

## Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills

Chapter 281: Chapter 281: King Of The Ocean

“Quick, speed it up, you lazy fools!”

“Yes, Captain!”

“Captain, I think I just saw a sea monster!”

“Where?”

Under the afternoon radiance of the sun.

Near the coast of the Black Ocean, at the edge of the Kairos Empire, a large fishing vessel hurried toward the shore.

“Buzz!”

A portal suddenly materialized in midair, right above the ship’s deck. The shimmering energy startled the crew as they watched with wide-eyed curiosity.

“What in the abyss is this?” the captain muttered in bewilderment, his brow furrowed.

Before anyone could respond, a figure emerged from the dark portal—a striking man clad in sophisticated black clothing, exuding an aura of authority and danger.

The fishermen froze, their awe and fear palpable as they felt an overwhelming presence, as though this man could decide their fates with a mere gesture.

Aengus surveyed the area briefly, confirming he was indeed at the edge of the Black Ocean.

“Lord, who are you?” the captain cautiously asked, his tone trembling with unease.

Aengus gave no response, dismissing the question with a mere glance. They were of no consequence to his mission.

Unfurling his majestic dark dragon wings, he soared into the sky with a powerful flap that sent shockwaves through the air, rocking the fishing vessel violently.

“Captain, he’s terrifyingly strong! If we had offended him, we’d be dead before the sea monster even got to us,” one fisherman said, his voice shaking in fear.

“But why is he flying over the Black Ocean?” another whispered, staring at Aengus’ confident figure fading into the horizon. “Doesn’t he know this is the domain of the Legendary Kraken? The stories say it will destroy anyone who dares to fly above its head...”

The captain and his crew exchanged uneasy glances, murmuring prayers to whatever deities they believed in, hoping the mysterious man wouldn’t provoke the wrath of the ocean’s mythical terror.

“Rumble!”

Just as Aengus ascended to an altitude of 500 meters above the ocean bed, he unleashed a burst of power, amplifying his speed and aura manyfold. The force of his ascent tore through the skies with such violent motion that it felt as though the heavens themselves might collapse under the immense pressure.

“Oh heavens!”

The fishermen below were struck with terror. The deafening sound of the sky splitting sent tremors through their eardrums, and they fell to the deck clutching their heads in fear. By the time they gathered enough courage to look, the mysterious man in black had vanished from sight, leaving behind only an ominous tension in the air.

“Captain, this is bad... This is really bad,” one of the crew whispered hoarsely. “I’ve got a feeling something beyond our understanding is about to happen. Let’s not wait any longer..”

—

Aengus sped through the skies, his dark wings cutting through the thick atmosphere with precision. Despite his impressive natural speed, he frowned slightly. It’s not enough.

He even activated his mastery over the laws of space, bending and folding the fabric of reality to compress the vast distance ahead of him.

Aengus soared through the darkening skies, his sharp eyes scanning the tumultuous waters below. He was acutely aware of the dangers of traversing the Black Ocean, but fear was not something that could sway him. Instead, his heart burned with determination as he sought the legendary sea monsters rumored to dwell in these depths—beasts that could fuel his growth and propel him to greater heights.

Occasionally, he would swoop down, capturing higher-level oceanic creatures that ventured too close to the surface. Their struggles were brief, as they were swiftly absorbed into his synthesis process. Each victory brought a subtle yet satisfying rise in his level and power.

After an hour, Aengus found himself in the heart of the Black Ocean. The environment was oppressive; the skies above were in constant turmoil, with flashes of thunder striking so frequently that they illuminated the sky like a strobe. The waters below churned violently, an endless abyss of dark waves that seemed to reach up, eager to swallow him whole.

Evening had fallen, and the fading light gave way to an eerie darkness. The gloom was heavy, the kind that would crush the spirit of an ordinary adventurer. But for Aengus, it was invigorating. This was no mere crossing of a dangerous territory; this was his hunting ground.

In the minds of most, crossing the heart of the Black Ocean was unthinkable to many.

The Tales of the Legendary Kraken, the King of the Ocean, were enough to deter even the bravest warriors. This ancient, immortal creature ruled these waters with absolute dominance, capable of manipulating the ocean itself with terrifying ease. Known for its massive size and overwhelming strength, the Kraken had crushed countless challengers in its long existence.

“So, You’re here...”

Aengus smirked sensing something downward in the very depth of the ocean.

“RUMMMMMMBLLLLLEEEEEEEEE!”

A deafening, guttural roar erupted from the depths of the Black Ocean, shaking the very atmosphere.

The sound reverberated like a thousand tidal waves crashing simultaneously, a mix of unearthly growls and aquatic vibrations.

“SHAAAAAARRRRRGHHHHHH!”

The roar crescendoed, echoing with primal rage, a challenge that seemed to ripple through the water and sky alike.

The chilling, otherworldly cry was filled with wrath and power, sending shockwaves that caused the surrounding waters to rise in massive, spiraling whirlpools.

Aengus sensed massive tentacles, colossal in size, lunging toward him from all directions like the limbs of a monstrous octopus.

The sheer scale of the Kraken’s appendages made him seem like a mere insect in comparison.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!”

Aengus retaliated with relentless ferocity, throwing powerful punches and kicks. Each strike was charged with destructive energy, landing with bone-shattering force against the Kraken’s tough, rubbery hide.

Tentacles recoiled violently, crashing back into the saltwater with deafening splashes, while others were obliterated entirely under the force of his blows.

Shredded remains of the Kraken’s tentacles rained down, accompanied by streams of its thick, blue blood. The fluid sizzled like acid as it hit the ocean’s surface, creating hissing steam clouds and a pungent, salty stench that filled the air.

Aengus hovered mid-air, his wings keeping him steady amidst the chaotic flurry of attacks, his eyes glowing with unyielding resolve. “Is this all you’ve got, King of the Ocean?” he taunted to provoke it on the surface.

## **Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills - Chapter 282 - Chapter 282: Chapter 282: Slaying The Kraken**

Chapter 282: Chapter 282: Slaying The Kraken

Just as the sun set on horizon, The Kraken emerged from the depths of the ocean like a nightmare given form, its sheer size dwarfing the horizon. And It’s power level was 423.

Its massive, bulbous body shimmered with an eerie bioluminescent glow, pulsating with sickly blue and green hues. The slick, rubbery surface of its hide was adorned with countless scars and barnacles, a testament to its ancient, battle-hardened existence.

Its dozen colossal tentacles writhed and coiled like serpents, each one thick as a mountain and covered with rows of glistening, jagged suckers capable of ripping through the toughest armor. The ends of these limbs bore sharp, bone-like hooks, hinting at its adaptability as both predator and destroyer.

The Kraken’s central head was nightmarish—a massive, gaping maw filled with spiraling rows of razor-sharp teeth that glistened like obsidian blades. Above its mouth, its enormous, glowing eyes radiated malice and intelligence, scanning Aengus with a primal fury.

Sprouting from its crown were bony spines, like underwater crowns of coral and bone. Each movement it made churned the ocean into a violent tempest, waves crashing and swirling in chaotic patterns as if the sea itself obeyed its will.

The Kraken's roar was deep, guttural, and reverberating that shook the heavens and earth alike, a sound of pure dominance over its domain.

"SPLASH!"

The ocean churned violently, responding to the Kraken's command as if alive, sending towering tidal waves laced with sharp, bladed edges toward Aengus.

"Whoosh!"

Aengus vanished instantly, using the Space Law to dodge the attack effortlessly.

Smirking slightly, he decided to escalate matters. His form shimmered and expanded rapidly, transforming into his Abyssal Dragon form, now towering over 10 kilometers in height. Scales of molten black and crimson gleamed menacingly under the darkened sky, glowing faintly like volcanic embers.

"ROAR!"

"RUMBLE!"

A deafening roar erupted from Aengus, shaking the heavens and the sea alike, forcing even the Kraken to recoil momentarily. His abyssal presence dominated the area, sending shockwaves through the ocean and dispersing the storm clouds above. His cold, ruthless dragon eyes locked onto the Kraken like a predator fixating on its prey.

The Kraken's massive, glowing eyes widened in recognition of the sheer disparity in power. Though it was the uncontested ruler of the Black Ocean, the Abyssal Dragon before it was an apex predator, its power eclipsing anything the Kraken had ever faced.

For the second time in centuries, the Kraken felt apprehension. Still, it summoned its resolve.

First time was with that person who's name cannot be spoken.

"Human, why are you attacking me? What have I ever done to you? I do not even leave the ocean," the Kraken spoke, its voice deep and surprisingly calm, though there was an undercurrent of tension.

Aengus let out a deep, rumbling laugh, his voice dripping with disdain.

"Of course, it's for your immortal power," he replied. "You've hunted countless beings for ages. It's only fair that you face the same fate. Your time has come, Kraken."

The Kraken's demeanor shifted entirely. Realizing negotiation was futile, its luminous eyes dimmed with grim resolve.

“Then come, human. Let us see if your strength is enough to end me.”

The Kraken’s tentacles unfurled fully, their sharp hooks gleaming ominously, and the ocean around them surged violently in preparation for an all-out battle. The clash of two titans was about to commence.

“CRRRRRREEAAAACCCKKK!”

The sound of the Kraken’s agonized cry resonated through the heavens and the ocean’s depths, signaling its imminent demise.

The battle’s ferocious aftermath left the Black Ocean in chaos. The ground beneath the water cracked and shifted violently, causing colossal geysers of water to erupt skyward. One section of the ocean momentarily drained dry, exposing a barren seabed, only for it to swell monstrously and form tidal waves that towered like mountains.

These violent surges created devastating tsunamis that reached coastal areas, triggering earthquakes powerful enough to be felt across distant shores. Nearby fishermen caught in the unexpected chaos had no chance to escape, their vessels capsizing amidst the relentless waves.

But in this desolation, no human settlements were in immediate danger, as the ocean’s infamous reputation kept civilizations far from its edges.

Moments later, as silence began to settle, Aengus’s deep, devouring roar of triumph shattered the stillness.

[ MANAS NOTIFICATIONS ] (AN: Tried something new)

You have achieved a monumental feat.

You have devoured Kraken, King of the Ocean.

You have leveled up by 30 levels. Current Level: 474.

NEW SKILLS UNLOCKED

Passive Skill: Immortal Regeneration (SS)

Grants the ability to regenerate cells infinitely, providing immunity to natural aging, and eternal lifespan.

Active Skill: Oceanic Domination (SS)

Activates the power to command submission from all lower oceanic creatures within a radius.

Active Skill: Thunderstorm Manipulation (SS); Enables control over storms, allowing the user to summon lightning and manipulate the winds and rain to devastating effect.

Active Skill: Storm-Bringer Kraken Transformation (SS) ; Allows temporary transformation into the legendary Kraken, granting unmatched strength and mastery over storms and water.

—

Aengus stood over the roiling waves in his Abyssal Dragon form, his powerful frame gleaming with newfound energy. As he reverted to his humanoid state, the Black Ocean calmed under his mere presence, as if bowing to its new master.

Plop, plop, plop...

Aengus noticed several curious low-level sea creatures peeking their heads out of the salty waters. Their large, curious eyes seemed to marvel at the figure who had slain the Kraken, their former ruler.

Aengus gave them a fleeting glance but dismissed them just as quickly. Aimlessly slaughtering innocents, even sea creatures, held no interest for him. Whether they thrived in newfound freedom or faced fierce competition for dominance, it mattered little to him.

“Boom!”

With a powerful sonic boom, Aengus shot into the sky, leaving behind a wake of disrupted water and startled creatures. His destination was clear, and he would not stop until he reached the other side of the Black Ocean where the Hero Empire ruled.

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An hour later, beneath the shroud of night, Aengus landed gracefully on solid ground. The air was crisp, and the land before him bore the faint signs of civilization.

He scanned his surroundings, narrowing his eyes as faint traces of human settlement flickered on the horizon. But he had no time for distractions.

“MANAS, show me the shortest route to the Holy Cathedral directly,” Aengus commanded calmly.

“Yes, Master.”

The voice of MANAS, his intelligent assistant, resonated in his mind. She began scouring her archives and analyzing the terrain in real time.

Chapter 283: Chapter 283: Destination: Holy City  
Moments later, her voice returned, clear and serious.

“Master, the shortest route will take you through the dense Linia Forest to avoid the human cities. However, you must be cautious. Several Blessed Sanctuaries guard the perimeter of the Hero Empire, and they are heavily monitored by the Heroic Order.”

Aengus smirked, his eyes gleaming with anticipation. “Blessed Sanctuaries or not, nothing will stop me.”

Adjusting his trajectory, he strode forward with resolve, the night enveloping him in its quiet embrace.

Aengus moved like a blur, warping space around him as though he were distorting reality itself with each step.

The Linia Forest greeted him with the eerie sounds of nocturnal predators—growls of beasts and the mournful cries of night owls filling the air.

Suddenly, a piercing cry shattered the ambient chaos.

“Help! Save me...please...someone!”

Aengus halted abruptly, his gaze snapping toward the source of the voice. There, beneath the shadow of a towering tree, a grisly scene unfolded. A massive bear-like beast was tearing into its prey—a small girl whose legs and waist were already half-devoured.

“Splash!”

In an instant, Aengus appeared before the beast, his hand plunging through its skull with brutal precision. The creature’s enormous body collapsed lifelessly, blood pooling around its remains.

Casually shaking the blood off his hand, Aengus turned his attention to the girl. Her small, frail body trembled, and her wide, desperate eyes clung to him as though he were her last hope.

Despite her horrific injuries, she was somehow conscious, her gaze filled with an inexplicable glimmer of hope.



Aengus sighed, his usual stoicism giving way to a rare flicker of compassion. "You're lucky I'm feeling kind today, little girl."

He leaned closer, placing his hand gently on her bloodied head. As his palm glowed faintly, a divine aura enveloped her. The radiance cascaded over her broken form, stitching torn flesh and restoring her mangled body.

The girl's breathing steadied, her injuries fading away as if they had never existed. Her legs and waist regenerated in a fluid motion.

Moments later, she sat up in stunned silence, her small hands trembling as she touched her now-recovered legs. Tears streamed down her cheeks, but her words failed her.

Aengus stood up, brushing off his hands as though he had merely completed a trivial task. "Consider it a gift. Now, leave this place and never return."

The girl managed to shake her head, rejecting his advice. "Thank you... Mister. But I can't do as you say. I have to grow stronger. I-I have to save my mother. Or else, those paladins will execute her soon..."

Aengus paused mid-step, his sharp hearing catching the trembling determination in her voice. His dark eyes narrowed slightly as he turned to face her.

"What's your name? And for what offense do they plan to kill your mother?" he asked, his tone calm yet edged with curiosity, his brows furrowing ever so slightly.

The girl sniffled, wiping tears from her dirt-streaked face. "My name is Lyra," she began, her voice trembling. "The paladins accused my mother of being affiliated with a witch. They took her to the capital—the Holy City—and they're going to burn her alive tomorrow."

Her small body shook with desperation as she crawled closer to Aengus, clasping his leg tightly. "Sir... my savior... God... Whoever you're.. please, lend me your power to save my mother!"

She clung to him as though he were her last hope, her tear-filled eyes pleading with a raw determination far beyond her years.

Aengus stared down at her, his expression unreadable, though his aura seemed to grow heavier. For a moment, he said nothing, his thoughts churning as he weighed the situation.

Finally, Aengus sighed, his cold demeanor softening slightly. "You're bold for a child, Lyra. And foolish as well. You think you can gain the strength to stand against them in just one night?"

He crouched down to her level, his piercing gaze locking with hers. “But your determination... I like it. Come, I will help you save your mother.”

The little girl, barely ten years old, with dark circles under her eyes, an emaciated figure, and a tattered dress, looked at his kind yet cold face with overwhelming gratitude. Her cracked lips trembled as she spoke. “I will do as you say, my lord. Thank you for your grace. May I know my savior’s name?”

Aengus stood up, looking at the horizon as though lost in thought. He replied casually, “There’s no need to know my name, little girl. But soon enough, everyone will know it.”

Without another word, he began walking toward the Holy City, the girl trailing behind him as his unlikely companion.

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Aengus had decided to help her not out of sentimentality but convenience—his destination aligned with hers. Yet, there was something about her desperate face that sparked a faint memory, one that he had long buried.

Her face and determination reminded him of his younger sister back in the Primal Realm. Though their bond had weakened over time, he still regarded her as family. That flicker of emotion was enough to sway his cold heart, if only slightly.

As they traveled together through the dense forest, the growls of distant beasts and the cries of night owls seemed almost irrelevant.

Lyra noticed the terrifying beasts lurking in the shadows of the forest, their glowing eyes fixated on her and her savior. Yet, none dared to approach. They growled softly before retreating into the darkness, as if sensing an aura far beyond their understanding.

She glanced at the imposing figure walking ahead of her and thought, “It must be him. He’s the reason they’re afraid. The beasts fear his very presence.”

A spark of hope ignited within her fragile heart. If anyone can help me save my mother, it’s him. Even if it means going against the Holy Cathedral of Gods themselves.

What surprised her more was the speed at which they were moving. It felt as though they had taken only a few steps, yet the dense trees of Linia Forest had already given way to open plains. She could see the Holy City looming in the distance, its towering spires illuminated faintly under the moonlight.

She blinked in astonishment. “How is this possible?” Lyra thought. “It takes days to travel this far... Is this another one of his powers?”

Her gaze shifted back to her savior. His royal demeanor, the confidence in his stride, and the unshakable air of authority he carried all spoke volumes. He hadn't said much, yet she already felt she could trust him entirely.

For the first time in a long while, Lyra felt a sliver of hope—hope that this mysterious man might indeed be the key to saving her mother.

Chapter 284: Chapter 284: Infiltration

Aengus noticed guards in white patrolling the city walls vigilantly. Even at night, their security was top-notch, with S-Rank warriors among them.

“Lord, how are we going to enter?” Lyra asked worriedly, hiding behind a bush.

Aengus unfolded his dragon wings, their sheer majesty leaving Lyra speechless.

“Don't move,” he instructed gently.

He picked her up carefully and soared into the sky, activating his Chaos Isolation Barrier to conceal their presence. Using his mastery of space laws, he effortlessly bypassed the protective barriers around the city.

Under the little girl's incredulous gaze, they landed silently on the rooftop of a civilian house, their descent as smooth as a feather.

“Little girl, where is your mother being held?” Aengus asked while scanning the area below with his All-Seeing Eyes.

Aengus surveyed the Holy Capital City from the rooftop, his sharp eyes scanning every inch of the area below. The faint glow of divine runes etched across the city walls shimmered in the night, marking the stronghold as a fortress of sacred power.

Lyra clung to his arm, still trembling from the surreal experience of flying through the air. Her wide eyes stared at his majestic dragon wings before she managed to stammer, “M-My mother... I think she's being held in the dungeons beneath the Holy Cathedral. They said... they would burn her at the stake tomorrow during the morning sermon.”

Aengus furrowed his brows. His All-Seeing Eyes activated, their glow faint but piercing as they scanned the city's layout. He could make out the massive Holy Cathedral in the center, its top reaching toward the heavens. Beneath it, faint energy signatures revealed the existence of subterranean chambers.

“Do you think Saintess Lumenaria lives there, little girl?” Aengus asked, gesturing toward the grand cathedral at the heart of the Holy City.

It was supposed to be his destination as well, so he decided to confirm.

Lyra, though puzzled by the question, answered nonetheless, “Yes, Lord. She should be... but I might be wrong.”

“Alright. Stay here. I will bring your mother back to you safely, no worries.”

“I will be happy as long as you keep your word, my lord. I am willing to wait,” Lyra replied swiftly, clutching her shoulders as she shivered in the cold.

Aengus glanced at her, pity flashing in his usually cold eyes. Without hesitation, he retrieved a warm cloak from his pocket space and draped it over her shoulders.

“T-Thanks...”

Lyra felt warmth spread over her, not just from the cloak but from the rare kindness she’d been shown. She looked up at him with gratitude. It was the first time someone had been kind to her since her mother had been taken.

Aengus quickly found an empty house nearby and sheltered her there, judging it safer than having her follow him.

“What’s your mother’s name again? And how does she look like?” he asked, pausing just before he could leave.

“Oh.. yes, Her name is Aliana,” Lyra replied, . “She has long brown hair, bright green eyes, and... and she always wears a silver locket with my name engraved on it.”

Aengus nodded. “Got it. Wait here, and don’t leave this spot.”

Without waiting for her response, he turned and disappeared into the shadows, heading toward the cathedral.

Lyra peeked through the cracked window, watching a fleeting shadow move across the dimly lit streets under the pale moonlight. She clutched the cloak tighter around herself, silently praying for her mother’s safety.

—

In his shadow form, Aengus glided seamlessly through the darkness, reaching the outer periphery of the grand cathedral’s towering structure. His keen senses caught movement—a lone paladin heading toward the restroom on the lower level.

A faint smirk formed on Aengus’ lips as he locked onto his target.

“Bam!”

The sharp blow landed on the back of the paladin's head, rendering the S-Rank warrior unconscious instantly.

"Thud!"

The paladin's body crumpled silently to the ground. Aengus wasted no time. He grabbed the unconscious man and dragged him into a concealed corner.

With a flash of dark energy, Aengus transformed his appearance into an exact replica of the paladin, down to every strand of hair and facial expression. He gripped the Holy Sword tightly, a faint glow of divinity emanating from it, ensuring the disguise was flawless.

As a final measure, Aengus placed a hand on the paladin's forehead, using a Shadow Monarch's skill to extract the man's recent memories.

Images of the cathedral's layout, patrol routes, and the positions of other paladins flooded into his mind.

"Perfect," Aengus muttered coldly, his voice now identical to the unconscious man's.

He adjusted his stance, hoisted the Holy Sword, and stepped confidently toward the inner sanctum of the cathedral, blending effortlessly among the guards and Holy knights.

"Sir Ashenvale, why did you come back?" one guard asked near the entrance, his tone laced with suspicion. "Didn't you just go to the restroom?"

Aengus stopped and turned sharply, fixing the guard with a cold glare. "So what? Do I need to answer to you now?" he snapped, his voice laced with the same arrogance and authority as the real Sir Ashenvale.

The guard stiffened, breaking into a cold sweat. "Ah, no, Sir Paladin. I was just asking..."

"Hmph!"

Without sparing another glance, Aengus stormed past them, his high and mighty demeanor forcing the low-level guards to shrink back.

As he moved deeper into the cathedral, he encountered several layers of security. Powerful inspection barriers scanned those entering, verifying their identities through bloodline resonance and divine energy.

To Aengus' satisfaction, he passed through them with ease. His transformation skill and the absorbed memories of the paladin ensured he was indistinguishable from the real Ashenvale.

"Fools," Aengus thought to himself, smirking as he strode further into the cathedral. But in the next moment, his expression changed.

"Huh, what's this?"

Aengus grew serious as he sensed an intense surge of Divine Energy emanating from somewhere underground.

He became more cautious, considering the possibility of intervention from the so-called gods.

Though his transformation skill was unparalleled, it was always better to be careful.

Chapter 285: Chapter 285: Seeing The Saintess Once Again

Aengus attempted to use his mastery of space law to teleport underground, but he quickly realized that powerful wards and divine protections shielded the area, blocking his abilities.

He noticed an entrance to the underground chamber guarded by three S-Rank sentinels.

"Halt!" the guards barked sharply, raising their weapons to stop Aengus in his tracks.

"Sir Paladin, where are you going? You're not authorized to enter this area," one of the guards warned sternly.

Aengus's sharp eyes examined the door radiating a white divine glow, a clear indication that the area was heavily fortified against any intrusion.

"I know the rules," Aengus said smoothly. "I came here seeking an audience with the Saintess. Is she down there?"

The guards exchanged wary glances before responding.

"No, Sir Ashenvale. The Saintess is not here. Please return to your post," one of them said firmly.

"Alright, alright," Aengus replied gruffly, feigning irritation as he turned away, his mind already calculating his next move.

Aengus strode through the grand hallways, his sharp eyes scanning for Saintess Lumenaria. She was the only one with unrestricted access to the underground chamber and held the key to his mission.

As he moved, several guards bowed respectfully to him. In their eyes, he was Sir Ashenvale, a revered Paladin of the Cathedral.

Passing one chamber, he noticed Holy Knights standing tall and vigilant, ready to spring into action at a moment's notice. Despite their imposing presence, Aengus felt no threat. His flawless transformation skill ensured he was untouchable for now.

As he continued, his keen gaze locked onto a figure approaching him down the hallway. Elyon, the Hero of Light himself, the one blessed by the Goddess Of Light, was coming his way.

Aengus quickly adjusted his demeanor, lowering his head slightly and greeting in a tone laced with mock reverence. "Gods bless us, Sir Hero!"

Inside, Aengus smirked, mocking the old man he had no respect for.

Elyon stopped briefly, his piercing eyes meeting Aengus's, though he detected nothing amiss. "Gods bless us, my child," Elyon replied with a curt nod, his voice calm yet authoritative, as he scanned Aengus from head to toe.

Aengus knew Elyon was searching for something within his body—a divine seed, they called it, used to verify that no clones or impersonators were present.

Fortunately, Aengus had analyzed the seed in advance. It posed no threat to him and lacked any brainwashing effects.

"Sir Hero, may I know where the Saintess is? I have something important to report," Aengus said respectfully, masking his true intentions.

Elyon, finding Ashenvale completely clean, visibly relaxed his posture and replied, "You may seek her audience in the prayer hall."

With that, Elyon walked off in the direction from which Aengus had come.

"Where is this old man going?" Aengus muttered, his eyes piercing through the walls using his enhanced vision. He observed Elyon heading toward the underground chamber.

"Now, why is he going there? Does he have access to that area as well?"

The answer was clear—Elyon entered the chamber without any issues.

Aengus, still disguised as Ashenvale, pondered this new development. Is Elyon granted temporary permission? Or is there more to his connection with the Cathedral?

Despite his curiosity, Aengus maintained his focus. He had already analyzed Elyon thoroughly, ensuring of take Elyon's form if needed.

However, he decided it was wise to consider alternate strategies in case complications arose.

Soon, Aengus arrived at the prayer hall.

Inside, Saintess Lumenaria sat gracefully atop the podium, bathed in a radiant divine light, her posture exuding reverence as she faced the statues of the Gods.

Rows of Cathedral acolytes and devotees sat neatly behind her, attentively listening to her sermon, their expressions filled with awe and devotion.

Aengus needed to get closer to thoroughly analyze the Saintess's biological structure. Without hesitation, he moved to the front rows. Others remained silent, out of respect for the esteemed Paladin he was impersonating.

Saintess Lumenaria noticed his presence and briefly glanced back, but said nothing, continuing her sermon.

"Gods are eternal, omniscient, almighty figures who created this world together to give us existence," she began, her voice melodious and captivating. "The greatest contributions came from the Nine Primordial Gods. Among them, the Goddess of Light and the God of Darkness played significant roles in creation. During that time, harmony reigned in the realm of gods. Their kindness toward mortals was unparalleled, and they gifted blessings to the worthy. They are our Father Creators. We should be eternally grateful to them."

Her voice enthralled the audience. All, except Aengus, appeared deeply moved, their eyes brimming with reverence.

Aengus, however, internally scoffed. You haven't seen the true depths of the universe, yet you claim these gods created the world? Truly laughable!

He pondered the claim of creation, knowing it wasn't as simple as the Saintess suggested. In the Primal Universe, even the most powerful Seekers, beings capable of annihilating entire worlds with ease, couldn't claim the ability to create a world from nothing. There's more to this story than they know, he thought, his sharp mind piecing together the flaws in her tale.



Just then, an acolyte raised a hand and asked, "Saintess, please tell us about the Demon God's (God of Darkness) banishment from the realm of gods."

The request stirred a shift in the room.

The Saintess nodded solemnly, her voice taking on a deeper, almost sorrowful tone. "The God of Darkness, once revered as a co-creator alongside the Goddess of Light, fell into corruption. It is said that his curiosity about the void and chaos led him astray. He began meddling in forbidden realms, tampering with the fabric of creation itself. This greed for power and disregard for harmony led to his exile in mortal world and trapped in the Abyss for millennia."

She paused, her gaze sweeping across the audience. "From then on, the powerful God of Darkness was hailed as the Demon God. His bloodline rose to power by consuming humans and other creations alike. They brought destruction not only to their own world but also to ours."

"Saintess, why are the Gods not intervening now to stop him?" someone asked curiously.

Saintess Lumenaria smiled gently, her tone patient and reassuring as she replied,

"Child, the Gods are occupied with suppressing the Demon God. Without their constant vigilance, he would have devoured the world they created with such care and effort. But fear not. In their stead, they have chosen Heroes who wield their divine power to destroy the demons. One day, victory will be ours."

Chapter 286: Chapter 286: Successfull Impersonation

Aengus didn't know much about the Demon God (God of Darkness), nor did he care.

Whoever stood against him would be his enemy.

However, he didn't underestimate the Demon God. If Lumenaria's words were true, the Demon God was so powerful that even the combined might of all the Gods couldn't finish him completely after all this time. From this, it was clear just how terrifying his power must be.

Aengus exhaled lightly as he exited the prayer hall, his objective for coming here complete.

He swiftly decided on his next move, transforming into the form of Saintess Lumenaria herself.

Though he had once been reluctant to use female forms, but as the saying goes, desperate times called for desperate measures.

Aengus walked with grace and divine radiance, perfectly imitating Saintess Lumenaria, with a magical staff in hand.

“Is someone else inside?” Aengus asked the guards in a soothing, melodious tone.

The guards bowed and answered, “Yes, Saintess. Sir Hero Elyon is inside meeting his heir.”

“Oh...” Aengus feigned intrigue, though internally, he was intrigued for real.

So, Valen is not dead after all, he mused silently.

“Alright, open the door!” he commanded firmly, mimicking the Saintess’s authoritative demeanor.

The guards exchanged confused glances, finding the Saintess’s behavior unusual.

Aengus narrowed his eyes slightly, his patience wearing thin as he stared at them.

Finally, one guard spoke hesitantly, “Saintess, did you not bring the Divine Key with you? Sir Hero took his key inside...”

Aengus masked his frustration with a serene smile.

Aengus, maintaining his graceful façade, raised an eyebrow as if genuinely surprised. “Ah, the Divine Key... of course.”

Internally, he cursed at this unexpected obstacle but didn’t let his expression falter.

“I was so preoccupied with my thoughts that I left it behind. Very well, I’ll wait till Hero Elyon returns.”

The guards, not daring to question the Saintess, bowed deeply. “As you command, Saintess.”

While Aengus waited, he kept a vigilant watch with his special eyes to ensure the real Saintess didn’t appear unexpectedly.

Fortunately, she did not.

Moments later, he noticed Elyon emerging from the underground passageway, which brought a sense of relief.

Elyon appeared surprised to see “Lumenaria” waiting outside.

“What’s wrong, Saintess? Why are you waiting out here?” Elyon asked, furrowing his brows.

“Nothing. I forgot my key. Give me yours, old man,” Aengus said, extending his beautiful hand in a commanding manner.

From the earlier memories he had extracted from Ashenvale, Aengus knew their usual conversational style. Saintess Lumenaria often referred to Elyon as “old man,” because of her high rank—second only to the Archbishop of the Cathedral.

“Ah, sure. Here, take it...” Elyon handed over the key but paused, his suspicion slightly piqued. “But why didn’t you just go retrieve your own key rather than waiting here? And you are done with your Sermon already?”

Aengus maintained a calm and collected demeanor as he took the Golden Key.

“Yes, the prayer hall is now closed... Now stop being a naggy old man and return to your duties,” Aengus said with a dismissive shrug, mimicking Lumenaria’s tone perfectly.

He then gestured to the guards. “Open the door.”

The guards obediently stepped aside and unlocked the entrance, granting access to the underground chamber.

Elyon watched “Lumenaria’s” retreating figure, a faint sense of unease creeping into his thoughts. Something felt off, but he couldn’t quite pinpoint the reason.

Shaking his head to dismiss the nagging feeling, he turned and began walking away toward his next destination.

—

As Aengus crossed the entrance he sense another strong probing barrier verifying his very existence from Cells to Cells.

Luckily, Aengus successfully passed this one too. This barrier was extremely strong even for him which blocked his All-Seeing eyes and Appraisal eye.

Inside was a moderately spacious tunnel with a marble floor that glowed with a soft white radiance.

The air was warm, fragrant, and carried a refreshing natural scent that seemed to soothe the senses.

As Aengus descended deeper into the tunnel, the scent grew stronger, becoming almost intoxicating in its potency.

After a while, he emerged into a large, cavernous room. At its center was a glowing pond of murky white liquid, exuding a brilliant divine radiance that lit the chamber like a celestial beacon. The refreshing fragrance of nature was overwhelming here, saturating the space in its purity.

Aengus activated his Appraisal skill, his eyes narrowing as he analyzed the pond. It was brimming with Divine Essence—a rare and coveted resource.

His heart was calm, but a sly grin spread across his face. The sheer amount of Divine Essence left him exhilarated, his stomach growled at the sight.

“So this is what they hoard from those ‘Gods’,” he muttered, his tone laced with amusement and greed.

It dawned on him how stingy Saintess Lumenaria had been earlier, offering such a meager amount of Divine Essence in her rejected deal. But now, seeing the abundance before him, he realized how truly rare and valuable it was.

“No wonder they guard this place so tightly,” he mused, stepping closer to the pond.

“Oh, you’re here too. How could I forget you?”

Aengus’s gaze settled on the figure of Valen, who was meditating near the pond, visibly absorbing the Divine Essence.

Sensing another presence, Valen abruptly opened his eyes. His expression shifted to one of surprise as he stood up, a faint blush coloring his face when he noticed the familiar form of the Saintess.

“Saintess? You’re here? But... why?” Valen asked, his voice tinged with confusion and reverence.

Aengus, still in his guise, smiled faintly, though his eyes gleamed with cold intent. “Oh, I have something personal to handle. Tell me, Valen... do you mind falling asleep for a while, wannabe Hero of Light?”

The warmth in his tone disappeared entirely by the end of his sentence, replaced by a chilling edge.

Valen blinked, bewildered. “What... do you mean, Saintess? I—”

Before he could finish, his eyelids began to grow heavy. His vision blurred, and the room spun around him.

“What’s... happening to me?” he muttered weakly, struggling to remain conscious.

The last thing Valen saw before succumbing to the sudden drowsiness was a mocking, dangerous smirk on the Saintess’s face.

Aengus leaned down, his lips close to Valen’s ear as he whispered with a mix of amusement and disdain, “I told you to follow your own dreams, Valen. Yet here you are, still chasing an empty fate. Your efforts are futile, you know that?”

With that, Valen fell unconscious, leaving Aengus standing over him with a satisfied smirk.

#### Chapter 287: Chapter 287: Imposter Caught

When Elyon was heading to his destination, he noticed a group of acolytes sneaking around like mischievous children.

His brows furrowed in displeasure, and he strode forward to confront them.

“Children, return to your rooms if the Saintess’s sermons have concluded,” Elyon commanded strictly, his voice stern.

The children jumped in fright, startled like cats caught in the act by Elyon’s silent approach.

“S-Sire Hero...” one of them stammered, nervously avoiding his piercing gaze.

“The sermons are over? Oh, yes, it’s over, Sir Hero. We’re heading back now,” they answered hastily, their tone odd and unconvincing. Without waiting for further questions, they hurried off, disappearing around the corner.

Elyon stood there, his frown deepening. “What’s wrong with them?” he muttered to himself, suspicion creeping into his mind.

Unable to shake the odd behavior he’d just witnessed, Elyon decided to head to the prayer hall to ensure everything was as it should be.

—

Aengus gazed at the small pond filled with Divine Essence, his hunger intensifying as his eyes glowed with predatory intent.

Without hesitation, he knelt beside the pond and lowered his mouth to taste the concentrated Divine Liquid.

The first drop was mellow and sweet, the richness of its energy surging through him like a wildfire. A smirk played on his lips.

Activating Omni-Devour, Aengus began consuming the liquid voraciously, his thirst for power evident with each gulp. The Divine Essence flowed into him like a torrent, and he felt his body adapting, strengthening at an astonishing pace.

His aura surged as his level began to rise rapidly.

MANAS NOTIFICATIONS:

[ You have levelled up ]

[ You have levelled up ]

[ You have levelled up ]

.....

The Divine Essence, which had been carefully accumulated over countless ages, vanished at an alarming rate, draining away from the Cathedral's grasp without anyone's immediate realization.

For someone like Valen, it would have taken months—if not years—to absorb even a fraction of the essence, provided his body could endure its overwhelming energy.

But Aengus was no ordinary being. His Omni-Devour ability absorbed the Divine Essence at an unprecedented speed, bypassing the limitations of a mortal vessel.

Unbeknownst to him, however, his own Chaotic Aura—latent and insidious—began to surge uncontrollably. The more Divine Essence he consumed, the stronger and more erratic his chaotic energy became.

The once-serene chamber now pulsed with an ominous and overwhelming presence. It felt as though pure Chaos had descended, corrupting the sanctity of the space.

The Chaotic Aura radiated outward, spreading like wildfire. Its undulations reverberated through the underground chamber, triggering tremors that shook the Cathedral violently.

Above ground, the clergy and knights stumbled in confusion, their alarm growing as the vibrations intensified.

“What in the heavens is happening?!” a guard exclaimed, gripping his weapon tightly as the walls trembled around him.

Elyon, still on his way to the prayer hall, halted abruptly, his eyes narrowing as he felt the unmistakable surge of Chaos.

“Old man, what is going on?” Just then, Saintess Lumenaria arrived before him and asked, “Is there some kind of accident?”

“Saintess, how are you here?” Elyon asked, momentarily stunned. “Then who was it that entered the underground chamber?”

“What do you mean? I’ve been here the whole time...” She paused, realization dawning on her face. “No, please don’t tell me someone used my face to fool everyone...”

“Yes, Saintess,” Elyon muttered, his grip tightening on his holy weapon. “Someone impersonated you to deceive everyone and steal the Divine Essence. This... this is no accident. Someone is devouring it all as we speak.”

“Flash!”

With urgency, he turned and dashed toward the underground chamber, his movements swift and determined. Saintess Lumenaria followed closely behind, her expression grave as she prepared for what lay ahead.

—

“Haah...”

Aengus straightened up abruptly, his sharp senses instantly detecting the explosive surge of his chaotic aura. It spiraled out of control, threatening to spiral into a cataclysmic force that could annihilate the entire Holy City; and perhaps much more, if left unchecked.

His breathing was heavy, yet his mind remained calm despite the overwhelming power coursing through him.

“Haha, so I wasn’t disappointed after all...” he muttered evilly, glancing at his status.

In a mere span of seconds, he had ascended to level 767, surpassing his previous level by over 300 points. His stats had skyrocketed beyond comprehension:

- Each Attribute: 75,000+

- Origin Mana Capacity: Exceeding 1,000,000.

The power was intoxicating yet dangerous. His aura radiated in chaotic waves, distorting the surrounding air and causing cracks to appear in the pristine walls of the chamber.

Aengus quickly clenched his fists and began to circulate his Origin Mana, focusing his mind on regaining control.

“Calm down... stabilize...” he whispered to himself. He couldn’t afford to destroy the city—not yet.

Bit by bit, he wrestled the wild energy into submission, compressing his Chaotic Aura until it was contained within him like a raging storm locked in a steel cage.

The tremors subsided slightly, though the lingering oppressive force of his presence remained palpable.

“Now then...” Aengus smirked, standing upright. “Let’s see how those demon lords stops me now.”

But just as he turned to leave, his senses sharpened.

Footsteps.

They echoed faintly, growing louder by the second. Someone—or perhaps multiple people—was approaching the chamber at an alarming speed.

Very soon, Elyon and the Saintess came into view.

Aengus, however, remained calm despite being caught. He was confident that no one present could stop him unless the Gods themselves intervened.

The real Saintess froze in shock as her gaze landed on the imposter standing opposite her.

The resemblance was uncanny—the same looks, the same build, even the same aura of divine grace. It was as though she were staring at her own reflection in a mirror.

“What... is this?” Saintess Lumenaria whispered, her voice trembling with a mix of confusion and anger. “You have emptied all the Divine Essence, thief! The Gods will not spare you.”

Elyon, his holy weapon ready, took a step forward, his expression grim. “Reveal yourself, imposter! Who are you, and why have you desecrated this sacred place?”



## Chapter 288: Chapter 288: A Small Rescue

Aengus tilted his head, a faint smirk playing on his lips as he looked at the two. “Well, well. Isn’t this a touching reunion? But I’m sorry; I’m not in the mood to talk to you two right now. See you, Saintess...”

With that, Aengus casually clenched the delicate hand of his feminine disguise, channeling his raw strength. The very air trembled under the sheer weight of his power.

Elyon and the Saintess stood frozen, speechless at the overwhelming energy radiating from him. An ominous premonition gripped their hearts.

“N-No, don’t...” Elyon stammered, his face pale.

Without hesitation, the two fled the chamber, taking Valen’s unconscious body with them in a desperate bid to escape.

And then—

“BOOOOOOOOM!”

Aengus’s solid punch landed on the magically reinforced ground, triggering an apocalyptic explosion at the point of impact.

The underground chamber was obliterated, reduced to dust and ash in an instant, including the previously formidable barriers. A significant portion of the Cathedral crumbled from the middle, its foundation shattered.

The rebound force sent Aengus hurtling into the air, but his powerful defensive skills left him unharmed.

Hovering above the Cathedral, Aengus wore an evil smirk as he surveyed the chaos below.

“Until we meet again, Saintess. Farewell, for now,” he said, waving mockingly at the enraged duo on the ground.

As he turned to leave, Aengus noticed a formidable figure approaching—the Archbishop of the Cathedral, a powerful level-700 elder.

Without hesitation, Aengus activated his mastery of space laws, vanishing instantly on the sky.

His departure left all the Clergymen, Acolytes, Holy Knights, and Paladins staring in shock and disbelief.

“Sinner!”

The Archbishop, a seemingly seventy-year-old man with an aura of immense power, barked angrily, his voice echoing through the wreckage after failing to catch the imposter.

With clenched fists and gritted teeth, he descended gracefully, landing beside Elyon and the Saintess, his expression dark with fury.

“Lumenaria, Elyon, what are you two doing?” he demanded, his voice sharp and accusatory. “You couldn’t even catch an imposter? Look at what they’ve done! This place has been desecrated!”

Elyon and the Saintess lowered their heads in shame. But what could they do? The culprit was so strong that they wasn’t even able to see the culprit’s real face.

“Find them!” the Archbishop roared, his commanding tone leaving no room for argument. “Whoever it is—male or female—they must not be allowed to live after committing such a daring and heinous act. How will we show our faces to the world after this?”

His gaze swept over the ruins, his anger barely contained.

“Remember, this is not just an attack on the Cathedral. This is an affront to the gods themselves. Gather every Paladin, every Holy Knight, everyone. Mobilize the city. I want the sinner’s head!”

Elyon clenched his fists and nodded firmly. “Understood, Your Eminence. We will not fail this time.”

The Saintess looked up, her usual calm demeanor replaced with bone-chilling coldness. “I will personally ensure that this imposter pays for what they’ve done. I will not let them sully my name. They will not escape divine retribution.”

The Archbishop’s eyes glinted with righteous fury as he turned to oversee the mobilization, his presence a towering pillar of divine authority amid the devastation.

—

Aengus was no longer Aengus—at least, not outwardly.

Rather than fleeing the Cathedral as everyone assumed, he had seamlessly slipped into the role of another Paladin, his disguise flawless and his demeanor impeccable. Blending into the frenzied crowd that was scouring every corner for the imposter, he was a ghost among them.

No one suspected him.

While the others blindly searched for any signs of abnormality that could lead them to the thief, Aengus had a different goal in mind: the rescue of the little girl's mother.

The cells were hidden deep within the Cathedral's lower levels, an area crawling with guards and under constant surveillance. But this only made Aengus's infiltration more exhilarating.

His keen senses allowed him to navigate the labyrinthine passages with ease. The panicked chaos caused by the recent explosion worked in his favor, diverting attention and loosening the usual tight security.

"Go, find that damn thief. How dare he challenge us?"

He passed by groups of Paladins barking orders and Clerics conducting magical scans. None paid him any mind. His stolen identity and the aura of divine authority he carried as a Paladin were his perfect camouflage.

Finally, Aengus reached the dimly lit corridors of the cells. He activated his Appraisal Eye, scanning each prisoner quickly and efficiently. Most of them were ordinary people—rebels, thieves, or unfortunate souls who had crossed the Church in some way. But Aengus's focus was singular.

He muttered to himself as his gaze swept over the bars, "Where are you, lady? I don't have all day..."

Suddenly, his eyes locked onto a faint life signature in a secluded cell at the far end of the corridor.

Aengus used Appraisal and immediately identified the woman. The silver locket around her neck was clearly visible, confirming her identity.

"Who—who are you? I don't know anything... Don't hurt me anymore..."

The injured woman looked at the unfamiliar young man, fear evident in her trembling voice.

"I was sent by your daughter to save you... Now hurry up!" Aengus replied firmly as he began melting the extremely reinforced black metal bars of the cage, which were inscribed with powerful runes.

It struck him as odd. Why was this woman given so much attention, locked away in such a heavily fortified cage? Was it simply because she was affiliated with demons?

Even with his Appraisal, the information on her wasn't enough to clarify his doubts. Something about her imprisonment didn't feel right.

The woman named, Amarian was surprisedd by the sheer power of the young man.

She straightened her posture, becoming worried for her safety.

She couldn't trust a unfamiliar man, just with his mere words alone.

Aengus found it troublesome.

The woman inside still continued to look at him with a mix of fear and confusion.

"I said, your daughter sent me," Aengus reiterated, trying to reassure her. "If you stay here, you'll rot. So, move. Now."

The woman hesitated, her body trembling. "My... my daughter? She's alive?"

"Yes," Aengus replied sharply, keeping his focus on dismantling the cage. "And she's waiting for you. But if we don't leave now, neither of you will see each other again."

As the last of the cage's bars gave way, the woman cautiously stepped out, her frail form almost collapsing before Aengus caught her arm to steady her.

After that Aengus quickly vanished using a space portal.

Chapter 289: Chapter 289: Summoning The void  
Bam! Bam!

"Open the door!"

"Open the door!"

"Hey, stop. Can't you see it's locked? I don't think anyone lives here."

"No, don't stop. That thief is so cunning. He could be hiding anywhere. We can't leave any place unchecked."

Bang! Bang!

Lyra was sweating nervously inside as the people outside banged on the door, determined to break in.

If this continued, she would be caught and sent to the dungeons like her mother.

Her heart raced as she peeked through a crack in the window, searching anxiously for her savior.

Whoosh!

Plop!

Startled by the sudden noise, she instinctively turned around. There, to her immense relief, stood her unconscious mother alongside her savior.

“Mother!” Lyra exclaimed, rushing toward her with worry written all over her face.

“We don’t have time for this little girl. Save the tears for now.” Aengus said before grabbing her arm.

While Lyra was still stunned, Aengus acted swiftly, raising his hand to open a portal and leave the city.

“Huh? Spatial Interception?”

His attempt to activate the Greater Spatial Teleporter failed, leaving Aengus unable to create the portal.

Frowning, he assessed the situation quickly. It had to be either divine intervention or the use of an incredible artifact. There was no other explanation for the sudden restriction.

Without wasting time, Aengus switched tactics. Channeling his mastery over Space Laws, he initiated a small-distance spatial jump toward the city’s exit. However, his limited mastery meant he could only traverse 2 kilometers in one leap.

The short distance frustrated him, and his thoughts turned briefly to his father-in-law, Belial. Whatever materials or technique Belial had used on the teleporter across massive distances effortlessly was something Aengus now greatly curious about.

“I’ll have to ask him about it later,” Aengus muttered as he prepared for another leap, already thinking about how such knowledge might accelerate his mastery over Space.

Aengus and the two others moved like shadows, gliding silently through the city as if ghosts passing unnoticed.

Lyra, cradled in his protective grasp, remained quiet. She could sense his foul mood, an almost tangible weight in the air. Despite the unease, she was astonished by the sheer scale of power he wielded. One moment he was in the real world; the next, he seemed to vanish into another dimension entirely.

Her small frame shivered with awe and envy. Could she ever achieve even a fraction of such strength? The thought lingered in her mind, filling her with both hope and uncertainty.

Within seconds, Aengus reached the city wall. But he paused abruptly, his keen senses detecting the vigilance of the guards stationed there.

Though he could easily annihilate the entire city if he unleashed his full power, he hesitated. "I don't need to harm innocents unnecessarily," he thought, trying to restrain himself.

However, the divine barrier before him was unyielding, blocking even his use of Space Laws to slip through undetected.

His patience, already thin, was nearing its limit. With every moment that passed, his frustration mounted.

"If I am forced to act, I will. For now, let's break you. Then, we will see who dares to block my path," Aengus muttered under his breath, his gaze turning cold.

Lyra shuddered, sensing Aengus's aura suddenly intensify, the weight of his power pressing down on her. Her eyes widened as she saw black dragon scales emerge, covering his once-beautiful form completely. In moments, he transformed into a humanoid dragon, his majestic wings unfurling with a commanding presence.

Aengus unsheathed his God Slayer Sword, the blade emanating a power so immense it caused the ground beneath him to tremble and crack. His stats surged further, pushing him to a near-unimaginable level of strength.

With a stance as steady as a mountain, he aimed his attack at the almost-invincible barrier that sought to trap him.

"Voidbreaker Slash!"

With a roar that seemed to shake the heavens, Aengus swung his blade, unleashing the devastating skill that he got from Emperor Kairos.

"CREEEEEEEEACCCCKKK!"

"BUZZZZZZZ!"

The translucent barrier groaned in defiance, but it was no match for Aengus's overwhelming might. At the point of impact, the very fabric of space itself fractured,

revealing a terrifying void of eternal darkness. The void growled like a ravenous beast, emitting a horrific suction force that began devouring everything in its radius.

Aengus stood firm, his stats nearing 500,000, allowing him to resist the void's pull. But the surrounding environment was not as fortunate. Several unfortunate guards and buildings were dragged into the void, their screams swallowed by the unrelenting darkness.

As the rest of the city froze in shock, unable to comprehend the apocalyptic scene before them, Aengus acted swiftly. Shielding Lyra and her mother with his immense power, he disappeared into the night, leaving the devastation behind.

The cries of despair and the haunting presence of the void lingered as the once impenetrable trap shattered into nothingness.

The old Archbishop, Elyon, and the Saintess stood in stunned silence, their eyes fixed on the site of destruction. The void had consumed a vast area, leaving a massive, dark sinkhole spanning a radius of 3,500 meters, its edges shimmering ominously with residual chaotic energy.

Saintess Lumenaria quickly took action, her hands glowing with divine light as she channeled her energy to accelerate the natural healing of the Spatial Fabrics, the protective layer shielding the world of Creation from the endless Void.

"How... how did he break the Barrier of the Gods?" the Archbishop stammered, his voice heavy with disbelief. His aged eyes, filled with wisdom from decades of experience, failed to comprehend the magnitude of what they had just witnessed.

Elyon, the Light Hero, stepped forward, his expression grave. "Your Eminence, that... person is far beyond our current strength. Though I couldn't see his face clearly, I can say with certainty that he was male and someone who knows us—or at least, knows enough to exploit our defenses so perfectly."

The Archbishop's hands trembled, clutching his staff tightly.

Elyon continued, his gaze unwavering as he stared at the destruction. "And forgive my boldness, Your Eminence, but his power might even surpass yours. We should pray for 'their' intervention."

Chapter 290: Chapter 290: The Secret  
Plop!

Aengus and the two stepped out of the portal, emerging on the edge of the Kairos Empire, where the black ocean met the grassy shore. The cool sea breeze mingled with the tension in the air.

Aengus carefully laid the woman down on the soft ground, his hands glowing with a gentle light as he channeled his healing magic.

“Where... where am I?”

Under Lyra’s astonished gaze, her mother’s wounds closed swiftly, her pale complexion returning to a healthy glow. Within moments, she opened her eyes, blinking in confusion.

“Mother!”

Lyra rushed into her mother’s arms, tears spilling down her cheeks as she buried her face in her lap. Her mother, now fully alert, wrapped her arms around her daughter, holding her tightly with eyes full of relief and affection.

For a moment, her mind remained foggy, but as her gaze settled on her daughter, the memories came flooding back—the fear, the imprisonment, and the faint hope of salvation.

“There, there, Lyra. I’m fine now,” she said soothingly, stroking her daughter’s hair. But then her expression turned puzzled as her gaze shifted to Aengus. “But... who is this man? And where is the one who saved us?”

She squinted at Aengus, unable to recognize him in his current original form.

“Mother, he is our savior. You can’t recognise him?” Lyra asked in doubt.

The woman looked at him with wide eyes, her gratitude mixed with confusion. “You... you are the one who saved us?”

Aengus nodded, his calm gaze meeting hers. “Yes, I am the one who saved you, though my appearance might confuse you. I had to take precautions while in enemy territory.”

Amarian studied him, her expression uncertain. Her instincts told her to be wary, yet gratitude and exhaustion dulled her doubts. “I see... What will you do with us now? And where are we?” she asked, her tone cautious.

Aengus turned his eyes toward the horizon, where the first rays of sunlight painted the black ocean gold.



“We’re now in the territory of the Kairos Empire,” he said evenly. “As for what comes next, the choice is yours. You can follow me to a nearby human settlement where you’ll be safer, or you can go your own way. I won’t stop you, but be aware of the wilderness. Beasts and worse roam these lands, and they won’t hesitate to make you their prey.”

At the mention of wild beasts, Amarian’s grip on Lyra’s hand tightened instinctively. Her heart raced, images of the Cathedral’s merciless cruelty flashing in her mind, now replaced by the threat of mindless predators.

Lyra, noticing her mother’s fear, turned to Aengus. “Savior, if we follow you, will you protect us?” Her voice was small but steady, her eyes full of trust.

Aengus glanced at the young girl.

“If you choose to stay by my side, I’ll ensure no harm comes to you two,” he replied kindly.

But deep inside, Aengus was plotting to uncover the secret the woman seemed to be hiding. Her overcautiousness toward her own savior intrigued him.

There was something about Amarian that drew his attention—her body language, the erratic beat of her heart, and her guarded demeanor toward her savior all hinted at something important. He was determined to uncover the reason why the Cathedral had kept her under such strict surveillance.

“Th-thank you. I don’t know how to repay you for the favor. Please, take us to safety,” Amarian said in a pleading tone.

“Sure, but why don’t you tell me your story while we relax?” Aengus asked, settling comfortably on the grassy ground.

The salty scent of the ocean mixed with the refreshing smell of nature, and the warmth of the rising sun made the setting exceptionally serene. His gaze drifted to the rolling waves, their surfaces sparkling as they caught the morning rays.

Amarian hesitated, her hands tightening slightly around Lyra. Yet, she couldn’t bring herself to refuse her savior’s request.

“I... I suppose I owe you that much,” she said softly.

“There’s not much to say, actually. I came into contact with a demon recently by accident when they were sneaking into the Holy City. That’s when a few paladins spotted me with the demons and accused me of colluding with them, wrongly and without any evidence... Fortunately, my daughter was away at that time,” she said calmly, her gaze fixed on his back.

Aengus, although was not looking directly at her, listened intently. He didn't need to see her face or body language to sense the deception in her words. Her act was nearly flawless, but the slight irregularities in her tone and heartbeat betrayed her. She was hiding something, and it only fueled his curiosity further.

"I see," he responded nonchalantly, giving no indication that he'd caught her lie. "That's quite unfortunate. People can be so quick to judge when fear blinds them."

"Anyway, what about your husband?" he pressed on.

"Oh, he... he died a long time ago in a mining accident," she answered in melancholy.

"But, Mother... Father came home that ni—"

Lyra was about to finish her sentence, but Amarian hurriedly blocked her, not letting her continue to speak.

Aengus, with his sharp hearing, didn't miss her words.

"What were you saying, Lyra? Let her finish it," Aengus said gently, turning back.

"Lord, there's nothing else. She has the habit of talking nonsense," Amarian cut him off.

Aengus frowned. "How long are you going to keep lying, woman? Is this how you repay your savior? Feeding me lies?" he questioned coldly.

Aengus started to use guilt trap to gradually make her reveal everything. He understood that forceful methods or even soul-searching wouldn't work on this woman to reveal the truth properly. Otherwise, the Cathedral would have long known the secret through soul-searching.

Why else would they have kept her alive that long? They were probably still trying to extract something important from her but had failed so far.

As for Lyra, she had been told not to come for her mother unless she was strong enough. Lyra had told him this herself.

The matter of the execution must have been a trap to capture Lyra and exploit her weakness.

The situation was becoming increasingly mysterious, and his instincts were telling him that uncovering the secret would be worthwhile.

Chapter 291: Chapter 291: Clues To Obtaining Godhood  
The woman stammered, sensing the cold tone of their savior.

As expected, she lowered her head in shame, right before her daughter's accusing eyes. Fear and uncertainty gnawed at her heart as well.

"N-No, I didn't. I am not lying," she meekly tried to deny the truth again.

Aengus was slightly annoyed. "Okay. Should I leave you two right here? I don't want to carry two ungrateful liars," he said, standing up, visibly annoyed, to push her into desperation.

"N-No... Please don't... My lord..." she immediately clung to his leg, wrapping her arms around it.

"Mother!" Lyra began to sob, seeing her mother's actions, tears welling up in her innocent eyes. "Please speak the truth to our savior. It's wrong."

Aengus remained resolute, not giving in to her desperate plea.

He gently slipped from her grasp, stepping back with a hint of irritation on his face.

"Alright, will you tell me now?" he asked calmly, sitting down before them, his gaze steady and unyielding.

The woman looked into her daughter's tearful eyes, then at their savior, weighing her options carefully. The choice before her was not an easy one, but the weight of the situation made it impossible to avoid. Her lips trembled as she prepared to speak, caught between fear and trust.

The woman sighed deeply, her resolve hardening. "Alright, Lord, I will speak the truth. But in return, I want your promise—you will not harm us after hearing it."

Aengus smirked internally but outwardly feigned disbelief. "Why would I harm you after learning a simple truth? Is that how you see your savior?" he asked, his expression a mix of feigned hurt and curiosity.

"No, it's not that, my lord," she denied quickly. "It's just... the thing I'm about to reveal is extremely precious. Even the gods themselves might fall to greed if they were to learn of it," she said in a low, serious tone, her gaze locked on his face, searching for any trace of avarice.

Aengus adjusted his expression to one of mild surprise. "Oh? Is that so?" He paused, then added solemnly, "Very well. In the name of ZERO, I promise that I will not lay a hand on you or your daughter."

As he spoke those words loudly, the sky trembled briefly with a faint but undeniable ripple in the air.

Aengus frowned, confused by the sky's reaction to his words, but he set the thought aside for now. His focus remained entirely on the woman before him, waiting for her to reveal the secret.

Amarian seemed to be gambling with their lives, the reaction exaggerated as though fate itself compelled her to speak.

The woman began slowly, her voice trembling slightly, "Lord, the truth is... my husband isn't dead. He worked in the Holy Mountain mines despite being an S-Rank powerhouse."

Aengus raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "An S-Rank powerhouse working in a mine? That's unusual. Continue."

"Yes," she nodded. "The Holy Mountain mines are no ordinary place. The rocks there are so hard, and the heat so intense, that only S-Rank individuals can endure the conditions deep underground for extended periods. It's a job suited only for the strongest."

She hesitated before continuing, her voice dropping lower. "Setting that aside, over a week ago at night, my husband came to our house in secret. To deliver something precious to our child while she was asleep. He called it the God's Stone."

"God's Stone?"

Aengus's eyes gleamed with interest, the answer to his growing curiosity finally taking shape.

"So, it's because of that stone," he mused internally, piecing the puzzle together.

"What exactly does it do?" Aengus asked, his expression feigning curiosity but his mind racing with speculation.

Amarian hesitated, then replied seriously, her gaze shifting to her daughter. "I don't know exactly how it works. But my husband said it can help Lyra... become a God."

"A God?" Aengus repeated, intrigued, though his sharp eyes studied the woman intently for any kind of lie.

But he found no abnormality while telling the truth.

Lyra gasped, her wide-eyed astonishment evident. "A... God?" she echoed, her small hands trembling slightly.

The very notion was incomprehensible to her. Becoming an S-Rank was already an unattainable dream, something she could barely imagine for herself. But the idea of ascending to godhood? It was nothing but absurdity.

The thought felt almost blasphemous, an affront to the divine beings her deeply religious homeland revered. Lyra shook her head, her heart pounding, unsure whether to feel awe or fear.

But deep inside, who wouldn't want that kind of power? Remembering the pain of her mother being captured and tortured only fueled her yearning for strength.

"Can I see it?" Aengus asked calmly, though inside, every fiber of his being felt invigorated.

He had finally found a clue that could lead to becoming an SSS-Rank, the power of the gods, and he would never let such an opportunity slip through his fingers—never.

Aengus couldn't detect the presence of the stone, even with his specialized eyes, confirming its extraordinary power.

Amarian hesitated but eventually sighed in defeat. She looked at her daughter and said, "It's inside my daughter, and no one could ever detect it unless she wills it to reveal itself."

Aengus turned his gaze to Lyra, who appeared utterly puzzled.

"Where is it, Mother? Why didn't I know about this all this time? Why did Father risk his life for me?" Lyra asked, her voice trembling with a mixture of confusion.

"Lyra, it was for your own good," Amarian said softly, her voice laced with sorrow. "Your father wanted you to have a happy life, free from the danger of this world. To give you eternal freedom.

But his actions brought only pain and suffering because of the Cathedral's suspicions. We can't bear this burden alone anymore. Give it to our savior as repayment, and maybe we won't have to live in fear anymore... hopefully."

Her voice broke into sobs as she added, "I don't even know if your father will ever come back to us..."

## Chapter 292: Chapter 292: Obtaining The God Stone

Lyra looked hesitantly between her mother and savior, uncertainty etched across her face.

Aengus observed her closely, sensing the conflict within her. He knew what was on her mind—her thirst for power.

“Mother, how do I get it out? I can’t even feel it inside me,” she asked, her voice a mixture of frustration and determination.

Amarian responded calmly, “Just meditate deeply, dear. I’m sure it will respond to your command if you focus enough.”

“Oh, okay,” Lyra said, nodding as she sat down cross-legged and began to concentrate. She inhaled and exhaled slowly, attempting to center herself.

Aengus waited patiently, but as time passed, it became clear that she was struggling to summon the mysterious stone. Her lack of focus and inexperience hindered her progress.

Seeing this, Aengus stepped closer and lightly touched her little head to increase her mind power.

“Focus, Little girl,” he said softly but firmly. “Feel it within you. Command it to reveal itself.”

Lyra suddenly felt a surge of overwhelming willpower coursing through her, a strength so profound that she felt unstoppable, as though no challenge was beyond her grasp.

Harnessing this newfound power, she delved deeper into her meditation, concentrating with unwavering determination to do as Aengus had instructed.

Moments later, under Aengus’ intensely focused gaze, an extraordinary object materialized before them.

It was a radiant, triangular stone, its design mesmerizing and otherworldly. Both its upper and lower points formed perfect symmetrical triangles, and its surface was etched with intricate, unknown symbols. The carvings pulsed intermittently, glowing with brilliant flashes of white light that seemed alive, as if the stone carried the essence of creation itself.

Aengus’ eyes gleamed with curiosity and hunger for knowledge. “So this is the God’s Stone,” he murmured as he activated Appraisal.

[Appraisal:]

[Item: Core of Divinity; Grade: SSS+]

[Description: A fraction of the world's core of Mythraldor. The will of the Mythraldor world requires new controllers, thus it shed these fragments to be protected by the chosen ones.

[Effect:

1. Upon consumption, Capable of upgrading one skill of your choice to God Level upon reaching level 1,000.
2. Grants a Divine Body, shedding your mortal limits.
3. Extends your origin Mana Capacity and raw stats by unimaginable numbers according to your potential ]

Aengus stared at the information, wide-eyed.

This is it.

This was what he had been searching for.

With this, he could finally stand against the gods and take his revenge from Beelzebub.

He would have the power to turn the tables of this world and establish a prosperous rule before disappearing from it.

But for that to happen, he needed to reach level 1,000 first.

Amarian and Lyra sensed the greed in his eyes and became frightened, feeling the chaotic, fiendish aura emanating from him.

Aengus stared at the God Stone with unrestrained desire.

"Give it to me. Give it to me... I will give you everything you want. Money? Power? Protection? Or a world free of oppressors? I will give it all," he declared, spreading his arms to the sky and laughing maniacally, exhilaration coursing through him.

"Y-Yes, please calm down, Lord," Lyra pleaded desperately.

With her words, the stone finally landed in Aengus' hand, instantly calming him down.

"With this, I will rise," he thought, his gaze fixed firmly on the glowing stone. "And when I do, the heavens themselves will tremble."

Upon safely storing the Divine Stone, Aengus' manic grin vanished instantly as he suppressed the wild emotions inside, regaining his calm and indifferent demeanor.

This change made the mother-daughter duo sigh in relief.

Aengus glanced at them, a flicker of guilt crossing his features for having scared them unnecessarily.

He realized his image might have already been tarnished in their eyes.

Clearing his throat, he said, "Ahem! I can't take this precious thing for free. In return, I promise I will ensure your safety and help you find your husband with all my might."

Amarian and Lyra's faces lit up with happiness at his words.

Amarian sighed in relief, feeling reassured that Aengus wasn't an ungrateful man consumed by greed.

"Thank you, Lord... We would be happy if you can find him for us. But please don't take unnecessary risks. You seem to be a great man with big aspirations. I hope you can truly change the world for the better once you become a figure of worship," Amarian said sincerely, sitting still and composed.

Aengus nodded, then turned to Lyra with a softened expression.

"Come here, little girl. I will give you the power you want," he called out gently, his generosity emerging as he resolved to help them after receiving such a special gift.

"Give me power? How?"

Lyra cautiously stepped forward, her curiosity tempered by unease.

Amarian, though equally curious, remained on guard.

Suddenly, a series of loud thuds echoed as Aengus pulled out several massive corpses of aquatic S-Rank creatures from his pocket space.

"Thud, thud, thud!"

The sight of the enormous lifeless creatures and even a few human corpses among them left both Lyra and Amarian astonished, and horrified.

"What's this?"

Lyra froze in place, her eyes wide with bewilderment as her heart pounded rapidly in her chest.



Amarian instinctively grabbed Lyra's small hand, her grip firm, as she stared at their savior with growing caution.

Aengus noticed their reactions but remained calm, gesturing toward the corpses. "These will serve as the foundation for your strength, little girl. Step forward if you want to receive the power, and of course I won't force you accept it. It's your wish, but don't regret it later on."

He gave them a choice, but whether they would accept it or not was entirely up to them.

Lyra and Amarian felt the weight of the moment pressing down on them.

After a tense silence, Lyra took a deep breath and resolutely stepped forward, her small fists clenched in determination. Amarian, on the other hand, stood back, her heart heavy with worry. She could only pray that their savior would honor his word and place her full trust in him.

"Buzz..."

Without wasting any time, Aengus activated Universal Synthesis.

A faint hum filled the air as a radiant aura enveloped Lyra. Aengus focused intently, ready to imbue her with as much power as her soul could withstand. He would push her limits but remain cautious not to overwhelm her entirely.

Chapter 293: Chapter 293: Return

After a full ten minutes, the synthesis process was finally completed.

Amarian's face was pale, her hands trembling as she listened to the agonizing screams of her daughter. The only thing keeping her from rushing forward was the unwavering, cold gaze of their savior.

When Lyra emerged from the cocoon unharmed, Amarian let out a shaky breath of relief.

But as she looked closer, it was clear that something fundamental had changed within Lyra.

Her daughter's physique was noticeably different—healthier, more muscular, and even slightly taller. The transformation spoke volumes about the immense power she had gained, something Amarian could only marvel at. In her heart, she assumed their savior must be a divine being, capable of bestowing blessings beyond mortal comprehension.

Lyra took a few tentative steps, her body adjusting to the surge of newfound strength, though a faint soreness lingered in her muscles. As she glanced at her status panel, her eyes widened in astonishment.

She had ascended from E-Rank all the way to A-Rank—an almost inconceivable leap in power.

She turned her gaze toward Aengus, awe and gratitude etched into her expression. Bowing deeply, she said with unwavering sincerity, “Thank you, my savior. We will never forget your kindness.”

Aengus regarded her coolly, his expression indifferent yet unreadable.

“It’s nothing, little girl,” he replied, his tone even. “You received only what you deserved. But do not mistake me for a kind being. I am no savior of virtue. I have slaughtered humans and demons alike as easily as one cuts grass.”

His words carried a weight that silenced the air around them, and both Lyra and Amarian could only stare, acknowledging the reality of the man before them—a figure capable of immense power and destruction, yet one who had chosen to aid them.

“Now, let’s settle you down. You will be taken to a place where you can put your power to good use,” Aengus said as he opened a pulsating dark portal to his warship.

Lyra, brimming with excitement, followed him without hesitation, her mother close behind, stepping into the portal with a mix of hope and apprehension.

—

The sun was already high in the sky, illuminating the thriving land of Solis with its golden glow.

“Your Highness, we’ll reach the Imperial Capital by evening, and it’s all thanks to your incredible might,” his father-in-law said with awe and reverence.

As the Liberation Imperial Army marched toward the Imperial City, the admiration for their ruler was evident. His father-in-law’s words carried a tone of deep respect for his son-in-law, now a ruler of an entire empire capable of subjugating a kingdom single-handedly.

On the deck of a Disaster-Class Flying Warship, Aengus’ clone stood at the forefront, gazing intently at the horizon. Behind him, notable figures of power and prestige gathered. Astrid and Ashter, the two leaders of the Silvermoon Clan, stood alongside a group of commanders and the three generals.

All of them glanced at Aengus's imposing figure, their expressions filled with awe and reverence. The man before them had become a symbol of unyielding strength and vision, commanding an empire that sought to reshape the world.

"Buzz!"

Suddenly, the air around them buzzed, and a dark portal emerged before their eyes.

Some soldiers tensed, gripping their weapons, while others remained calm, recognizing the portal as their Emperor's skill, having witnessed it before.

To the surprise of a few, from the portal emerged another Aengus, followed closely by a young girl and an ordinary-looking woman.

Leon's sharp eyes were calm as he already knew he was capable of producing body double. But the current powerful form Aengus surprised him.

"What is this? Is it His Majesty's clone or the real one?" he muttered under his breath.

"Who is the real Emperor?"

Others murmured in confusion, unable to distinguish the real from the fake as both figures appeared identical in every way.

However, the faint undulations of an even more formidable aura radiating from the new arrival confirmed the truth: they had been speaking to a clone all along.

They were dumbstruck upon realising the truth.

Aengus gazed at them nonchalantly.

Then with a casual wave of his hand, Aengus caused the clone to vanish into thin air, leaving no trace and silencing any lingering doubts.

Ashter, Astrid, and a few of the more astute individuals exchanged astonished glances. Their Emperor had not only been managing his empire but also engaging in otherworldly adventures to grow even stronger.

His unwavering dedication to his ideals and unrelenting pursuit of strength inspired a deep sense of awe and respect among his people.

They bowed their heads in unison, their voices ringing out in reverence.

"Long live Your Imperial Highness!"

“Long live the Liberation Empire!”

Amarian and Lyra stood speechless, their eyes wide as they took in the scene before them. The powerhouses, each exuding terrifying strength, bowed in unison to the man they had come to know as their savior.

But it wasn't just the individuals—behind the massive disaster-class warship, they could see an endless formation of soldiers, their armor gleaming under the sun, marching in perfect unison.

Amarian's trembling voice broke the silence. “W-Who are you? Why are they calling you Emperor?”

Aengus turned to her, his smile calm yet brimming with an undeniable authority. “Because I am one. There's no need to be surprised. All of this is for the grand conquest, a step toward a world I shall reshape. It begins with conquering the Kairos Empire and then... the rest of the world.”

Amarian and Lyra felt their hearts tremble at his words.

The sheer weight of the revelation struck them hard.

This man they had placed their trust in, their savior, wasn't just a strong wanderer or an enigmatic hero. He was a ruler, a force capable of changing the course of history itself.

An Emperor-level powerhouse.

Lyra watched with admiration, her savior's image becoming lofty and grand in her heart. She felt the sacrifice she made by giving him the God Stone was worth it. It fell on the right hand.

#### Chapter 294: Chapter 294: Obtaining The Throne

While Lyra and Amarian were settling into their quarters aboard the warship, the Liberation Army's march had brought them within striking distance of the Kairos Empire's Imperial Capital.

At the forefront of the army, Aengus floated serenely in the air alongside Quin, Drake, Yona, and the three elite generals, their imposing presence like a wall of doom looming over the battlefield.

The Imperial City ahead was an awe-inspiring sight—its colossal walls a testament to the grandeur of the ancient Kairos Empire, now standing as the last line of defense for the former Imperial family.

Below, the battlefield stirred with anticipation. Opposing them were millions of soldiers loyal to the former regime, their ranks dwarfed by the overwhelming size of Aengus' rebel army. Fear and uncertainty rippled through their lines, the aura of the Liberation Army's might crushing their morale.

Aengus' cold gaze swept over the defenders' pitiful attempts at resistance. His lips curled into a faint, almost dismissive smirk. Turning back, he locked eyes with General Leon and gave a subtle nod—a silent signal that carried the weight of impending destruction.

“Attack!”

Leon raised his sword high, its gleaming blade catching the last rays of the sinking red sun. His voice boomed across the field like thunder.

“Advance! Take the capital! Leave no stone unturned!”

At his command, the Liberation Army surged forward, a tide of steel and fire rolling toward the capital.

rumble!

The ground trembled under the sheer force of their charge, and the air filled with the clash of steel, the thunder of war cries, and the desperate shouts of the defenders.

“Kill!”

As the sun dipped below the horizon, its crimson light bathed the battlefield, painting the skies a deep, ominous red—a fitting backdrop for the fall of an empire.

“Quin, go rumbling,” Aengus commanded with a calm, almost indifferent tone.

Quin's lips curled into a wicked grin as he acknowledged the order. “As you wish, My Emperor. I alone am enough to take them down.”

“RUMBLE!”

With a thunderous crash, Quin leapt from the warship, his form expanding mid-air as he seamlessly transformed into his Ancient Titan form.

The transformation was awe-inspiring and terrifying, as Quin's colossal figure, nearly 5,000 meters tall, landed with earth-shaking force.

Drake and Yona instinctively tilted their heads upward, gawking at the massive frame of their comrade.

“F\*ck!” Drake muttered in disbelief.

“Haha, die, you ants! DIE!” Quin roared, his voice booming like an earthquake. “How dare you block His Majesty’s path?”

As Aengus’ First Commandment, Quin’s strength was beyond comprehension. His every step sent shockwaves through the ground, shaking the very foundation of the battlefield.

The sight of Quin’s sheer might sent waves of terror through the enemy ranks.

“Just how are we supposed to win against that?”

“We’re dead!”

“Look! The commanders are fleeing!”

“Sht! Fck the Imperial family! F\*ck loyalty!”

Panic spread like wildfire. Quin’s devastating attacks tore through the enemy’s ranks, crushing soldiers and reducing their morale to dust.

Screams of despair echoed across the battlefield as soldiers threw down their weapons.

“Yes, yes! Surrender to His Majesty!” Quin shouted, his manic laughter reverberating like rolling thunder. “Only then will you be spared!”

The enemy soldiers, unable to withstand the overwhelming force, began to surrender en masse.

“We surrender!”

“Please, stop! Don’t kill us! We have families!”

Clang! Clang! Thud!

Weapons and shields clattered to the ground as the once-formidable army crumbled before Quin’s monstrous power.

From above, Aengus and the other Transcendentals watched the scene unfold with calm detachment.

The Seven Shadow Assassins had already eliminated the two enemy Transcendentals, ensuring there was no opposition worth their time.

On the warship, Lyra and Amarian watched the events with wide eyes, utterly speechless.

They had just witnessed the might of an Ancient Titan for the first time, and it was beyond anything they could have imagined.

“If his subordinates are this strong,” Lyra whispered, her voice trembling with awe, “then how strong must our savior be?”

By now, Lyra and Amarian had pieced together much of Aengus’ history. The tales of his victories in every battles, his rise to power, and his unrelenting will painted a picture of a man who was more than a ruler—he was a legend.

A dark hero, feared by many, but revered by those who followed him.

The battle ended in less than ten minutes, as though the victor had been decided long before it even began.

Aengus and his army marched into the Imperial Capital, their presence suffocating and awe-inspiring under the curious, fearful gazes of the citizens lining the streets and watching from behind closed windows.

“Is that the one who killed Emperor Kairos?”

On a rooftop, a curious man whispered to his companion, stealing glances at Aengus’ towering, commanding figure as he strode purposefully toward the Imperial Throne.

“Yes, it must be. Look at how powerful he is,” the other replied, his voice tinged with awe as he felt the sheer weight of the Emperor’s overwhelming aura.

“Now what’s going to happen to us? And to the Imperial family?” another asked with anxiousness.

“No idea about us,” a resigned laugh responded from the shadows, “but the former Imperial family? They’ve probably fled already. That’s the only choice they have left.”

Whispers rippled through the crowd as Aengus’ presence filled the city like a storm cloud ready to strike. His aura demanded attention and submission, leaving no doubt in the minds of the citizens—this was a man who would reshape this Empire.

“Did you capture them all?” Suddenly Aengus asked, his voice cutting through the silence like a blade.

From the shadows, a figure cloaked in darkness emerged. One of his Shadow Assassins knelt before him.

“Yes, my lord,” the assassin replied respectfully. “We’ve apprehended the entire royal family while they attempted to flee. We’ve also recorded a map detailing the locations of the stolen treasures and imperial resources.”

“Very good.” Aengus’ voice was cold and unyielding. “That’s all I needed to hear. I want them executed publicly at dawn. We can’t afford to let them become a threat in the future.”

“As you command, my lord,” the assassin said, bowing deeply before vanishing back into the shadows.

Aengus turned his gaze toward the grand Palace ahead, his expression as resolute as ever.

## Chapter 295: Chapter 295: Law Crystals

Late that night, the Grand Imperial Palace stood quiet, its vast halls mostly empty except for a few stationed guards and flickering lanterns casting long shadows.

With the completion of a simple coronation ceremony earlier that evening, the occupation of the Empire was officially finalized. Aengus, now formally recognized as Emperor Zero, declared the region under the banner of the Liberation Empire.

The news of the regime change spread like wildfire, reaching hundreds of millions of citizens and surrendered nobles alike. Surprisingly, the Imperial Capital—a city housing nearly two billion people—accepted the transition with little resistance.

In some districts, the streets lit up with fireworks as ordinary citizens celebrated the end of the former oppressive rule. Others quietly welcomed the promise of change, hopeful yet wary of the new order.

Temporary roles were swiftly assigned to maintain peace and structure within the massive city, and despite the rapid upheaval, order remained surprisingly intact.

Deep in the night, Aengus sat in his quarters within the sprawling palace. His appearance was unassuming, stripped of grandeur, as he leaned back in his chair. The flickering candlelight reflected in his eyes as he gazed out into the darkness beyond the windows.

He was alone, his thoughts heavy. Victory was his, yet the responsibility of an empire now rested on his shoulders.

While Aengus sat in contemplation, one of his clones worked tirelessly in a secluded chamber deep within the palace. The clone was consumed with a singular purpose: to level up as quickly as possible.



Surrounded by a chaotic assortment of resources: corpses of enemies, shimmering mana orbs, demon cores, discarded weapons, and treasures deemed unnecessary—the clone devoured them relentlessly. Each item was converted into raw energy, pushing his level higher and higher.

Aengus's ultimate goal loomed before him like a distant horizon: level 1000. Only then could he unlock the true power of the God Stone and ascend to a state where no one in this world could challenge him.

Once he reached that peak, his plans could truly begin on a grand scale.

Until then, he focused on consolidating his hold over the continent. The remaining kingdoms would fall under his control, either through conquest or diplomacy. His armies, already massive, would expand further as he recruited new soldiers from every corner of the land.

—

The Demon World, Abyss

In Crimson City, recruitment for the Liberation Army was in full swing.

Each day, the army enlisted millions of new demon minions to strengthen its rule.

However, the resources required to support this growing force were immense. For now, the treasures and reserves of Crimson City's treasury were sufficient to sustain them for a few days without issue.

In one of the rooms of the Demon Lord's Castle, Aengus, Aria, and Bella were deep in discussion.

"So, hubby, you're saying you've taken over an empire in the human world already?" Bella asked, her tone both surprised and curious by the news

Aengus nodded calmly, while Aria remained quiet, already aware of the accomplishment beforehand.

"That's incredible! We can finally go to the Phoenix Empire to bring back my mother, right? Don't forget what you promised, darling," Bella said, her voice filled with charm as she playfully pouted like a child.

Aria observed Bella's playful demeanor with a hint of envy, realizing she could never act as seductively or affectionately as Bella did.

“Oh, yes, Ethan,” Aria muttered, her voice softer but tinged with excitement. “I would like to go too. I haven’t seen my father for a while now, and I’d love to visit your new empire.”

Aengus glanced at both of them, acknowledging their requests with a faint smile. “Sure... Let me arrange the attack on Demon Lord Goliath first, then I will send you two away,” he said, standing up.

Bella perked up slightly and asked, “Are you going to meet my father?”

“Yes, I need to discuss with him.” Aengus replied, pausing at the door. “Anything you want me to tell him?”

Bella smiled gracefully, still seated beside Aria. “Yes, just inform him that we’re going to bring my mother back. I’m sure he’ll be happy to hear that.”

“Okay,” Aengus said with a nod before stepping out of the room.

Aria clasped her hands together in a praying posture, her expression serene but resolute.

Bella, intrigued by the unexpected gesture, leaned closer. “Who are you praying to, Aria? The Gods? I thought you despised them as much as our husband does,” she voiced her doubt.

Aria shook her head slowly. “No. I don’t believe in any Gods. I only pray to myself,” she answered in a low voice, her gaze fixed on the path Aengus had taken moments ago.

—

Meanwhile, Aengus summoned his father-in-law, Belial, from the Lust Dukedom, which he had been managing—or rather, enjoying alongside his many wives while sharing the news of their victory.

Belial immediately teleported back to the Demon Lord’s Castle in response to Aengus’ urgent call.

“What happened, Son-in-law? Any good news?” Belial asked calmly, his tone laced with curiosity.

Seated on the throne in the vast, empty court, Aengus regarded Belial with a composed expression. “Yes, Father-in-law. I have some questions regarding the creation of the Spatial Portal device. Do you have time?”

Belial smiled warmly, clearly pleased by Aengus' respectful demeanor. "Haha... Don't be so humble, Son-in-law. You can ask me anything, anytime. What do you want to know?" he replied, his voice carrying a hint of pride at being consulted.

How unbelievable was that?

Aengus asked, "What main component do you use that allows travel across such long distances?"

"Oh, that? I discovered some incredible space-related stones in one of the mines. I made some tweaks here and there using my crafting knowledge. That's how it works... Why are you asking?"

Aengus looked intrigued. "Can you show me one? It could be very important to me."

"Haha, alright..."

Belial quickly searched through his Spatial Device before presenting a transparent blue crystal.

—

[Appraisal ]

Item: Law Crystal (Space)

Description: A highly coveted item for seekers of Space Law. It is greatly capable of increasing one's affinity and understanding of space.

—

Aengus examined the crystal's information, becoming exhilarated. His guess was spot on.

This was one of the Law Crystals used in the Primal Realm. He had seen his father use these many times.

"Father-in-law, I need these Crystals as much as you can provide." Aengus said seriously, not wanting to hear no.

Belial was surprised by his sudden excitement.

Just what was he going to use it for?

"Son-In-Law, Although, they are rare. I will hand you everything I had."

Chapter 296: Chapter 296: Imperial Harem

After receiving the ten crystals, Aengus shifted the discussion with Belial to the attack plan on Demon Lord Goliath and the swift takeover of his domain.

Aengus outlined the plan, emphasizing the element of surprise. "Prepare all the forces to mobilize as soon as possible," he instructed.

"My clone will lead the attack. It should be more than enough to deal with that insignificant Demon Lord," Aengus added confidently.

Belial nodded, pleased with the decisive plan, but then shifted the conversation. "So, you and Bella are heading to the Phoenix Empire? Be careful there. They have powerful high-ranking Transcendentals as well. Although, knowing you, I doubt they would stand a chance," he said with a chuckle.

Aengus raised an eyebrow, curious. "Are you not interested in coming with us?"

Belial shook his head. "No, I'll stay behind to oversee the operations here and ensure everything runs smoothly. I am not ready to face Celeste after ignoring her for so long. You know, I am ashamed of myself for my incapacities. I am unworthy of her. And, Aengus if you find she already had someone else in her heart, don't force her to come back. I can endure it. I always did." he said with emotion, his jovial mood down.

"Heh heh, Besides, this is your journey, Son-in-law. You don't need me interfering in this part of your story. You need to conquer that Empire as well. It won't be bad if you had the Idea of their strength and weaknesses closely."

Aengus gave a faint nod, understanding Belial's reasoning. "Very well. I will do as you say. Just make sure everything here is in order in the war."

"Of course. Good luck out there, Son-In-Law," Belial said with a reassuring smile.

—

Aengus' clone swiftly transported Aria and Bella to the human world, where his original body awaited them.

On the other side, Aengus greeted them with a soft smile, his presence exuding even more power than before.

Bella, now in her human form, immediately sensed the change. Her eyes sparkled as she remarked, "Hubby, you've grown even more powerful. I didn't notice it while staying with your clone..." She looked smitten, her admiration evident.

Walking gracefully beside Aria, Bella's every step seemed calculated to mesmerize, her curvaceous figure drawing all eyes present.

Ignoring everyone present, she moved closer to embrace Aengus, her affection unrestrained.

The scene unfolded under the morning light in the human world, where Aengus had been in a meeting with the officials of the Liberation Empire. They had been discussing strategies, including the response about the letters of submission to other kingdoms.

Present at the meeting were Quin, Drake, Yona, the three generals, Aria's father, and her uncle, and more Commanders.

Each of them stood up, stunned as Bella joined the scene—a breathtakingly fiery and seductive presence alongside the ever-dignified and elegant Aria.

The two women embraced Aengus simultaneously, leaving little doubt in the minds of the onlookers that the Imperial Harem was becoming a reality.

Awestruck, the officials exchanged glances, their thoughts interrupted only by the fiery beauty of the Phoenix-like Bella, now beside Aria.

They didn't forget their manners, bowing respectfully and greeting the returning Empress Consort.

"Welcome back, Empress Consort!"

Their words brought a wave of nostalgia as they remembered Aria's astonishing abilities—her control over the sun and moon, including her influence over the very forces of nature.

Aria's father and uncle furrowed their brows, sensing a new woman beside their son-in-law.

It wasn't that they thought their Emperor wouldn't have a harem—it was almost expected—but they didn't think it would be this soon. Since Aria and Aengus' marriage was not official yet, they were worried about Aria's position as the first wife and Empress.

They gazed at Aria with questioning looks, and in return, Aria gestured for them to keep quiet. She would explain things later.

Bella, standing to the left of Aengus' seated posture, looked over the officials with an amused smile, feeling triumphant and excited about interacting with humans after so long.

Aengus smiled and quietly observed their reactions, including Astrid's and Ashter's.

He also noticed Aria's calm demeanor, almost indifferent to the unfolding situation—completely accepting Bella's presence equally in their family.

"Hello, my name is Bella Bellfrost. You can think of me as another of your Empresses, sworn to stand by your Emperor's side forever, along with Empress Aria. Nice to meet you all," Bella said with a charming smile, blowing a kiss into the air.

Instantly, a few people were unwillingly charmed by her voice and smile, even though she hadn't unleashed even a tenth of her charm as a succubus yet.

Drake, Quin, Yona, and even a few older men like Ashter and Astrid had their eyes flash with an unmistakable love-struck gleam, reflected in their expressions.

"Bella..."

Aengus berated her sternly, his tone carrying a hint of irritation. He found her mischievous act awkward, and his possessive nature flared.

He couldn't stand seeing other men look at her with those kinds of eyes, even if they were merely pure admiration and fanatical devotion.

Bella froze, realizing her mistake, and quickly snapped her fingers to break the charm she had unintentionally cast.

"Sorry, hubby!" she said, smiling coyly.

Aria watched the scene unfold with a speechless expression, glancing at her father and uncle, who seemed equally bewildered.

The weaker ones who had been charmed looked awkward and embarrassed as they regained their composure, realizing what had happened.

Some began sweating nervously, sneaking glances at Emperor Zero to gauge whether he was angry or not.

Aengus' expression had already softened, which made them sigh in relief that their Emperor was not an unreasonable person.

With a casual gesture, he snapped his fingers, creating two thrones on either side of his own for his wives.

"Sit down."

Bella and Aria sat down gracefully, each crossing one leg over the other in an elegant display befitting their roles as Empresses.

“So, General, according to your report, seven kingdoms rejected our Letter of Submission?” Aengus asked General Felix, his tone calm but sharp.

“Yes, Your Imperial Highness. We await your orders,” General Felix replied, bowing respectfully.

Aengus’s expression darkened, a menacing aura filling the room.

“Very well. If they want war, I will give them one,” he said coldly. “Prepare to seize their kingdoms immediately and execute everyone who resists.”

His icy declaration sent a chill through the room. The officials and generals present shivered, realizing the brutal and decisive course their Emperor had chosen.

#### Chapter 297: Chapter 297: Depart To Phoenix Empire

After the meeting concluded, Aria’s father and uncle discreetly pulled her aside into a quiet corner of the palace.

“Alright, can you explain what’s going on, daughter?” Ashter demanded, his tone both concerned and firm.

“Yes, Aria,” Astrid added, crossing his arms. “Where did you two go, and who is this new woman? How did she suddenly become an Empress?”

Their expressions reflected their unease. They thought Aria might be too soft, allowing Aengus to do as he pleased.

“If this continues, won’t your position as the primary wife be at risk?” Ashter asked bluntly.

Though Aengus had officially declared both women as Empresses, Ashter and Astrid remained skeptical. How could there be two equal Empresses in an Imperial Harem? Traditionally, there was always a single main wife, with others relegated to the rank of concubines.

Their skepticism and concern were evident as they awaited Aria’s response.

Aria pressed her fingers against her forehead, feeling the onset of a headache.

Still, she explained calmly, "Father, Uncle, Ethan promised there would be no other women in our Imperial Family. You can cross out the idea of him having a typical harem. Bella is an exception."

She paused before continuing, "Bella saved his life during a moment of desperation when Beelzebub was devouring an entire city. From that point on, their paths intertwined, leading to their journey to the Demon World. Over time, they developed a romantic bond."

Ashter and Astrid exchanged astonished glances.

"Wait, what? The Demon World? How did they even get there?" Ashter asked in disbelief.

"Exactly," Astrid added. "How does this even make sense?"

Aria sighed but maintained her composure. "Because Bella is a demoness."

Both men froze, their eyes widening.

"Oh, heavens! A demoness falling in love with a human?!" Ashter exclaimed, his tone laced with concern. "Aria, explain this in detail. If this becomes public, it could spark chaos! The devout will curse him as a heretical, tyrannical ruler. This could escalate quickly."

Astrid's expression turned solemn, clearly seeing the potential trouble this could cause.

Aria shook her head firmly, dismissing their concerns.

"No, Father, you worry too much. Nothing of the sort will happen. I believe in him and his vision. People will eventually see the value in his grand ideals—a world free from oppression and endless bloodshed. They will support him, just as I do."

She looked at them with unwavering resolve.

"And if something like that does happen, I will be his shield. I will protect him. When I first met him, he was far too innocent for this cruel world. It's that innocence that drove him to take on this path. I will stand by him, even if it means standing against the world."

Her determination left her father and uncle speechless.

Aria then slowly recounted Aengus' story, starting with his arrival in this world from another realm, which left her father and uncle frozen in shock due to the extraordinary nature of his background from a higher world.



It seemed almost ridiculous to them now because in the oast they compared Aengus' background to theirs.

They were ashamed.

She continued, detailing his vow to take revenge on Beelzebub and his grand goal of liberating the entire world by uniting humans and demons.

Although the idea sounded impossible at first, they began to hope it might come true.

Aria then narrated his exploits in the Demon World, where he had risen to the rank of Demon Lord. This revelation widened their eyes as they realized the magnitude of Aengus' ambitions.

The concept of merging both demon and human armies into an unstoppable force, if controlled properly, left them both impressed and contemplative.

As Aria concluded the story, the initial doubts her father and uncle had about Aengus' character faded completely, replaced by deep respect and awe.

They also felt immense pride in Aria, recognizing her as a Transcendental figure and a fitting partner for someone as remarkable as Aengus. They were truly satisfied.

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"So, hubby, ready for the journey?" Bella asked Aengus on the terrace of the palace.

"Yes. But you seem overly excited. Are you not worried, Bella?" Aengus asked gently, gazing down at the sprawling city below.

"Of course not. As long as I'm with you, I have nothing to worry about," Bella replied with a soft smile as she leaned closer, wrapping her arms around his waist from behind.

Aengus allowed himself a brief smile before asking, "What if your mother refuses you and your father?"

Bella rested her chin on his shoulder, inhaling his masculine scent. "Then I'll try to convince her. If that doesn't work, I'll stay by your side anyway. She's my mother, but I have found a new family now. "

Aengus leaned against the railing, enjoying the comforting warmth of her embrace, his gaze fixed on the horizon. "You're quite confident, Bella. I hope things go as smoothly as you believe."

“Yes, of course, hubby,” Bella said, her voice filled with confidence. “With you, nothing is impossible.”

“Okay, then,” Aengus said, turning back and lightly kissing Bella’s crimson lips. “Let’s depart.”

Bella, her excitement barely contained, watched as Aengus opened a shimmering portal to their destination: the Phoenix Empire. The Empire lay an impressive 400,000 miles away, but the portal would let them traverse the vast distance effortlessly.

This time, Aengus created the portal using his advanced mastery of Space Law. His comprehension had grown significantly, thanks to synthesizing the ten Law Crystals with his mind. This feat had elevated his understanding of Space Law to an impressive 10%.

Now, Aengus could manipulate spatial fabrics across hundreds of thousands of miles, with the precise locations of countless places firmly engraved in his mind within this vast radius.

It was an astonishing amount of progress. Should he reach 100% comprehension, he would be considered an elite even in the Primal Realm upon his return. By then, his physical strength would undoubtedly surpass that of many powerful figures in that higher plane.

“Whoosh!”

“We’re coming, Mother.”

Following behind Aengus, Bella’s mind was filled with childhood memories with her mother.

Chapter 298: Chapter 298: Phoenix Capital City

“Swoosh!”

Aengus and Bella stepped out of the dark portal, their sudden arrival in the bustling marketplace leaving everyone around stunned.

The ordinary folks stood frozen, their gazes locked onto the pair radiating an aura of power and elegance.

The man was strikingly handsome, exuding a calm yet overwhelming presence. The woman beside him, with her fiery crimson hair streaked with hints of royal purple, immediately drew gasps of awe. Her appearance unmistakably resembled someone

from the Phoenix Empire, and the purity of her high Phoenix bloodline was palpable even to ordinary citizens.

Some onlookers became cautious, their instincts urging them to tread carefully. Others were outright surprised, wondering why someone of her regal stature would visit the lower district. A subtle yet undeniable sense of reverence spread through the crowd as many felt compelled to bow instinctively before her presence.

Bella, noticing the attention, smiled mischievously. She coiled her arm around Aengus's left arm, pressing close to his side like a magnet. Her posture was graceful yet possessive, as if silently announcing to everyone present that this man was hers.

"Shall we take a stroll before announcing our arrival, hubby?" Bella asked sweetly, her voice carrying a playful tone that matched her confident demeanor.

"As you wish, but we need to be quick," Aengus replied, his tone calm as he strolled alongside Bella.

"Oh, come on, hubby. You should relax a little... Let's take a proper tour of this city," Bella teased, her eyes sparkling with curiosity as she observed the humans around them.

Some appeared entirely ordinary, while others carried faint traces of Phoenix bloodline power within them, intriguing Bella even further.

"Alright," Aengus conceded with a slight smile. "But I don't know the way. Perhaps you should guide me along then..."

Bella glanced around, realizing she was as unfamiliar with the streets as he was. She frowned slightly, puzzled about where to begin.

Just then, two children approached them, their expressions filled with curiosity and excitement.

"Lord, Lady, please wait!" the older girl called out, her voice bright and eager.

Aengus and Bella paused, turning their attention to the children—a girl who looked about 8 or 9 and a boy slightly older.

The girl stepped forward confidently, speaking with a hint of pride. "Lord, would you like a tour around the city? We can help! We know every nook and cranny of this place."

Before Aengus could reply, the boy interjected, his tone charming and mature for his age. "Oh yes, Lady, perhaps you'd like to visit a nice romantic inn to spend some quality time with the Lord?" He flashed a radiant smile, clearly trying to impress.

Bella chuckled softly, finding their boldness endearing. "What do you think, hubby? Should we trust these two little guides?"

Aengus looked at the children with mild amusement. "Why not? Lead the way, little ones. Let's see if your knowledge of the city is as impressive as you claim."

The boy and girl beamed with excitement, ready to showcase their expertise. "Yes, my Lord! Right this way!" they said in unison, leading the pair through the lively streets.

Aengus and Bella walked gracefully, their presence exuding the aura of a noble couple. They followed the two young guides, who eagerly led them through the bustling streets and into an incredibly fancy inn. The establishment boasted an array of striking delicacies and an unmistakably romantic ambiance.

"Welcome, my lord! Welcome!" the innkeeper and waiters greeted enthusiastically, their voices filled with reverence and excitement.

Under the persistent efforts of the waitstaff, Aengus and Bella were quickly seated at an elegantly decorated table in the center of the room.

Outside, their little guides stood professionally by the entrance, their hands clasped behind their backs. However, their eyes occasionally wandered inside, fixating on the platters of delicious food being carried past the doorway. Their stomachs growled faintly, and they gulped, trying to suppress their hunger.

Bella noticed this, her sharp eyes catching the way they fidgeted.

She leaned closer to Aengus with a soft smile.

"What do you think their relationship is?" Bella asked playfully.

Aengus glanced at the children outside, then replied calmly, "Don't get any weird ideas. They're blood siblings."

Bella's smile froze mid-thought, as she had initially assumed they were a young couple.

"Ahem..." She coughed awkwardly, covering her embarrassment.

Just then, the innkeeper, an older man with a kind demeanor, approached their table. "Lady, Lord, what would you like to eat?" he inquired respectfully.

Bella, eager for a distraction, quickly answered, "Give us wyvern meat. It's really tasty!" Her eyes sparkled, and she licked her lips in anticipation.

The innkeeper smiled graciously at her enthusiasm. "Certainly, Lady. Two plates of wyvern meat for both of you. Anything else? Perhaps some wine or sweets?"

Bella glanced briefly at the children, then turned back to the innkeeper. "No wine. Just bring us... four—no, make it eight plates of meat—and some sweets," she said swiftly, her tone firm yet cheerful.

The innkeeper's brows raised slightly in surprise at the large order but he quickly composed himself and nodded. "Of course, Lady. Anything you wish. And for you, my Lord?" he asked, turning toward Aengus.

Aengus shook his head. "Nothing else. Just bring her what she asked for."

The innkeeper bowed politely. "As you command, Lord. I'll have it ready shortly." With that, he departed to fulfill their order.

Understanding Bella's reasoning for ordering so much food, Aengus smiled warmly.

"They seem to be giving you more respect than me. Is it because they can sense your Phoenix bloodline somehow?" Aengus asked, a hint of curiosity in his tone.

Bella nodded confidently. "Yes, it could be. I can sense theirs too, though their bloodline purity is really low."

Aengus stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Hmm. It seems your mother's clan must be quite influential here in the Imperial Capital City then."

Bella tilted her head slightly, considering his words.

"The Eternal Phoenix Clan should be a few districts away, in the center of the city. But I don't know the exact location. Do you have any idea, Bella?"

Bella shook her head. "No, but don't worry. I'm sure our little guides know the way," she added with a confident smile.

Chapter 299: Chapter 299: To Royal District

Soon, the tantalizing aroma of the freshly cooked wyvern meat filled the air, making Bella's eyes glisten with excitement as she prepared to dive into the feast.

The table was brimming with delicacies, but Bella glanced toward the two guides standing outside, their hungry gazes subtly betraying their discomfort.

"Now, do you want to call them in?" Aengus asked, watching Bella with a knowing smile.

Bella paused, her fork halfway to her plate, and then responded thoughtfully, "You always know me best. But we can't call them in; they'd feel uncomfortable and scared to eat with us. I know it. Just send four plates outside for them... with your ability."

Aengus chuckled softly, admiring her considerate nature. "Okay, you're so thoughtful," he said, snapping his fingers.

A small portal materialized before the young guides, startling them.

"What's this, brother?" the little girl asked nervously, clutching her brother's arm.

"I-I don't know," her brother replied, his voice trembling as he instinctively stepped in front of her protectively.

They both stared at the swirling portal, their wide eyes betraying fear and awe. They had never encountered anything like it before, and their unease was palpable.

Then, under their watchful, wary gazes, four plates of delicious, steaming meat were carefully passed through by a strong, steady hand.

The boy and girl gasped in recognition, realizing the hand belonged to the Lord they had guided to the inn.

"Just take it!"

A voice followed from within the portal—firm, commanding, yet unmistakably kind.

The siblings hesitated for only a moment before the boy gathered his courage, bowing deeply toward the portal. "T-Thank you, my Lord!" he stammered, his voice filled with gratitude.

The girl mirrored his bow, clutching the edges of her ragged dress. "Thank you so much, Lord and Lady!" she said, her small voice trembling with emotion.

They didn't receive a reply, and the portal vanished instantly.

The siblings began to eat happily, sitting just outside the entrance. Their faces lit up with joy as they savored the delicious meal, the boy making sure his little sister had her fill.

Inside the inn, Bella glanced out the window with a satisfied smile while she delicately ate her own meal.

"I wonder when I'll have my own child," Bella mused aloud, her voice carrying a soft, wistful tone. She rested her chin on her hand, her gaze distant and filled with yearning. "I want to be a mother too."

Aengus froze mid-bite, feeling her eyes on him. He avoided her questioning gaze, the awkwardness unmistakable on his face.

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After about 20 minutes, Aengus paid the bill with gold coins. Fortunately, gold was still accepted as a secondary form of currency alongside the Empire's official bills.

Bella gracefully rose from her seat, looping her arm through Aengus's as they exited the inn. The siblings stood nearby, bowing deeply as they noticed their employers approaching.

"Thank you so much, Lord and Lady!" the boy said earnestly, his little sister echoing him with a bright smile.

"It's nothing," Aengus shrugged casually.

Bella leaned down slightly, handing the siblings some sweets. "Children, do you know the way to the Eternal Phoenix Clan?" she asked gently.

The siblings accepted the sweets gratefully, but their expressions immediately shifted to shock and apprehension at the mention of the clan.

Noticing their reaction, Bella frowned. "What's wrong?"

The boy hesitated before replying, trying to calm his racing heart. "L-Lady, don't you know that's the Royal Clan of the Phoenix Empire? How could insignificant beings like us dare to go near them?"

Bella blinked in mild surprise. "Oh, we didn't know about this, hubby," she said, glancing at Aengus.

Aengus smirked, clearly amused. "So, your mother is now part of an Imperial Clan. This is getting more interesting," he commented.

The boy and his sister froze, their faces pale with realization. "L-Lady, you're from the Imperial family?" The two knelt down instantly, their heads lowered in fear. "We're so sorry we couldn't recognize you. Please forgive us!"

Bella jumped slightly at their sudden reaction. "Come on, you two! I'm not..." She sighed, a little exasperated, before softening her tone. "Though, I am indeed a royalty—just from a different rule," she added with a smile.

The siblings stood up slowly, their faces still confused and hesitant.

“Never mind her,” Aengus said gently, his tone reassuring. “Just lead us the way. No need to be afraid as long as we’re here, little ones.”

He could have scoured the entire Phoenix Capital by flying, but doing so would likely alarm the city and draw unnecessary attention, which he wanted to avoid.

The siblings exchanged nervous glances, their hesitation apparent.

Bella, noticing their reluctance, smiled mischievously and revealed a large pouch from her space ring. Opening it, she let the shimmering gold coins spill out just enough for them to catch a glimpse of the fortune inside. “Tell me, you want money, right? I’ll give you all this gold if you take us along.”

The siblings gasped, their eyes widening in awe at the sight.

“So much gold!”

The sunlight reflected off the mound of coins, casting a golden glow that dazzled the young guides. There had to be at least 1,000 gold coins—far more than they had ever seen in their lives.

The boy and girl, having grown up in poverty, knew exactly what such wealth could mean. It wasn’t just money; it was freedom, safety, and a chance for a better future.

Their hesitation melted away as temptation took over.

“Deal!”

With eager smiles, they nodded in unison.

From there, their direction changed directly toward the Royal District at the heart of the city.

The Royal District was, of course, heavily restricted. Commoners could not enter as they pleased.

After crossing through the bustling commoner district under the curious gaze of passersby, they arrived at the grand gates leading to the Royal District.

The towering gates were heavily guarded, with soldiers dressed in ornate armor. Their presence alone was enough to make the siblings visibly tense.

However, the moment the guards sensed Bella’s pure Phoenix bloodline, their demeanor completely changed.



Their stiff expressions turned into ones of reverence and fear. Without hesitation, they bowed deeply and stepped aside, clearing the way.

“Please, enter, my lady! Forgive us for our rudeness!” one of the guards said, his voice trembling slightly, as if afraid of offending her.

Chapter 300: Chapter 300: Dance Of The Phoenix

“See, I told you not to fear,” Bella chuckled softly as they continued walking through the pristine Royal District.

Evan and Stella blinked nervously, their apprehension fading slightly but replaced by a growing self-consciousness as they glanced down at their simple, worn clothing. Despite this, they dutifully led the way through the lavish surroundings.

The walkway beneath their feet was perfectly smooth, paved with polished like asphalt, flanked by vibrant gardens and opulent, intricately designed mansions that exuded noble prestige.

Aengus silently observed the children, noticing their discomfort but choosing not to comment, allowing them the dignity to carry on.

What truly caught his attention, however, were the numerous women they passed by on their journey.

All The women carried an ethereal elegance, all with fiery hair that ranged from blazing crimson to soft auburn, paired with strikingly fair complexions. Their features were refined, and their demeanor was proud, embodying the traits of those with Phoenix bloodlines.

Yet it wasn't just their beauty that stood out. Many of them exuded an undeniable aura of power, with vibrant characteristics that hinted at their connection to the mythical Phoenix. Some bore subtle signs—feathers that shimmered like precious gems, faint fiery wings that flickered behind their forms, or gracefully arched, long eyebrows that resembled a Phoenix's crest.

But of course, they still couldn't stand a chance against Bella in beauty and grace.

“Why are your eyes only on the women, hubby?” Bella asked with jealousy.

Aengus immediately shook his head,

“Who? Me? Of course not. I was also observing those men with Dragon bloodlines. It's fascinating to see that the legends are true—Dragon and Phoenix bloodlines intertwine, just like the tale of the Dragon God and the Phoenix Goddess.”

Bella's expression softened at the mention of the tale. "Oh yes, my mother told me their story too. Their love, their sacrifice for one another—it's so beautiful. I'd do the same for you, hubby, without hesitation. Would you ever make such a sacrifice for me?"

She looked up at him, her purplish amber eyes filled with raw emotion and vulnerability.

Aengus met her gaze and responded firmly, "Of course, Bella. But I promise you, that time will never come. I'll make sure of it."

Their heartfelt exchange caused Evan and Stella to exchange awkward glances. They subtly distanced themselves, acting as though they hadn't heard a word.

As they continued walking, Bella unfurled her magnificent Phoenix wings, a shimmering display of fiery feathers glowing with a brilliance that captivated everyone nearby. The sight was so mesmerizing and regal that people instinctively moved aside, bowing their heads as if in reverence.

Aengus glanced at her wings, a small smile tugging at his lips.

"Beautiful!"

"Hehe, I thought this would help us avoid some unnecessary problems." she laughed.

"Hubby, look!"

Bella suddenly paused, her attention drawn to the lively scene on one side of the regal city.

Aengus followed her gaze and saw a street performance—a man and a woman were dancing gracefully in vibrant, flowing clothes.

"Yes, I can see that," Aengus said with a slight frown. "But why do you want to go there now?"

Ignoring his reluctance, Bella eagerly made her way toward the crowd.

Aengus, unable to resist her enthusiasm, followed helplessly, like a devoted husband. Evan and Stella, finding no other choice, trailed after them.

The crowd, dressed in elaborate attire, had formed a large circle around the dancers. When Bella and Aengus arrived, people instinctively made way, sensing an overwhelming presence that made them feel as if predators had entered their midst.

Even the arrogant noble brats in the crowd remained silent, subdued by the aura of the newcomers.

The dancers in the center of the circle moved with elegance and poise, their colorful clothes swirling in perfect harmony with the rhythm of the music. It was a breathtaking performance.

Evan leaned closer to Bella and whispered, "That's the famous Phoenix Remembrance Dance, my lady and lord. It's performed to honor the legends of the Phoenix Empire."

Bella's eyes lit up. "Oh, right. My mother used to perform this dance when I was young too. It's been so long—I'd almost forgotten how beautiful it is."

Suddenly, Bella turned to Aengus with a mischievous smile. "Hubby, would you like to dance with me?" she asked, extending her soft hand in an elegant, inviting gesture.

Aengus blinked in surprise, clearly startled. "Me?"

Bella nodded, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

He hesitated, realizing he had never danced before. There wasn't even a skill he could copy from the dancers at that moment.

After a moment of thought, he sighed and nodded, already committing the basic steps of the Phoenix Remembrance Dance to memory through observation.

"Alright," he said with a small, reluctant smile. "But don't blame me if I step on your feet."

Bella giggled and took his hand. "I'll guide you, hubby. Just follow my lead."

With that, they stepped into the center of the circle, their commanding presence drawing all eyes to them.

The two performers who had been dancing suddenly paused, an inexplicable instinct halting their movements. They turned toward the regal couple approaching the stage, their hearts pounding with awe.

Without hesitation, the performers bowed low and stepped aside. "Please, my lady, the stage is yours!" they said with utmost respect before blending into the crowd of curious onlookers.

Bella grinned playfully, placing her left hand on her hip and extending her right hand toward Aengus. "Shall we start?" she asked, her tone teasing yet graceful.

Aengus sighed with mock defeat, his lips curving into a small smile. "I can't say no to you, can I?"

Taking her hand gently, he leaned in and kissed it lightly, his gesture a perfect mix of charm and respect.

The crowd gasped softly, enchanted by the chemistry between the two. Bella's radiant smile lit up the entire scene, and Aengus's calm, commanding demeanor added an air of regal dignity.

“ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ”

As the music restarted, a quiet murmur spread through the audience, and all eyes remained fixed on the couple about to begin their dance.

“ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ”

The soft melody of flutes and string instruments resumed, blending into a harmonious rhythm that filled the air with a sense of tranquility and anticipation. Aengus and Bella stepped forward, standing face to face at the center of the stage.

Bella led the first move, her body flowing gracefully as she swayed to the left, her right hand still in Aengus's. She stepped back lightly, inviting him to follow. Aengus mirrored her movements, his steps firm yet elegant, matching her energy with ease despite his earlier hesitation.

♪♪♪♪♪

The rhythm picked up slightly, and Bella spun once, her flowing dress creating a mesmerizing whirl of colors.

Aengus caught her hand with perfect timing, guiding her into a seamless twirl before bringing her close to him. Their gazes locked, and for a moment, the world around them seemed to fade, leaving only the two of them in sync with the music.

With the beat quickening, they stepped into a circular motion. Bella moved with feather-like lightness, her feet gliding across the stage as Aengus maintained his steady, grounding presence.

Their movements were fluid, like water weaving through fire, each step perfectly complementing the other.

Aengus lifted Bella effortlessly, her arms spreading wide as she soared briefly, mirroring the grace of a phoenix in flight. The audience gasped in awe, their breaths stolen by the sheer harmony and beauty of the performance.

As they landed back into the rhythm, their movements became more intricate. Aengus led her into a dip, lowering her gracefully as Bella arched back with a radiant smile. The

music swelled, and they rose together, their steps now more confident, their synchronization flawless.

The final beats of the melody brought them into a climactic spin, where Bella twirled around Aengus, her phoenix-like energy blending perfectly with his grounded strength. With the last note, Aengus caught Bella firmly by the waist, their faces inches apart as they froze in their final pose.