

# Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills

## - Chapter 218 - Chapter 218: Chapter 218: New Captain

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“Dior, Ren, Zero will be your superior captain from now on. He is in charge of the two teams you previously lead. Show him respect and assist him as co-captains. And remember, no disobedience will be tolerated.”

Inside a tent, Commander Zain spoke with Captains Dior, Ren, and Aengus on short notice.

Captains Dior and Ren, who appeared to be in their early 30s and had a friendly demeanor, looked at each other speechlessly, processing the news of a new dynamic in their ranks.

Captain Dior, having heard of Aengus’s S-Rank status, accepted it readily, but Captain Ren seemed a bit reluctant.

“Welcome, Captain Zero. Former squad leader of Team 23 reporting,” Captain Dior said, saluting, even though Aengus was younger than him.

Aengus nodded, appearing rather disinterested, which was simply his natural demeanor. “It’s a pleasure to have you, Captain Dior,” he replied, returning the greeting.

Commander Zain furrowed his brows, noticing that Captain Ren still hadn’t acknowledged his new superior yet.

“What’s the matter, Captain Ren? Are you not pleased with your new captain? Would you prefer a transfer elsewhere?” Commander Zain asked sternly, clearly displeased with Ren’s attitude.

Captain Ren looked flustered, hearing the commander’s words. “N-No, I am fine, Commander.”

Turning to Aengus, he added, “Welcome, Captain!” and bowed as he greeted him.

“Okay,” Aengus replied, unfazed.

Whether Captain Ren was willing or not, it didn’t matter to him. This was only a temporary team, and as long as Captain Ren didn’t become a nuisance, Aengus was fine with it. If Ren caused trouble, Aengus wouldn’t hesitate to remove him from the squad. Fairness didn’t concern him.

Afterwards, they went to meet the soldiers of the two squads to introduce their new captain.

Over 500 soldiers had gathered, awaiting the announcement.

“Hey, any idea why both squads have been called together like this?” one curious soldier in the lineup asked.

“Who knows? But it’d be nice if there was a pay raise, haha...” another replied jokingly.

“You must be joking... They already give us what we need; we shouldn’t ask for more.”

“But hey, look at those four—Princess Delilah, the silvery goddess, and two others. Maybe it’s an announcement that Her Royal Highness is joining our team,” another chimed in, gazing admiringly at Aria and Delilah.

“What’s the name of that white-haired goddess, anyway? She’s even more beautiful than the Princess. Think we have a shot with her?”

“Dream on! There was a guy with her, didn’t you see? And he’s an S-Rank powerhouse. If you go after his girlfriend, who knows what he might do to you.”

The other soldier immediately became nervous. “Haha... I was only joking, man. I don’t have a death wish.”

“Sister Aria, so Ethan is going to be our new captain? That’s incredible! I can finally get a chance to spar with him!” Drake said, sounding excited.

“Well, he is your superior now. Don’t you think you should show a bit of restraint?” Yona replied with a mocking smile.

“Heh, who cares about ranks? He’s one of us,” Drake retorted.

“Ohh, how could I forget? He’s your brother-in-law now, isn’t he? Maybe you should start calling him that, Drake?” Yona said calmly, her tone laced with a taunting, mischievous edge.

“Look who’s here, everyone! So handsome!” Princess Delilah said, sounding surprised and impressed.

Aria and the others turned to see Aengus in a sharp, two-star light green military suit, looking dashing as he approached, flanked by the two captains.

“Ah hah, he’s quite the charmer, Lady Aria. Watch out for all the admirers buzzing around him,” Yona teased mischievously.

Aria's cheeks flushed slightly, clearly taken by his appearance. And as expected, murmurs spread throughout the crowd, especially among the women, irritating her mood.

"Wow! So handsome!"

"I want to marry him!"

"What's his name? Isn't he the one who came with General Leon earlier?"

"Yes, he's an S-Rank, I heard," another female soldier replied, her eyes gleaming with admiration as she looked at Aengus.

"Hey, Check out his uniform, everyone! He has two stars. Do you know what that means? He's a new captain."

"So, is this why we gathered to welcome him as our new captain?" a male soldier guessed, hitting the mark.

"Mm-hmm... that seems to be the case, judging by Captain Dior and Captain Ren's expressions," another replied.

"Soldiers, we have a new captain among us who will lead us in tomorrow's battle. This is Captain Zero, an esteemed S-Rank powerhouse. We should feel fortunate to have him with us. Please give him a warm welcome!" Assistant Captain Dior announced loudly, prompting an eruption of applause and murmurs.

"Clap, Clap, clap!"

Aengus stepped forward calmly, his gaze steady and focused.

"Hello, this is your new captain. First of all, I don't like to talk too much. You may doubt my strength, but I'll make only one promise: No one shall die tomorrow in my presence. In return, I require your absolute obedience. Those who can't comply will face strict consequences," Aengus declared, his expression cold.

"Now, If anyone has questions, feel free to ask."

"Tsk.."

Some soldiers viewed him as arrogant, while others found him both dependable and, undeniably, strikingly handsome.

A female soldier quickly raised her hand.

“Yes, go ahead,” Aengus permitted her to speak.

“Do you have a girlfriend, Captain?” the female soldier asked boldly.

Aengus furrowed his brows, just as Aria clenched her fists, glaring at the woman.

“Yes, I do. She’s right there,” Aengus replied honestly, pointing to Aria, whose goddess-like figure caught everyone’s attention.

Aria felt a surge of happiness at his answer. Yona and Delilah, noticing her reaction, exchanged smiles, amused by her earlier jealousy.

“Aww...”

The beautiful female soldiers looked disappointed, casting jealous glances at Aria. But after observing her beauty, they realized they had little hope of winning Aengus’s heart through beauty trap alone.

As the women finished their questions, a male soldier raised his hand.

Aengus swiftly gestured for him to speak.

The man asked, “Captain, you said you’d ensure our safety at all costs. I have some doubts. How can you guarantee our absolute safety if we lose the war? Were you just boasting, or is there some truth to it?” His question were sharp and direct.

Chapter 219: Chapter 219: Spar; Interruption

In an attempt to intimidate the soldiers, Aengus released some of the aura suppressed inside him.

A low “Buzz...” filled the air.

Instantly, everyone felt an immense weight pressing down on their shoulders, struggling to breathe—everyone except Aria’s group.

Hundreds of soldiers dropped to their knees, horror-stricken as they glimpsed visions of death. They had never witnessed such overwhelming power, and that included the two Captains. They realized their new captain was definitely no ordinary S-Rank—perhaps his true rank was even higher, something he kept concealed.

How terrifying!

The two captains began to feel somewhat scared now.

“Whether we win or lose the war, I will keep my word—and so should you, remember,” Aengus’s voice echoed, loud and clear.

At that moment, the soldiers understood that their new captain was not someone to be taken lightly, and the previously unruly ones fell into line, fully obedient.

“How domineering!” Princess Delilah’s eyes shone with a strange admiration. Though she had seen her brothers display similar strength many times, Aengus’s presence felt oddly captivating.

Aria cast a wary glance at Delilah; she was determined not to let anyone else join their already chaotic relationship. Managing a three-way relationship was challenging enough, and she wasn’t prepared to handle more.

But she had to admit, Aengus was looking more charming as time passed. If this continued, even goddesses might descend from the heavens to fall in love with him.

Aengus quickly retracted his aura and asked, “Any more questions?”

The man who had questioned him straightened up immediately, adjusting his attire with his heart pounding in his chest.

“No, Captain. You’re mighty!” the man replied respectfully.

“Okay, everyone, disperse!” Aengus commanded as he stepped down from the stage.

The soldiers quickly dispersed to their respective posts, gossiping about their new captain and preparing for tomorrow’s battle with high spirits.

As Aengus started walking, Captains Dior and Ren followed him, now filled with newfound fear and respect.

“Good speech, Captain Zero. We have full confidence in you,” Captain Dior commented from beside him.

“I only spoke the truth, and I’m determined to win this war. Why don’t you two get me a map so we can discuss tomorrow’s battle plan?” Aengus asked.

Captain Dior and Ren looked hesitant. “Captain, we can provide the map, but we’ve always followed Commander Zain’s lead in previous battles. Would it be alright to go against his command?”

Aengus shrugged. “No need to worry about that. I’ll handle it. I made a promise, and I’ll do whatever it takes to fulfill it. Besides, I won’t alter the formation unless absolutely necessary.”

Dior and Ren nodded, sighing in relief.

“Alright, Captain. We’ll bring you the map shortly.” With that, they left to retrieve the map while Aengus made his way toward Aria’s group.

“Captain, good afternoon! How are you feeling today?” Yona asked in a joking tone.

Aengus raised his brows but shrugged it off.

“Did you all find your tent?” he asked, looking especially at Aria.

Aria replied, “Yes, we did, Ethan. Your tent should be ready. It’s that big one over there.” She pointed to a fairly large tent.

“Let’s all go inside. We need to discuss our strategy for tomorrow,” Aengus said, leading them into the spacious captain’s tent, which was large enough to fit several people.

Drake, Delilah, and the others followed him inside. A little while later, Captains Dior and Ren entered with the map in hand.

Aengus and the group held a meeting for a fair amount of time, discussing troop deployment, defense, and attack strategies, and assigning each member a specific role for the upcoming battle.

When they came out of the tent, it was already late afternoon.

Aengus and the others quickly gathered around a large bonfire to spend time together. The higher-ups had already arranged for intelligence gathering, so they would be informed when the war was about to start. With Aengus’s special vision, he could detect enemies from kilometers away.

Honestly, he found this war to be a waste of resources and time. How could someone be so blinded by power that they ignore the main war against the demons who were wreaking havoc?

If he hadn’t stopped the demon army near Darkwood Forest, there would have been news of a massacre in the neighbouring Skyfall Kingdom by now.

As they enjoyed the cozy warmth of the fire in uncertain times, several nearby soldiers glanced curiously at them from time to time.

The sun was setting in the west, casting a serene glow as Aria and Aengus sat together. Aria smiled warmly, enjoying his presence as they chatted.

Their peaceful moment was interrupted by an unexpected request from Drake.

“Ethan, can you spar with me? I feel like I’m getting rusty!” Drake asked eagerly.

“Sure! You can give it your all!” Aengus agreed, standing up casually, though Aria sulked slightly at the interruption.

Aengus moved to the edge of the campsite, standing calm and composed. “Go all out,” he encouraged, ready to help Drake push his limits.

Drake took his stance opposite, holding his dagger ready, breathing deeply as he concentrated.

“Whoosh!”

His blade glowed with mana, and he vanished in a burst of speed.

With his understanding of space and his Supreme Hunter skill, Aengus tracked each of Drake’s movements effortlessly. He didn’t need to defend, knowing that Drake, despite his effort, couldn’t truly harm him. However, out of respect for Drake’s effort, he blocked the attack with a casual flick of his wrist, surprising Drake.

Drake, unfazed, quickly regained his balance and intensified his assault.

Any ordinary C-Rank would have been overwhelmed by Drake’s relentless attacks, but Aengus dodged each strike with minimal movement, displaying effortless control.

Their sparring drew the attention of several nearby soldiers, who watched with interest from a distance.

“Hey, who the heck are these two monkeys... and whoa, three hot beauties!” a rude voice suddenly echoed, interrupting the spar.

Aengus’s expression darkened as he noticed a group of newcomers approaching, their eyes lingering on Aria with bold, lustful gazes.

## Chapter 220: Chapter 220: Young Masters

The group of newcomers appeared unruly, dressed in fine gear that highlighted their noble status. They were a gang of younger aristocrats, drunk and arrogant, displaying little respect or awareness.

“Hey, beauties,” one of them slurred, smirking. “Are you free tonight? Let’s have some fun while we still can, before this Kingdom vanishes. What do you say?” His eyes were glazed, unfocused, his companions laughing as they swayed unsteadily.

Princess Delilah's eyes narrowed, her voice cutting through their drunken chatter. "Watch your tone. Do you even realize who you're speaking to?"

A few of them blinked, finally focusing, and recognition slowly dawned on their faces. The color returned to their cheeks as they realized her identity.

"Max, Tim... that's Princess Delilah! Let's get out of here!" one of them whispered urgently, stepping back in panic.

But others scoffed, too drunk to care or think clearly. "Shut up! Why would Princess Delilah be at the frontline? She's a princess, not a soldier," one of the young men muttered, swaying in disbelief.

Aengus's gaze hardened, his patience wearing thin as he took a step forward. The atmosphere shifted, the surrounding soldiers sensed his irritation as the nobles continued to push their luck, oblivious to the dangerous line they were crossing.

"Wow! These young masters are done for today, aren't they?" one soldier whispered, grinning.

"Right? Hitting on the captain's girlfriend? Must be tired of living!" another added, laughing.

Many soldiers watched in amusement, some eagerly anticipating the scene unfolding before them.

Before Aengus could react, Aria stood up, her eyes flashing with anger. Knowing Aengus might not hold back if he stepped in, she took charge. With swift, sharp slaps, she sent each of the young nobles flying backward, the sound of her strikes echoing like "paah, paah!"

The six young men hit the ground, stunned, the sudden impact clearing the alcohol from their minds. Blood trickled from their lips and gums, adding to their comical appearance.

"Hahahaha!"

"What morons!"

The surrounding soldiers burst into laughter, reveling in the young masters' humbling. The nobles scrambled to their feet, thoroughly humiliated.

"Hey, why did you hit us, bi\*ch?" one of their raged seethed holding onto his bloody nose and sword.

"We could have you stripped of your rank in the army, do you know that?" another sneered, stepping forward to attack.



“Whoosh!” Aengus appeared beside them, carried by a gust of wind.

The young nobles barely had a moment to react.

“What the—?”

“Ahhh!”

Suddenly, their fearful screams echoed, sending chills down the spines of onlookers.

Without a word, Aengus, his patience exhausted, lifted them effortlessly and hurled them into the air. They soared up in a vulnerable position, eyes wide with terror as they realized their helplessness.

Under the red glow of the setting sun, their desperate cries rang out across the campsite, fading as they fell far into the distance, their landing marked by a series of painful thuds.

The soldiers who witnessed it watched in awe, some chuckling under their breath, while others stood silent, reminded of their captain’s power and restraint.

“Wow! That escalated quickly!” Drake commented as he approached Aria.

Aria slapped her forehead, feeling helpless.

“We’ll be seeing more of this drama, won’t we? I’m sure their ‘noble’ families will be here demanding justice,” Yona said with a chuckle.

“Don’t worry, guys. I’m here. I’ll talk to their parents. I’m sure they won’t be unreasonable once I explain,” Princess Delilah said, feeling slightly embarrassed.

“Oh yes, we have you, Delilah. Thanks to you, we don’t need to waste our energy on them.”

Aria, however, seemed more concerned about Aengus losing control. She felt like she was with a ticking time bomb that could go off any second. Oddly enough, though, she didn’t dislike it; there was something endearing about feeling his protectiveness in the process.

“Are you okay, Aria?” Aengus asked.

“Oh, yes, I’m fine...” Aria replied quickly.

“Huh? What else could have happened to Lady Aria, Ethan? Don’t you think you overdid it a little?” Yona asked as they all sat around the bonfire.

“No, he did not. They deserved it,” Princess Delilah replied, defending his actions.

Yona and the others gave Delilah a strange look, except for Aengus, who seemed oblivious.

Noticing their stares, Delilah, still seated in her flexible white armor, raised an eyebrow.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, looking puzzled.

“Nothing..” They quickly averted their gaze.

After nearly an hour, the expected guests arrived, their loud voices rumbling through the camp.

“Who is it? Who dares to hurt my son?” one nobleman shouted, his face a mask of rage.

Aengus furrowed his brows as he saw six or seven noble-looking men, their intimidating presence filling the space. They stormed over to his group, their expressions darkening with scowls.

“Noblemen, where are you all going? Please think twice,” Captain Dior and Captain Ren interjected, stepping in front of them. They had already caught wind of the incident and informed the commander, hoping to avoid a scene during wartime.

“Two bastards, get out of the way!” one of the noblemen snapped, trying to push past them. But the two former captains, being A-Ranks, were no easy obstacle. The noblemen, also A-Ranks and likely in their forties, appeared more focused on vengeance than on showing sound judgment.

“Get the hell out of our way!” another nobleman shouted, drawing his sword and activating his skill, his aura flaring. The tension grew thick, and the two captains momentarily faltered as the noblemen released their oppressive auras.

“Princess Delilah is present there! Don’t court death!” Dior and Ren called out sternly from behind, hoping the warning would deter the nobles.

But they simply scoffed, dismissing the captains’ words as a bluff, and stormed forward, letting their auras flare even further in an attempt to dominate and intimidate the group responsible for crippling their children.

“Buzzz...”

As soon they took their first step, A heavy, buzzing sound filled the air as the noblemen advanced. Suddenly, an overwhelming force descended on them, crushing their auras and rooting them in place. A dark, lethal intent filled the space, paralyzing them with fear as their hearts pounded erratically.

“Thump, thump, thump...” Each heartbeat echoed painfully loud in their ears, their eyes widening with horror.

“W-What’s going on?” one of them stammered, his voice barely a whisper.

Aengus, seating calmly nearby, was the source of the oppressive aura. His gaze was cold, his presence radiating a power that left the noblemen trembling where they stood, completely overpowered by the unseen force he wielded so effortlessly.