

# Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills

Chapter 241: Chapter 241: On The Brink Of Death

Aengus entered an old room illuminated by a magical lamp.

He observed the two unconscious figures lying on wooden beds, each attached to a wall on the left and right sides of the room. A window in the center allowed light to filter in.

Aria was already crying beside her father's bed, seeing that their condition had worsened since she last left.

Aengus remained silent, using his Appraisal and All-Seeing Eyes to assess their state.

Their bodies were withered, almost mummy-like, with arms emaciated and remnants of Nether energy swirling inside them.

They looked almost dead, but the faint heartbeat in their chest told, they weren't.

It was already impressive they had held on this long; the lingering scent of potions and herbs suggested they had already used precious resources to sustain them.

"Ethan..." Aria suddenly turned to Aengus, her eyes filled with tears.

Understanding her silent plea, Aengus answered reassuringly,

"Aria, don't worry. They both have soul injuries as well, but with me here, you have nothing to fear."

At first, Aria and her aunt looked apprehensive, but his words filled them with confidence.

Noelle looked at Aengus as if seeing a new version of his former self. He was now calm, confident, loving, and, of course, overwhelmingly powerful. Though she didn't know exactly how strong he had become, it was astonishing to imagine the once-weak boy he had been.

She was already grateful that he held no grudges over their past poor hospitality or how he had once been treated as beneath them.

"Is this how karma hits you back?" she wondered silently, with a sense of irony.

She was even more surprised by what happened next.

Aengus casually took out eight S-Grade healing potions in vials, each filled with a deep, blood-red liquid.

Finding it slightly inadequate to fully restore their health, he began synthesizing the potions into SS-Grade right before their astonished eyes.

Under their stunned gazes, two extraordinary vials now held golden potions inside.

Aengus inspected the new potions and felt satisfied. These potions could revive a single living cell to full health, restoring the entire body to its original state. Beyond that, they would grant the consumer a Higher Health Regeneration skill.

“Aria, let them drink it,” Aengus instructed, handing the shimmering golden vials to her.

Aria then handed one of them to her aunt.

Aria and Noelle took the vials with trembling hands, realizing they held a divine medicine.

Noelle had no idea how he did it, but it didn’t stop her from being grateful. The awe of his mysterious power still remained in her heart.

With hopeful expression, They quickly fed the potions to Aria’s father and uncle, carefully supporting their unmoving heads as they poured the elixir into their mouths.

As soon as the potion entered their mouths, their bodies began to shake like a dead being revived.

A golden luminescence radiated from them, and their dried-up flesh and muscles gradually regained vitality, transforming flawlessly.

Soon, the change spread through every part of their bodies, purifying the nether energy and fully restoring their health.

However, there were still a few issues.

“Ethan, why aren’t they waking up yet?” Aria asked anxiously, looking at her father’s now healthy, glowing face.

She felt relief seeing them look well, but the fact that they weren’t waking up, even after waiting a while, left Aria and Noelle worried.

Aengus answered slowly,

“As I mentioned earlier, their souls are injured, and these potions don’t have any properties to heal the soul... That’s why.”

“Then, what should we do, son-in-law?” Noelle asked worriedly, glancing at her husband’s face.

Aengus didn’t mind her term of address, as it meant she approved of their relationship, though it hardly mattered to him. Aria was his now, for life.

“Nothing... Just wait a bit. I’ll use my healing skill on them, and they’ll be alright. But for that, their bodies need some time to adjust,” Aengus explained as he sat down, leaning against the wooden bed frame beside Aria.

He planned to use Sacred Kirin’s Healing, which had some effect on the soul as well, making it invaluable in times of need.

Aria and Noelle understood and waited a while, engaging in small talk until then.

It was mostly Aria and Noelle talking, while Aengus tried to give them some privacy by looking away as if he wasn’t listening.

Aria and Noelle didn’t mind if he overheard.

Noelle, curious about their growing relationship, asked casually, “So, when did you two marry, Aria? Is it official, or just marriage vows?”

Aria glanced at Aengus, who was watching with amusement, and replied, “Yes, you could say it’s official. He declared me as his Empress before his millions soldiers of the Liberation Empire,” she announced proudly.

“But unfortunately, we haven’t had a marriage ceremony yet,” she added feigning sadness. While saying that, she checked at Aengus’s reaction from the corner of her eye.

“Huh?” Noelle seemed confused by the mention of “Empress” and “Liberation Empire.”

“What do you mean by that, Aria? And since when was there a Liberation Empire in our world? Weren’t there only five empires?” She looked at Aria with a hint of doubt.

“Well, he created the sixth empire himself. He’s a newly risen Emperor, far surpassing even Transcendental powerhouses.”

Aria looked smug as she revealed his current identity.

Noelle was extremely shocked, her mouth agape.

She glanced at Aengus, and only then noticed the seven stars on his outfit. She found it hard to believe. She had thought the young man was strong, but this was entirely different.

He had long surpassed her proud son, Drake, who had been nearly his equal the last time they dueled.

Forget about her son, her brother-in-law and husband Won't be able to him.

In just over two months, he had acquired Transcendental power, which was literally one step closer to godhood... She couldn't believe her eyes.

"Really? Tell me everything, Aria. Tell me how it all happened..." Noelle shook Aria's shoulder, eager to know more.

If this was all true, they would be related to an Emperor, however unbelievable it sounded. They could regain the former influence and glory the Silvermoon Assassin Clan once held.

Chapter 242: Chapter 242: Healing Their Souls

As Aria and her aunt conversed, Aengus noticed some people attempting to barge into the house rudely.

"Shua.."

He quickly cast a defensive barrier, not wanting to waste time on them. They were weak and nothing to take seriously.

He was amused to see their hard efforts to break down the door, though.

—

Bang!

"Tsk... Weaklings! One more time!"

"Break the door!"

Outside, Young Master Quin shouted in frustration, watching his six C-Rank servants struggle to break down the simple-looking wooden door despite all their effort.

The six burly men scratched their heads, casting displeased glances at their useless young master after hearing his insults.

Reluctantly, they lifted the heavy wooden log again to strike the door with all their strength.

This time, a fierce collision ensued.

Boom!

“Argh!”

The six servants were knocked back, landing hard on the ground from the impact.

The wooden log fell onto the lower bodies of two of them, causing them to scream in pain, their tongues sticking out from the sheer force on their Pen\*s.

On the opposite side, the door remained completely intact, without even a slight shake or vibration visible on the rundown hut.

“What the hell... What is this house made of?... Hey, do you know who lives here?” Young Master Quin demanded, grabbing a passerby by the collar.

The passerby, frightened, quickly answered with what little he knew.

“I only know there are two sick men inside, a woman, and a few kids... Oh, right... They have another woman who takes the children outside sometimes... Please, let me go, Young Master Quin. I don't know anything else...”

“Scram!” Quin shouted.

“Thank you, thank you... Young Master is benevolent,” the passerby stammered, sprinting away and not forgetting to flatter out of fear.

One of Quin's lackeys whispered to him, noticing something unusual about the house and its residents.

“Young Master, we should leave. This house isn't normal. Perhaps it's better to forget about them...”

Paah!

As soon as the lackey spoke, he received a hard slap from Quin, who then spat on his face. “You think I'm useless too, don't you?”

“Uh, of course not... Young Master... We don't.” The lackey answered, appearing loyal on the surface, but inside he was cursing Quin's eighteen generation.

“Forget it... I know you all think of me as a useless, arrogant bum with nothing to offer... But I’m going to prove I’m also a proud member of our clan, just like my big brother...”

Quin clenched his fists, feeling humiliated and frustrated by his own powerlessness.

“Quin, what are you doing here?”

A sudden, overbearing voice reached Quin’s ears.

Quin turned to see City Lord Zane approaching with a few guards behind him, the previous guards also present.

“Uncle, you’re here... There’s someone inside who insulted not only me but the whole nobility,” Quin complained viciously, pointing toward the house.

Zane looked stern, radiating the natural authority of an S-Rank. As the lord of Silk and ruler over hundreds of thousands, his powerful aura was unmistakable.

“Quin, you haven’t changed in the slightest... Always creating trouble for the AxelCrest Clan,” City Lord Zane shook his head in disappointment.

“Instead of feeling inferior or wasting time like this, why don’t you contribute to the clan’s trade business? You can achieve something beyond just following in the footsteps of your brothers and forefathers... You don’t have to be a hunter to make a difference.”

Quin looked reluctant. “But, Uncle, that won’t give me the power to survive in this world. So, I’m sorry, but I refuse. I know that without my status as a young master of AxelCrest, I’d end up as a slave... or even food for the demons. That’s why power is essential.”

“And you think by causing all this ruckus, you’ll get a gift from the gods?” Zane scoffed, irritated.

“No, I was merely defending the honor of our city and nobility,” Quin replied, flinching slightly but maintaining a righteous tone.

“Hmph... Whatever. I won’t care about you anymore.”

He turned to the City guards.

“Guards, knock on the door.”

Let's see who was so bold as to enter the city and ignore our rules in my presence. Let's find out which 'superior' has graced us with their presence..." Zane commanded, a note of sarcasm in his voice as he gestured to his ten guards.

"Yes, my lord."

The guard nodded and began to knock on the door but received no response, even after waiting for a while.

"See, Uncle Zane... They're so arrogant. They don't even care about your personal visit. You should punish them personally," Quin added, trying to fuel the situation.

But the City Lord wasn't one to make hasty decisions based on a disgruntled kid's words.

He decided to wait patiently outside for now.

—

Aengus was currently focused on healing their souls to bring them back to consciousness.

Aria and her aunt watched with nervous anticipation.

Aengus placed his hand on her father's chest and activated the Sacred Kirin's Healing skill.

Ethereal green healing energy flowed from his palm into her father's body, spreading into every nook and cranny.

Aengus didn't stop there; he further boosted the skill's effect by using the God-Slayer Aegis five times.

Aegis provided him with a divine power that transferred from his body to Aria's father.

Gradually, the effects of the rapidly cast skill became clear as Aria's father, Ashter, began to flutter his eyes, slowly regaining consciousness.

This brought a smile to Aria's face as she gently held her father's hand.

This was the same man who had risked everything to save her in a time of extreme crisis, her fatherly hero.

Having finished healing Aria's father, Aengus began to heal her uncle, Astrid.

Noelle was already smiling, though tears blurred her vision.

It had been so long since they had talked. She missed his voice and presence so deeply that she would cry every night.

Now, she would finally be able to speak to her husband again. And it was all thanks to this young man—or perhaps she should say, her new son-in-law.

Chapter 243: Chapter 243: Son-in-law

Aria's father, Ashter, woke up first, followed closely by Astrid.

Both men felt as though they had been asleep for ages.

Their gazes fell on Aria and Noelle as they rubbed their eyes, trying to clear their vision and shake off the heavy feeling lingering in their bodies.

“Father!”

“Husband!”

Of course, Ashter and Astrid were given no time to rest as the two women rushed to them, burying their heads against their chests.

“Husband, you're awake... I was so worried! I thought you'd leave me forever!” Noelle cried, clinging tightly to Astrid, her voice filled with raw emotion.

Ashter gently stroked Noelle's hair to comfort her as he looked around, trying to process everything. He recalled fragments of the past and then noticed his brother beside him, healthy once more, which filled him with relief.

Finally, his gaze settled on Aengus, who stood quietly observing their reunion, a trace of longing in his eyes, as though he, too, was missing someone.

Ashter and Astrid, like Noelle, could hardly recognize Aengus—the transformation was that profound.

Besides, there wasn't enough light in the room to see his face clearly, and their heads were still muddled.

Aria's father and uncle slowly stood, feeling their strength return as their bodies regained their former vitality. However, they had unfortunately lost some levels, having fought on the frontlines against Beelzebub's Devouring Force.

They were overpowered, but the thought of their children had driven them forward. Of course, the sacrifices of their clan members and the contribution of the Void Treasure had been undeniable.



Aria and Noelle fed them water, and they gulped it down to quench their thirst.

“Aria, who is this? Is he the one who saved us?” After drinking, Aria’s father felt refreshed and asked the question on his mind.

Astrid had the same curiosity flickering in his eyes.

“Brother-in-law, his name is Ethan—the same boy you didn’t approve of being close to Aria two months ago.”

Aria was about to answer, but her aunt beat her to it. Noelle seemed excited to announce this personally.

“What!”

“What did you say?”

Aria’s father could accept that they had been in a coma for that long, but the identity of the striking young man surprised him.

Noelle added, “Not only that, he is now our son-in-law.”

Aria fidgeted slightly in nervousness, but all she could see in her father’s eyes was an incredulous expression.

“Father-in-law, welcome back! And I apologize for ‘snatching’ your daughter without your permission,” Aengus said, after stepping forward with a hint of a taunt.

Aria nudged his waist to stop him, not to make her father too uncomfortable at the moment. She couldn’t bear to see him disrespected further.

Aria then held her father’s hand in a pleading motion.

“Father, please forgive me as well. Ethan and I are now officially married,” Aria said, looking her father in the eye, feeling a tinge of guilt. “But we decided to hold a marriage ceremony with you present.”

Aria’s father was still processing everything. His daughter was already married—to a commoner boy, no less, even though Ethan seemed strong now.

He thought a person without a powerful background was still nothing in this world. But he waited to hear the full explanation and story.

Who knows? Perhaps the young man did have a powerful background.

But he didn't know that Aengus didn't need a background to survive; he created his own legacy.

Astrid suddenly spoke up while remaining seated on the bed.

"Ethan, what is your rank now? Why can't I see through you?" he asked, puzzled.

In the past, he could gauge Ethan's aura and level easily, but now it was almost impossible. It felt as though he was trying to gauge a vast mountain, unfathomable and shrouded in chaotic fog.

Aengus hesitated to speak. If he told them his level was 267, who knew if they might even have a heart attack? He was trying to avoid that.

Besides, he never liked to show off or boast about these things.

Fortunately, Noelle and Aria came to the rescue.

"Husband, he is now a Transcendental, a newly risen Emperor with millions of soldiers under his rule. Even the King of Araknis has acknowledged his reign..." Noelle announced enthusiastically, unable to hide the awe in her eyes.

"What?!"

The two men stood up in shock.

"Is it true?" Aria's father asked Aengus directly, looking straight into his eyes.

In reply, Aengus released some of his aura, confirming their statements.

"Yes. I hope this eases any reluctance you have about our relationship," Aengus replied calmly.

Aria's father and uncle's hearts skipped a beat as they stared at each other, wide-eyed and incredulous. The overpowering, chaotic aura radiating from Aengus made it clear—they were mere ants to him now.

"Phew..."

They sat back down, feeling utterly defeated.

It dealt a considerable blow to their pride as leaders of a noble clan, a position they once held with arrogance.

In the past they had looked down on Ethan as a weakling and a commoner, which now made them feel ashamed.

Now, in Aengus' royal presence, they themselves seemed like commoners.

"Your Imperial Highness, please take your seat..." Aria's father said, offering a respectful bow to their new emperor, as a true noble would.

Aengus was now their protector, ruler, and the supreme leader.

However ironic it may sound, it was true, and they accepted it.

Aengus shook his head, rejecting their bows.

"There's no need to do this. It only makes things more awkward between us. Besides, I'm not an emperor with a proper territory or etiquette like yours..."

"Father, what are you doing? He's your son-in-law," Aria reminded, feeling bad for her father and uncle.

Aria's father and uncle straightened their posture slightly after hearing her words, though their respect for Aengus didn't wane despite the close relationship.

Ashter looked at Aria and said seriously,

"Aria, my daughter, whatever our relationship might be, an emperor should always receive the respect and honor they deserve as our protector. Being an emperor is not just about etiquette and territory; it's about having the power to dominate the masses. I'm sure His Imperial Highness has done just that... Now, tell me everything I've missed."

Aria could only stare at her father with helplessness.

"Aria, you explain everything... I'll take care of a few things outside," Aengus said before heading out of the house.

Aria gave a small nod, then began telling their story in brief.

Chapter 244: Chapter 244: In The Presence Of The Emperor  
City Lord Zane, finally losing patience, personally activated one of his fire-related S-Rank skills to blast open the door.

Whoosh!

Just as Zane's attack launched forward in a destructive wave toward the door, Aengus calmly opened it... And "gulp" instantly devoured the fiery attack as it reached his face.

Aengus then began to approach City Lord Zane, step by step.

To Zane's horror, each step struck his heart with a dreadful weight, as if silently telling him that he had made a grave mistake.

His heart trembled, pain coursed through him, and his veins bulged visibly beneath his skin.

Quin finally looked frightened after witnessing the mighty S-Rank City Lord's condition.

The aura of the unfamiliar young man began to intensify with each passing moment.

"Argh..."

Quin was quickly forced to kneel, his knees buckling and cracking under the stranger's sheer pressure.

A few moments later, his strength completely gave out, and he collapsed face-first, feeling as though he were choking as his blood circulation nearly stopped.

He realized he had directed his frustration at the wrong person. This stranger, who appeared similar in age, wielded an unfathomable power.

In comparison, he was nothing more than a speck before this formidable presence.

Laying flat on the ground, Quin looked up at Aengus with helplessness.

"I knew this day would come, and I still did it. Why are the gods doing this to me? They were never fair to me... I hate the gods, I hate everything," Quin roared in his mind.

Meanwhile, Zane, still suppressed, pleaded through gritted teeth.

"Your Imperial Highness, please forgive us... I didn't recognize our Emperor had come in person."

Aengus paused and retracted his aura, having sensed their true thoughts. That was why he stopped.

One was a frustrated fool, and the other was at least somewhat decent.

Quin was injured but alive.

Both he and Zane slowly rose to their feet, while most of their lackeys and guards lay unconscious on the ground.

Thud!

The City Lord stepped forward, then knelt before Aengus, gazing up at him with deep reverence.

He knew now that their coup had succeeded—and it was all thanks to this one young man, their new Emperor, the force behind the newly risen banner of the Liberation Empire.

Aengus ignored the City Lord for now and approached Quin.

Quin was stunned as he realized the stranger's identity. This was Emperor Zero, whose recent ascension had only just reached him at his clan estate. He couldn't believe he had been venting his frustrations on their new Emperor.

As the Emperor drew closer, Quin fidgeted nervously, dreading the punishment he might face for the disturbance.

Aengus stopped just before him, standing a little taller and more muscular than Quin. In every way, they couldn't even be compared, and this stark difference intensified Quin's sense of inferiority, causing him to lower his head instinctively.

"Quin AxelCrest, why look so afraid now? Weren't you busy flaunting your clan's influence just a moment ago?" Aengus asked with an indifferent expression.

Quin's heart skipped a beat. The Emperor knew his name. This man was even more mysterious and powerful than he'd imagined.

Still staring at the ground, he stammered, "No, no... Your Imperial Highness, I was just... just..." He fumbled for the right words.

"Just being a useless nuisance to others. Isn't that it?" Aengus finished for him.

"Ah... yes... Your Imperial Highness is right..." Quin agreed, not daring to object.

"Lift your head," Aengus commanded.

"Ah, okay..." Quin lifted his head but didn't dare meet Aengus's gaze.

"So, tell me... Do you hate the gods?" Aengus's tone was as chilling as a devil's whisper.

"Answer honestly. I know you do... just speak your mind. I won't be offended by your thoughts on them."

Quin hesitated, then spoke, his voice rising with pent-up bitterness.

“Yes, I do... They’ve been unfair to me... they’re unfair to this world. They treat us like ants... and these fools worship them like blind sheep!”

His words echoed, drawing the attention of nearby citizens who stopped to watch the scene unfold.

Some people in the crowd already started muttering angrily at Quin’s blasphemy.

“How dare this useless young master speak ill of our gods? He deserves execution!” a noble-looking man scoffed with righteous indignation.

“Yeah, he should just die already. A good-for-nothing loser, blaming the mighty gods for his own failures... what a waste,” another mocked.

“And who is this young man that dares to spread hate against the gods? He should be punished too!”

“Enough!” an older voice snapped. “Did you not see the City Lord himself kneeling before that young man? Don’t speak so carelessly—your heads might not remain on your shoulders if you do.”

“Yes,” another old man whispered, shivering. “I heard he is our new Emperor. Even the King bowed to him. Don’t drag us all to our deaths, you fools.”

A tense silence fell over the crowd as the weight of the old man’s words sank in. The onlookers now watched Aengus with wary respect, each wondering at the power and mystery behind this new Emperor who could command such reverence.

“We greet Your Imperial Highness! Please give us your blessing and protection for eternity!”

Some in the crowd had already knelt, showing respect to their Emperor. He was now their Emperor, whether they liked it or not. Only heads would roll for those who disagreed—that much, they had learned.

Aengus acknowledged their presence with a nod, feeling a new sensation—a sense of responsibility, perhaps, or satisfaction in his newfound dominance.

He turned to Quin, pleased with his response.

“Very well. I like your reply, Quin. Now, tell me, do you have the determination to kill them if given the power?”

“Thud!”

Quin knelt instantly, without a second thought.

“I will do anything for power, Your Imperial Highness! That includes killing the Gods,” he declared, bowing resolutely.

“Very good...”

Aengus replied with a pleased expression as he smoothly took out a few human corpses from his pocket space.

The corpses fell to the ground, their decaying aura spreading everywhere.

City Lord Zane squinted, realizing all the corpses were at least B-Rank or above.

“Just what is the new Emperor trying to do?” he wondered to himself.

The onlookers were already shaken by the death aura radiating from the high-ranking corpses.

They chose not to interrupt their new Emperor’s task.

Chapter 245: Chapter 245: Ancient Titan’s Bloodline

Without a word, Aengus began synthesizing Quin with the human corpses.

He was not gentle at all, though he felt confident Quin would survive. Aengus had seen potential in Quin that far surpassed any excellent hunter he had encountered so far. Quin’s soul was remarkably strong—nearly a hundred times stronger than the average hunter.

“Ahhh!”

Harrowing screams tore from Quin’s mouth, sending chills down the spines of the onlookers.

The crowd’s jaws dropped as they watched the incredible merging of corpses into Quin’s body. The bodies melted into a gooey mass that slowly fused with Quin’s form, even dissolving parts of him in the process.

The sight was chilling and excruciatingly painful to behold. Many nervously gulped, questioning whether such a gruesome process was necessary to punish a young man.

They assumed the Emperor was punishing Quin for his misbehavior.

Their whispers reached Aengus’ ears, but he remained focused, his hand raised as synthesis energy flowed from him with intense concentration.

Even Aengus couldn't fully explain why he was doing this. Perhaps he was creating a new pawn, or maybe destiny had led him to this moment.

City Lord Zane watched with a mixture of doubt and awe, uncertain whether their new Emperor could truly bestow power in such a way.

Inwardly, he felt pleased with Aengus' kindness. The frustrated young master, once a source of unrest, was now given a second chance at life. Though initially concerned by Aengus' disregard for the gods, Zane now believed that their Emperor had the best interests of his subjects at heart.

Suddenly, a middle-aged man with a noble air appeared hastily.

"What's going on, Lord Zane? Where is my son?"

"I heard someone is hurting my poor son. Who is it? I will kill him!" the newcomer nobleman roared, gripping his sword tightly.

"Uh.." City Lord Zane began to sweat buckets after hearing what the head of the AxelCrest Clan said so loudly.

It surely reached the Emperor's ears.

He looked cautiously at the Emperor, finding him undeterred. Perhaps His Imperial Highness just took it as a dog's bark.

"Shh..." Zane then signaled the AxelCrest Clan leader to keep quiet.

With years of experience, the AxelCrest Clan leader sensed something was off as he noticed a young man in a seven-star uniform.

He immediately went quiet, realizing he was merely an A-Rank powerhouse.

Even the City Lord looked scared—so what was he?

He approached the City Lord silently with his men.

"Please explain to me, City Lord. Where is my son? Who is that young man?" he asked in hushed tones.

Quin's body had now turned into a gooey mass in the shape of a large ball of blood and flesh, so he couldn't spot his son anywhere.

Zane briefly explained Aengus's origin, causing the Axel Clan leader's eyes to widen with disbelief.



Then he recounted the conflict and the unexpected opportunity Quin had encountered.

The Axel Clan leader was speechless upon hearing of his son's foolishness but was relieved after hearing the latter part.

Aengus retracted his hands once the process was complete.

He remained calm despite expending that much Origin Mana, equivalent to 10,000 points.

Quin's figure was revealed to the observers, appearing more robust and strong as he lay on the ground.

The onlookers were stunned when Quin stood up like a giant before their very eyes.

Quin was tall, robust, and stronger than anyone present there—at least in terms of size.

The transformation was nothing short of startling.

How had the Emperor transformed this weak young master into a force to be reckoned with in just a few minutes?

Quin clenched his fist, feeling the raw power of his giant form coursing through him. He was now an A-Rank powerhouse with a System he had previously assumed was a gift from the gods. The gods were not in charge of the System; they could only influence it to some extent.

He realized that the true god was standing before him, in the flesh.

Quin stepped forward and knelt before Aengus, lowering his giant head which was now equal to Aengus's human form.

Each of his footsteps struck fear anyone present.

They looked at the Emperor with worshiping eyes, who had done this impossible task.

After granting Quin the System, Aengus learned that Quin possessed the Ancient Titan Bloodline. He recognized that Quin could become a formidable force.

But of course, Quin was still nothing compared to Aengus in terms of potential.

"Rise," Aengus commanded calmly.

Quin obeyed, standing up straight, though his head remained slightly lowered.

“I haven’t done this to gain favor or to make you follow me, Quin. You’re free to do as you wish, but don’t forget you said to me,” Aengus said, gazing at Quin’s Titan form, now 100 meters tall.

“No, your Imperial Highness, I wish to follow you into battle and serve you. Your orders will be absolute to me from now on. Please, allow me to be your pawn, at least,” Quin pleaded, eager to witness his Emperor’s might on the battlefield and grow stronger by his side.

“Do as you wish. I have no problem with that. You will be my first commandment then, starting today.”

Aengus had no issue taking such talent under his wing, though he was puzzled as to why Quin hadn’t been given a System despite having qualities that should have earned him one on his own.

Just who decides this world’s rules?

Or was this one of those gods’ tricks?

Quin became exhilarated after hearing his Emperor’s approval. He was now the first commandment, a position that signified his true value.

But he didn’t become arrogant, as it made him feel properly valued in this nasty world.

His previous, ugly character qualities began to reshape with just one person’s influence.

“Thank you for the title, my Emperor! I will serve with all my heart!” he said gratefully.

Aengus gave a small nod, having judged Quin’s loyalty to be genuine through his body language.

Aengus then turned to Zane and the AxelCrest Clan leader and said,

“I hope this answers your queries, Silk City’s Lord. Now... clear the crowd, as your Empress is inside.” Aengus said sternly, observing the whole city’s population gathering around them like moths drawn to a flame.

The gathering crowd wanted to satisfy their curiosity about their new Emperor, as most had never seen one in their lifetimes.

Chapter 246: Chapter 246: Emperor Is Kind?

Zane quickly ordered his men to clear the crowd, and he himself started shouting loudly as well.

“Everyone leave!”

The crowd dispersed unwillingly.

“Was that necessary? What will they think of you now?” Aria commented beside Aengus’ ear as she stepped outside, having heard the commotion.

“Yes, it was... I don’t care what others think of me. I only care about seeing results without wasting time unnecessarily.”

Aria’s father, aunt, and uncle followed her out of the house as well.

“Son-in-law is right,” Noelle said happily, holding Astrid’s hand.

“That’s how an Emperor should behave. He doesn’t care about receiving gratitude or being scolded by the masses.” Noelle paused, glancing at Aria and Aengus.

Ashter and Astrid had already accepted Aengus’s identity, but seeing the City Lord humble himself before him confirmed it further.

Their son-in-law, whom they had once neglected, assuming he was a commoner, was now a force to be reckoned with.

They still didn’t know much about his background, but it didn’t matter to them anymore.

He himself was now a powerful background, providing safety to those under his protection, just like the Titan before them.

Their own rank had been lowered to B-Rank, and they felt vulnerable before the 100-meter-tall Titan standing before them, not to mention Aengus.

Despite Aria’s insistence that they maintain a respectable distance.

Aengus could do nothing, though he didn’t care about it too much either.

“Swoosh!”

Quin instantly returned to his 1.7-meter human form swiftly.

City lord Zane then spoke,

“Empress Consort, if I had known your family was here, I would have personally taken care of them as if they were my own,” City Lord Zane came forward and bowed before Aria.

Quin also tried to flatter her without directly meeting her gaze. “His Imperial Majesty has a keen eye. The Empress Consort is like a fairy...”

“Ah?”

Aria looked flattered but quickly composed herself to appear like a true Empress.

“Thank you both for the compliment. Glad you joined us. What’s your name again?” Aria asked Quin.

Quin replied instantly, “All thanks to His Imperial Majesty’s grace. My name is Quin AxelCrest.”

“Quin...”

Just as Quin answered Aria, a deep, worried voice echoed—it was Quin’s father, the Axel Clan leader.

“Father, look! I’ve gained the power I’ve yearned for my whole life. Now, Roxane surely won’t hate me. I’ll be better than my brothers... His Imperial Majesty said so,” Quin announced happily.

For the first time in years, his father saw pure joy on his youngest son’s face.

The Axel Clan leader gave a deep bow to the Emperor, even though the Emperor wasn’t watching their reunion. Father and son continued exchanging happy words they hadn’t shared in years.

—

“My Emperor, would you like to rest at my humble abode?” City Lord Zane asked eagerly.

Aengus shook his head.

“No, that’s not possible right now. We came only to take your Empress’s family from here... But I will remember this city.”

Zane was disappointed but then pleased with the Emperor’s courtesy.

“Thank you, Your Imperial Highness. May the Liberation Empire’s banner rise throughout the world.”

“Yes, it will...” Aengus murmured, perhaps making a promise to himself.

“Aria, it’s time to depart. You can chat more when we get back. I’ve received an urgent message from the Three Generals,” Aengus said, making the urgency clear.

“Ah, okay... But wait a few minutes. The children should be here any moment,” Aria replied, glancing anxiously toward the city market.

“No problem. Let them come. I can wait..,” Aengus said gently, his tone softening.

No matter how urgent the matter was, his wife’s comfort and happiness came first.

When talk of departure arose, Quin gathered respectfully near them as well.

He bid his farewell,

“Father, tell Roxane I will return strong and proud. I’ll make her my bride, right in front of her prideful clan,” Quin declared resolutely, making his father smile.

“Go ahead, son. Make our AxelCrest Clan proud.”

The father, who had always been disappointed in his son, now looked proud and hopeful.

Very soon, the children came back from playing. There were eight of them, all between 8-10 years old—the last remaining generation of the Silvermoon Clan.

They should have returned happily from the playground, but instead, they looked slightly injured, with claw marks and scrapes from being dragged across the ground visible on their young, tender faces.

This made Aria and Noelle worried about the condition they were in.

“What happened to you all, children?” Noelle knelt down and asked in a gentle, motherly tone.

The children hesitated but finally answered. “Please forgive us, Lady Noelle... We actually wanted to help improve our condition, so we went to the nearby forest to hunt... Sorry!” one cute yet brave boy explained, feeling apologetic for breaking the promise of not going outside the city.

“Yes, we Silvermoon Clan are not cowards!” another added.

“Children, you...” Noelle was almost moved to tears at their thoughtful consideration.

Though their choice had been reckless, it filled Noelle and the others with happiness to see their bravery.

“That was very dangerous, children. But indeed, you were brave. You don’t need to do this anymore. Look, your sister Aria is back with her husband to take you away from this place. We won’t have to stay here any longer,” Noelle said, relieved to see they were unharmed.

Most of the credit went to their Clan’s rigorous training from a young age.

The kids had seen their parents deaths with their very own eyes, which had made them more mature.

“Really?”

They looked at Aria and Aengus in surprise.

“Is it true, big sister Aria?” one small girl asked, clutching an iron dagger in her hand.

Aria ruffled the little girl’s hair gently and replied,

“Yes, it’s true, little Tina. We’ll now have a proper home with a sturdy roof to live in. You’ll get to train safely, just like before...”

“Hehehe...” The little girl smiled happily, imagining the future.

“That’s great, big sister! But, is that kind big brother really your husband?” she asked cutely, glancing at Aengus, who was healing the other children.

Chapter 247: Chapter 247: Meeting With Saintess Lumenaria  
Aria was amused by Tina’s question.

“Yes, he is. Why? Do you think I’m not a match for him?” Aria asked playfully.

Tina shook her tiny head. “Nah, you’re perfect too. You’ve become so beautiful. I just feel like you two are opposites somehow... I don’t know how to say it.”

Tina looked confused by her own words, which made Aria smile.

“You’re just imagining things, Tina. I know he has flaws, and so do I. But accepting each other’s flaws shows the love between us,” Aria answered and stood up.

“But I wasn’t talking about that...” Tina mumbled, her tone turning lower.

—

By now, Aengus had finished healing the rest of the children. His small gesture of kindness made others see him in a new light. They initially thought he was cold and heartless.

Aengus, however, was reminded of his past with Emily and her mother as he watched the kids. That was why he showed this rare act of care for someone else.

He hadn't forgotten the deaths of Emily and the others at Beelzebub's hands in the slightest. The time would soon come when Beelzebub would be begging for death.

"Ethan, everything is ready now. Let's leave," Aria said, understanding that Aengus must have put something aside just for her sake.

"Mmm... Okay. Tell the others to gather in one place," Aengus replied.

Quickly, the Silvermoon Clan and Quin gathered beside Aengus, looking on in confusion.

They wondered how they would be leaving. Was their Emperor about to display another of his incredible skills?

As the sun began to set, they waited with bated breath, along with City Lord Zane and the Axel Clan leader.

Aengus extended his hand, creating a spatial portal that led directly to their camp.

They were astonished—it was similar to the treasure that had saved them from certain doom at the hands of Beelzebub.

"Let's go, children. This will take us to our new home... and don't worry, nothing will happen to you," Aria said gently, noticing that some of the children were nervous.

The portal was dark, but with full confidence, Aria stepped forward, leading the way to reassure them.

Aria disappeared completely, and the children began entering one by one, hesitating slightly.

Quin, with unwavering confidence, also entered, bidding farewell to his father.

The adults followed, casting a final glance at the house they were leaving behind.

Finally, Aengus also entered with a whoosh, and the portal vanished instantly.

Zane and the Axel Clan leader exchanged glances.

“Haha... Clan leader, it seems your youngest son has the brightest future among all your children. How unexpected is that?” Zane laughed heartily.

The Axel Clan leader smiled as well.

“Yes, I never imagined my foolish youngest son would be blessed with such luck and potential... It’s all thanks to Heavenly Grace.”

“Mmm... Now we’ll have to see how much he can grow beside the Emperor,” Zane added, patting the Clan leader’s shoulder.

—

Aengus appeared at the camp through the portal, instantly surrounded by the Three Generals, who looked alarmed and worried.

“Your Imperial Highness, she is here. You should go and hear what she has to say,” General Felix said cautiously.

Aengus gave them a curt nod. “Sure.”

Turning to Aria, he spoke gently, “Aria, please settle your family here temporarily. It won’t be long before we secure our rightful territory and throne.”

“Okay, but who is she? Who are you all talking about?” Aria asked, puzzled.

Her thoughts turned to the Succubus woman, Bella. Perhaps she was here. If so, Aria was curious to meet her as well, to find out whether Bella had truly “charmed” Aengus or if it had been genuine affection.

She wanted answers.

Reading her expression, Aengus replied, “She is Saintess Lumenaria. Perhaps you’ve heard of her?”

Aria looked a bit relieved.

“Ah, yes, I know her. But be careful,” she reminded him before moving forward to settle her family.

Saintess Lumenaria was known for maiden for eternity. So, Aria was not worried.

Her father and uncle were already conversing respectfully with General Leon, astonished to see the Three Great Generals personally working for their son-in-law.



They were even more amazed at the sight of millions of soldiers under the Liberation Empire's banner.

"I'm glad to see you both safe and healthy, Silvermoon Clan leaders. I assume it's thanks to Ethan's efforts," Leon said with a slight smile.

"Oh, yes, General, " They replied, feeling slightly embarrassed.

Leon was amused to see this.

Leon could still remember their disdain for Aengus in the past, but now the situation had completely reversed. It reminded him that nothing in this world was set in stone; rise and fall are two sides of the same coin.

Yet, as he glanced at Aengus's departing figure, he found himself questioning that statement.

"Does it apply to him as well?" Leon wondered inwardly.

He chuckled to himself. "Haha... What am I even thinking? Of course not."

General Leon shook his head, leaving Aria's father confused.

—

Aengus entered a well-built cottage made of iron and stone. It his current temporary residence. Only he and Aria could enter without permission.

He sat down on a black iron throne and waited patiently for the unexpected guest to arrive.

His mood was calm, showing neither fear nor eagerness, as he leaned his head slightly to the side, resting on the arm supported by his right hand on the armrest.

"Step, step, step!"

Soon, footsteps echoed on the smooth, rocky floor.

Aengus watched as a stunningly fair maiden, dressed in white holy robes bathed in a soft, divine radiance, approached.

Saintess Lumenaria appeared to be a mature woman, as if she had lived through years filled with life's ups and downs. Her presence held both wisdom and grace, a testament to her years of experiences.

“Won’t you welcome us, o young Emperor?” Saintess Lumenaria asked with a displeased expression as she halted a short distance from Aengus.

Aengus gestured to the seat on his right.

“You can sit there and speak your mind. I don’t see why I need to welcome someone who trades innocent human lives for so-called divine commands, do I?” he replied in a mocking tone, not swayed by her beauty in the slightest.

The air between them grew tense, as Aengus’s disdain clashed with the saintess’s calm but unyielding presence.

Chapter 248: Chapter 248: A Deal From The Saintess  
Saintess Lumenaria remained unfazed as she sat down gracefully.

“I can’t speak for others, Young Emperor. But I follow the commands of the Goddess of Light, and I have never personally taken innocent lives,” the saintess said naturally, ignoring Aengus’s displeasure.

“By the way, why is the Young Emperor so concerned about harming innocents? That’s not exactly a desirable trait for an emperor. Can the Young Emperor swear that you’ve never taken an innocent life to attain such power?”

Surely, at least one innocent has fallen—be it a magical beast, a human, or some other species,” she added with a sly, almost victorious smile.

Aengus replied calmly, “That’s irrelevant, Saintess. My purpose is the betterment of the world, and I feel no guilt for actions taken toward that goal. I may have sinned unknowingly, but I don’t toy with lives as the gods do.”

“Hehehe...” The saintess giggled amusedly.

“Oh, you will, once you reach that stage, Young Emperor. When mortals seem like ants to you. Anyway, you can’t even begin to comprehend the true power of the gods—they have already transcended mortality.”

“Oh...” Aengus appeared not to take her words seriously, but inwardly, he was fully aware of reality. He was probably still an ant to the gods—perhaps a slightly bigger one. But an ant is still an ant.

Even so, he firmly believed it wouldn’t be long before he reached their level. His conviction was unshakable.

“Hmph! Where are the gods anyway? Do they even have the power to change this world? Or was my previous assumption correct?” Aengus asked, his gaze piercing directly into hers.

Saintess Lumenaria was visibly displeased by his nonchalant attitude and clear disrespect. However, she didn't allow herself to become enraged, as she was well aware that she was currently no match for him.

“I don't know anything about that,” she replied curtly. “But I am certain of one thing—if the gods were to descend, it would be no trouble for them to destroy you, even if you became the strongest Transcendental. That's how overwhelming their power is.”

There spark of worship in her eyes as she sang their praises.

Aengus didn't get proper answer.

But he had already suspected there could be something that was restricting the gods.

If they truly had the ability, they would have descended long ago to eliminate him—especially considering his rapid growth, potential, and defiant nature.

Or perhaps they had already broken free from the confines of this world and no longer cared about its affairs.

This realization sparked a new thought in his mind—a potential clue to find a way to free Aria and Bella from this mess.

He mentally noted it down as he shifted his attention back to the Saintess.

“Anyway, I heard your goal is to unify the world. But, Why are you doing this? You don't belong in this world anyway. You got what you came here for, so why?” she asked, furrowing her brows.

She was expecting panic in his eyes after revealing his origin, but she got only an indifferent face.

“So, you know...” Aengus mumbled, his tone uncaring.

The Saintess smiled victoriously and replied, “Yes, it was not that hard to guess. Our world's people don't have that much potential to rise through ranks so quickly.”

Aengus nodded and answered honestly, “I have to take revenge on Beelzebub, who killed the people I cared for. I will fix this world as well in the process while I'm here. It's nothing more than that.”

“Oh, the Young Emperor is kind and vengeful, it seems. You must have a strong lineage to declare so confidently, isn’t that right?” She casually inquired.

Aengus understood she was trying to fish for information, but he didn’t care that much now.

He also wanted to see what her real purpose for coming here was.

“Mm-hmm, you could say so. But what do you really want? You came here even after knowing I am stronger than you. Are you that confident in your goddess’s protection?” he asked, coming straight to the point.

“H-How?”

Saintess Lumenaria looked stunned. How did he know the source of her confidence?

However, it was true that she relied on the protection. She forced herself to stay calm, unwilling to be outdone by a young man.

Focusing on the task at hand, she spoke, “So, does the young Emperor know the way to get out of this world? I want to send someone outside this world. You will receive an appropriate price for this favor,” she said, looking straight into his piercing gaze, remaining unflinching.

Aengus was intrigued.

“Oh, what are you going to offer, and whom do you want to send?” he asked, prying further to uncover her weakness.

He needed to find her vulnerability because he doubted whether he would be able to harm her with the personal protection of the Goddess of Light.

Saintess Lumenaria’s eyes squinted instantly, becoming alert.

She answered, “It’s someone close to me. I would prefer not to reveal their identity.”

“I see. What is the Saintess offering for the deal?” Aengus, though disappointed, continued to ask.

In reply, the Saintess took out a transparent small jar filled with a shimmering, dense white substance that looked divine.

“This is a jar of Divine Essence, a gift from Her Excellency, the Divine Goddess of Light. This one jar can help you level up ten times at your current level.”

Aengus extended his hand, attracting the jar like a magnet, while the Saintess let it go without worry.

Surely, the Young Emperor wouldn't do something as shameful as snatching things.

Aengus used Appraisal and discovered that the small jar of Divine Essence could only increase his level once. This was likely due to the Saintess' misconception.

At his current level, a significantly larger amount of energy would be required to advance further.

While the Divine Essence was undeniably useful, it also raised a question in his mind: How much of this resource does the Holy Cathedral possess?

However, despite its value, the deal couldn't proceed, because Aengus was still searching for a way to leave this world.

Chapter 249: Chapter 249: To The Skyfall Kingdom  
Casually, Aengus tossed the small jar back to the Saintess.

"Sorry, Saintess, but I'm not interested in this deal."

The Saintess looked stunned.

Why is the Young Emperor refusing? Wasn't the offer tempting enough?

"Young Emperor, you don't have to be in such a hurry to refuse. If one jar isn't enough, we can offer you ten. Though I'm not sure if you can handle that much—it would mean gaining nearly 50 levels in such a short time. The chances of failure are high."

Aengus shook his head lightly, still appearing uninterested.

"I still have to refuse, Saintess. Perhaps you should leave now if you're done with your 'important' peace talk," Aengus said, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

He could have revealed that he wasn't yet capable of fulfilling her request, but it wouldn't have been appropriate. She could be a potential threat to his ultimate goal. Keeping this information hidden might serve as valuable leverage for a future deal, potentially making things easier for him later.

The Saintess' brows twitched in anger, but she forced herself to remain composed.

"That's rude, Young Emperor. You're hopeless and far too arrogant... Perhaps I should return another time."

The Saintess rose from her seat, clearly displeased.

“You’re welcome here anytime, Saintess,” Aengus replied with a sly smile. He knew that next time, he might be able to subdue her with his power alone.

Though her calm facade barely wavered, Aengus saw through her frustration. He cared little for her anger, displeasure, or disappointment.

Aengus, however, wanted to test something else.

He activated his Dragon Claws and gripped the God Slayer Aegis tightly, boosting his stats fivefold.

“Swoosh!”

In the blink of an eye, he attacked the Saintess, catching her off guard.

“Huh?”

The Saintess instinctively turned back, but the God Slayer Sword was already inches from her face.

She instantly closed her eyes, which snapped open moments later, glowing with a holy radiance.

“Dong! Dong! Dong!”

At that exact moment, seven glowing white rings surrounded the Saintess, shielding her from harm.

“Rumble!”

The clash created a massive earthquake, with the two of them at its epicenter.

“Boom!”

The Emperor’s Cottage was instantly reduced to dust and debris, and a destructive shockwave began to ripple outward.

Aengus’ right arm trembled from the impact, the Sword vibrating intensely in his grip.

Aware that the shockwave could damage their camp, Aengus quickly conjured a defensive barrier to suppress it.

The Saintess’ heart skipped a beat at the overwhelming power Aengus displayed. Despite being level 170, she was utterly overpowered by the Young Emperor.

If not for the divine protection, she would have struggled to defend herself against the blow. It was a stark realization—Aengus was far more powerful than he appeared on the surface.

Still, she forced herself to remain composed.

“What exactly was the Young Emperor trying to do?” she asked, frowning.

Now standing in the open ground under the crimson light of dawn, the two were illuminated by the eerie glow. A growing crowd gathered nearby, drawn by the sound of the earlier collision, curious about the disturbance.

Aengus responded with practiced calm, “Oh, nothing much. I was merely testing the protection granted by your Goddess. I must say, I’m quite impressed that the Goddess of Light cares so deeply for you. Truly admirable.”

He flashed her a sly, mocking smile.

“Hmph!” The Saintess huffed, her beautiful face turning a deep shade of red as she suppressed her rage.

“The Young Emperor doesn’t even know how to treat a lady with kindness. Very disappointing!” she spat, shaking her head in disapproval.

Aengus chuckled, his voice light with amusement. “Haha... I believe all beings are equal. Everyone should receive the same treatment from me, be it a woman, a man or the Gods.”

Aria quickly approached and stood beside Aengus, her expression filled with concern.

“Relax, Aria,” Aengus said casually, his tone reassuring. “She’s a Saintess. We were just probing each other. Isn’t that right, Saintess?”

The Saintess observed the scene with a mixture of curiosity and surprise.

Aria’s beauty was undeniable—easily on par with her own, which was a rare occurrence. But what truly astonished her was the faint aura emanating from Aria.

It was unlike anything she had encountered before, as though Aria herself embodied True Divinity, the essence of a Primordial Goddess.

The aura seemed so pure and vast that it might even rival the power of the Goddess of Light—or perhaps, it surpassed it altogether.

The Saintess couldn't help but feel a sense of unease.

Aengus stood as a figure of destruction—calculating, ruthless, and fearsome. Yet, beside him, Aria exuded an aura of kindness, holiness, as if nurturing the true essence of Mother Nature.

The contrast between them was striking. They look opposites in every way, yet somehow, they stood together, complementing one another perfectly.

It was impossible to miss the intimacy in their relationship, and it didn't escape the Saintess' sharp gaze.

"Hmph... May we see each other again, Young Emperor... Farewell."

Saintess Lumenaria cast a lingering gaze at Aria before disappearing like a flash of light.

Aengus, however, could still see her tracks clearly but chose not to interfere for now. Who knew what her "Goddess" might do next?

It was slightly meddlesome, but he needed to cope with it for now.

"Ethan, we should have stopped her. I didn't like the look on her face," Aria spoke with concern.

Aengus touched her face gently.

"No worries, she won't do anything stupid. She's just a religious freak. We're not involving ourselves with the Gods for now. But if they interfere, I will not be kind," Aengus said, his gaze turning cold.

"Your Emperor, look what you've done to my hard work?" General Martin spoke, exasperated.

"Don't complain, Martin. Just make another one," General Felix chimed in from the sidelines with a smirk.

Martin sighed and began creating a new, bigger, and sturdier house for the Emperor and Empress. The previous one had crumbled like a paper toy, something that should have been impossible even for a Transcendental to destroy.

It made Martin occasionally wonder—just what level had the Emperor reached?

Felix turned his attention to Aengus, their new Emperor.



“Your Imperial Highness, do you still plan to move to the Skyfall Kingdom tomorrow?” General Felix asked, seeking confirmation.

## **Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills - Chapter 250 - Chapter 250: Chapter 250: Royal Marriage Proposal**

Chapter 250: Chapter 250: Royal Marriage Proposal

Night fell swiftly, enveloping the army camp in darkness. Bonfires crackled to life across the soldiers’ tents and gathering spots, casting flickering shadows and warming the cool night air.

Following Aengus’ confirmation, the generals busied themselves with preparations for the upcoming battle, aiming to reclaim the territory stolen from the Skyfall Kingdom.

Meanwhile, Aengus sat deep in thought within the newly rebuilt house constructed by General Martin. Plans and strategies for the coming days occupied his mind.

Aria had stepped out to spend time with her father and family, leaving Aengus alone for the moment.

The quiet of the night was broken by the sound of measured footsteps approaching his cottage.

Aengus glanced through the walls using his heightened senses and recognized King Araknis, accompanied by an unfamiliar old man, cautiously making their way to his door.

“Come in,” Aengus said calmly, his voice carrying through the walls before they could knock.

The two old men froze, startled by the Emperor’s awareness. After a brief pause, they collected themselves and entered the cottage in silence.

“That is some impressive observation skill, Your Imperial Highness!” King Milphomor said in an impressed tone, a hint of flattery lacing his words.

“Welcome. Take your seats,” Aengus replied curtly, giving them a slight nod.

The two men seated themselves respectfully, one on the left and the other on the right.

“So, this is the former King of the Skyfall Kingdom? What business do you have with me?” Aengus asked calmly, his gaze sharp and unwavering.

Gravis Skyfall, the former king, was momentarily stunned by the young Emperor's knowledge and keen perception. That Aengus not only knew his name but also recognized his identity so effortlessly left him slightly taken aback.

King Milphomor signaled King Gravis to speak.

"Firstly, we would like to congratulate you on your ascension, Your Imperial Highness. I am sorry to bother you at this hour, but I have an important proposal to make," Gravis spoke respectfully.

"You may continue," Aengus responded, though he could already guess what was on King Gravis' mind.

"Your Highness, I want to betroth my two daughters alongside Princess Delilah, with her father's approval, and offer you 1 million B-Rank or above soldiers for the battle tomorrow.

In return, we hope Your Highness would be kind enough to grant us the kingdom's rule under your imperial rule. We are ready to accept any other conditions you may have," King Gravis added with a sly smile.

Aengus remained calm even after hearing such a tempting offer. Three royal princesses as wives could sway any normal man's heart—but not his.

Aengus looked at King Milphomor for confirmation, though he had already expected as much from him. However, the addition of two other royal princesses was a little unexpected.

"Yes, it's true, Your Imperial Highness."

King Milphomor was slightly ashamed as he confirmed the statement.

Aengus was momentarily speechless, reminded once again that in this world, interest and power outweighed everything else.

"You do realize, if your Empress Consort knew what you proposed to me, she might just have your heads removed from your shoulders?" Aengus asked calmly.

"Uhh... Why, Your Imperial Majesty?"

The two old kings began to feel cold from head to toe.

"Does the Empress Consort not approve of your harem? I hope it's not too rude to ask," King Milphomor asked cautiously, lowering his voice as if afraid the Empress might barge into the room at any moment.

Aengus was amused internally but replied sternly, "Not exactly. It's both of our wishes."

"Oh... Then, can you please give us a chance to reclaim the throne?" King Gravis asked hesitantly, realizing their odds were growing slimmer.

"Sure," Aengus said, his tone indifferent, "but you must provide as many resources and soldiers as you can muster. If you do that, I will have no problem granting you back your throne. However, there's another condition..."

Aengus paused, making the two kings grow visibly tense.

"What is it? Please speak your mind, Your Imperial Highness," King Gravis asked eagerly. He was happy to hear they would regain their rule, even if it meant serving under the new Emperor, just as before.

King Araknis, however, wasn't as focused on the throne. He was more disappointed by the rejection of the marriage proposal. It had been their chance to strengthen ties with the new Emperor.

Aengus stated his condition slyly,

"Your kingdom will not have military power. Protection will be provided directly by the Liberation Empire. Of course, you may keep personal guards for your own safety. If you agree, we can proceed with handing over the throne we'll reclaim tomorrow."

This essentially meant they would become puppet kings with no true power to speak of, though they would still manage the kingdom's internal affairs.

Aengus planned to implement the same strategy for the other kingdoms he intended to conquer in the near future. The only exception would be Araknis Kingdom, due to his promise to General Leon.

King Gravis' old face fell, a reaction that didn't escape Aengus' sharp eyes.

"What? You can't agree? If so, perhaps you should forget about the throne," Aengus said coldly. "There will only be one army unified under our command."

Kings Araknis and Gravis flinched at the domineering pressure radiating from Aengus.

"Ah, no, Your Imperial Majesty. I agree with the proposal. I am sorry my old brain couldn't comprehend your great goal sooner. We will be one and unified. I am happy to receive the Liberation Empire's protection, actually," King Gravis replied, flustered.

King Gravis realized he had no choice but to agree. Besides, it wasn't entirely bad to relinquish military power to the Emperor while securing the Kingdom's protection.

Though he was convinced, he worried the nobles might disagree with the arrangement. Surrendering their forces to the Empire would strip them of power. As for the nobles who had betrayed King Gravis, they wouldn't even get the chance to bargain—they would be granted swift death.

That much confidence King Gravis had, especially after hearing King Milphomor's praise of the Young Emperor.

"Alright then, it's a deal. Have your soldiers join the Liberation Army as per the agreement. We will send an official document soon; be sure to sign it with your Kingdom's Crest," Aengus said, waving his hand dismissively.

"And one last thing: King Araknis, please tell your daughter that if she harbors any special feelings for me, it would be best for her to forget them," Aengus added, ignoring King Milphomor's depressed mood.

King Araknis could only acquiesce, giving Aengus a small nod.

#### Chapter 251: Chapter 251: Assassination Attempt

As soon as they stepped out of the cottage, the two old Kings found themselves face-to-face with Aria.

They almost stumbled, but they forced themselves to stay composed. The earlier warning from Aengus echoed in their minds.

"Have a blessed night, Empress!" they muttered hastily before hurrying away.

Aria raised an eyebrow, watching their backs as they scurried off like frightened children. Feeling puzzled, she entered the bedroom of the cottage, where Aengus was waiting patiently.

"Ethan, why were they here at this hour? They were acting as if I'm some kind of monster," Aria asked, settling beside him.

Aengus chuckled, clearly amused at the thought of their panic.

"They came to discuss an important deal about the throne. Nothing too significant. Perhaps I should grant your family a Kingdom to rule as well—it might help maintain control more effectively," Aengus said as he gently pulled Aria onto his lap.

She smelled fresh and natural, her skin glowing softly as if she'd just bathed before coming in.

Aria shrugged. "Do as you wish. But tell me, when are you going back? I'd like to "meet" her," she said through gritted teeth.

Aengus was amused and replied, "I'll go back once I win the Kairos Emperor's Seat. I've already informed Bella about it. Just be at ease, Aria. She's not that bad—though, of course, she's a bit naughty. She's working hard alongside my clone as well."

As he answered, Aengus pinned her down.

Aria felt a wave of heat but still asked seductively, "Am I not as hardworking as her?"

"Yes, you are, my Empress!" he replied seductively near her ears.

—

At midnight, Aria and Aengus seemed to be sound asleep entangled with each other, undisturbed and without a care.

"Whoosh!"

Suddenly, Aengus' eyes shot open, sensing unusual movements nearby.

He stood up slowly, instantly alert.

It was astonishing enough that someone could come this close without triggering his Supreme Hunter's Senses.

Activating All-Seeing Sovereign, he spotted seven shadowy figures approaching the cottage, even bypassing the generals' alertness.

Using Appraisal, Aengus identified them as top-tier assassins with Transcendental power. Their deadliness was beyond doubt.

Aengus was about to intervene, but an unexpected individual entered the fray, exuding unshakable conviction.

Aengus smirked, pleased by the turn of events. He decided to wait patiently for the right moment to act.

—

The seven shadowy figures moved skillfully through the darkness, their eyes gleaming with predatory hunger. Yet, curiously, no killing intent leaked from them.

Their art of concealing tracks and executing silent maneuvers was flawless, far surpassing even the elite Silvermoon Clan.

These were true creatures of the night, embarking on a mission deemed impossible.

Suddenly, there was a whooshing sound, and a giant shadow was seen on the sky.

They paused and looked at the sky and saw a huge giant human's foot descending on them with incredible speed.

"Boom!"

The assassins moved away from getting crushed under the giant but panicked nonetheless.

"Sh\*t, we are caught. Let's escape!" They took out a few teleportation scrolls to leave instantly.

But then something unexpected happened.

"What's happening?" Their panicked voices rose.

The scrolls burned, but they were not teleported.

They looked at each other, masking each other's nervousness.

"Oh, we have guests. What a Surprise. But why are they in such a hurry to leave?" Aengus arrived before them from the shadows, his figure radiating bone-chilling coldness.

Quin, in his titan form, was beside him as well, but his posture was humble before Aengus.

Quin remained silent, letting Aengus speak, and he was sure these assassins couldn't escape either in his Emperor's presence.

He could have been defeated against the Assassins, but he stood out bravely to warn others.

Surprisingly, Quin was the one who noticed their infiltration because of his incredible inherent skill from the Ancient Titan Bloodline.

"The space here is locked, leader!" one of the assassins whispered in the leader's ears.

The assassin leader was surprised, looked at their target with extreme vigilance.

The information of the New Emperor's incredible skills was true after all.

Not only that, Aengus looked overpowered in every aspect. Aengus's calm eyes, playful smirk, and confident aura told it all.

The leader signaled others to leave as he found no confidence in defeating the Rebellious Emperor.

Instantly, they transformed into their shadow forms, making a grave mistake in that moment.

Quin was about to act, while Aengus activated Shadow Monarch's dominion and his command reached into the World of Shadows.

"Come back!" Aengus commanded.

Instantly, the seven assassins were forcefully dragged away in their shadow form right before Aengus'.

Quin paused mid-air and looked at Aengus with a dumbfounded gaze.

Quin found his Emperor's skills to be unfathomable and uncountable.

The assassins found themselves restricted in their shadow form even after trying to escape with all their might.

"So, the Dragon Emperor sent you personally? That was a little unexpected!" Aengus said, looking intrigued.

The assassins were stunned silent by the casual revelation of their employer, who had hired them specifically to execute the new, rising, rebellious Emperor.

They were a notorious group of assassins, famed for their 100% loyalty and unbreakable code of never revealing their employer's identity.

So how did the new Emperor uncover it so easily?

"The Dragon Emperor?"

General Leon's voice, filled with apprehension, echoed in the night.

The three generals finally became aware of the source of the disturbance.

They turned their wary gazes toward the seven shadowy figures, feeling a pang of shame that the assassins had managed to slip past their surveillance.

“Yes, the Dragon Emperor! However unexpected it might be, it’s true,” Aengus confirmed, his tone calm but resolute. He had no more to say after learning their identities and their goal.

General Felix’s incredulous voice broke the tension.

“And here I was expecting this from Emperor Kairos. Truly a surprise!”

Aengus focused on the task at hand.

Under everyone’s watchful eyes, Aengus touched the foreheads of the assassins, instantly taking control of their minds using the Shadow Monarch’s Influence on the weaker-soul.

The assassins immediately knelt before him, now viewing Aengus as their lord and god. They had become nothing more than loyal slaves.

“Go, survey the area, and inform me if anyone else dares to infiltrate,” Aengus commanded the Shadow Assassins.

This action increased their Transcendental powerhouses to 12, a significant boost to their army.

Chapter 252: Chapter 252: Kairos Empire VS Liberation Empire

When morning came, the Liberation Empire started its march toward the Skyfall Kingdom with full momentum.

The army consisted of nearly 18 million soldiers: 10 million from Aengus’ personal army, 3 million from the Skyfall Kingdom, now branded under the Liberation Empire, and 5 million from the Araknis Kingdom.

The remaining troops from the Araknis Kingdom stayed behind to guard their homeland alongside the Northern Duke.

The three generals joined Aengus as part of the expedition.

The massive army was divided into two main sections: air troops and ground troops, which included allied forces from the two kingdoms.

The air troops soared through the skies aboard five massive flying warships, wyverns, and other flying beasts.



The ground troops comprised foot soldiers, cavalry, and war carriages, advancing in perfect coordination.

They marched in unison, like swarms of bats in the sky and ants on the ground.

Aengus, Aria, Drake, Yona, and the three generals led the army from the very front, riding aboard a slightly larger warship in the sky.

Surprisingly, Princess Delilah was also on the same ship, positioned just behind them. She appeared casual despite knowing about her rejection by the Emperor.

But only she knew what was going on in her mind. Perhaps she was trying to prove something, or maybe it was a pursuit of honor and glory that drove her to join the war.

The army moved swiftly, and within nearly an hour, they had reached the border of the Skyfall Kingdom.

Aengus could already see a defensive line set up 10 kilometers away from their position.

Aengus turned back.

“Be ready, everyone. Their numbers may look large, but our courage will lead us to victory,” Aengus said, addressing the others.

They had initially been worried about the enemy’s numbers, but after Aengus’ words, they began deploying their plan of attack.

Sometimes, numbers don’t represent everything—just like the unstoppable force of their Emperor.

The generals took command of the war while Aengus activated all his senses to an extreme level, staying alert for any potential ambush.

Aria stood beside him, concentrating deeply to enhance her nature powers. She wanted to help Aengus even more.

Aengus noticed her efforts but said nothing, but he appreciated each of her hard efforts.

Who knows perhaps she might even surpass him one day.

Aengus focused intently on the battle ahead.

“Prepare the magic cannons!” General Leon commanded through his communication device, his voice sharp and clear.

As the warships reached firing range, the five massive vessels prepared their formidable magical cannons.

Crews of several people loaded the black cannonballs into the chambers, straining under their immense weight and destructive potential.

Late the previous night, Aengus had personally infused the cannonballs with Chaos Energy, increasing their destructive power exponentially.

“Set the targets!”

“Wait for my command to fire!” General Leon ordered, keeping the crews on edge.

Moments later, assessing the urgency, he finally shouted, “And... fire!”

Leon’s command echoed across the sky. The ships’ mechanisms roared to life as the massive cannons discharged their payload with thunderous booms.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!”

The five multicolored cannonballs, each at least 25 meters in radius, hurtled toward the ground with tremendous velocity, enhanced by both their initial force and gravity.

On the enemy’s side, massive magical shields sprang to life, shimmering with power, as their caster stood behind them with pride and arrogance.

The defenders were confident in their ability to block the Cannons Balls, dismissing the warships as mere middle-class threats.

But they had no idea that this time, they were facing an entirely different level of destruction.

With a flash of multicolored light, the cannonballs detonated just before making contact with the transparent shields.

“What?!”

“Rumble! Rumble!”

The shield casters’ eyes widened in horror as catastrophe unfolded above them.

The explosions released waves of destructive Chaos Energy, instantly reducing the defenders beneath the shields to mincemeat—ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

When the dust settled, all that remained was charred ground, a grim reminder of the destruction that had claimed hundreds of thousands of lives.

The first round of the attack had been a resounding success, and the Liberation Empire stood victorious.

Despite their superior numbers, the Kairos Imperial Army suffered a significant and demoralizing loss.

“Damn it!”

A frustrated commander growled, exhaling a cloud of smoke from his cigar as he stood amidst the rain triggered by the explosions.

“How can their cannons be so strong, despite their warships being middle-class?” he muttered, confusion evident in his voice.

“Commander, should we call in our high-class fleet now?” a high-ranking official suggested, grinning wickedly behind him. “They’ll crush those mid-class warships in no time.”

“Yes, give them the signal!” the commander snapped. His face twisted with disdain as he spat on the ground. “Not one of those rebel bastards should be left alive! Not even their so called ‘Emperor’ bloody Savior my foot!”

His voice grew louder as he added with fervor, “Only our Emperor is mighty!”

“Kill!”

—

“Etha... no... Zero, the enemy warships are approaching!” General Leon reminded, his ocean-blue eyes reflecting the distant fleet.

“Yes, I can see that, General. And from the looks of it, our ships aren’t enough to match them, are they?” Aengus asked, his piercing gaze locked onto the enemy warships advancing steadily.

The enemy’s fleet was already double the size of their own and in terms of quantity as well.

If the Dwarves had been present, their army would have had access to higher-class flying battleships capable of evening the odds. But, unfortunately, that wasn’t possible at the moment.

Aengus had already tasked his clone with locating the culprit responsible for the disappearance of the Ancient Dwarves.

General Leon clenched his fists, frustration etched on his face as he replied, "Yes, Your Majesty. Not only are their warships superior in number, but their ground cavalry and magi-mech technology also surpass ours in strength."

Suddenly, Aria's eyes snapped open, and she said confidently,

"I can take care of the ground vehicles, Ethan. You should go and handle the warships..." She had a confident aura, as if she had received new enlightenment.

Chapter 253: Chapter 253: Destroy To Win

"Alright, I have confidence in you, Aria," Aengus said gently. Then he turned to General Leon.

"General, let's proceed with the plan the Empress suggested," he said, expecting a nod of approval.

General Leon looked between the enemy's Disaster-Class Warships and Aengus.

In his mind's eye, Zero's figure was replaced by the image of a massive black dragon, one even larger and more fearsome than the looming disaster ahead.

"It's perfect, but be careful. I will lead the army for now," Leon replied firmly, his confidence in Aengus unwavering.

He believed that Aengus could destroy the Disaster-Class Warships.

Aengus, pleased with Leon's support, moved to depart. His gaze then fell on Quin, who was standing nearby, awaiting his personal order.

"Quin, go and protect your Empress! Once the war is over, you will get your meal," Aengus commanded, his voice firm yet calm, as he flawlessly revealed his regal dragon wings in human form.

Quin, amazed at the sight of the magnificent wings, didn't forget to bow in respect.

"Your wish is my command, Your Imperial Highness!" Quin declared.

Though he deeply wished to join Aengus in battle, Quin knew he was not yet strong enough to face the Transcententials, even in his Ancient Titan form.

"Swoosh!"

Aengus soared through the sky, extending his hand into the space nearby. With a ripple of energy, he summoned his Godslayer Weapon from the pocket dimension, gripping it tightly as it gleamed ominously under the morning light.

Aria watched his confident silhouette slicing through the heavens, her resolve hardening.

“Sister, take us to the ground. We should fight alongside the ground troops,” Drake reminded, his voice steady with purpose.

Delilah and Yona stepped forward, ready to accompany her.

Aria’s gaze shifted to Quin, who was nervously fidgeting, clearly uneasy about the altitude.

Quin, stranded 1,000 meters above the ground, was helpless. He would be reduced to a mangled mess if he attempted to jump from the Flying ship without any flying-related skills.

He sighed inwardly, lamenting that he hadn’t yet acquired such abilities from the others since his arrival.

Aria couldn’t help but smile at his plight. With a wave of her hand, her mysterious Nature powers surged, summoning three large, majestic birds.

“Get on,” she instructed to Quin as well.

Quin looked flattered by the Empress’ thoughtfulness.

Quin and the others climbed atop the summoned birds. Quin, grateful yet awkward, found himself seated behind the armored Princess Delilah, who looked battle-ready, radiating the aura of a fearless knight.

“Be a man, Quin,” he muttered under his breath repeatedly, sitting as rigidly as possible, careful not to touch her.

After all, what if she was a future wife candidate for his Emperor?

Besides, Quin already had someone dear in his heart.

Princess Delilah remained silent, her gaze distant as if lost in thought.

With Aria’s firm command, the summoned birds dove gracefully toward the battlefield, their descent observed by the sharp eyes of the Generals above.

—

On the enemy's side

"Captain, someone is approaching from the enemy's side," a cautious soldier reported, his voice tinged with urgency.

The stern-looking captain stood on the deck of the warship, exuding confidence and pride. His sharp gaze scanned the skies, scrutinizing the lone figure heading toward them.

At first, he dismissed the approaching figure as some desperate fool, recklessly attempting a futile attack. But as the distance closed, clarity broke through the stormy wind and rain, aided by his Transcendental senses.

The captain's expression shifted abruptly to one of alarm.

"That's the Rebel Emperor, you fools!" he bellowed, his voice booming across the deck. "Shoot him down! Pierce him apart!"

—

"Let's see... Manas, what are the chances of a surprise ambush by the Kairos Imperial Army?" Aengus asked.

Manas calculated flawlessly and replied, "I would say it's 90%, Master. The Kairos Emperor has likely anticipated your next move. He may have already deployed additional troops to ambush you."

Aengus looked thoughtful. "Yes, I expected as much. But the question is, how many troops could they possibly send?"

"Sorry, Master. I can't provide an exact number, but it's possible their forces could triple the size of their current army if Emperor Kairos is taking you seriously," Manas responded.

Aengus frowned briefly at the numbers, but soon a confident grin crossed his face. "More numbers mean more resources... and me growing even stronger."

"Let me obliterate these people first, and then we'll think about dealing them."

Aengus brandished his sword, transforming it into a colossal axe nearly 500 meters long.

Under the astonished eyes of the enemy, the towering axe hovered above his fingertips as if defying all logic.

Gripping the enormous weapon with his comparatively small hand, Aengus activated Divine Power Boost, multiplying his stats by five. This, combined with the raw power of the weapon itself, elevated his total stats to nearly 200,000. His overwhelming aura surged like a tidal wave, sending shivers of fear through the enemy ranks while filling his own army with awe and admiration.

“Oh my God!”

“What kind of weapon is that?”

The crew aboard the first enemy ship froze in terror, paralyzed by the raw energy radiating from the union of Aegis and Aengus.

“Fu\*k! Evacuate!”

“Evacuate immediately, you fools!”

The captain’s desperate roar echoed across the deck as he watched the massive axe begin its descent with unstoppable force. He knew without a doubt that their Disaster-Class ship’s defenses would crumble under such an attack.

Time was running out, and panic gripped the soldiers..

Some jumped in panic, leaping overboard to escape the inevitable doom, while others were not fast enough to avoid their fate.

The colossal axe descended, creating a cataclysmic explosion across the disaster-class ships as it cleaved through the first vessel with devastating force, splitting it in half.

Aengus wasn’t finished. He swung the weapon once more, each motion as precise as it was devastating, targeting the remaining ships that posed a threat to his army.

“Boom, Boom, Boom!”

One by one, the warships were obliterated, their numbers reduced to two. Amid the chaos, two ordinary Transcententials dared to confront the massive axe directly.

However, their efforts were in vain, as they were crushed and reduced to a gruesome mush of blood and flesh under its overwhelming power.

Chapter 254: Chapter 254: Rebel Emperor  
[Strength +1, Agility +0.5, Defense +1]

[Strength +2, Agility +1.5, Defense +3]

[Strength +1... ]

....

Aengus stood amidst the destruction, absorbing the essence of annihilation to bolster his strength through Omni-Devour.

The colossal axe shrank back into its sword form and returned to its sheath after obliterating all the warships.

As the absorption completed, Aengus turned his gaze toward the frustrated and enraged Transcendentals on the opposing side.

There were at least twenty of them—a formidable number in any sense—but they seemed hesitant to approach after witnessing such an overwhelming display of power.

Aengus surmised they were likely waiting for reinforcements, probably more allied Imperial forces.

“If you’re done waiting for help, shall we begin our battle?” Aengus taunted, mocking their reluctance.

His words struck a nerve, and some of the Transcendentals visibly bristled with rage.

“No, no. Not now... Wait a few seconds, please!” one of them suddenly pleaded, his tone shamelessly desperate.

Several of his companions touched their foreheads in embarrassment, ashamed of his groveling.

Aengus was amused by the scene but knew he couldn’t afford to waste any more time.

Aengus whooshed, instantly appearing beside one of the Transcendentals. His hand shot out, clutching the enemy’s throat and rendering them immobile. The sheer terror of death reflected in the man’s wide eyes as he faced Aengus’ emotionless gaze up close.

“Spare—”

Before he could finish pleading, a black hole formed above his head, and he was instantly devoured.

[Strength +200, Agility +201, Defense +230]

[Origin Mana +3,000]

[You have gained a new skill: Starfall Cataclysm (SS)]



[You have gained a new skill: Eternal Ice Barrier (SS)]

[You have gained a new skill: Tiebreaker Annihilation Sword Slash (SS)]

[The rest of the lower-rank skills have been assimilated with Universal Synthesis to level up. ]

Aengus, having finished devouring the first Transcendental, turned toward the others who were already gathering around, preparing to use the Kairos Divine Fusion Sword.

Seeing this, his eyes glinted with cold determination to kill.

Without hesitation, Aengus rushed forward, his sword glowing as he cut through them one by one, his movements space tearing and precise. Each strike was deadly, each foe falling with no chance to retaliate. As he killed, he devoured their essence, feeling his physical stats surge.

[Strength +250, Agility +220, Defense +270]

With each Transcendental slain, Aengus absorbed more power. He felt the raw energy of his enemies flow into him, empowering his body and Soul. The skills he gained from his fallen foes fused together, increasing his abilities further.

Aengus focused on assimilating the lesser skills while holding on to the SS Rank ones for versatility. He knew that the more powerful skills would be essential in the coming battles, but for now, his strength was growing exponentially.

His bloodlust was harrowing, and the battlefield became a playground to his unrelenting desire to crush anyone who dared to oppose him.

The enemies who once stood tall were now reduced to nothing, their strength and pride swallowed by the god-like force he had become.

On the ground below, Aria like a merciless Goddess, already immobilized the enemy horse-carriages and disrupted the imposing cavalry using her command over nature.

Trees and plants emerged instantly at her will, weaving through the battlefield and performing her bidding. Her Nature Influence had grown to an astonishing degree, transforming the terrain within a 2,000-meter radius into a lush, green domain under her control.

Hundreds of thousands of enemies were injured or killed as the living vegetation ensnared, crushed, and impaled them with merciless precision.

Amidst this field of green and life, Aria stood, her shining white hair flowing gracefully, and her radiant emerald-green eyes gleaming with an ethereal charm.

She appeared heavenly, a vision of divine beauty, yet her actions toward her enemies were no less ruthless than Aengus'.

Meanwhile, the three generals engaged in fierce battles with S-Rank and higher-ranked opponents. Though formidable, they avoided clashing with the strongest enemies, as Aengus was already annihilating them single-handedly.

“For Liberation!”

“For Peace!”

“For Emperor Zero!”

The Liberation Empire was riding a wave of high spirits, their morale soaring as they pressed their advantage.

In stark contrast, the Kairos Imperial Army faltered with every moment, their numbers dwindling and despair spreading through their ranks like wildfire.

“So that’s the power of the Rebel Emperor? He is indeed a gluttonous one. But who is that girl?”

From afar, at the edge of the battlefield, an old elf muttered in astonishment and puzzlement.

Beside him stood another elf—a middle-aged man with a regal demeanor. He observed the clash between the two empires with equal interest.

Strangely, their forms flickered between tangible and intangible, as if they weren’t truly present in the vicinity of the battlefield, yet their gaze pierced through every corner of the chaos.

Even Aengus, with his heightened senses and extraordinary abilities, failed to detect their prying eyes on the battlefield.

The middle-aged elf, dressed in royal attire, answered the old man’s musings with a sly tone. “Perhaps she is his life partner. Shall we take her away to ensure the Rebel Emperor’s obedience to the Demi-Human Empire, Your Imperial Majesty?”

The old elf, revealed as the Emperor of the Demi-Human Empire, stroked his long silver beard thoughtfully, his piercing golden eyes glinting with calculation.

“An interesting suggestion,” he murmured, stroking his beard. “But let us wait. Observe her power closely. Her aura feels extraordinarily pure—perhaps even purer than that of our Mother Tree.”

The middle-aged elf, Rindel, nodded thoughtfully. “Indeed, Your Imperial Majesty. This lady seems to possess a lineage of remarkable purity. If she could establish a connection with our Mother Tree in Amariel’s absence, it would be a boon beyond measure.”

The Old Emperor’s eyes narrowed with intrigue, but he soon shifted his focus. “By the way, Rindel, how did Emperor Kairos respond to our proposal for an alliance? Did he seek our help to deal with this Rebel Emperor?”

Rindel shook his head. “No, Your Imperial Majesty. He is far too arrogant. He insisted that he doesn’t need our help and claimed he would deal with the Rebel Emperor personally.”

The Old Emperor’s expression darkened, his displeasure evident. “Foolishness! These young rulers do not understand the burden of proper governance. Arrogance blinds them to reason.”

He paused, a glimmer of disdain in his eyes. “Very well. Let us watch and see how Emperor Kairos handles this foe. It will be an instructive lesson in the folly of pride.”

“Haha...” Rindel smirked faintly. “Perhaps when the dust settles, he will regret underestimating us, Your Imperial Majesty.”

The Old Emperor gave a curt nod, his attention returning to the battlefield.

Chapter 255: Chapter 255: Enemy Reinforcements

“We’re losing the war, Commander!” one soldier cried, his voice shaking with fear.

“Where are the additional troops that Emperor Kairos promised?” another demanded, his tone laced with desperation.

“Commander, why don’t we call back our soldiers until they arrive? We can’t stop the Rebel Emperor unless our Emperor intervenes personally!”

Inside one of the enemy watchtowers, panic and despair gripped the Imperial officials as they watched their forces crumble under the might of the Rebel Emperor.

The watchtower commander furrowed his brows, his patience wearing thin. “Shut up, all of you!” he barked. “Don’t act like cowards. I’ve received word that Emperor Kairos will personally lead the reinforcements this time. So quit your whining!”

The officials exchanged relieved glances, their panic subsiding.

“Really? Thank the heavens!” one exclaimed.

“Haha! With our Emperor’s power, that bastard will finally get what he deserves. He’ll pay for killing our seniors!” another growled, clenching his fists in anger.

Suddenly, a distinct buzzing noise echoed across the battlefield.

“Buzz, buzz, buzz!”

The soldiers glanced ahead, confusion replacing their relief.

“Huh? Look over there!” one shouted, pointing toward the horizon.

Through the haze of smoke and rain, a massive army emerged, their banners unmistakable.

“The additional Imperial troops are here!”

A wave of laughter and cheers swept through the watchtower.

“Haha! Our Emperor has brought reinforcements—so many of them! We’re definitely going to win this one. I was worried for nothing!”

“Now let’s see how that Rebel Emperor handles this!” another jeered, his confidence returning.

The commander, however, remained silent, his eyes narrowing as he observed the approaching troops. Something about the timing felt too perfect, too convenient. But he pushed the thought aside. For now, the reinforcements were their salvation—or so they thought.

—

Just after finishing off the last of the Transcendentals, Aengus squinted against the battlefield’s distant horizon. His sharp eyes caught sight of the massive Imperial reinforcements that had surrounded their Liberation Army. The sheer size of the enemy forces now dwarfed their own. Warships loomed in the sky like predatory shadows, and countless ground troops swarmed, the clash of their armor echoing ominously.

The scene was grim—an overwhelming tide of soldiers now exceeding the Liberation Army by threefold.

“Ethan, what should we do?” Aria’s worried voice carried through the chaos, reaching him amidst the turmoil.

Aengus turned his head slightly, his gaze falling to Aria, who was valiantly fighting against the surging Imperial ground forces. She was surrounded, her domain of nature working tirelessly to hold back the enemy, but the sudden increase in their numbers was putting immense strain on her abilities.

“Do as planned, Aria,” Aengus responded, his voice calm yet firm, his unyielding confidence cutting through her rising fear. “Take care of yourself out there.”

The gentleness in his tone reached her ears even as the chaos of battle raged around them.

Aria clenched her fists, her emerald eyes shimmering with determination. “Understood!” she shouted back, summoning a wave of thorny vines to impale the advancing soldiers.

Aengus turned his attention back to the Imperial forces. His expression darkened as his fingers hovered over the hilt of his sword.

“So, the Kairos Empire thinks numbers alone can win this war?” he muttered to himself, a small, dangerous smirk curling at the edge of his lips. “Let’s see how long that arrogance lasts.”

“Sacred Kirin’s Blessing!”

Aengus raised his hand, instantly enveloping all his soldiers in a radiant white glow.

“Wow! I feel so strong all of a sudden!”

“Amazing! This must be the work of our Emperor!”

The soldiers of the Liberation Empire gazed at Aengus in awe, feeling their strength increase tenfold in every aspect—magical power, mental fortitude, and physical capabilities.

Aengus turned his attention to the approaching fleet of flying warships, their numbers totaling 30 Disaster-Class vessels. It was an overwhelming force compared to their own.

Yet, Aengus stood alone firm in air, his expression unshaken. Confidence radiated from him, born from the unwavering belief in his own strength to emerge victorious.

Raising his blade, now humming with unbridled Chaos energy, Aengus prepared to unleash devastation once more.

He would face them alone, and no one could stop him from winning.

His floating figure, exuding unshakable conviction as he prepared to face so many enemies at once, earned him admiration from everyone present.

The three generals were engrossed in their own battles, yet they couldn't help but glance skyward at Aengus from time to time. His unwavering resolve reminded them of the indomitable spirit their Emperor carried at this moment. Even their own confidence would have wavered in the position he now held.

Aengus' small frame, dwarfed by the massive warships looming before him, was a sight that made onlookers marvel at the sheer will it took to face such overwhelming odds.

It was a will so unyielding, so unkillable, that it stood firm even in the face of certain death.

“Chaotic Maelstrom (SS)!”

Aengus swung his sword in a powerful arc, creating a buzzing sphere of swirling Chaos Energy.

“Whoosh!”

With a single motion, the Chaotic Maelstrom hurled forward, racing toward the approaching ships.

“BOOOM!”

“Buzz, buzz, buzz!”

The energy sphere struck the first ship, unimpeded, and erupted into a massive tornado of chaos.

Before everyone's astonished eyes, the tornado grew rapidly, expanding to a colossal height of 6,000 meters, reaching from the ground to the clouds.

Its destructive power was unmatched, ripping apart everything in its path.

“Oh God!”

“What is this power?!”

Enemy soldiers on the ground froze in terror, staring in awe at the towering maelstrom of chaos that now dominated the battlefield.

It was then that they realized the Rebel Emperor was finally showing his true might.

The deafening sound of creaking ships filled the air, mixed with the terrified screams of those onboard. The Chaotic Maelstrom showed no mercy, disintegrating the massive warships and swallowing their crews into oblivion.

Aengus smirked, pleased with the power of his new Class Skill.

But his expression darkened when he saw the Chaotic Maelstrom suddenly lose its effect and cease to exist.

“What happened?”

Chapter 256: Chapter 256: Moments Like Eternity

“Look here, you ant!”

Suddenly, a sneer came from right behind Aengus, just a breath away.

Bang!

Before Aengus could respond, he was instantly smashed by the opponent’s broadsword.

It was only thanks to Aengus’ quick reaction that the sword didn’t pierce him.

However, the force behind the hit was immense. He felt his bones shake as he plummeted downward like a meteor.

BOOM!

Under everyone’s worried eyes, Aengus crashed to the ground like a blazing fireball, creating a deafening impact.

The earth shook, and so did the hearts of everyone present.

Just a moment ago, the new Emperor had been dominating the battlefield like an unstoppable menace. Who was this new force that appeared out of nowhere and struck Aengus so fiercely?

Aria’s knuckles turned white as she witnessed Aengus being hurt.

She rushed forward desperately to save him, a white shadow streaking across the battlefield.

The three Generals and Shadow Assassins were engaged in a fierce battle against higher-level Transcententials. They were injured and outnumbered due to the enemy reinforcements.

It was only thanks to Aengus' blessing that they could hold their ground and match the power of the high-level Transcendentals.

However, they immediately recognized the new, dominating presence.

"Ah, that's His Excellency, Emperor Kairos himself!" one of Kairos' soldiers shouted excitedly, despite his battered and bloodied state.

"Hell yeah! Finally, that devilish menace is going to get what he deserves. How dare he devour our brothers!" another soldier yelled, his eyes burning with fury.

The cheers of the Kairos Empire's soldiers echoed across the battlefield, their morale surging as they shouted:

"We're saved!"

In stark contrast, the soldiers of the Liberation Empire felt their spirits waver, a shadow of doubt creeping into their resolve.

—

Aengus slowly stood, wincing as he felt the sharp pain of a few broken ribs. Brushing off the dust and ashes clinging to him, he activated his Phoenix Resurgence skill, instantly healing his injuries and returning his body to peak condition.

Raising his gaze, Aengus spotted a man in a royal golden robe floating in the sky, exuding disdain and annoyance.

It was Emperor Kairos.

The young-looking emperor, appearing to be in his early 30s, was handsome and muscular, wielding a massive sword in one hand. However, the arrogant smirk plastered across his face marred his beauty, turning admiration into contempt.

Aengus narrowed his eyes, analyzing Kairos' status. He discovered that the emperor was at Level 340, with overwhelmingly high stat points that exceeded his own. Kairos' skills were all sword-focused, including devastating Sword Fusion techniques.

It was clear this would be a hard fight, but Aengus felt confident in his ability to prevail if he gave his all.

Just as Aengus prepared to transform into his Abyssal Blazing Dragon form, his gaze was drawn to Emperor Kairos' dangerous smirk. The emperor had locked his eyes on Aria, who was rushing across the battlefield.

"Buzz!"



With a deafening roar, Kairos dove from the sky, tearing through the sound barrier with his massive broadsword, aiming to strike Aria. The vicious grin on his face sent a chill through the air.

Aengus' face darkened, gripping Aegis tightly in his hand.

"Divine Halo (SS)!"

"Tiebreaker Annihilation Sword (SS)"

A radiant aura exploded around Aengus, illuminating the battlefield as he leaped into action to intercept the emperor's attack.

Divine Halo surged through Aengus, amplifying his raw strength fivefold. Simultaneously, his sword blazed with Annihilation Energy, imbuing it with devastating power capable of ignoring the strength disparity of any foe below the God Level.

Each step across the spatial fabric was a desperate race against time to save Aria.

"I will show you true despair, you ant!" Emperor Kairos sneered, increasing his speed. His confidence in reaching Aria first grew with every passing second.

Aengus' heart skipped a beat, but he forced himself to stay calm. He knew he needed more than just speed to match the emperor's pace. Drawing upon his mana reserves, he focused entirely on comprehending the Laws of Space, a gamble that seemed like the only viable option.

His mastery over the Spatial Laws was at a meager 0.15%, despite his prior attempts to use them more frequently. But now, desperation and unshakable willpower spurred his mind to operate at an unprecedented pace.

MANAS had also increased his comprehension speed by many times.

The world seemed to slow around him, every fraction of a second stretching into an eternity. His thoughts became a flurry of calculations and insights, driven solely by his resolve to protect Aria.

Space Law Comprehension +0.03, +0.05, +0.02...

In that fleeting moment, his comprehension began to soar at an extraordinary rate.

When it reached 1%, Aengus felt a monumental shift within himself. His connection to the spatial fabric deepened, granting him newfound mastery over its intricacies and the ability to manipulate quantum entanglements with far greater precision.

With this heightened comprehension, his steps now spanned ten times the distance they had before.

In a flash, Aengus appeared at Aria's side, just as Emperor Kairos' massive sword was about to strike her back.

"Flash!"

With a blinding burst of energy, Aengus raised Aegis, intercepting the deadly blow in the nick of time.

Aria stood frozen, stunned by Aengus' sudden appearance in front of her. She had no idea of the intense exchange of speed and power that had just transpired. Unaware that someone had been moments away from ending her life, she blinked in confusion, trying to piece together what had happened.

While she remained puzzled, Aengus stood firm, shielding her from the destructive energy unleashed by the collision. The force rippled outward like waves across a stormy sea, tearing through the air and ground with an intensity that left deep scars in the battlefield.

"A-Aria," Aengus said, his voice steady despite the chaos around them. "Don't come close until I am done. But know one thing—today's victory will be ours!"

"Uh, okay..."

Aria nodded reluctantly, but the next moment, she disappeared from the spot completely through a spatial portal far away.

Aengus turned his attention to Emperor Kairos, who seemed displeased.

Chapter 257: Chapter 257: Fight For Supremacy

The Liberation Empire's condition was dire, with almost 10% of the soldiers having fallen to the enemy's hand, despite the boost from Aengus.

The enemy's numbers were overwhelming, and their strength far greater, so the situation was only natural.

The generals were in terrible condition, bloodied and battered. General Martin had even lost his left hand while defending.

General Leon, his bloodshot eyes fixed on Aengus' figure, clung to a shred of hope.

"Come on, you're the only one who can do this, Zero!" he roared silently in his mind.

He wasn't afraid of death but feared losing. Aengus had given him the vision of a world free from war, a dream of prosperity. It was a vision he now held close to his heart.

Aria was positioned at a far corner of the battlefield, channeling her nature-based powers to aid their army by saving lives in critical moments. The desperation in her eyes was evident as she gave everything she had, delving deep into the essence of the world in search of something elusive. Yet, it was proving to be one of the hardest challenges she had ever faced.

—

“Oh, the rebel Emperor is already losing? I thought he would be a real challenge. Truly disappointing,” Rindel remarked, shaking his head in disapproval.

The Old Elf Emperor disagreed, his voice carrying a weight of wisdom. “No, Rindel. That young man hasn't given up yet. Look closely at his face.”

Rindel, puzzled, turned his attention to Aengus. He observed carefully as the Old Emperor's profound words reached his ears.

“His face may seem indifferent, but look deeper. There's a confident smirk, a devilish glint concealed beneath his calm facade. People like him are the most dangerous. You never know when they'll reveal their true strength.”

The Old Emperor's words sent a chill down Rindel's spine, as it perfectly described the enigmatic presence of Aengus.

Both of them felt a deep sense of foreboding, as if something horrifying and unexpected was about to unfold at any moment.

—

Aengus' patience was wearing thin as he observed the dire condition of his army while listening to Kairos' incessant, disdainful rambling.

“Are you done?” Aengus asked, his tone sharp with impatience.

“Mongrel, you're still so arrogant even after witnessing your army's defeat. Why don't you just submit to me obediently? You'll be given enough bones to chew, as my obedient dog...” Emperor Kairos spat, gripping the SS-Rank broadsword resting on his shoulder.

Aengus had had enough. His eyes burned with determination as he replied, “Who is the dog? Only time will tell, Kairos. Let the game begin now.”

Emperor Kairos' expression darkened with fury at the audaciousness of the young man before him. How dare this insolent rebel speak to him this way? Hadn't he beaten him to a pulp mere moments ago?

But there was something unnerving about Aengus, something Kairos couldn't ignore. Despite his overwhelming advantage in strength, skills, and resources, he felt uneasy.

Why?

Why did this "ant" radiate such confidence, as though he were the predator and not the prey?

What Emperor Kairos failed to realize was that Aengus' skills were anything but ordinary. They were forged through countless battles and honed by merging with numerous abilities he had encountered along his journey.

Aengus' SS-Rank skill wasn't just powerful; it was unparalleled, transcending the strength of any ordinary SS-Rank skill.

"Rooooaaar!"

A bone-chilling roar echoed across the battlefield, sending shockwaves through the air. Under everyone's stunned gaze, Aengus began to transform, his body twisting and expanding into his Abyssal Dragon form—dark, demonic, and colossal.

"Rumble!"

The sky darkened under a thunderous storm, as if the heavens themselves couldn't bear the overwhelming presence of the Abyssal Dragon. Bolts of lightning illuminated the ominous clouds, casting fleeting shadows over the battlefield, while the wind howled like a mournful dirge. The storm seemed almost alive, reflecting the chaos and power radiating from Aengus' colossal dragon form.

The dragon's head stretched to an unimaginable height, towering 10,000 meters above the ground. Its massive wings unfurled, radiating an eerie, blazing hellfire that consumed the battlefield in darkness, blotting out the sun.

Soldiers from both sides froze in silence, their faces pale with shock. Some stood with jaws agape, unable to comprehend the overwhelming power before them.

Even at a great distance, the heat from Aengus' form scorched their skin, sending shivers of fear through their spines as they wondered what would happen if they ventured closer.

From where Aengus stood, the ground began to melt, turning into molten rock under the intense heat radiating from his transformed body.

Emperor Kairos' eyes narrowed, his heartbeat quickening as adrenaline surged through his veins. Compared to the towering dragon, he looked like a mere speck of dust, insignificant in size and presence.

But instead of despair, a fierce grin spread across Kairos' face.

He was not giving up. Even in such an unfavorable position, where a single breath from Aengus could reduce him to ashes, his defiance burned brighter than ever.

Aengus' massive dragon paw began to descend upon Emperor Kairos like a meteor, each movement creating immense pressure below, as if it were the hand of a god about to strike.

"Come here, all of you! Sacrifice yourselves for this Emperor!" Kairos commanded.

In response, Emperor Kairos summoned his personal guard—26 Transcententials—ready to die for him at a moment's notice.

The Transcententials' eyes were hollow, as if they were being controlled or brainwashed into unwavering loyalty. Without hesitation, they quickly gathered around Emperor Kairos in a circular formation, creating a protective barrier.

Kairos raised his broadsword high, its blade turning a radiant gold as he activated a secret skill.

"God Kairos' Doom Fusion!"

The Transcententials instantly disintegrated into a bloody mush, their essence merging seamlessly with Emperor Kairos' broadsword.

The blade radiated an intense golden glow, pulsating with divine energy, as though it were a weapon forged by the gods themselves.

"Hahaha..."

Emperor Kairos let out a maniacal laugh, his voice echoing through the battlefield. The surge of divine power coursing through him filled him with overwhelming confidence, granting him the strength to challenge the colossal dragon before him.

With a mighty leap, Kairos soared into the sky, aiming to meet Aengus head-on in a titanic collision.

Chapter 258: Chapter 258: Defeat  
RUMBLE!!!

The two forces collided, creating a massive shockwave that flattened everything in its path.

“Run!”

Panic spread through the battlefield as people, with broken and injured bodies, scrambled to save themselves from the devastating aftermath of the SS Rank clash.

Emperor Kairos was forced to retreat, crashing to the ground under the overwhelming force of Aengus’ attack.

Now lying in a deep crater, Kairos rubbed his eyes in disbelief. He looked up, only to find Aengus standing tall and unharmed, the immense power of the Abyssal Dragon radiating around him.

The golden sword in Kairos’ hand vibrated intensely, its energy struggling to match the raw power emanating from the dragon.

Kairos’ heart sank as realization dawned on him—Aengus’ strength far surpassed his own. Even his SS Rank Fusion Skill, once deemed unbeatable, was now rendered useless against the might of the Abyssal Dragon.

“Roar!”

Aengus flapped his colossal, blazing wings, creating a powerful gust of heat and wind as he dived toward Emperor Kairos, determined to end the battle.

Kairos, gritting his teeth, raised his golden sword high once more, letting its divine energy surge through him. The golden glow intensified, boosting his strength threefold.

“CLANG!”

The massive tip of Aengus’ claw collided with the golden sword, sending shockwaves rippling through the battlefield.

For a moment, to Kairos’ immense relief, they were locked in a stalemate.

“Roar!”

“Die!”

But Aengus wasn't finished. Multicolored chaos energy began to swirl around him, engulfing his massive claws. The energy crackled with destructive force as his claws pressed harder against the golden sword, slowly breaking through its divine protection.

Kairos' eyes flashed with fear. He knew if he relented even for a second, those claws would tear through him like paper.

Desperate, he activated every boost and berserk-related skill he had, pushing his body and power to the absolute limit. But even as his strength surged, it was not enough to match the overwhelming force of the Abyssal Dragon.

Aengus' massive, cold, and unfeeling eyes stared straight into Kairos' soul, sending a chill through his body despite the scorching heat around him.

“Crack! Crack! Crack!”

The sound of the golden sword splintering grew louder. Despite all his efforts, Kairos couldn't stop the inevitable. The golden sword, his last bastion of hope and strength, now filled with cracks, teetering on the brink of shattering into pieces.

Kaboom!

Finally, the golden sword shattered into countless fragments, leaving Emperor Kairos' chest completely exposed.

With unstoppable momentum, Aengus' razor-sharp claws tore through Kairos' chest as effortlessly as a knife slicing through butter.

“Argh!”

A guttural scream erupted from Emperor Kairos as unbearable pain coursed through his body. The chaos energy left behind by Aengus' strike churned inside him, corroding his flesh inch by inch.

His once-proud and domineering figure now looked horrifying—his chest a mess of burned and torn flesh, his expression contorted in agony. Soldiers on both sides swallowed hard, unable to imagine the excruciating pain their once-unshakable leader was enduring.

But one fact was undeniable: Emperor Kairos, who had entered the battlefield as an overwhelming force, had now been reduced to a pitiful shadow of his former self.

The three generals were still alive but battered and bloodied. They felt a wave of relief as they witnessed Kairos' fall. The tides of the battle had shifted.

And in the eerie silence that followed, all eyes turned to the scene where the true victor of this war was being decided.

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“Your Imperial Majesty, should we intervene?” Rindel asked hesitantly.

“No, even I am not certain I could match this beast now,” the old elf replied, his tone resolute.

Both of them wore grave expressions as they continued to watch Aengus’ transformation unfold.

The sheer presence of the dragon left no room for doubt—it was a force beyond their comprehension. Because of this, they immediately abandoned the idea of abducting Aria.

The beast likely possessed heightened senses now, and provoking it would only invite catastrophe upon their empire. They understood this all too well, having witnessed Aengus’ fierce protectiveness toward her with their very own eyes.

“Then how should we address his growing ambitions, Your Majesty? I am certain that one day he will come after us as well,” Rindel pressed cautiously.

The Demi-Human Emperor fell into deep thought, his expression heavy.

“We’ll need to consult the Council to devise a possible solution, Rindel. Let’s not linger here any longer. We may also need to reach out to the other Emperors if necessary. The demons were already a grave issue, and now this abomination... the future of our empire looks increasingly uncertain,” the Emperor declared grimly.

“Your Majesty is wise! We indeed must act swiftly to find a solution,” Rindel replied respectfully, bowing his head.

Inwardly, they both sought to reassure themselves. Their departure was not out of fear for their lives, but rather a strategic withdrawal. They convinced themselves that they would return stronger and better prepared.

For now, however, they vanished from the edge of the battlefield like smoke dissipating into the air.

---

Aengus gazed down at Emperor Kairos, his piercing eyes filled with cold fury.



“For daring to kill my beloved, you will face a death more painful than you can imagine,” Aengus declared, his deep, resonating voice sending shockwaves through the air as he loomed over the fallen Emperor.

Without hesitation, he unleashed a stream of world-corrosive venom, a substance so potent that its mere touch brought agony beyond comprehension.

“Ahhh... Save me, Your Excellency!” Kairos screamed, his voice filled with desperation as the venom seared through his body, inflicting torment he had never known.

The Emperor roared to the heavens, pleading for salvation from the gods he had devoted his life to.

But no god came to his rescue.

Kairos' heart sank, his faith shattered. Was his devotion worth nothing to them? he thought, bitterness consuming him as his strength began to wane.

With his life slipping away, Emperor Kairos managed to lift his gaze to the colossal dragon that had brought him to this state. The sight of Aengus, radiating unrelenting power, was the last image burned into his mind as despair overtook him.

“Hehe... heh...”

Emperor Kairos let out a deranged laugh as he was swiftly devoured, unable to escape his fate before vanishing from existence.

Chapter 259: Chapter 259: True Emperor  
[ Strength +1000, Agility +1100, Defense +1000 ]

[ Origin Mana +6,000 ]

[ You have leveled up multiple times. ]

[ You have earned a new title: Emperor Slayer; Grants you the Halo of an Emperor forged through the ages. It compels others to show you respect and view you as the salvation of their struggles. ]

[ You have gained a new skill: Gift (SS); The user can transfer skills to other individuals with suitable constitutions. ]

[ You have gained a new skill: God Kairos Doom Fusion (SS); A sacrificial Sword skill that summons the divine power of God Kairos temporarily. The power boost depends on the level of sacrifice. ]

[ You have gained a new skill: Voidbreaker Slash (SS); A single, devastating strike that tears through space, creating a rift that damages enemies in a straight line and disrupts skill ]

[ You have gained a new skill: Oblivion Horizon Slash (SS); The user swings their sword, generating a dome of pure energy that annihilates all hostile entities within its radius and nullifies skills. ]

[ The rest of the skills are being assimilated to level up. ]

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[ Name: Aengus Degaro ]

[ Age: 19 ]

[ Title: Emperor Slayer ]

[ Race: Human-Beast-Demon-Dragon-Seeker ]

[ Level: 320 ]

[ Occupation: Emperor ]

[ Class: Chaos Creator ]

[ Bloodline Lineage: Seeker (Royal), Beelzebub (Partial-Royal), God-beast Basilisk, Death Leviathan (Half-Noble), Fire Dragon (Noble), Wyvern (Elite)]

[ Special Trait: Greater Spatial Teleporter ]

[ Soul: ZERO ]

[ Laws: Space, Water ]

Physical Stats: >

[ Strength: 37,300 ]

[ Agility: 37,400 ]

[ Defense: 38,540 ]

[ Origin Mana: 290,000 / 400,000 ]

<Skills:>

– [ Active: Gift (SS), Voidbreaker Slash (SS), Oblivion Horizon Slash (SS), God Kairos Doom fusion (SS), Chaotic Maelstrom (SS), Ancient Petrifying Curse Eyes (SS), Reflective Scales (SS), World Corrosive Venom (SS), Apocalypse Awakening (SS), Abyssal Blazing Dragon (SS), Crimson Tempest (SS), Meteor Breaker (SS), Valkyrie's Descent (SS). Celestial Shield (SS), Frostbound Dominion (SS), Barrier Of Despair (SS), Barrier of Crystalline Bulwark (SS), Celestial Bastion (SS), Divine Halo (SS), Ironclad Ice Fortress (SS), Divine Sword Fusion (SS), Starfall Cataclysm (SS), Eternal Ice Barrier (SS), Tiebreaker Annihilation Sword (SS), Guardian's Embrace (SS), Solar Flare Dome (SD), Prismatic Shield (SS), Black Thunder Barrier (SS), Dimension Slip (SS), Seven Elements Chaos Manipulation (SS), Primordial Beast King -3 (S+), All-Seeing Sovereign -12 (S), Sacred Kirin's Healing -2 (S), Sacred Kirin's Blessing -2 (S), Symbol Of Good Fortune -3 (S), Earth Turtle Shell -2 (S), Ancient Shield (S), Chaos Isolation Barrier -4 (A), Void Venom Blade Tempest -2 (A), Ice breath (A), Lightning Roc's Skybreaker Dive (A), Golden Wyvern's Scales (A), Tempest Tiger's Lightning Veil (A), Space Warp -4 (A), Elite Human Transformation -29 (B), Inferno Warlord's Rage (B), Ravenous Stonebeast (B), Arctic Bear's Glacial Shield (B), Aqua Serpent's Vortex (B), Phantom Mirage (B), Hurricane Gale (B)]

– [ Passive: Heart Of Chaos (SS), Supreme Hunter (S), Phoenix Resurgence (S), Water Breathing (A) ]

[ Special Skills: Monster Breeding (Level- 7)]

[ Demonic Abilities:

– Peak: Shadow Monarch's Dominion

[ Unique Skills: Appraisal (Basic), Nullified Mental Attacks (Rare), Rapid Cast (Rare), Omni-Devour (Ultimate), Universal Synthesis (Ultimate) ]

There were so many SS-rank skills, yet none showed signs of upgrading to the next level.

Aengus had tried asking the Generals about it, but they had no clue either. They couldn't even break levels like he did, so for them, such a possibility wasn't even under consideration.

The concept of the next skill level seemed to be shrouded in secrecy. From what he had learned from Manas, the advancement likely involved the realm of the Gods, much like his divine weapon, Aegis.

At least he had gained a useful SS-rank skill: Gift. It would allow him to transfer his skills to others, provided the recipient was capable of handling the immense power.

It must be one of the reason why Emperor Kairos had so many SS-Ranks under his command.

Aengus swiftly returned to his human form and teleported near Aria, who looked visibly stressed.

He had noticed her relentless efforts to keep their soldiers safe, even though it wasn't enough to completely prevent casualties.

Fifteen percent of the Liberation Army had perished, but the enemy's destruction stood at twenty-five percent.

The enemies who had fallen far exceeded their own losses—a significant advantage, yet it didn't diminish the weight of the lives lost.

“Are you fine, Aria?”

Aria looked relieved to see him, but the weight of failure in her extreme efforts to achieve something significant still lingered on her face.

Aengus noticed her emotions of loss and gently comforted her.

“You did an excellent job saving our army, Aria. There's no need to be hard on yourself for trying to help me. I told you we would win, and we did,” he said warmly.

“But... I want to help you more, Ethan. I can't stand seeing you get hurt...” she replied softly, her voice trembling with emotion.

Aengus offered her his hand and helped her to stand.

“Haha... Who could hurt me? See, I'm absolutely fine, aren't I?” he said, flashing a bright smile, his tone lighthearted.

Aria gazed at his smile, feeling a sense of enchantment. His aura seemed even stronger than before, radiating confidence and warmth, which reassured her deeply.

Aria and Aengus appeared before the three Generals, who were overseeing the enemy's surrender.

The enemy soldiers, having witnessed their Emperor's gruesome demise, had lost all will to continue fighting. The sight of the mighty dragon devouring their leader had crushed their spirits entirely.

If the dragon had chosen to target them individually, they knew they would have been reduced to ashes in mere moments. Left with no other option, they surrendered unconditionally.

Among the enemy forces, near 25 million soldiers remained. Their addition to the Liberation Empire's ranks would significantly strengthen and expand its power, further solidifying its position in the new rule.

"Your hand is severed, General Martin... Are you alright?" Aengus asked as he released Aria.

"Haha... It was worth it, Your Imperial Majesty!" General Martin replied, forcing a laugh despite the loss of his left arm.

Though pain flickered across his face, a victorious smile spread as he stood tall.

"Oh, let me fix that, General!"

Aengus quickly held General Martin's shoulder, channeling his energy. The severed arm regrew to its full form—unharméd, strong, and as good as new.

The Three Generals, already accustomed to Aengus' miraculous skills, nodded in silent admiration. However, the new, dominating aura he exuded made them see Aengus in a different light.

For the first time, he truly seemed like a true Emperor.

Chapter 260: Chapter 260: Aria's Resolve

The surrendered soldiers were now officially branded under the Liberation Empire's banner.

Over 40 million soldiers, both new and old, rested and healed in their temporary camps. The atmosphere was lively as soldiers celebrated the hard-won victory—dancing, joking, and savoring the delicious feasts being prepared for them.

Very soon, they would march towards the Imperial City, aiming to reclaim all the territories once under the former Kairos Empire's rule.

In the central war council tent, Aengus, Aria, the Generals, kings, and several key advisors gathered to discuss the challenges ahead, particularly the possible resistance from smaller kingdoms as they moved to establish full dominance.

"Your Imperial Majesty, among the 26 kingdoms, 10 were already conquered by the fallen Emperor. Excluding us two, we still need to deal with 14 kingdoms. Sending letters of submission to them first would be the wisest course of action," King Milphomor advised diplomatically.

King Gravis, seated beside him, nodded in agreement, still basking in the joy of regaining his throne under the Liberation Empire's protection.

At the long table, Aengus and Aria sat close together, both deep in thought about the best approach to reclaim the vast territories efficiently.

"Ethan," Aria said softly, addressing Aengus by his former name, "I think King Milphomor is right. Sending letters of submission might save us time and effort. What if they willingly hand over their power? It would prevent unnecessary bloodshed."

General Leon leaned forward to add his voice to the discussion.

"Her Majesty is correct, Your Imperial Majesty. There is no need to act in haste. First, we must secure the Imperial City and reestablish it as our base of power. Then we can wait for their responses."

Aengus considered their words carefully, his piercing eyes scanning each of them. Finally, he spoke with a decisive tone.

"We will proceed as King Milphomor suggested," Aengus said. "However, remind them clearly—there will be no second chances. If they fail to comply or dare to oppose us, we will intervene without mercy and reduce their kingdoms to ashes."

His voice carried an unyielding resolve, and his face radiated a chilling killing intent that froze the room.

The advisors and generals nodded solemnly, bowing their heads in deference. The cold aura emanating from Aengus sent shivers down their spines, leaving no doubt about the severity of his declaration.

Following the discussion, the council moved on to matters of restoration. They deliberated on granting King Gravis his Skyfall Kingdom back and distributing ranks and titles to those who had made significant contributions to the war effort.

After over an hour of planning and strategizing, the meeting adjourned, and preparations began for their departure to the Imperial Capital City, located 50,000 kilometers away from their current position.

After the advisors left, Aengus issued a crucial command to his 7 elite shadow assassins.

"Go and check the situation in the Imperial City. Report back to me immediately with any significant information," Aengus instructed with authority.

"Yes, my lord!" the seven assassins responded in unison. Bowing deeply, they vanished into thin air, blending seamlessly with the shadows.

Aria remained beside Aengus, now wearing a gold-strapped white dress that highlighted her elegance. Her refreshed and radiant appearance was hard to miss, lending her a charm that seemed almost ethereal.

Turning towards the entrance of the tent, Aengus gestured for others to join them.

“Come inside, Quin, Drake, Yona!” he called, his voice firm yet welcoming.

The three individuals entered promptly, their face full of nervousness and awe.

They had all witnessed Aengus’s immense power during the war, a force so overwhelming that they knew they could never rival it in their lifetimes.

Quin, having seen his Emperor’s might for the first time, wore a fanatical expression. To him, Aengus’s strength was godlike—a figure worthy of absolute worship.

Aria, on the other hand, appeared puzzled as to why they had been summoned so suddenly.

The three stood in respectful silence, patiently waiting for Aengus to speak.

“I have called you here to reward your contributions once again,” Aengus began, his tone resolute. “But this time, it will be different. I will give you power—power so immense that you will reach the limit of what your bodies can handle.”

Drake and Yona’s faces lit up with exhilaration at the prospect, fully aware of the immense honor being bestowed upon them.

Quin, however, remained quiet, new to such experiences and unsure of what to expect. Internally, he mulled over Aengus’s words.

“Is this the ‘food’ His Majesty mentioned earlier?” Quin wondered, recalling previous cryptic statements Aengus had made.

Still, he refrained from interrupting, determined to observe the unfolding events in reverence and awe.

Aengus turned to Aria and said, “Aria, you first.”

“I am ready,” Aria nodded obediently, eager to receive the power he intended to grant her.

Sometimes, she felt like a burden, but his unwavering care always lightened her mood.

Aengus retrieved the corpses of countless A-Rank and higher enemies, their bodies falling from thin air like rain, all intended to enhance her physical stats. As for skills, he would bestow those personally.

Quin's eyes were glued to the scene where Aengus was appearing like a God, bestowing his Divine power to his followers.

He doubted if those 'Gods' could ever do such miracles.

His gaze remained fixed on the scene, eager to witness the miracle once again—The way he awakened himself.

"Aria, give me a signal when you can't endure anymore," Aengus instructed, his voice filled with concern. "I know you're a strong woman, but there's no need to take unnecessary risks, alright?"

Seeing her struggle sometimes made him feel guilty.

"I know," Aria replied, her emerald-green eyes flashing with determination.

Inside, she resolved to make the most of this opportunity. She didn't want to remain on the weaker side forever. She craved strength—more power to help him, to share his burdens, and to stand beside him as an equal.

Aengus raised his hand and quickly started the process, hoping this time she would be able to reach level 100 at least.