate a certain Soul upon linking from far away. They can control the target's body as if his own, like a puppet.

Aengus now understood what's wrong with the Undead.

"So a human has a skill that can let him control an Archdemon from far away? That means he is obviously more powerful than an Archdemon. Certainly interesting!"

Aengus chuckled inwardly, while letting the scene unfold. And if he need to reveal the information to them, he wouldn't hesitate to do so.

He was waiting to see if could gain anything from this.

Back to the present.

Lord Belial remained silent as Marquis Reynard's accusations hung in the air, his cold, calculating eyes sweeping across the room.

The mention of the Internal Non-Aggression Treaty had clearly shifted the atmosphere, and everyone waited with bated breath to see how the Duke would respond.

Marquis Reynard, standing tall and defiant, continued, "My lord, I merely seek justice. They have broken the sacred laws, enslaved my people, and violated our long-standing peace. If you do not act, the entire demonic realm will see this as weakness."

The murmurs among the gathered demons grew louder. Some whispered their suspicions, while others reveled in the unfolding drama. Reynard's boldness, especially in demanding punishment for Bella, was nothing short of daring—perhaps suicidal.

Bella, however, was far from intimidated. She met her father's gaze, her voice calm but unwavering.

"Father, Marquis Reynard is lying. He accuses us of breaking the treaty, but he conveniently forgets to mention that those ogres willingly defected. They came seeking protection after Marquis Reynard had abandoned them. His cruelty drove them into our arms."

She turned her sharp gaze toward Reynard, her eyes flashing dangerously.

"And as for enslaving his people, it was he who enslaved them first, treating them as disposable tools. They sought refuge in our territory, and we granted it. I have upheld the treaty fairly, Father. It is Reynard who has broken it, hmph."

The crowd shifted uneasily, watching Lord Belial for a reaction. The Duke's expression remained inscrutable, but his presence was overwhelming.

"You make serious accusations, Marquis," Belial finally said, his deep voice cutting through the tension like a knife. "But tell me, why should I believe your words over those of my daughter?"

Reynard's body movements indicated anger. "Because she has always been that defiant! She thinks herself above the laws of our realm! Just because she had your backing."

His bold words made the air freeze, and everyone exchanged uncertain glances at his statement.

Chapter 133: Chapter 133: Clash With Marquis Reynard

Belial noticed the odd behavior of Marquis Reynard but chose to remain silent due to the lack of evidence. Speaking up without proof would make him seem biased toward his children, as Marquis Reynard had accused.

"What do you all think?" he asked, turning to his advisers and wives.

An imposing military man from below stood up. "My lord, it would be best to let the two Marquises duel. Whoever is defeated will have their soul searched to uncover the truth."

His suggestion received nods of agreement from many in the room.

"Yes, that would be for the best, my lord husband," Duchess Ruliana chimed in from his side, concealing her malicious intent, fully expecting Bella's demise.

Vienna, however, looked worriedly at the duo as the matter was being settled.

Belial spoke, "Do either of you have an issue with this proposal? Marquis Reynard? Bella?"

"No, I have no problem, my lord!" Marquis Reynard replied, hiding a malicious sneer.

Aengus accepted, and Bella confidently responded, "We have no problem either, father."

"Very well," Belial said in his commanding voice before snapping his fingers.

In an instant, the courtroom seemed to expand by at least a kilometer on all sides. Yet, from the outside, nothing had changed; the spatial expansion was confined entirely within Belial's ability.

At the center of the newly expanded platform stood Aengus, Bella, and the Undead Marquis. Aengus couldn't help but be impressed by Belial's display of power—spatial manipulation was no easy feat. Only someone of Belial's stature, a Demon General, could manage such a thing.

"One of you, step outside!" Belial's voice boomed, reaching them from afar.

Aengus turned to Bella. "Bella, you should step out. I need to handle him. This guy is interesting—his metal attacks are nothing like yours."

"Are you sure?" Bella asked, hesitating.

"Yes," Aengus replied firmly.

Bella sighed, knowing his decision was final. When Aengus made up his mind, no one could sway him. Resigned, she began to walk back from the center, her departure eliciting a rare smile from Belial. He had already sensed that his "son-in-law" was far more powerful than he appeared, and now he was eager to see what surprises the young man might bring.

Meanwhile, Duchess Ruliana frowned, and the audience exchanged bewildered glances, unsure of what to expect.

"What is Princess Bella is doing?" one asked.

"Who is going to fight Marquis Reynard?"

"Don't tell me it's that half-breed?"

"Yeah, It sounds ridiculous right?"

“I know he had royal blood in him, and probably talented. But, isn’t it just suicide to face off an Archdemon like this?”

As the whispers in the courtroom grew, Duchess Ruliana’s expression darkened further.

“Why is this half-breed meddling so much with our plan?” she muttered inwardly, gripping the armrest of her seat tightly, her knuckles turning white with anger.

“Are you alright?” Belial asked, noticing her tense demeanor.

Ruliana forced a smile. “Yes, I’m fine, my lord husband. I’m just worried about Bella, dear. She’s like a daughter to me, after all...”

Belial raised an eyebrow, suspicion flashing across his face. He remembered how eagerly Ruliana had pushed for Bella to be sent into the duel just moments ago. Her sudden concern seemed odd, but he pushed the thought aside, focusing his attention on the match before him with growing curiosity.

“What other surprises could this half-breed bring?” Belial wondered silently.

He was well aware of Aengus’s recent feats. Despite being cautious, he wasn’t foolish enough to place blind trust in someone. The reports he had received had shocked him—Aengus had ascended to the rank of Elder Demon within mere weeks, an impossible achievement, especially in the Demon Lands.

Belial had been tempted to intervene, to discover the secret behind Aengus’s rapid rise. But the revelation that his daughter had fallen in love with the young man had given him pause.

It wasn’t just that—Belial had found no trace of Aengus’s family, even in the human lands of Solis. The absence of any record only deepened his suspicion that there was more to this boy than met the eye.

For now, Belial chose to wait. He needed to see for himself if Aengus was truly worthy of his beloved daughter.

—

“You’re certainly a meddlesome fellow, half-breed,” the Undead Marquis said, his voice carrying a chilling, menacing undertone.

“Yes, I am. What can I do? I’m her partner—though she likes to call me husband,” Aengus replied, his voice calm and indifferent, completely unfazed by the Marquis’s hostility.

“Then, your end will be because of your foolishness,” the Undead Marquis laughed darkly, his eyes gleaming with malice as he drew his greatsword, a grotesque weapon made entirely of bones.

Aengus stood his ground, seemingly unbothered, not even drawing a weapon. But from the outside, he looked like he was wasting his time.

“See! That half-breed’s a fool. He doesn’t even know to arm himself for defense,” scoffed a hideous four-headed demon nearby, his eyes trailing lustfully over Bella’s figure.

“Lady Bella certainly made a mistake. I would’ve been a much better option than him.”

Bella shot the demon a disgusted look. “Trash!” she spat, her disdain evident.

The demon’s face turned purple out of embarrassment.

Without paying him any further mind, Bella refocused on the impending battle, her stance ready for anything. Her eyes stayed on Aengus, prepared to act if anything went wrong. She wouldn’t let anyone harm her hubby, no matter what.

Aengus didn’t draw his weapon, not out of arrogance, but because his holy sword could only be wielded by humans. If anyone discovered that he, a half-demon, could use such a weapon, he would be branded a heretic. With his skills restricted and his weapon unusable, his only option was to rely on his demonic abilities, the ones he could reveal without raising suspicion.

He couldn’t fully transform into his Hellfire Leviathan form—his ultimate trump card—but he could still tap into its basic traits through partial transformation.

“Begone!”

Undead Marquis Roared.

As the Undead Marquis charged at him with the speed of a lightning strike, Aengus activated his abilities, bracing himself for the clash. His body surged with demonic power, ready to face his opponent barehanded.

Chapter 134: Chapter 134: Victory?
Darkness King’s Authority!

Physique of Leviathan! (AN: Partial transformation)

Aengus activated his abilities, and in an instant, his aura shifted dramatically. Darkness poured out from him, spreading across the battlefield, and focused heavily on Marquis Reynard.

The oppressive weight of the dark energy slowed Reynard's movements, pressing down on him as if invisible chains were binding his body. His weapon, still gripped tightly, hung useless at his side as he struggled against the force.

Rise!!

Sensing the growing danger, Reynard summoned hundreds of skeletons, their hollow eyes glowing as they surrounded him. Armed with bone swords, the undead legion marched toward Aengus, their synchronized thudding footsteps echoing like a cavalry charge, filling the atmosphere with an eerie tension.

Boom!

Aengus jumped and dove down into their midst, the impact shaking the ground beneath them. His partial Leviathan transformation had drastically boosted his physical strength, and with his claws, he tore through the undead like they were nothing. Rotten flesh and brittle bones crumbled under the force of his strikes, scattering debris across the hard field.

The spectators watching from the grand hall were left speechless, their mouths hanging open in disbelief. They couldn't comprehend the ease with which Aengus was decimating the undead horde. To him, it seemed like a trivial task.

Standing among the remains of hundreds of torn and destroyed bodies, Aengus remained calm, like an ancient well.

"Growl!"

Just as the silence settled over the platform, the growls of the undead broke through once again.

Marquis Reynard smirked as the shattered skeletons began to reform. The scattered bones and flesh pulled together, restoring the once-defeated undead army.

Aengus, however, showed no concern. He stretched his muscles casually, his body now engulfed in Hellfire. The flames flickered menacingly, and Marquis Reynard's smirk faltered- Hellfire was the bane of the undead after all.

"Control of Hellfire? Interesting..." Belial's voice echoed with growing intrigue as his gaze sharpened, keenly observing the battle unfold. His interest in Aengus had now been thoroughly piqued.

Belial watched closely, unaware that Aengus still held even greater power in reserve.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Aengus moved like a bolt of lightning, his Hellfire-infused strikes hitting the undead with such intensity that each one erupted into flames, burning them into nothing but ash. His movements were a blur, too fast for most to follow.

“Die!”

At that exact moment, Marquis Reynard broke free from the binds of Aengus’s Darkness chains.

With a roar, he lunged forward, his heavy skeletal greatsword aimed directly at Aengus, intending to impale him. Reynard’s speed was tremendous, closing the distance in the blink of an eye.

Clang!

Aengus met the strike head-on, his bare hand colliding with the massive bone sword. The force of the impact vibrated through his entire body, a powerful shockwave rippling outward from the point of contact.

The ground beneath them cracked, and the air itself seemed to tremble as their thunderous clash echoed through the expanded arena.

Aengus’s eyes narrowed as he steadied himself, feeling the immense power behind Reynard’s blow. But instead of backing down, he smirked. The darkness around him pulsed as Hellfire flared even brighter along his arms, making the clash between them even more intense.

The Hellfire swarmed around Reynard, making painful for him to hold onto. But he managed to resist with his armour and Nether energy.

Both fighters locked in a deadlock, neither willing to back off as the audience watched in stunned silence. The arena was filled with the sounds of cracking stone and the burning hiss of Hellfire, while Belial leaned forward, his interest deepening.

“Show me what you’ve got, half-breed demon,” Reynard sneered, his skeletal face twisted with fury.

Aengus’s voice remained calm, but there was a fire behind his eyes. “You haven’t seen anything yet.”

Aengus produced a pair of wings of Hellfire and Darkness.

Buzz!

His wings unfurled fully, buzzing as they propelled him into the air with astonishing speed. The entire arena was bathed in the eerie glow of his combined power, the audience now completely captivated by the spectacle.

Marquis Reynard, caught off-guard by Aengus's aerial maneuver, remained silent for a moment before a scowl crossed his face.

He activated his Deathly Aura, a field that drained life from anything within its range. But as the aura surrounded Aengus, it had no effect on him.

Aengus smirked, unaffected. His own affinity with Death made Reynard's power seem pitiful in comparison, his aura far superior in strength.

Frustration built up in Reynard. But, His undead will refused to give up.

With immense force, he gripped his Skeletal Greatsword with both hands and hurled it like a spear, its tip aimed at Aengus with deadly intension.

Whoosh!

The air whistled as the weapon's destructive tip hurtled toward him, but Aengus remained unfazed. With a calm, focused gaze, he extended his hand and activated one of his more devastating abilities.

"Gluttony of Darkness!"

In an instant, a swirling black hole formed in Aengus's palm, sucking the greatsword into it like a voracious void, completely nullifying Reynard's attack.

The crowd gasped in astonishment as the weapon vanished without a trace, their disbelief echoing throughout the hall.

Suddenly, a series of notifications flashed across Aengus's vision:

[Strength +50]

[Agility +50]

[Defense +55]

Aengus glanced at the notifications but quickly dismissed them. His mind was now entirely focused on finishing the fight.

In seconds, He reached at top the ceiling of hall.

Swish!

Then, with a swift motion, he folded his wings behind him and dove down toward Reynard, leaving a black fiery trail on his path.

Hellfire burned brighter around his Deathly Claw as he prepared to unleash a devastating clash.

The air trembled behind him as the intense dark power surged through his body.

Reynard's hollow eyes flickered brightly, barely having time to react before Aengus descended upon him like a falling star.

BOOOM!

Aengus's deathly claws connected with Reynard's armor, piercing through it upon impact.

The explosive force shattered Marquis Reynard's skeletal body into pieces.

Aengus, propelled by the extra force, collided with the hard ground, causing an earth-shattering impact.

The floor beneath him collapsed within a 50-meter radius.

A fiery storm and debris scattered everywhere, reaching near the spectators who stood at a safe distance.

They felt the deathly heat, and shivered, realizing that if they had been any closer, they most likely might not have survived .

As the dust began to settle, everyone looked toward the center with curious faces...

"Is Marquis Reynard dead already?" they all wondered.

Chapter 135: Chapter 135: Duchess Ruliana

As the dust slowly cleared, all eyes fixated on the center of the shattered battlefield. The once formidable Marquis Reynard lay in ruin, his skeletal remains scattered, armor fragmented and broken, with pieces of his body strewn across the ground.

A deafening silence gripped the arena, the crowd too stunned to utter a word.

Slightly disoriented, Aengus stood crouching down at the epicenter of the destruction, his Hellfire and Darkness wings flickering ominously behind him, casting an eerie glow on the debris. His Claws still smoked from the impact, and the ground beneath him continued to smolder.

He slowly rose to his full height, shaking off the dust, his expression unreadable.

“Is Marquis Reynard dead?” the murmurs from the spectators grew louder, their voices tinged with disbelief.

“...”

Suddenly, a low, raspy sound echoed across the hall. It was not a cheer, nor a gasp—it was the unmistakable crackling of bones.

From the rubble, the remains of Marquis Reynard began to stir. His hollow eye sockets flared with an unnatural light as his bones reassembled, piece by piece. The fragments of his shattered body slowly drew together as if some dark force was pulling them back into form.

Aengus narrowed his eyes but remained calm. He had expected this. After he had seen what kind of abilities he had.

Reynard’s skeletal body reformed, albeit shakier than before. His Death Aura flickered weakly around him. “You... think... this will stop me, demon?” he rasped, his voice a hollow echo. “I... am eternal... death cannot claim me.”

The audience gasped, watching in horror as the Undead Marquis, though severely weakened, stood once more.

Aengus, however, did not look impressed. With a wave of his hand, the Hellfire surrounding him roared back to life, brighter and more intense than before.

“Not eternal enough, slave,” Aengus muttered coldly, his eyes glowing with dark power as he prepared to end the battle for good.

“Why is he calling Marquis Reynard a slave?” Belial mused, noticing something peculiar in Aengus’s words. “Or is it just arrogance?”

With a thunderous roar, Marquis Reynard unleashed his Skeleton King’s Domain.

Instantly, a 50-meter radius around him transformed into a hellish dome of skeletons. Aengus was immediately surrounded by hundreds of giant skeletons, while the ground and air became riddled with sharp bones from various creatures.

Those bones radiated a deathly aura, capable of sucking the soul from anyone who dared get pierced by them.

Aengus, unfazed, used Body Duplication, instantly splitting himself into two.

Both Aengus and his doppelganger flew in opposite directions, outmaneuvering the skeletons with impressive speed and keeping them distracted. Although a few of the deathly bones grazed him, his scaly, armored body offered ample protection, bolstered by his affinity with death, rendering the scratches insignificant.

Boom! Crash!

Within moments, Aengus had dismantled Marquis Reynard's skeletal body once again.

Clatter, clatter echoed through the hall as the bones reassembled themselves, reconstructing into a grotesque form like a true undead.

"Not this time, human slave!" Aengus sneered coldly, his fingers conjuring death strings that danced eerily in the shadows, numbering in the hundreds.

The undead Marquis let out a painful howl as the death strings wrapped around his defenseless body, began sucking away what remained of his life force.

The crowd murmured, having heard the term "human slave" more clearly this time. Their eyes widened as understanding dawned on them.

"There's something definitely off with Marquis Reynard, isn't there?" one spectator whispered.

"Yeah," another agreed. "If Princess Bella's partner is right, then it seems like Marquis Reynard is under the control of a human."

They stopped calling him as a "half-breed" as they realised this "Half-breed" they call it, was more powerful than themselves. They could hardly contend against Marquis, much less Aengus.

Belial appeared intrigued, but Duchess Ruliana looked visibly tense, exchanging nervous glances with others.

As the death strings drained his energy, Reynard's skeletal body became visibly weaker, his posture sagging as if the very essence of his existence was being sucked away.

"Kekekeke..."

Strangely, despite his weakened state, Marquis Reynard cackled, as if finding the situation amusing. "You're one hell of a demon, Aengus. Even my soul attacks don't work on you."

Unknown to the crowd, Reynard had been attempting to invade Aengus's mind with soul attacks, trying to take control. But thanks to Nullified Mental Attacks, Aengus's impenetrable soul shield thwarted every effort, making such attacks useless.

"I will remember you," Reynard rasped before turning his hollow gaze to Belial. "And Belial, start counting your days. I will kill you with my own hands." He laughed coldly.

Belial shot up from his seat, attempting to catch Reynard's soul before it could escape.

Bang!

But before Belial could reach him, Marquis Reynard detonated himself, both soul and body obliterated in a violent explosion.

In the aftermath, Duchess Ruliana exhaled a sigh of relief, but her reaction didn't go unnoticed. Suspicious glances were cast in her direction, most notably from Vienna, whose eyes narrowed in growing suspicion.

Belial, towering over Aengus with his muscular frame and bat-like, feathery wings, stared down at him, but Aengus remained completely unfazed by the intimidating presence.

"When did you discover that Reynard was under a human's control? Even I couldn't sense it. And why didn't inform it earlier?," Belial asked, his voice tinged with curiosity.

Bella, along with several others, approached, sensing the tension in the air. She took her place beside Aengus, an action that momentarily left Belial speechless.

"Is my darling daughter really abandoning me for the sake of the man she's known for only three weeks? Love truly makes people blind, just like I did in the past," Belial thought inwardly, observing Bella's overprotective stance towards Aengus.

Aengus responded calmly, "I possess an ability that makes me sensitive to the souls of others when they're weakened. I can even attack their soul, which can severely damage them. That's how I discovered the fragmented human soul controlling Reynard."

The last part was a lie to make it more believable.

Belial raised a brow, impressed yet wary. "Oh, you're more enigmatic than I thought," he said with a faint smile, the hidden meaning in his words not lost on Aengus.

“So, can you check if anyone else here is under their control?” Belial asked, subtly changing the topic when he noticed Bella’s gaze hardening.

Aengus shook his head, intending to deny the request. But as he did, his Appraisal ability unknowingly caught sight of Duchess Ruliana, and his lips curled into a smirk. There was something there, something intriguing.

Belial noticed the shift in Aengus’s demeanor and followed his gaze, briefly catching Ruliana’s nervous expression. Suspicion flickered in his eyes, but for the moment, he said nothing, awaiting the next move in this unfolding drama.

Chapter 136: Chapter 136: Culprit

“Yes, I can, Lord Duke,” Aengus stated calmly. “But for that, I need you to suppress everyone’s powers here. Only then will I be able to truly check for any lingering traces of Soul Domination.”

What? Soul search on us? This is outrageous!

Murmurs rippled through the crowd, discontent growing among the nobles. The very idea of having their powers suppressed seemed unthinkable to some, especially Duchess Ruliana, whose expression turned rigid with panic.

“This is nonsense!” Duchess Ruliana protested. “Why should we comply with this baseless accusation? You think you’ve become important enough to question all of us? Remember, you’re just a lowly half-breed.”

Bella’s face darkened. “Why not? Are you scared of something, dear ‘Mother’?” Bella asked sarcastically.

Ruliana frowned but feigned sadness. “Bella... You suspect me? I love you just like your mother did. How could you say that to me?” She looked as if she might cry any second.

“Oh, please,” Bella scoffed, knowing full well her stepmother’s nature. “Nobody can replace my mother.”

Others voiced their agreement with Ruliana, nodding and grumbling among themselves.

“Alright, enough!”

The room fell silent when Belial raised a hand, his expression unyielding. His eyes glowed with deadly intent as he spoke in a low, commanding tone.

“Ruliana, I see no problem giving it a go. Or do you not trust me?”

“Husband, that’s not true. I trust you wholeheartedly. But what if he tries to harm you by turning everyone else against you?” she said, her voice filled with seemingly genuine concern.

Bella intervened. “Impossible! My hubby would never do such a thing,” she retorted loudly.

Belial turned to Aengus, his eyes narrowing into slits at hearing Bella call Aengus “husband.” He ignored the matter for now and continued.

“Don’t worry, Ruliana. I will make sure that never happens.” His eyes flickered with power as muscles cracked, aiming to intimidate Aengus.

Ruliana found no words to retort.

Belial turned to his subordinates.

“If there are traitors among us, they will be found. Anyone who refuses will be seen as guilty. I will personally deal with them.”

The room went dead silent at his words. Despite her composed exterior, Duchess Ruliana exchanged frantic glances with some of the other nobles. She knew that resisting would only draw more suspicion toward her.

Reluctantly, the demons in the room complied, allowing Belial to suppress their powers. A faint shimmer passed through the hall as a powerful wave of demonic energy swept over them, weakening their auras and stripping them of their supernatural defenses.

In pretense, Aengus’s eyes glowed with dark energy as he activated his ability to scan their souls. His gaze swept across the room, and it wasn’t long before it locked onto Duchess Ruliana. A slow, knowing smirk crept across his face.

Aengus pointed, “Duchess Ruliana... you were under soul control until a few moments ago.” his voice filled with certainty.

Gasps erupted from the crowd, and all eyes turned to Ruliana, whose face drained of color. Her composure shattered as she took a step back, her chest tightening under Belial’s gaze, which bore into her with a killing intent that could crush worlds.

“No... this can’t be... He’s lying, Lord Husband,” Ruliana stammered, but her voice was weak, betraying her guilt.

Bella smiled and looked at her father.

“Father, you should do a soul search on her yourself if you don’t believe Aengus,” she suggested.

Belial, finding the matter serious, moved closer to Ruliana, despite her reluctance.

He touched her forehead to begin the search. Unlike Aengus, who could detect the foreign soul from afar, Belial needed to do it directly. He read her soul memories and was astonished by what he found.

“Paah!”

He slapped her hard across her pretty face, without mercy.

“Speak, Ruliana,” Belial commanded, his voice dangerously low. Although he knew everything, he wanted the others to hear the truth as well.

The air grew heavy, suffocating Ruliana under the weight of his power, and her knees buckled. She could no longer resist.

“I...” She began speaking, her voice trembling, as her secrets spilled out under the pressure of Belial’s presence. She was powerless in front of him, as if she could be crushed at any moment.

“Please forgive me, Lord Husband. I was approached by a human in my mind. He was really powerful. He wanted demon cores—astronomical amounts of them. In exchange, he vowed to kill Bella.”

Her confession sent shockwaves through the room.

Bella’s eyes widened in disbelief, her hands instinctively clenching into fists.

Ruliana, seeing the fury in Bella’s gaze, spoke more desperately.

“I had no choice! I hated Bella because she’s the previous Duchess Celeste’s daughter... Celeste, a mere human, who once held my position! I feared that if Celeste returned, she would reclaim her title and remove me from power... I would lose everything! So I took the human’s offer...” She broke down between sobs.

“I can’t believe Duchess Ruliana would betray the Lord Duke for an unknown human’s promise.”

“Yeah, true. Who knows how many demon cores she had embezzled outside?”

The crowd stood stunned, processing the depth of her betrayal.

Bella’s lips trembled, her eyes locking onto Ruliana with a mixture of shock and disgust.

"You would do all this... to kill me, out of jealousy and fear? My mother treated you all like sisters, and that's how you repay her? You're truly disgusting!" Bella said, her voice filled with contempt and a twinge of pain for her mother.

Vienna stepped forward to comfort her, taking Bella into her embrace.

Ruliana's head hung low in shame, but she made no further excuses. Belial's expression grew darker with every word. He stepped forward, his aura crackling with menace.

"Ruliana, I never expected this from you. I trusted you and gave you the Duchess Title, and that's how you repay me?"

"For conspiring with the enemy and endangering our people," he said in a cold, unforgiving tone, "You will face the consequences."

Ruliana trembled at the thought of punishment.

"Mercy, lord husband! I did it all because of your love," she begged, kneeling and holding onto his leg.

Belial had no forgiveness for her betrayal.

"My decision is final, Ruliana. You will be imprisoned for ten years in the cold prison," he said ruthlessly, breaking her last hope.

"Father, Mother, what's going on?"

Ruby, Belzard, and Belial's few more children entered the hall, sensing the tension inside.

After learning everything, Ruby and Belzard begged for their mother to be spared.

Their teary eyes softened Belial's gaze slightly. They were his children, after all.

He reduced the punishment to five years, allowing her to meet with her children once a month.

Thus, the matter concluded, and everyone began to leave the hall, leaving Bella and Aengus alone with Belial.

Ruby, her red eyes swollen, took one last glance at them before leaving with her brother to accompany their mother, who seemed lifeless as if she had lost something precious.

A few guards with stern faces dragged her for imprisonment.

Belial watch them go without emotions. To him, there was no concept of love towards his wives anymore after the separation with Celeste. She was the only one who was able to move his heart for true.

Chapter 137: Chapter 137: Sacred Phoenix

"Vienna, why didn't you leave?" Belial asked upon noticing her presence.

Vienna smiled as she moved closer. "Because I want to join in your family discussion as well. I've taken care of Bella like my own child, so I will complete the duty in her mother's absence," she said, gently holding Bella's hand in support.

"And, my lord husband, you can't refuse," she added with a resolute look, her wings straightening in defiance.

Bella glanced gratefully at Vienna.

"Bella, why don't you introduce me to our son-in-law?" Vienna asked with a teasing smile.

Bella smiled, but Belial furrowed his brows.

"Hey, who is our son-in-law? I haven't approved anything yet!"

Ignoring her father's protest, Bella intertwined her hand with Aengus's. "Of course, Mother. His name is Aengus, and we've already completed our marriage vows," she said with a smile, watching her father to gauge his reaction.

Belial's expression darkened, clearly displeased by the news, but he also knew she was an adult. The problem was something else.

"Bella, when you brought him to the demon world and made him your servant, I never thought you'd decide to make him your other half. Don't you realize your child's bloodline would be diluted?" Belial asked, his tone a mix of concern and curiosity.

Bella smiled, recognizing her father wasn't truly angry. "I don't care about that, Father. We want each other, and that's what matters most to me."

"Lord husband worries too much," Vienna interjected gently. "There's no guarantee their children will have a weaker bloodline. Haven't we seen how powerful and promising Aengus is? Who knows, their offspring might bring a miracle?" she added with a soft smile.

Belial heard her but was clearly displeased by Aengus's silence. "I understand, Vienna, but why hasn't he said anything? Does he not value this relationship enough to speak?" Belial asked, his gaze locking onto Aengus.

Bella squeezed Aengus's hand, leaning in to whisper, "Hubby, just call him father-in-law, so we can get through this quickly."

"Father-in-law?" Aengus blinked, finding the sudden relationship awkward, but he composed himself, meeting Belial's stormy gaze.

"Father-in-law, Bella is all I need. I will never let her down as my... wife, in my life. Please, give us your blessing," he said calmly, his sincerity evident despite the awkwardness.

Bella's gaze was filled with love, her heart filled with happiness at his words.

Belial's expression softened slightly as he asked, "What is your family name? You need to reveal your background before you ask for my blessing."

Aengus hesitated before replying, "My full name is Aengus Degaro."

"Degaro? Never heard of it. I know most of the prominent families in the human lands, but yours doesn't sound familiar," Belial remarked, his brows furrowing in curiosity.

"I actually don't know either," Aengus admitted.

"You don't know?" Belial's voice carried a hint of suspicion. "That is certainly odd."

"Yes," Aengus replied. "My memories are... a bit fuzzy. It's like they're there, but I can't recall anything about them."

Aengus wasn't lying. For days now, he'd been seeing blurry images, but none of them had solidified into clear memories of his past self or identity. He suspected it had something to do with a connection to a higher realm or something, though he had no concrete proof yet.

Bella, knowing this about him already, remained calm, her warm hand offering him silent comfort. She didn't doubt him and trusted his journey of self-discovery.

Belial, however, found the situation mysterious. Who could his parents be? he wondered. A person with such unnatural talent definitely couldn't come from an ordinary family. If Aengus was truly a nobody, it would be one of the greatest anomalies in Mythraldor, where lineage and bloodline were dominant.

After a moment of contemplation, Belial let out a sigh. "Forget it," he said, waving his hand dismissively. It was a headache for now, but he made a mental note to investigate further later.

"Still," Belial added, his tone softening as he looked at Bella, "Bella, if he makes you happy, that's what matters. But don't think I won't be keeping an eye on you, Aengus."

Aengus nodded respectfully. "I wouldn't expect anything less from you, Father-in-law."

Bella's happiness at her father's easy approval quickly turned to concern as she heard his next words.

Vienna's smile faded too, sensing the gravity of what was about to be said.

"Remember, Aengus," Belial began, his voice more serious, "One day, you may have to face Bella's mother's family. She wasn't an ordinary human. Has Bella told you yet?"

Aengus glanced at Bella, confused. She shook her head. "No, father, I was waiting for your permission before revealing it to him," Bella replied.

Belial's expression softened slightly. "Ah, good. At least you kept your word on that."

Bella grinned mischievously, "Yes, I did."

Belial then turned his attention back to Aengus, his tone grave.

"Aengus, Bella's mother possessed the Sacred Phoenix bloodline from the Phoenix Empire. That bloodline is regarded as sacred, and they are fiercely protective of it. They may not look kindly on your relationship with Bella. You see, they intervened in my relationship with her mother, Celeste, and forced us apart, despite how much we loved each other."

Aengus could feel the weight of Belial's words sinking in, but he remained silent, absorbing the new information.

Belial continued, "We made a pact that in exchange for separating us, Bella would be kept away from their rules and influence. So far, they've honored that promise. But who knows how long that will last? If you ever set foot in the Phoenix Empire, you must be careful."

Bella squeezed Aengus's hand, her expression somber. But, together they could confront anything, they believed.

Belial paused, then added, "And I hear you two are planning to enter human lands? You'll have to be even more cautious there, especially with your ability to give demons a human disguise."

"Huh! How did you know?" Aengus and Bella asked unison, furrowing their brows.

"Well, That's something to be thankful for, given how weak your defense is." He chuckled at their surprised reactions.

Aengus just nodded and decided to make their Army's defenses far more stronger when they returned.

Chapter 138: Chapter 138: Bella's Possessiveness

At last, Bella pulled Aengus toward her father, urging him into a firm embrace.

Belial seemed awkward, but Aengus was even more so.

"Thank you, Father, for agreeing to our relationship. Soon, we'll give you a grandson to play with," Bella teased, her eyes glinting mischievously as she glanced at Aengus.

"Ahem..." Belial cleared his throat, looking somewhat uncomfortable. "I hope so."

Turning to Aengus, he added, "And boy, remember, if you ever think of adding another life partner, make sure my daughter is always your first priority. Power and influence can make even the most loyal man fickle. This will be inevi—"

He was cut off by Bella's sharp gaze.

"Father, what are you implying? My darling isn't like you, who needs multiple women. Hubby will have only me in his heart, right, Aengus?" Her eyes, gleaming with jealousy, locked onto Aengus, leaving him little room to disagree.

"Oh, yes, yes. Bella is right," Aengus answered hastily, trying not to make her uncomfortable. Truthfully, he'd never considered having multiple partners.

Bella smiled faintly, leaning closer as she held his hand.

Belial scoffed, as though doubting the sentiment but decided not to argue further.

Vienna, watching her lord husband and their interactions, smiled warmly at the scene.

"So, Bella and Son-in-law, when are you two planning to hold a formal wedding?" Vienna asked, her tone light but serious.

Although the demon world didn't place much importance on formalities like marriage, the nobility held them as a way to strengthen their bonds, just like in human society.

"Vienna is right," Belial added, nodding in agreement. "You two should have a formal wedding at least. A verbal ceremony won't suffice."

Bella and Aengus exchanged a glance, as if they'd already made a decision beforehand.

"Father, we've planned to do it after our visit to Crimson City," Bella replied.

Belial raised an eyebrow. "I thought you were going to the human world for sightseeing. Why Crimson City now?" His voice carried a hint of concern.

Vienna visibly tensed at the mention of Crimson City.

Bella's gaze shifted to Aengus, her voice filled with worry. "Father, Mother, Aengus has a soul injury. We're hoping to find something there that can heal him."

Aengus looked gratefully at Bella, their hands still intertwined, offering each other silent support.

Belial's expression darkened as he realized the gravity of the situation. "Oh... that's a serious issue, boy. Unfortunately, we don't have anything here to treat soul wounds. I don't have the ability either."

He paused, thinking carefully before continuing. "If you're determined to go, I'll write a letter for you to present to Lord Crimson. It should help, but don't rely on it too much. He's an unpredictable and incomprehensible person. Be cautious and don't draw unnecessary attention. You've already drawn plenty here, but in Crimson City, I won't be able to protect you."

His tone was firm, full of warning.

Bella's nervousness crept in at his words, but Aengus squeezed her hand gently, reassuring her.

Aengus gave a curt nod, his voice resolute. "Yes, I will. I'll make sure both of us return safely."

"Wait, Bella and Son-in-law, why don't you stay here for the day before heading out?" Vienna suggested kindly. "You must have traveled a long way."

"Yes, mother. We have planned to do so."

Bella and Aengus nodded in agreement and followed Vienna out of the court.

Belial remained behind, his gaze lingering on Aengus.

“Degaro, huh? Still, it rings no bell,” he muttered to himself, feeling an unsettling sense of mystery surrounding the young man. Despite his abilities, Aengus remained an enigma that Belial couldn’t quite decipher. He could sense something was being hidden, but he had no means to pry further.

Outside in the hallway, Vienna excused herself, leaving the two alone, intending to cook a special meal for them. As she left, Aengus noticed several mature demonic women with incredible beauty watching them curiously from a distance. He quickly surmised that they were Belial’s wives and concubines.

Growing curious, Aengus turned to Bella. “I forgot to ask, how many wives and children does your father have?”

Bella looked at him with a small smile. “My bad, I should have told you sooner. He has 49 wives, and my half-siblings? Well, they number close to 100.”

Aengus raised his eyebrows in surprise, which didn’t escape Bella’s sharp gaze.

“What?” Bella asked, her voice tinged with suspicion. “Are you tempted as well?” Her shimmering purple eyes were piercing.

“Of course not. I was just asking out of curiosity,” Aengus replied smoothly.

“Hmph.”

Bella dismissed it but then moved closer, interlocking her arm with his, her body pressing intimately against him. It was a clear sign of possession, as if declaring him hers to anyone watching.

Aengus remained silent, though his body betrayed a subtle reaction to her closeness. He could already tell the night ahead would be intense, judging by the passionate look in her eyes.

Yet despite the warmth and closeness, Aengus couldn’t shake the feeling that something was still missing, a lingering sense that gnawed at him from deep within.

Aengus and Bella passed by a training ground where young princes and princesses were being instructed, surrounded by high-ranking guards for tight security. An elder instructor was teaching them how to properly harness their bloodline powers and effectively use their strong demonic bodies to their advantage.

The guards noticed Princess Bella and Aengus approaching and gave respectful bows. Word of the recent incident had already spread like wildfire, and no one dared to underestimate Aengus anymore.

“Haha, Bella! Have you finally come to visit this old man?” an elderly, white-haired Oni stepped forward with a wide smile.

The Oni, a higher-evolved species of demonic ogres, looked more humanlike, with distinct horns and intricate red markings on his face.

Bella returned the smile. “Yes, Teacher Orlando. I thought I’d take this opportunity to introduce you to my husband.”

As she spoke, she glanced fondly at Aengus.

“Ah, I’ve already heard the news. It seems my old ears still catch the important bits,” Orlando chuckled, his voice warm but teasing.

Master Orlando then turned his gaze to Aengus, scrutinizing him from head to toe, his sharp eyes analyzing every detail.

The young princes and princesses, who had been training nearby, watched Bella with shining eyes, admiring her strength and reputation. Many of them knew the stories of how she had grown powerful under Master Orlando’s guidance. Although they were half-siblings, they rarely had the chance to interact with her as often as they would have liked.

The scene was filled with curiosity, respect, and a sense of legacy, as the next generation of demonic royalty looked to Bella and Aengus with awe.

Chapter 139: Chapter 139: Extreme Onigiri Combat Body

Master Orlando’s sharp eyes never missed a detail. As he scrutinized Aengus, the elder Oni could sense something off.

Thanks to his years of experience, he could tell he was just an immature brat with vast power.

He smiled warmly, but his mind was already analyzing the young man before him.

“Aengus, right?” Orlando began, his voice calm yet commanding. “I’ve heard a lot about your recent feats of defeating Reynard.

Don’t you want to join me for a small spar of close combat? It would be a shame being Bella’s husband if you can’t defeat this old man.” He chuckled, provoking Aengus.

“Sure.”

Aengus chuckled amusedly. He wanted to see what this old man was trying to do.

“Teacher, is this necessary?”

Bella looked slightly worried as she knew how high Master Orlando’s battle experience was. He was an old Archdemon, after all.

“Of course, Bella, it is. This old man needs to see if this young man has what it takes to protect you for the rest of your life.”

The old man was insistent about it.

Bella watched helplessly as they entered the stage in the middle. Either way she also hoped Aengus could learn something from her teacher as well.

The young princes and princesses gathered in a circle to watch their fight.

It was not every day they got to see two Archdemons fight, after all.

Aengus prepared himself for confrontation, hoping he could learn from the old man.

He decided to rely on his raw physical strength to discover his own weaknesses. Of course, his passive skills in close combat were already engraved in his muscle memory.

The elder Oni stretched his compressed muscular arms, his towering presence alone commanding respect. Despite his age, there was no denying the raw power and experience he possessed as an Archdemon.

“Let’s begin then, lad,” Orlando said with a grin.

Aengus nodded and readied himself, his stance relaxed but focused.

The elder Oni moved first, his speed unexpected for someone of his size and age. He closed the distance in an instant, aiming a powerful strike at Aengus’s midsection.

Aengus barely managed to sidestep, his reflexes kicking in just in time. However, Orlando was relentless, his attacks a blur of swift punches and kicks.

Thud, thud, thud.

Aengus could feel the force behind each blow, and while he dodged some, the sheer speed at which Orlando moved was overwhelming.

Each of Orlando's organs and body parts moved with extreme fluidity. Aengus was impressed by his opponent's coordination and efficient power distribution.

The old man surely wasn't holding back, was he? His speed and flexibility were far superior to what Aengus had anticipated.

Aengus attempted to counter with a quick strike of his own, but Orlando blocked it effortlessly, smirking. "You rely too much on your power, lad. It's a common flaw among the young who wield vast strength immaturely."

Bang!

Before Aengus could react, Orlando swept his leg out from under him, sending him crashing to the ground.

"Whoa! Master Orlando is awesome as always!"

The crowd murmured in surprise, while Bella clenched her fists, concerned.

Aengus quickly rolled back onto his feet, a few footprints and strike marks on his body.

"Master, I can help you increase your comprehension speed temporarily," Manas's voice suddenly rang in his mind.

"Do it. I need to learn," Aengus replied, finding it hard to keep up with the old demon.

"Yes, Master!"

[Your Comprehension speed increased by MANAS by 1000% temporarily]

Instantly, Aengus's brain went into overdrive. He began to notice and learn how Orlando's muscles moved, the coordinated movements, and the efficient execution of power.

Gradually, Aengus managed to counterattack a few times during their exchanges.

Orlando's eyes widened slightly in surprise at the sudden shift, but he didn't falter. He matched Aengus blow for blow, his movements fluid and calculated.

But as time passed, his shock turned to horror as he realized Aengus's combat abilities were slowly matching his own, something Orlando had gained over decades of practice.

Orlando was awestruck at his talent.

Still, he didn't give up. He increased the ferocity of his strikes.

After several exchanges, Orlando suddenly disappeared from Aengus's view, reappearing behind him with a swift kick to his back.

Aengus staggered forward, but before he could recover, Orlando landed another blow to his chest, sending him crashing into the ground once more.

This time, Aengus didn't get up immediately. He lay there, panting, his body bruised from the elder Oni's strikes.

But he felt only slight pain due to his Pain Resistance skill.

As he slowly pushed himself to his feet, Orlando stood over him, arms crossed.

"Teacher! Are you trying to kill him?" Bella stepped between them, shooting daggers at Orlando.

"Hahaha... Am I trying to kill him? Surely, that must be a joke. You do know he's a freak, right? He learns so fast that I felt like my eyes were deceiving me."

Bella helped Aengus stand up, feeling proud.

"I know, teacher." Bella's gaze softened. "I thank you for that."

"Lad, you're the most talented individual I've seen in my years. To top it off, you're a half-breed as well. It is nothing short of surprising. You have a great future." Orlando smiled, looking at the duo.

"Thank you for your teaching!" Aengus could only say this in gratitude.

Orlando chuckled. "Don't thank me yet, lad. You still have a lot to learn about my Onigiri Fighting Style."

"Bella, you should join as well. Let's see if you've gotten rusty after all these years."

"You asked for it, teacher," Bella said with a grin and joined them.

The spectators watched the trio's sparring with excited faces. A protective barrier had been cast by Master Orlando for their safety.

They gradually got carried away in their sparring, while learning from each other.

[You have developed a new Passive Skill: Extreme Onigiri Combat Body (C)]

[Extreme Onigiri Combat Body: This skill grants increased control of the body, enhancing muscle coordination, efficient power usage, and agile movements]

With the skill, Aengus could now even bend his body at a 90° angle backward without breaking a sweat. He felt lighter and more in control of his body, which was normally governed automatically by his brain and cells.

“Phew... That was some intense training, teacher. Thank you,” Bella said, catching her breath as she sat on the ground beside them.

“It was nothing, Bella, my dear. But your husband has already caught up to me. He’s a freak as if it’s like almost natural for him. You should never let him go. Keep him in check,” Orlando whispered with a smile.

Aengus heard the comment clearly but chose to say nothing. He glanced at Bella’s sweat-covered face and found himself mesmerized for a few seconds. Her soft, glowing skin, red lips, and striking posture like a Queen was something to behold.

As if sensing his gaze, Bella turned and gave him a knowing glance, feeling pleased that she could tempt the “Iceberg King.”

Aengus awkwardly averted his gaze, and his face twitched.

“Alright, Teacher. We should be going now. It’s getting dark,” Bella said to Orlando, pulling Aengus up from the ground in an elegant yet subtly seductive manner.

Orlando chuckled, amused, watching them leave with a smile.

Chapter 140: Chapter 140: To Crimson City

“So, Bella, when will Bianca return?” Vienna asked at the large dining table.

Only Aengus, Bella, and Vienna were present.

Bella looked apologetic. “Sorry, Mother. I’ll send her back when we return.”

“No, no, it’s fine. I’m just glad she’s learning something from you. Just take good care of her. She’s a grown girl now,” Vienna said, her voice tinged with concern.

“Of course,” Bella smiled, her purple eyes shimmering as she watched Aengus eat.

Night.

After finishing a delicious meal of monster meat made by Vienna, Aengus found himself in Bella's personal room—the same room she had lived in since childhood.

Bella, full of energy, began sharing memories from her childhood, especially of the time spent with her mother before they were separated. Though she had been only 3 to 5 years old at the time, the memories remained vivid in her mind.

"Look at this, darling," Bella said with a warm smile, pointing to a small clay statue of a woman and her child.

"This statue was made by my mother and me when I was a kid. Her warm smiles while making it still flashes in my mind. This statue is the best memory she left for me."

It was rare for Bella to open up emotionally like this, but perhaps she had found a shoulder to lean on, someone to share her heart with.

Aengus gazed at the statue, then gently touched it, feeling the connection Bella held to this cherished memory.

Then, with his right hand, Aengus began to create a similar statue, only this time, he portrayed Bella in her adult form standing beside her mother, Celeste.

Bella looked at it in disbelief, her eyes unknowingly filling with emotion.

As Aengus finished the artwork using his skill, he turned to her. "Here, this is my first gift to you."

Though his expression remained calm and emotionless, Bella was overwhelmed by the simple yet meaningful gesture that touched her heart deeply.

"Hubby!" she exclaimed, holding the statue tightly in her hands before embracing him tightly.

"Thank you, Aengus. It means so much to me."

In her embrace, Aengus softly replied, "I'm glad you like it, Bella."

After a while, she calmed down and gazed at Aengus with affection.

"Hubby, let's sleep," she whispered in a low voice before pulling him on top of her and rolling onto the wide, fragrant bed that smelled of rare flowers.

Vienna, ever thoughtful, must have arranged the flowers, taking over the role Bella's mother..

They exchanged passionate kisses, and it seemed like they were about to take things to the next level.

Bella, dressed in a nightgown that revealed her creamy white skin and the alluring contours of her alluring figure, was undeniably tempting.

“Wait... Bella,” Aengus said, stopping her when she started to remove his sleeping clothes, feeling slightly uncomfortable.

“I think... we’re not ready for this yet. We should take our time,” he explained, looking at her slightly disappointed face.

“Hmph...” Bella pouted but eventually understood.

She was a little unhappy, but she realized he was probably right. She just wanted to feel his mark of ownership, to strengthen their bond further.

“Fine... but we can do other things, right?”

“Other things?” Aengus was puzzled, his mind imagining wild possibilities.

“Hehe... Hubby, I’ll teach you everything slowly. Trust me, I’ve learned a few things from the maids. I bet your human girlfr—”

She stopped mid-sentence, realizing the mistake she was about to make.

“You bet what?” Aengus asked, confused by her sudden pause.

“Nothing!” Bella replied quickly, covering her slip. She felt relieved knowing that she and Aengus would be creating their own first memories together.

She had learned from Aengus that he and Aria had only kissed once, just as their relationship was beginning, before all the incidents had occurred.

“Now... let’s continue, hubby. I’ll show you true heaven is,” Bella said, smiling naughtily.

Aengus gulped involuntarily, preparing himself for whatever adventure awaited him.

After their night activities, Aengus and Bella woke up feeling refreshed. The experience had been new and exciting for Aengus, but he was pleased by the closeness it brought them. They slowly rose, freshened up, and refocused on the tasks at hand.

Now, they stood in front of Belial, in a room with intricate designs carved into its walls, glowing faintly with arcane symbols.

“This spatial gate will take you both to Crimson Demon City,” Belial explained, his voice firm and commanding. “It’s a one-way gate, so when you want to return, you’ll need to use one of the spatial gate services available there. Be careful, and come back safely,” he reminded them sternly.

The Spatial Gate itself shimmered in front of them, resembling a portal with a transparent red passageway, pulsating faintly as if alive.

Belial handed them a sealed letter, which Bella promptly stored in her Spatial Bracelet.

“We will, Father. No need to worry,” Bella replied confidently. “We aren’t planning to cause trouble, knowing what’s waiting for us.” She then playfully pinched Aengus, prompting him to speak.

“Ah, goodbye, Father-in-law. I’ll bring her back safely,” Aengus said awkwardly, trying to sound more assured, which made Bella chuckle softly.

“You better be,” Belial said with a smirk, though his tone was mixed with a subtle threat. “If anything happens to her... you’re dead, boy.”

The tension hung in the air for a moment before Aengus and Bella stepped into the red, transparent passageway, vanishing from sight as the portal engulfed them, leaving Belial standing behind with a stern gaze.

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With a flash of brilliant red light, Aengus and Bella crossed through the chaotic space passage. The sensation was disorienting, but manageable. However, Aengus couldn’t shake the feeling that someone was watching him. It wasn’t a hostile gaze, but rather one filled with curiosity and concern. The sensation left him puzzled, though he quickly dismissed it, thinking it useless to dwell on.

Suddenly, Bella’s voice broke the silence.

“You must be kidding me, right? Father!” she exclaimed, her tone filled with exasperation.

Aengus, confused by her reaction, opened his eyes to see what had caused such disbelief.

The scene before him was entirely unexpected.

Wait... Is this place..

As they looked around, Aengus and Bella were confronted by the unsettling sight of numerous humans caged in large quantities.

The cages were crudely constructed, packed tightly with people of various ages, their faces marked with fear and despair.

Bella's face darkened.

"This is the human slave market," she answered, confirming Aengus's worst suspicion. "Unbelievable! That's why I don't trust those Spatial Gates." She fumed.