

Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills

Chapter 301: Chapter 301: Meeting Sky Phoenix Queen Again
“Wow! Excellent!”

“Heavenly!”

Clap, Clap!

The spectators broke into warm applause, clearly impressed by their dance skills.

One moved with the flexibility and grace of a Phoenix, while the other exuded the domineering strength of a Dragon.

Bella smiled at Aengus with love in her eyes.

“You mastered it so quickly just by watching, hubby. I’m impressed. We should do this more often!” she said, preparing to leave the stage.

“Sure!”

Aengus replied, then shifted his gaze to an unexpected newcomer among the spectators.

He confidently strode forward, unconcerned about the other party.

As Bella and Aengus gathered together with their guides, a sudden buzz of surprise and excited murmurs rippled through the crowd, followed by screams of recognition.

“Sky Phoenix Queen!”

“It’s the Sky Phoenix Queen! Greetings, my lady!”

“May your beauty be eternal!”

“Good day, Lady Chrystia!”

The atmosphere turned heated as everyone in the audience respectfully greeted the majestic figure who had suddenly appeared.

Aengus recognised her instantly. She was the Sky Phoenix Queen whom he met at that time around the incident in Dwarvania.

Chrystia, the Sky Phoenix Queen, stood tall with an aura of unmatched regality. Her fiery hair cascaded down her shoulders like a river of flames, and her golden robes shimmered with an otherworldly glow, accentuating the delicate yet commanding features of her face.

Her vibrant, piercing eyes, which mirrored the intensity of the phoenix flame, swept over the crowd before locking onto Bella and Aengus.

The Sky Phoenix Queen's lips curled into a mischievous smile as her gaze locked with Aengus's, her regal presence commanding attention.

She began to approach Aengus's group, her steps graceful yet deliberate, causing Bella to furrow her brows in suspicion.

"Now, why is this woman coming here? She looks strong!" Bella muttered softly to Aengus, her tone carrying a hint of wariness.

But even as unease flickered across her face, Bella's confidence remained steadfast. She wasn't afraid—not when she stood beside her husband, a man who could quite literally bring an apocalypse to this Empire if he willed it.

Aengus, sensing Bella's tension, placed a reassuring hand on her back. "Relax, Bella. Let's see what she wants," he said calmly, his eyes never leaving the approaching queen.

Bella nodded but kept her guard up as the mysterious and imposing figure finally stopped before them.

Evan and Stella, sensing the 'Executioner' right behind them, were immediately on guard.

Sky Phoenix Queen's reputation as a Executioner spread far and wide, known for her merciless attitude towards enemies.

She was a force of destruction, an Executioner of Rebellion, or anyone who dared to oppose the Phoenix Empire. After all, she belonged to the Imperial Eternal Phoenix Clan.

"Well, well, isn't this a quite touching reunion, Zero?"

"Or, should I say, Emperor Zero?" she said slyly, as if she had caught a thief. Her gaze roamed around Aengus' body, finding him even more attractive than the last time they had seen each other.

Aengus remained calm despite the revelation of his identity, but the noble spectators around them were shocked speechless. Their mouths gaped open, including Evan and Stella's.

"E-Emperor Zero?" One man asked stutteringly. "Did Lady Chrystia really say that?"

"Yes, she did," another confirmed, clearly hearing it from the Sky Phoenix Queen.

"Oh, so he is the Ruination Emperor? Unbelievable! At such a young age?"

"Haha, he is nothing but an arrogant brat, who declared Challenges Against other Empires foolishly," An old man cackled.

"Still, he is an Emperor of Liberation Empire, old man. And what are you? A bag of bones?" One young man muttered in admiration.

"Youngster, You're a fool. Don't you know he wants to seize the throne of our Empress as well?" the old man barked.

The young man immediately shut his mouth, realizing a ruthless member of the Imperial Clan was already present within them: The Sky Phoenix Queen.

"Yes. I didn't expect you to meet right here, Sky Phoenix Queen." Aengus replied with a light chuckle.

He was not afraid of her at all. Because she was barely past half of his level.

Considering his level 800 strength, she could be crushed by his hand instantly like a mosquito.

Unfortunately, Sky Phoenix Queen was not aware of it.

Bella's eyes flashed.

"Hubby, do you know each other?" Bella asked suspiciously.

Aengus, guessing what was on her suspicious mind, replied, "We barely met. I told you about the incident at the Land of Dwarvania, right? We met there once."

"And who is this? Your Partner?" Chrystia asked, finding the bloodline resonance very familiar somehow.

Sky Phoenix Queen, only then glancing at Bella's face, and was immediately stunned.

"What?"

Chrystia immediately became stunned seeing Bella's shimmering purple eyes and facial features resembling someone close to her.

"What's your name, little girl?" she asked, recovering slightly.

Bella furrowed her brows, visibly annoyed.

"Hey, I'm not a little girl. My name is Bella Bellfrost," she answered fiercely, locking eyes with Chrystia, her demeanor commanding equal footing.

"Bella Bellfrost?"

The name seemed to strike a chord with Chrystia, as if it resonated with some distant memory. Her gaze returned to Bella's face, and this time, recognition dawned upon her like a lightning bolt.

Her expression turned pale as if struck dumb, and she nearly stumbled backward.

"My Queen, are you all right?" her attendants asked in alarm, stepping forward to steady her.

Chrystia waved them off, her trembling hand reaching out toward Bella's face.

"Eh, what are you doing?" Bella exclaimed, swatting Chrystia's hand away with caution.

The abrupt rejection seemed to hurt Chrystia, who froze mid-motion, her gaze filled with a mixture of sadness and disbelief.

"Bella, it's me... your aunt," Chrystia said, her voice trembling. Tears welled up in her eyes as she struggled to contain her emotions.

Bella's eyes widened in shock, but skepticism quickly clouded her face.

"What do you mean, you're my aunt? I've never seen you before," Bella retorted suspiciously, her guard rising.

Aengus, observing the unfolding drama, pieced the puzzle together. The similarities in their Phoenix bloodline now made perfect sense.

"Bella, she might really be... Let's take this somewhere private," Aengus suggested calmly, his tone carrying a sense of urgency. He was acutely aware that Bella's identity as a demon could become a dangerous revelation if overheard.

Chrystia nodded, catching on to the need for discretion. "Yes, my niece. Please, come with me. We must speak in private," she said, her voice steady but laced with a plea. It was clear to her that Bella was in disguise, likely due to her demonic origins.

Bella hesitated, glancing at Aengus, who gave her a reassuring nod. Reluctantly, she agreed.

Then the group followed Chrystia toward a more secluded area, leaving the curious crowd behind.

Chapter 302: Chapter 302: Intimidation

In a secluded alleyway, Aengus, Bella, and the Sky Phoenix Queen stood alone, their expressions tense yet filled with unspoken emotions.

“I can’t believe how beautiful you’ve become,” Chrystia said, her voice tinged with nostalgia. “The last time your mother showed me a glimpse of your grown-up profile, I was in awe. Her skills in such matters are unparalleled.”

“My mother still remembers me?” Bella asked, her voice steady, though her heart raced with suppressed excitement.

Chrystia smiled warmly. “Yes, she does. She misses you every moment of these past years. You’ve never left her heart.”

Bella’s eyes shimmered with a mixture of joy and sorrow, but she quickly masked her emotions.

“But, niece,” Chrystia continued, her tone shifting to one of concern, “tell me, why have you come here? And why do you look more like a human than a demon? What’s going on?”

Aengus immediately signaled Bella with a subtle gesture, cautioning her to tread carefully.

Understanding his intent, Bella replied calmly, “Aunt, there are some secrets I cannot share with you just yet. I hope you can understand.”

Chrystia’s expression softened, though worry still lingered. “And why have you come here, Bella?”

Bella straightened, her voice resolute. “We’re here to meet my mother. I want to ask her if she still wants to come with us.”

“To where?” Chrystia asked, narrowing her eyes slightly.

“To our home,” Bella said, her gaze softening as she glanced at Aengus.

Chrystia fell silent, her brow furrowed as she pondered the situation deeply.

After a long pause, she asked, "And what if she says no?"

"Then we'll leave," Bella replied bluntly.

"I see... Don't you want to meet your grandmother and grandfather?" Chrystia asked cautiously, her tone probing.

"Hmph... my grandparents..." Bella scoffed, her voice filled with a mixture of bitterness and disdain.

"I'm sure they don't care about me. Otherwise, they wouldn't have allowed my mother and me to be separated in the first place. But I'm not scared of them either," Bella declared, her tone growing fiercer as Phoenix flames flickered around her clenched fist. "Let them come if they dare."

Chrystia chuckled lightly, though her gaze shifted warily to Aengus. "Oh, my niece is so confident... Is it because of him?" she asked, her eyes narrowing as she studied the man standing calmly beside Bella.

She couldn't help but feel a sense of unease. The rebellious human she'd once dismissed as insignificant now exuded an overwhelming aura, as though a storm of unimaginable destruction lay dormant within him. The mere proximity to Aengus sent chills down her spine, forcing her to reconsider everything she thought she knew.

The tales of his crushing victory over the Kairos Emperor resurfaced in her mind. Back then, she had thought they were exaggerations, myths spun to embellish his reputation. But now, seeing him in person, she was beginning to believe every word.

Bella's radiant smile broke through Chrystia's thoughts. "Yes," Bella said with unshakable confidence, her voice ringing with pride. "No one can stand in his way. Even if it means going against you all."

Chrystia's eyes narrowed, sensing the underlying threat.

Her own niece was now siding with the man she loved.

Though she must admit, Aengus was a man worth putting everything on the line for.

"Why are you silent? Do you truly want to wage war against us, oh Ruination Emperor?" Chrystia asked, her tone solemn.

"It's not war that I want," Aengus replied nonchalantly. "I want liberation—a united world, free from the suffering of ordinary people caused by the senseless wars between the so-called gods."

Chrystia was angered beyond measure.

“You’re talking about seizing power right in front of a queen of this empire. Do you realize what you’re saying? Has your power gone to your head? What if we trap you here? How foolish are you?” Chrystia flared into a blazing sun, her entire body engulfed in flames.

Aengus looked up at her fiery display, unimpressed.

“YOU CAN TRY.”

In an instant, Aengus closed the distance between them, his piercing gaze locking with hers. His eyes seemed to pull Chrystia into a void of chaos and destruction, a vision of eternal oblivion that sent chills down her spine.

For a brief moment, Chrystia felt as though her very existence was being unraveled. Just one signal from Aengus could have obliterated her entirely.

With Bella’s pleading eyes, Aengus let go of Chrystia, his expression softening until he appeared harmless.

Chrystia regained her composure and looked at Aengus speechlessly.

The boy she had once known was now unfathomable to her. He had become a genuine force of nature, a threat that couldn’t be taken lightly.

“Aunt, please take us to my mother. We promise we will do nothing else if she refuses to leave,” Bella pleaded earnestly.

Chrystia studied Bella’s face for a moment before nodding.

“Okay, come with me...” she said calmly, turning to lead the way.

Aengus observed the queen closely, peering into her heart to judge her sincerity. Though she seemed genuine in her intentions, he knew that didn’t mean their request would be granted so easily.

But Aengus welcomed challenges. No one had forced him to his limits since he had risen to power like an unstoppable tide.

On the way, they encountered Evan and Stella.

Aengus stopped in front of the duo, who stood nervously, unsure of what was about to happen.

“Tell me,” Aengus said, his tone calm yet commanding. “Do you want to join my Empire? I will give you a chance at a second life as thanks for your small but valuable help.”

Evan and Stella didn’t hesitate for even a second. “We accept, Your Majesty!”

Having learned his true identity as an Emperor, only a fool would let such an opportunity slip through their fingers.

Bella and Chrystia glanced back curiously, watching the interaction unfold.

“Very well, off you go,” Aengus said with satisfaction.

With a wave of his hand, a spatial portal opened before Evan and Stella. The siblings exchanged a grateful look before stepping into the shimmering gateway, disappearing into the Liberation Empire.

Aengus turned back, meeting Chrystia’s wide-eyed, impressed gaze.

“Did you really send them to your Empire just like that?” Bella’s aunt asked incredulously.

“And what if I did?” Aengus replied, his voice cold but calm. “Are you already thinking of blocking space to prevent me from using that skill? If so, remember this—you’ll only bring doom upon yourself by attempting to force my hand.”

Chrystia clenched her jaw but said nothing further. The sheer conviction in his words and the immense aura he exuded left her with no retort.

With a flick of her fiery robe, she turned around and resumed walking, her attendants following closely behind. Bella walked beside Aengus, throwing him a proud smile.

Chapter 303: Chapter 303: Something Important

After a while, the group arrived at the Imperial Eternal Phoenix Clan residence.

As they crossed the grand gates by flying, Aengus felt probing eyes scanning over them. However, the attempt to scrutinize them failed entirely, as if an invisible shield protected the newcomers from any intrusive gaze.

In truth, Aengus wasn’t actively concealing anything. The failure was simply due to his Chaotic Aura, which was so densely suppressed within him that it formed a naturally impenetrable barrier, preventing any prying attempt.

Satisfied that no further attempt was made—most likely due to the presence of the Sky Phoenix Queen with them—they continued forward.

Bella, on the other hand, marveled at the scene unfolding before her. Several large, sprawling ancient buildings, exuding a timeless majesty, were scattered across the vast estate of the Imperial Residence.

At the very heart of the compound stood the Empress's Palace. Towering above the rest like a fiery phoenix ascending to the heavens, its grandeur was both intimidating and awe-inspiring. Bella's eyes lingered on its regal structure, her emotions a mix of curiosity and anticipation.

Chrystia led the way silently, as Aengus followed calmly, his aura steady and unwavering. Bella, still taking in the splendor around her, held onto Aengus's arm lightly, her mind filled with thoughts of finally reuniting with her mother.

When Chrystia led them inside one of the grand clan buildings, they were greeted by an elderly butler who radiated an air of wisdom and authority. His aged features were dignified, and his sharp eyes flickered with intelligence as he acknowledged Chrystia.

"Welcome back, my queen," he said warmly, bowing slightly. Then, his piercing gaze shifted to Bella and Aengus, studying them intently.

"Oh, you've brought guests with you, my queen," he remarked, his voice carrying a hint of curiosity.

Chrystia offered a calm nod, her tone even. "Yes, they are very special guests," she replied, walking through the elegantly adorned hallway with the poise of a true queen.

She maintained her graceful demeanor, masking the unease from earlier when her authority had been subtly overshadowed by a mere "junior," and a male at that.

The Phoenix Empire had always adhered to a matriarchal hierarchy. Unlike the other four ruling factions where men typically held dominant positions, here, an Empress reigned supreme.

To the butler, the sight of Aengus—a male exuding such undeniable power—was both unusual and intriguing.

"Welcome, respectable Lord and Lady!"

The old butler greeted them respectfully, walking alongside yet maintaining a deliberate distance.

Aengus and Bella gave a curt nod in response, their expressions indifferent to the superficial flattery. Both knew that the old man's polite demeanor stemmed solely from their perceived power—or lack thereof on his part.

Receiving no further acknowledgment, the butler's face briefly flickered with displeasure, though he quickly concealed it. The knowledge that these guests were under the Queen's protection kept him restrained, no matter his personal feelings.

The walk continued in silence, the only sound being the rhythmic clatter of their footsteps echoing through the ornate hallways.

Suddenly, Chrystia stopped before a large, intricately carved door. Turning to face Bella and Aengus, she said, "Niece, Zero, you can stay here while I arrange a meeting with your mother. Is that acceptable to you?"

Bella smiled softly. "No problem, Aunt. Take your time; we can wait."

Aengus, standing calmly beside her, gave a slight nod of agreement, his stoic demeanor unchanging.

With that, she left hurriedly, followed by the old butler.

There wasn't even basic hospitality arranged for them.

Bella opened the door, revealing a well-furnished room filled with antiques and a soft cushioned bed. She gracefully sat down on the bed, crossing her legs.

Aengus appeared to be deep in thought.

"Hubby, are you worried my aunt might be planning something? She seemed fine to me. You even gave her a scare," Bella asked, resting her hand on her well-toned leg.

Aengus paused before replying,

"No, I'm thinking about scouting the clan to identify their potential weaknesses and, if possible, locate your mother. I should send my disguised clone, just in case..."

Bella smirked. "Hehe, are you going to imitate my aunt now?"

"Yes," Aengus replied firmly.

"Well, that would be interesting," Bella remarked with a mischievous grin.

With that, Aengus created a clone in Chrystia's form and sent it to search for Bella's mother, preparing for the possibility of things going south.

So, unbeknownst to everyone there currently two Chrystia roaming around their own Clan in opposite directions.

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"Chrystia, where are you going?"

The real Chrystia's path was suddenly blocked by a middle-aged man with strikingly handsome features and a well-built physique clad in royal attire.

"Father..." Chrystia paused, her expression shifting.

"So, you've finally agreed to be engaged to Helios? That's an excellent decision, daughter," the man revealed with a broad smile. He was none other than Vira, her father.

Chrystia furrowed her brows upon hearing the name Helios, the Fire Dragon King. Suppressing her frustration, she replied,

"No, Father. I initially came here to teach that fire lizard a lesson. How dare he bring a marriage proposal when he already has so many wives? And he's weak. I would never marry a lizard like him!"

Vira's face twitched at his daughter's blunt words.

"If that's the case, then you should reject it politely, my daughter. But when are you planning to get married? Are you also trying to follow Celeste's path as well?" he asked with concern.

At the mention of her sister's name, Chrystia suddenly remembered the pressing matter.

"Forget about that, Father. I have something important to discuss with Mother Empress," Chrystia replied anxiously before moving to leave.

Vira's eyes narrowed, sensing the urgency. "Important? Does it concern the guests you've brought here?"

Chrystia hesitated for a moment.

"Yes. It's very important. But this is something Mother Empress and elders must hear together."

“So serious?”

Vira was surprised upon seeing his daughter’s solemn look.

“Yes.”

“Alright, let’s go then. They are already in a meeting with Helios. We can talk there.”

Chapter 304: Chapter 304: Young Phoenix Empress

Vira and Chrystia stepped into the grandeur of the main Imperial Palace and made their way toward one of the royal guest rooms, where an important meeting was taking place.

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Inside, the atmosphere was heavy yet refined.

“Your Imperial Majesty, I—Helios—swear on my name that I will keep Chrystia deeply cherished in my heart, should you grant me this opportunity. I may be weaker than her in magical prowess, but in terms of physical strength, we dragons hold the utmost advantage. We would be a perfect match for each other,” Helios declared slyly, his tone deceptively humble as he sat with an air of feigned modesty.

Time to time his eyes kept roaming around Chrystia’s beautiful figure as if eating her alive.

Before him sat a circle of eight esteemed elders, six of whom were women. Though aged, their appearances betrayed no frailty, their stern expressions and dignified composure exuding authority.

The female elders were particularly scrutinizing, their sharp gazes cutting through Helios’s words, analyzing his demeanor and intentions. Each of them represented a key pillar of the Phoenix Empire’s matriarchal hierarchy, and their opinions were crucial in matters of politics, alliances, and marriages.

Surprisingly, a snotty little girl sat in the middle of the group on an eye-catching throne, exuding an air of authority as if she were in charge.

The girl appeared to be around 7 or 8 years old but carried an imposing demeanor well beyond her years. She adorned herself with earrings and jewelry befitting an empress, further emphasizing her regal presence.

From time to time, she glanced between Chrystia and Helios, silently considering the proposal with an expression that betrayed her sharp mind despite her youthful appearance.

The silence following Helios's declaration was deafening, filled with a tension that Chrystia, standing by the door, could almost taste.

One of the elder women finally broke the silence, her voice cold and sharp like a blade.

"Helios, while your claims of devotion are noted, a union with a member of the Imperial Phoenix bloodline is not determined solely by strength—physical or otherwise. Do you truly believe your current status is enough to warrant such an audacious proposal? You have even failed to protect your son. How will you protect our Chrystia?"

Helios' expression darkened, but he smiled graciously.

"Honorable elders, you can't judge someone based on one failed incident. I have countless victories over demon armies. Furthermore, I can help you deepen your friendly relations with the Dragon Emperor, Your Empress," Helios said to the little girl, bowing his head slightly.

"I see..."

The little girl in the middle nodded, thinking hard. She seemed to find the proposal very likeable.

Chrystia's eyes glinted with irritation. Her frustration with Helios was already brimming, and seeing him pleading his case before the elders and her mother only deepened her distaste.

Before Helios could respond, Chrystia stepped forward with measured grace, her voice calm but carrying an unmistakable edge.

"Mother Empress, elders, I beg your pardon for interrupting this discussion, but I must clarify something."

The attention in the room shifted to Chrystia, her presence demanding respect.

"I have no intention of accepting this proposal, now or ever. With all due respect to Helios and his lineage, I am perfectly capable of choosing my own path, one that aligns with the ideals of our Empire and my personal convictions."

Helios's expression faltered, though he quickly tried to mask his disappointment with a forced smile.

"Hum..."

The little girl, revealed to be the Empress of the Phoenix Empire, was unimpressed by Chrystia's behavior.

“What are you saying, Chrystia? Use your brain like an adult. We can be allied with the Dragon Emperor through this marriage. How can you be so inconsiderate toward your own lineage?” the little Empress scolded sternly, her crisp, young voice filled with displeasure.

“What are you saying, mother? Don’t I have the right to choose my partner?” Chrystia questioned angrily.

“No, you don’t. You have to do as I say. Otherwise, the same thing will happen to you that happened to your older sister Celeste. She was so foolish and irresponsible by choosing a demon as her partner. I won’t let something like that happen again,” the Empress said with fiery resolution, her small frame suppressing power beyond her age, like that of an ancient monster.

Vira stepped forward, attempting to defuse the tension between mother and daughter.

“Come on, Claudia. Give her some time to think,” he said calmly.

But his words seemed to fall on deaf ears, carrying little weight in the room. It was clear who truly held the power.

Vira knew this well and didn’t let it bother him. He had long accepted his wife’s dominance over him. Despite her cold demeanor, his love for her had grown after their arranged marriage.

“Vira, I can grant her some time. But make sure she understands not to repeat her older sister’s mistake by making a foolish choice,” the Phoenix Empress said, her tone commanding and unyielding.

Chrystia felt a wave of relief wash over her, temporarily ignoring Helios’s smug expression. She would find a way to escape this arranged marriage later. For now, there were more pressing matters to address.

“Speak your mind, Chrystia,” Vira encouraged, placing a reassuring hand on her back. He had no idea that the news she was about to reveal would shock him as well.

“What are the two of you talking about?” the Phoenix Empress asked curiously, noticing their interaction.

Chrystia took a deep breath and began, “Mother Empress, your granddaughter Bella Bellfrost is here... to take her mother away.”

The room fell into stunned silence.

“What?”

The Phoenix Empress’s voice cut through the air like a blade. Her sharp gaze bore into Chrystia.

“What do you mean, Chrystia? Speak clearly. Since when does that vile spawn dare to set foot here?” she demanded, her tone laced with simmering anger.

Sensing the rising fury of her mother, Chrystia quickly explained, “Mother, it’s like this...”

She detailed the events, recounting how Bella had arrived in the Phoenix Empire accompanied by her life partner—the infamous Rebel Emperor, or the Ruination Emperor as he was widely feared.

As Chrystia unfolded the story, the faces of the elders and Empress Claudia darkened with disbelief and anger.

The audacity of Bella, a child they considered tainted, and her powerful partner boldly walking into their empire, enraged them all.

Chapter 305: Chapter 305: Bella’s Mother

The Phoenix Empress’s fiery aura intensified, making the room swelter with heat. Her small frame radiated an overwhelming presence, causing even the seasoned elders to shift uneasily in their seats.

“To come here, to my empire, and dare to demand anything—who do they think they are?!” she thundered, her voice reverberating throughout the chamber.

The elders exchanged wary glances, their faces betraying a mix of shock and unease. The situation had escalated far beyond what anyone expected.

Chrystia stepped forward, trying to keep her voice calm yet firm. “Mother, I think it would be wise to let them meet my older sister. That young man is... extremely dangerous. His potential and power might even surpass yours.”

Her words hung heavily in the air.

Phoenix Empress Claudia’s eyes narrowed, her fiery gaze cutting into Chrystia. “We’ll see about that,” she said, her tone icy despite the heat around her. “Summon Celeste and that vile spawn to the court immediately.”

Her command was swift and absolute. The butler and attendants scurried out of the chamber to relay her orders.

Amidst the tension, Helios stood frozen, his mind reeling. Chrystia's words echoed in his head: His potential and power might even surpass yours.

He couldn't believe it—the young man from back then had truly grown to such unimaginable heights.

Helios had always dismissed the tales surrounding Emperor Zero's rise to power. He thought them to be exaggerated legends, the kind of stories spun by desperate followers to glorify their leader. But now, hearing Chrystia's words and the solemn atmosphere that filled the chamber, he began to doubt his own convictions.

The realization hit him like a thunderbolt: this "Emperor Zero" was the same young man he had arrogantly threatened to kill just weeks ago.

A chill crept up his spine. Despite all his arrogance, the thought of someone surpassing the Phoenix Empress—was deeply unsettling. For the first time in decades, Helios felt an emotion unfamiliar to him: fear.

He stood frozen, his mind racing.

What would happen if that young man had truly become that strong?

The image of the Rebel Emperor's piercing gaze and the devastating power that supposedly lay at his fingertips consumed Helios's thoughts.

Won't the Rebel Emperor kill me as effortlessly as swatting a fly?

The smug confidence that had always defined him was now shattered. Helios suddenly realized that all his pride and strength meant nothing in the face of such overwhelming power. For the first time, he found himself questioning whether he would even survive this encounter.

Like a cautious cat, Helios hesitantly started to follow the summons, every step weighed down by doubt.

Is it really worth risking my life for a woman? he questioned himself.

But as his gaze flickered toward the Sky Phoenix Queen, her mocking expression pierced him like a dagger.

Disdain.

She despised him—for his hesitation, his cowardice.

The realization burned hotter than any flame. How could he endure this humiliation? His dragon pride and arrogance wouldn't allow it.

His nostrils flared, his eyes burned with fury, and his dragon scales surfaced on his skin, gleaming faintly as if to proclaim his courage. He straightened his posture, trying to mask his fear with a show of strength.

Chrystia, watching the tension unfold, couldn't help but smirk inwardly.

She was fully aware of the feud between Zero and Helios, and anticipation bubbled within her.

What will happen when these two meet?

Though deep in her heart, she silently wished for Helios to meet his demise at Zero's hands. She harbored no sympathy for the Fire Dragon King, whose arrogance and entitlement had always been a source of her irritation.

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Aengus' clone had scoured various locations but found nothing of value, so he dismissed it, turning his focus to the summons by the Phoenix Empress herself.

Bella and Aengus followed a maid along the corridors. Their expressions remained calm and unworried, though Aengus was ever-alert for unexpected surprises.

With his special eyes activated, Aengus discreetly scanned every corner of the palace, even underground areas, searching for anything useful.

The maid, walking ahead of them, began to grow uneasy. She couldn't help but notice his gaze flicker toward her repeatedly.

Why is he looking at me like that? she wondered nervously.

The man was undeniably handsome, and the woman beside him was stunningly beautiful, far beyond her own charms.

Could it be that I'm attractive enough to catch his attention? Why didn't I realize this before?

Her cheeks flushed as her insecurity shadowed with a strange sense of pride.

Little did she know that Aengus' focused gaze wasn't directed at her at all but was simply part of his ceaseless vigilance.

"Please, enter, honored guests," the maid said, stopping in front of a large, ornate entrance flanked by two imposing female guards.

The guards, with their sharp, hawk-like eyes and crossed arms, exuded an aura of sheer dominance. Their muscular frames and unyielding stance suggested they could crush anyone who dared step out of line.

Bella, unfazed by their intimidating presence, glanced at the door and then at the guards.

“Hello?” she said curtly, signaling with her eyes for them to open the door.

The female guards exchanged a glance, before stepping aside. One pushed the heavy door open with a single fluid motion, revealing the grand hall beyond.

“Welcome,” another said, her voice as firm as her stance.

Aengus and Bella entered the grand hall, leaving the bewildered maid behind.

The hall was majestic, with its fiery red and gold décor reflecting the Phoenix Empire’s grandeur.

At first glance, Aengus’s eyes fell upon the regal throne in the center, where a little girl with a fiery aura sat like a volcano ready to erupt. The intensity of her presence caught him off guard.

Curious, Aengus used Appraisal, and his expression turned momentarily speechless. This small child was the true Phoenix Empress—reborn through their clan’s unique innate ability of rebirth.

Bella, however, didn’t even glance at the throne. Her instincts guided her eyes toward a thin woman in a simple white dress, standing a little distance away from the throne, surrounded by an air of fragility and isolation.

Her heart skipped a beat as recognition dawned.

“Mother!” Bella exclaimed, her voice filled with a mix of joy and sorrow.

Without hesitation, she rushed forward, wrapping her arms around the frail frame of her mother, Celeste, holding her tightly as if to shield her from the world.

Chapter 306: Chapter 306: Bella’s Mother (2)

“Bella, is that you?” Celeste asked weakly, her voice trembling with emotion.

“Yes, Mother. It’s me—your daughter,” Bella replied, tears streaming down her cheeks as she clung tightly to her mother.

“I missed you so much, Mother. Every moment you spent with me and Father was precious.”

Celeste’s eyes welled up as she gently cupped Bella’s face. “Really? You’ve grown so big and beautiful, sweetheart. I thought... I thought you and your father would have forgotten me by now.”

Bella shook her head, laughing softly through her tears. “Haha, so did I, Mother. But look at us—we still missed each other.”

Celeste smiled faintly, nodding, but her joy was short-lived. She quickly stepped back, her expression shifting to one of concern as she sensed the fury emanating from the throne.

Phoenix Empress glared at Bella with fiery eyes, her small frame brimming with unyielding power. “Vile spawn, why are you here? You can’t hide from me under that human skin. You reek of the same foul scent as your father,” she barked furiously, her young voice cutting through the air like a whip.

Bella’s irritation was clear as her gaze shifted to the throne, where the little girl sat with an air of arrogance. She blinked, speechless for a moment, before voicing her thoughts.

“Hey, who is this little girl? How can she have no manners?” Bella asked, her tone sharp and irritated.

The room went silent for a moment before chaos erupted.

“What?”

“This is blatant disrespect!”

“How dare she insult our Empress?”

“She’s courting death!”

“Kill this demoness already!”

The elders trembled with anger at Bella’s blunt words, their fiery auras flaring in unison as they glared at her.

Aengus and Vira both leaned closer to Bella simultaneously, their reactions vastly different.

Vira’s brows furrowed in surprise as he assessed Aengus, the calm young man who had caused so much turmoil. This is our grandson-in-law? he thought, uncertain how to process it.

But as Vira moved closer, his dragon bloodline stirred violently, reacting to Aengus's presence. His body tensed as he felt an overwhelming and ancient power emanating from the young man—chaotic and primal, a bloodline even more potent than his own.

He paused, his eyes fixed on the young man.

Aengus, unaffected by the uproar and the rising tension, placed a calming hand on Bella's shoulder. His presence alone seemed to shift the balance in the room, silencing the tumult as if an unseen force demanded it.

"Bella, she is your grandmother," Vira informed her curtly.

Bella tilted her head naively. "Really?" she asked, her brows fluttering mischievously.

Aengus immediately realized she was already aware and was merely playing games with her grandmother.

The Phoenix Empress felt as if she had been mocked. Her fiery eyes turned to the young man standing beside the demon spawn.

"And what is your motive for coming here, brat? Are you trying to find weaknesses in our defenses? I remember perfectly how you foolishly challenged the entire world," she muttered sharply, her tone crisp and vicious.

"Old hag..." Bella muttered under her breath.

Vira widened his eyes in shock at his granddaughter's words.

Bang!

"What did you say, demon spawn? Do you think I can't hear you?" The Phoenix Empress glared at Bella, her fiery aura flaring with rage at the blatant disrespect.

Bella, unfazed, rested one hand on her hip and muttered louder, "Yes, you heard me right, old hag. You didn't even show proper hospitality to my husband. He is an Emperor. I hope you haven't forgotten that."

The Phoenix Empress scoffed, her tone sharp and dismissive. "What hospitality should I show someone who could very well be our enemy? I am already being far too lenient toward your unruly, vile behavior because of his presence. Now, tell me—what do you two want here? I don't have all day to waste on you."

Chrystia's eyes were fixed on Aengus the entire time, observing his unnervingly calm expression. A stillness like his was terrifying, a telltale sign of someone truly dangerous.

Helios, on the other hand, was desperately trying to make himself smaller, practically shrinking in his seat like a mouse cowering before a cat.

“No matter, Bella. We don’t need such hospitality from them.”

Buzz...

Aengus muttered before snapped his fingers, and three thrones, intricately carved from Roc stone, materialized in an instant. One was placed deliberately on the same level as the Empress’ seat, while the other two sat slightly below, exuding a sense of calculated dominance.

Gasps and raised eyebrows filled the hall as everyone watched the bold display.

Unbothered, Aengus walked over to Celeste’s side, gently taking her frail hand in his own. “Mother-in-law, please sit here,” he said warmly, guiding her to the left seat.

Celeste, still processing the fact that this man was her son-in-law, looked at him with wide eyes. Despite his intimidating aura, she could feel respect and genuine care radiating from his gentle smile. Mechanically, she allowed him to lead her to the throne and sat down hesitantly.

Bella, watching the scene, beamed with joy. Without hesitation, she took the seat to Aengus’ right, her movements gracious and elegant.

“Thank you, Hubby. You’re great as always,” Bella said, leaning in and planting a kiss on his cheek, unbothered by the stunned silence of the room.

The blatant show of affection left the onlookers frozen, their attention firmly fixed on the trio.

Aengus, seated regally in the middle, responded to Bella’s kiss with a casual yet deliberate kiss on the lips, eliciting gasps from the room.

Celeste, along with a few others, instinctively averted their eyes, unable to handle such blatant affection in public. The Phoenix Empress, however, and several of her elders were visibly seething at the audacity of the trio.

“Celeste, get down at once!” the Empress barked, her fiery glare aimed directly at her trembling daughter.

Celeste, feeling the weight of her mother’s authority, instinctively moved to obey, her nervousness and ingrained fear compelling her to rise from the throne.

“Mother... don’t...” Bella whispered, noticing her mother’s hesitation as he pulled away from Aengus’ lips.

Aengus' gaze darkened with irritation, releasing all the pent up emotions that he suppressed inside.

His darkened gaze swept across the room as the warmth in his eyes faded, replaced by an ominous rage.

The room seemed to thrum with his suppressed power as he unleashed a sudden, overwhelming wave of Fiend-Celestial Aura, a mix of chaos and divinity.

The air became suffocating, heavy with his unrestrained dominance, as his voice echoed like a thunderclap.

“QUIET!”

Chapter 307: Chapter 307: Helios' Demise

The Phoenix Empress squinted her sharp eyes, her fiery aura flickering in response as she sensed the young man's presence suddenly intensify. It was undeniable—this so-called Ruination Emperor was not a mere title.

“So strong!”

The female elders exchanged grave looks, their expressions growing increasingly solemn. They hadn't expected this level of power radiating from Aengus. For the first time, the Empress's court recognized the weight of the threat he posed.

Helios, on the other hand, was utterly horrified. It felt as though he had been plunged into an ice cave, his usually blazing dragon blood subdued by the oppressive presence of Aengus' Fiend-Celestial Aura.

When Aengus' glowing eyes landed on him, despite his desperate efforts to shrink into the shadows, his heart raced uncontrollably. He had faced countless enemies on the battlefield, but nothing had prepared him for this overwhelming, primal fear that crept into his soul, seeping into every corner of his being.

“Come here!”

Aengus, with a domineering gesture, dragged Helios through the air using invisible chains.

Helios, unable to defend himself, was quickly pinned under Aengus' right leg, as unyielding as a mountain pressing down on him.

Helios' breath grew haggard, and the sound of his joints cracking echoed in the hall under the sheer force of Aengus' single leg.

All the pride and arrogance that once defined the mighty Fire Dragon King were reduced to a pathetic spectacle—a complete laughingstock.

“We are here to take my Empress’ mother home. If anyone has any objection to this, I dare you to try and stop us,” Aengus declared, his unwavering gaze fixed on the Phoenix Empress, his supposedly formidable grandmother-in-law.

“Take me back?” Celeste repeated the words as if caught in a dream.

For years, she had longed to hear those words from her husband but never expected them to come from her daughter’s husband instead.

Bella tilted her head and smiled. “Yes, Mother. We’re here to take you with us. Don’t you want to come and live with us? Don’t you want to hold your Grandchild in your hands?”

“I can leave this place? Really?” Celeste muttered, trembling as she held back tears.

For so long, she had yearned for freedom. Her adventurous heart had always been stifled in this cold, unyielding prison she called home. Now, her deepest desire seemed closer than ever.

However..

“Rumble!”

The Phoenix Empress clenched her fists, and the entire palace quaked as though struck by an earthquake.

Her small eyes burned with an intense fire, and her whole being trembled with rage. She had been holding back for far too long.

“HOW DARE YOU!”

The Phoenix Empress stood, her fiery feathers flaring out, her shout echoing like thunder. The female elders rose alongside her, quickly forming a defensive formation, ready to act at her command.

Celeste’s weak frame trembled under the sheer force of her mother’s outrage, her face pale with fear.

“Mother, it will be alright. We are here with you,” Bella said gently.

Crouching beside her mother, Bella gently placed a hand on her trembling shoulder to comfort her. “Just tell me—do you want to come back with us?”

Celeste looked at her daughter and Aengus, who exuded unwavering confidence even in the face of her mother's outrage.

"Y-Yes, daughter. Please take me away from here. I want to live freely with you all. I want to hold my grandchild," she affirmed, her tear-streaked face trembling with emotion.

"That's what we needed to hear, Mother. Father will be happy to see you," Bella stated.

"Belial? I don't want to see him," Celeste said, shaking her head vehemently, her tone filled with resentment.

Bella could do nothing about that for now.

She signaled to Aengus, her expression resolute.

"Hubby, send us away."

Aengus nodded and attempted to open a portal, but the space around them rippled, and the portal faltered, unable to stabilize.

Frowning, Aengus turned his displeased gaze to the Phoenix Empress.

"Do you really want to do this, 'Grandmother-in-law'?" he asked, his tone dangerously calm, his narrowed eyes glinting with warning.

The Phoenix Empress scoffed, her fiery wings spreading wide as she took a step forward. The scalding heat emanating from her presence seemed to warp the air itself.

"What are you going to do about it, kid?" she taunted, her voice filled with contempt.

Her every step burned the spatial fabric around them, the tension in the room escalating with each second.

"You're still so narrow-minded, Grandmother-in-law. Perhaps I need to teach you the hard way," Aengus said, his voice carrying an edge that sent a chill through the room. "Watch closely. This will be the fate of anyone who dares to challenge me!"

Under everyone's apprehensive gaze, Aengus extended his palm toward Helios, who had already succumbed to despair. A small void began to form above the Fire Dragon King's horrified eyes, swirling ominously.

"No! Don't kill me!" Helios screamed, his voice cracking in terror. "Ahh... You will die a horrible death. The Dragon Emperor will not spare you!"

With those accursed words, the void consumed Helios completely, erasing him from existence in an instant.

The room fell into a stunned silence, every breath stolen by the sight of the Fire Dragon King's abrupt and merciless demise.

Even the Phoenix Empress faltered momentarily, her fiery aura flickering as she processed what had just happened.

The sheer finality of Helios' erasure made everyone freeze in their tracks, their confidence shaken to its core.

"Haha, kid, do you even realize what you've done?" the Phoenix Empress suddenly laughed, her tone dripping with mockery, as if reveling in Aengus' supposed stupidity.

Aengus, savoring the exhilaration of his strength, grinned back confidently.

"Oh, of course. I've made myself an enemy of the Dragon Emperor. Oh no, I'm so scared! What will happen to me? I'm going to die, right?" he said theatrically, feigning despair with exaggerated expressions before pausing abruptly.

His grin widened, his voice brimming with mockery as he added, "You think I'd actually be scared of that?"

The Phoenix Empress' face flushed with rage, her composure shattered by his taunt.

"You're dead, arrogant brat!" she roared, her fiery wings blazing brighter than ever.

Without hesitation, she charged at him, followed closely by the female elders, their combined power surging forward like a devastating storm aimed directly at Aengus.

Chapter 308: Chapter 308: Eternal Phoenix

"Screech!"

Bella shielded her mother, stepping into the battle with unwavering determination. As a level 300 warrior possessing both demonic and human skills, she was a force to be reckoned with.

Her third cursed eye emerged on her forehead, radiating an eerie glow that filled the hall with an oppressive aura.

"Thud!"

With a single curse, she immobilized one of the female elders. Wasting no time, Bella used her superior raw strength to send the elder stumbling backward with a powerful blow.

The other elders were alarmed by Bella's unexpected strength and skill. Three more charged toward her angrily, their movements fueled by fiery determination.

The grand hall began to melt under the intense heat and energy of the clashes between the two parties. Fiery bursts and cursed energies clashed, creating an environment of chaos and destruction.

Aengus, already locked in fierce combat with the Phoenix Empress, dodged a flaming strike with ease, his mind calculating his next move. His thoughts wandered briefly as he contemplated the larger picture.

"If I can bring the Phoenix Empress under my control... the entire Phoenix Empire will fall into our hands. This could be the perfect opportunity."

With that thought lingering in his mind, his attacks grew more deliberate, probing the Phoenix Empress for weaknesses while maintaining his dominant presence in the battle.

The Phoenix Empress seethed with frustration, her attacks proving ineffective against Aengus. No matter how much raw strength or Eternal Phoenix Fire she unleashed, his defenses were impenetrable, bolstered by his superior stats and layered defensive skills.

"Charge!"

"Save the elders and the Empress!"

Suddenly, the ground trembled, and the grand hall filled with a deafening roar as dozens of Transcendental-level Phoenix warriors burst in, their majestic phoenix forms glowing with fiery brilliance.

"Screech!"

The sharp cries of the warriors echoed, shaking the very foundation of the hall. Yet Bella remained unyielding, her cursed eye glowing ominously as she prepared for the incoming assault.

Aengus noticed her bravery but couldn't let her face the onslaught alone. With a subtle gesture, he summoned two clones, each as formidable as himself, to intercept the warriors.

“Bella,” Aengus transmitted mentally, his voice calm but resolute. “I need to buy some time to take control of your grandmother.”

Bella’s eyes narrowed in worry as she replied through the mental link. “Are you going to kill her? This wasn’t part of the original plan. Can you handle it?”

Aengus’s expression remained calm as he reassured her. “I won’t kill her, Bella. I’ll only influence her mind and bring her to our side. Trust me, it’s under control.”

His tone exuded confidence, and though Bella was still concerned, she chose to trust him.

“Okay, hubby. Let’s do it.”

With a nod, she turned her focus back to the incoming warriors, determined to hold the line while Aengus carried out his daring plan.

With Aengus’ clones reinforcing Bella, the battle turned decidedly in their favor.

“Grrrrr, Grrrrr!”

On top of that, Aengus summoned his monstrous legion from his Monster Breeding Space, a horde of feral beasts surging forth as cannon fodder. Their presence provided a much-needed buffer as more Phoenix warriors and Dragon-bloodline soldiers closed in on the palace, responding to the escalating chaos.

“Roar!”

A thunderous roar split the air as Vira, the mighty Dragon, surged forward. His cry shattered the palace rooftop, sending fiery debris raining down. His desperation was evident as he charged to rescue his wife, the Phoenix Empress.

Aengus’ clone stood firm, unmoving as Vira’s formidable aura bore down on him.

“Grandfather-in-law,” Aengus’ clone declared, his voice calm but laced with iron authority, “there’s no need to take this so seriously. It’ll be over in a minute. I’ll fix her personality—for the better.”

Vira halted mid-charge, his sharp golden eyes narrowing at the young man’s audacity.

“Brat,” Vira growled, his voice trembling between rage and despair. “Don’t hurt her, or I won’t spare anyone!”

Vira hesitated, then dropped to his knees in an unprecedented show of vulnerability, his voice breaking.

“She is my everything. The love of my life. She risked her life to save mine when no one else would. I beg you—don’t kill her. If there’s any shred of mercy in you, let her live.”

The sight of the Vira, kneeling and pleading, caused a ripple of unease even among the Phoenix elders and soldiers. His words cut through the chaos, leaving the battlefield momentarily silent.

The Sky Phoenix Queen, watching the scene unfold, hesitated in her tracks. Should she interfere? Her heart was conflicted, torn between loyalty to her mother and the realization that this battle was spiraling out of control.

Meanwhile, the Phoenix Empress, locked in her struggle against Aengus, felt a twinge in her heart as Vira—her proud and formidable husband—knelt, begging on her behalf.

“Vira,” she said sharply, her voice cutting through the tension. “There’s no need to beg him. I am not defeated yet!”

Her declaration echoed like a thunderclap.

“Chi—SCRRREEEECCCCH!”

Suddenly, a heaven-shaking cry of a phoenix resounded across the palace, its piercing note reverberating in the hearts of everyone present. The intensity of the sound sent shockwaves through the air, shaking the very foundations of the palace.

With that cry, the Phoenix Empress underwent a radiant transformation. Her small, human-like form burst into a blazing inferno, her regal figure expanding as fiery wings erupted from her back, spanning hundreds of meters.

Her transformation into the Eternal Phoenix form—a massive 1000 metres, majestic creature of flame and wrath—was both awe-inspiring and terrifying.

“Boom!”

Her transformation alone destroyed everything about the palace, bringing everyone under the sinking red sun.

Her blazing feathers radiated a heat so intense that the air shimmered, and those closest to her had to retreat, their skin burning from the searing temperatures. The sheer pressure of her presence brought everyone to their knees, and her fiery eyes locked onto Aengus with unyielding fury.

“You think you can change me?” she roared, her voice magnified by her transformation. “You overestimate yourself, boy. Witness the might of the Eternal Phoenix!”

Her aura exploded outward, creating a vortex of flames that swept across the battlefield.

Chapter 309: Chapter 309: Phoenix Empress' Defeat
“SCREECH!”

The deafening cry of the Phoenix Empress reverberated across the skies as she unleashed a ferocious firestorm of unimaginable magnitude. The fiery storm lit up the evening sky in a blinding, ominous red hue, turning the horizon into what resembled an apocalyptic scene. The golden flames twisted and roared like living entities, casting shadows of terror over the sprawling Phoenix Capital City below.

“Oh... God!”

Citizens from miles away froze in fear as they witnessed the radiant spectacle of their revered Eternal Phoenix soaring through the heavens, her majestic form dominating the skies.

“Run!”

Those closer to the epicenter—especially the nobles in the Royal District—abandoned all semblance of dignity and fled for their lives, their thoughts racing: Who could have provoked the Empress to such wrath?

High above the city, Aengus, a mere silhouette against the raging inferno, stood unyielding.

From below, Bella, Vira, Chrystia, and others stared in awe and apprehension as the young Rebel Emperor faced the overwhelming storm with a calm that bordered on arrogance. His small figure seemed almost insignificant against the grandeur of the Phoenix Empress' might, yet his presence exuded an unshakable confidence.

“Shua shua shua...”

As the firestorm approached, consuming everything in its path, Aengus prepared to meet it head-on.

With a single motion, he summoned his weapon—the God Slayer Sword, Aegis, its blade radiating a chaotic brilliance that seemed to pierce through the fiery chaos.

“Chaotic Maelstrom (SS)”

In a single, devastating horizontal arc, he swung the sword, unleashing a colossal storm of multicolored destructive energy. The energy roared to life, creating a violent maelstrom that swirled with chaotic, overlapping hues—red, blue, black, and gold. Its raw, unrestrained power surged forward, tearing through the Eternal Firestorm with an overwhelming might that eclipsed even the Empress' flames.

“BOOOOM!”

The clash of the two attacks was nothing short of cataclysmic.

The multicolored Chaotic Maelstrom swallowed the firestorm whole, its destructive energy spreading outward like an unstoppable tide. A shockwave of energy rippled through the atmosphere, shaking the city and the surrounding lands. Buildings trembled, the ground quaked, and the skies themselves seemed to groan under the pressure of the opposing forces.

As the dust and flames began to settle, the crowd below could see the Phoenix Empress hovering mid-air, her fiery wings flaring out defiantly but visibly dimmed, a sign that her attack had been overpowered. Opposite her stood Aengus, his figure framed by the lingering remnants of the Chaotic Maelstrom, unscathed and radiating an aura of undeniable dominance.

“The Eternal Phoenix is losing to a mere human?”

“Unbelievable!”

The onlookers, both allies and enemies, stared in disbelief. The scene unfolding in the sky was beyond anything they could have imagined.

“Is this the power of my son-in-law?”

Celeste, sheltered under Bella's protective stance, murmured in awe as she watched Aengus stride across the sky with the calm authority of a deity.

Bella smirked, her expression radiating pride. “No, Mother. You don't know the half of it yet. Just watch!”

After that Celeste's eyes widened as Aengus' silhouette began to change. Shadows coiled around him, forming an ominous cloak that pulsed with dark energy. The very air around him warped and crackled, as though reality itself trembled at his transformation.

“What is he...?” Celeste whispered, her voice filled with both fear and amazement.

Under the stunned gazes of the Eternal Phoenix and the gathered warriors, Aengus' form began to expand. His body reshaped itself into a monstrous dragon, the transformation so otherworldly it felt as though the heavens themselves had split open.

First, a small, little draconic frame took shape. Then, it grew—100 meters, 500 meters, 2,500 meters, 7,500 meters... until it finally reached an incomprehensible length of 10,500+ meters. The massive dragon loomed over the battlefield, its towering form dwarfing even the Eternal Phoenix, whose regal and majestic presence now seemed like that of a small bird in comparison.

The abyssal black flames surrounding the colossal dragon were unlike anything anyone had ever seen. They twisted and writhed with malevolence, consuming light and radiating a heat so intense it distorted reality itself. The once-unstoppable Eternal Phoenix Fire flickered weakly against the overwhelming power of the Abyssal Dragon's black flames, like a fragile boat caught in a storm-tossed sea.

The ground below began to melt as the dragon's sheer presence caused the temperature to skyrocket. Buildings collapsed, rivers evaporated, and even the most hardened warriors felt their resolve falter as waves of abyssal heat washed over them, scorching the weaker ones instantly. Survivors scrambled to escape, their faces pale with terror.

"Run! Run for your lives!"

The cries of fleeing soldiers and citizens echoed across the battlefield, but there was no safe place to hide. Aengus—now a dark, abyssal dragon—was a force of nature, a living catastrophe.

The Phoenix Empress, hovering in her Eternal Phoenix form, stared at the monstrous dragon before her. For the first time in centuries, she felt a chill of fear creep into her fiery heart.

"Who...What... are you?" she asked, her voice trembling with a mix of fury and apprehension.

Aengus' draconic form rumbled with a deep, guttural laugh, his voice resonating like thunder across the burning landscape.

"I am your Salvation. Let me clear your head to give you some peace of mind."

Aengus' massive, abyssal wings clamped shut, creating an impenetrable cage that encased the struggling Phoenix Empress within their blackened embrace.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

The Empress lashed out with all her might, her fiery attacks crashing against the dark barrier, but to no avail. The cage, fortified by Aengus' immense power, absorbed her blows as though they were nothing more than flickering embers.

Inside the suffocating darkness, a sinister shadow began to take form. It was the Shadow Monarch's Dominion, a nightmarish construct born from Aengus. The ethereal shadow snaked its way toward the Phoenix Empress, reaching into her mind with tendrils of unstoppable purpose.

"No... get out of my head!" she screamed, her voice trembling as the Dominion burrowed into her thoughts.

But it was too late. The Shadow Monarch's Dominion began to awaken the deepest parts of her psyche—those buried desires and fragmented memories of joy, love, and happiness that she had abandoned long ago in service to her throne. Images of a time before she became the Phoenix Empress flashed before her eyes:

Her younger self, laughing freely with her mother. Moments of tender affection with Vira, the sacrifices they made for each other.

The love and happiness she had forsaken when she took her oath of duty and power.

The overwhelming flood of emotions caused her fiery aura to waver, her resolve cracking under the weight of what she had suppressed for so long.

Inside her mind, there was a different deal was happening between Aengus and Claudia.

Meanwhile, outside the cage, Vira approached Bella and Celeste with desperate eyes. His once-proud demeanor was now overshadowed by fear and anguish as he watched his wife, the love of his life, trapped in a battle of wills.

"Bella, Celeste... please. Stop him!" Vira's voice cracked with emotion. "I know she has done terrible things, but she is still your family. She was very nice to you all in the past. I can't lose her like this... not like this."

Bella looked at her grandfather with sympathy. "Grandfather, if he succeeds, you might finally get her back—the woman you fell in love with. Not the Empress, but the real her. Trust him. Your Grandson-in-law will fix this."

"Ohh, Is that so..."

Vira could only pray for her safety as Aengus' clone stood like Impenetrable Wall.

Chapter 310: Chapter 310: Subdued Empress

As the dust settled above the shattered ruins of the Imperial Castle, the once-chaotic battlefield turned eerily silent. The massive dragon wings that had shielded the Phoenix

Empress from view gradually retracted, shrinking and disappearing into Aengus' human form, leaving him standing tall.

Beside him, the Phoenix Empress, now transformed in both demeanor and presence, stood quietly. Her fiery, unrelenting rage was gone, replaced by a serene composure. Her eyes, which once blazed with pride and fury, now glimmered with a calm and peaceful light.

The sight left Vira momentarily stunned, but relief quickly washed over him. Without hesitation, he rushed forward, his gaze fixed on the petite figure of his wife.

"Claudia, are you okay?" Vira's voice trembled as he gently wrapped his arms around her, lifting her with the tenderness of a man who had waited lifetimes to feel her close again.

Claudia blinked, startled by the sudden contact, but her expression softened as she looked at her husband. Her voice, gentle yet tinged with guilt, whispered, "Vira... Yes, I'm fine. I love you. I never wanted to disrespect you and force my own Children against their wishes. It's just that demon lord—"

"I know everything, Claudia." Vira interrupted her softly, brushing a strand of her hair behind her ear. "I know. But remember, you've always been the woman who died once to save me. That's the Claudia I've loved and waited for. And now... you're back."

The sincerity in his words brought a faint flush to Claudia's cheeks as she nestled closer into his arms, tears of relief pooling in her eyes.

Vira turned his gaze to Aengus, his expression filled with gratitude.

With a respectful nod, he said, "Thank you... Grandson-in-law. You've given me back what I thought I had lost forever. For this, I am indebted to you."

Aengus, standing confidently with his hands behind his back, gave a faint smile. "No need for thanks, Grandfather-in-law. I simply brought her heart back to where it always belonged—with you all."

In the background, Bella, who had been standing protectively with her mother, watched the scene unfold with a beaming smile. "See, Mother? This is what you Son-In-Law can do. He didn't just win the battle—he brought us all back together."

Though some questions still lingered on Bella's mind about the personality change of their Grandmother after hearing their conversation.

"What was the exact reason of her rebirth?"

Celeste, overwhelmed by the emotions of the moment, nodded quietly, wiping away a tear. “He truly is extraordinary, sweetheart. You’ve found yourself a great man, unlike... certain someone.”

“Ah...” Bella decided it was best to let her mother’s passive-aggressive comment slide, choosing not to comment on her parents’ tumultuous relationship. Instead, she smiled warmly and approached her husband, who stood calmly, observing the scene as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

“Hubby, thank you for everything you’ve done for my family,” Bella said sincerely, her eyes filled with gratitude.

Aengus glanced down at her, his expression softening. “There’s no need for thanks between us, my wife. It’s my duty. Just be yourself—as one of my wives.”

Bella chuckled softly, nodding. “Okay.”

After a moment, her expression turned curious, and she tilted her head. “I am curious about one thing, Hubby. What happened with my grandmother? Why did her personality change so drastically? Mother told me she wasn’t like this in the past.”

Aengus folded his arms, his eyes thoughtful.

Just as he was about to answer, a familiar crispy voice joined in.

“Let me answer that, my dear granddaughter,” Phoenix Empress said gently, addressing Bella.

Bella looked at her grandmother curiously, while Chrystia, Vira, and Bella’s mother gathered closer, eager to hear the story.

“In the past, Vira and I were united through an arranged marriage. At first, I was unhappy about the arrangement, but as I came to understand Vira’s gentle and caring nature, I fell deeply in love with him—and he with me. We shared a happiness I never thought possible.

But everything changed after my mother passed away from lifespan exhaustion. As the sole heiress, I was forced to ascend the throne and bear the immense responsibility of ruling the Empire alone. Fortunately, Vira stood steadfastly by my side, quelling rebellions and preventing coups within the army.

However, during a journey to the Dragon Empire for peace talks, we were ambushed by a ‘prideful’ demon—Lucifer, now known as the Demon Lord of Pride and the first seat of the Demon Lord Council.

At that time, I was much stronger than I am now, so I could hold my ground against Lucifer. But Vira... he couldn't. Lucifer nearly killed him, and to save his life, I sacrificed my own.

That wasn't the end of my suffering, though. In the chaos of the battle, Lucifer planted a Seed of Pride Sin in my Soul. From that day forward, I was no longer myself. The seed took root, twisting me into someone arrogant, self-centered, and consumed by pride in my noble birth as the Eternal Phoenix.

This corruption made me despise demons and caused me to neglect the happiness of my own children. The love and warmth I once held were buried beneath layers of pride and ambition. Only now, thanks to your husband, am I free from the chains of that sin."

Empress Claudia finished, her voice heavy with regret, her gaze lingering on her family as if seeking forgiveness.

A somber silence settled over the group as the Phoenix Empress, Claudia, revealed the truth of her past. Her once fiery and authoritative demeanor was now replaced with a quiet sincerity, her words carrying the weight of her regrets.

Bella listened intently, her expression softening as she looked at her grandmother with a newfound understanding. "Grandmother... so all this time, you were fighting against something planted in your mind?"

Claudia nodded solemnly. "Yes, my dear. The seed of Pride Sin corrupted my thoughts and amplified my worst traits. It fed on my innate sense of responsibility as the Empress, twisting it into arrogance and an obsession with control. My love for my family, for Vira, for my children—it was overshadowed by the overwhelming need to prove my superiority."

Vira, standing beside her, reached out to hold her hand. His voice was gentle but firm. "I never stopped loving you, Claudia. Even when you changed, even when it seemed like you were no longer the woman I married, I always believed the real you was still in there."

Claudia's eyes welled up with tears as she looked at him. "I don't deserve your forgiveness, Vira. I hurt you, our children, and so many others because of my pride. I neglected the very people I should have cherished most."

"Grandmother," Bella said softly, stepping closer, "what matters now is that you've come back to us. We all make mistakes, but it's never too late to make things right."

Claudia smiled weakly at her granddaughter. "You are wise beyond your years, Bella. Perhaps that's why I see so much of myself in you. Can you show me your true form, my dear granddaughter?"

"Should I?"

Receiving a nod of approval from Aengus, Bella gracefully transformed into her Succubus Demoness form.

Her obsidian black wings unfurled, their sheen catching the dim light, exuding both menace and allure. Her piercing purple eyes gleamed with mischief and confidence, a reflection of her dual nature. Small, elegant horns grew atop her head, crowning her transformation with an air of authority.

Draped in a sleek, flowing black dress that clung to her figure, she was the perfect blend of seduction and power. Every movement she made was captivating, a testament to her mastery of both her human and demonic abilities.

Chapter 311: Chapter 311: Submission?

"You're truly beautiful, my granddaughter. Let me take a closer look at you," Claudia, the Phoenix Empress, said softly, gesturing for Bella to crouch down.

Feeling a mix of embarrassment and pride, Bella knelt down to her grandmother's level, her transformation shimmering faintly as she moved.

The sight of a petite girl examining a fully grown woman like an elder was a comical yet heartwarming moment to onlookers, though none dared to laugh in the gravity of the situation.

Claudia gently touched Bella's face, her small fingers tracing over her features with a grandmother's tenderness. "Good, good," she murmured, nodding in satisfaction. "You also carry the Eternal Phoenix bloodline with pride. Your beauty may truly last a lifetime, my dear."

Turning her gaze to Aengus, who observed quietly with a calm demeanor, Claudia continued. "I can sense it... You are an existence beyond comprehension, my Grandson-in-law. I will honor my promise to you for my freedom. But you must vow to protect Bella and cherish her as she deserves." Her voice was gentle but held an air of seriousness, her small brows raised slightly in anticipation of his answer.

Aengus inclined his head with a reassuring smile. "That's a given, Phoenix Empress. Bella is my wife, and it is my lifelong duty to protect her from any harm." His eyes softened as they locked with Bella's, radiating unwavering love and determination.

Bella's heart swelled with emotion at his bold declaration. Her cheeks flushed, and she felt her love for him deepen. She knew, without a doubt, she had chosen the right man.

Gradually, Bella reverted to her human form, and Aengus dissipated the veil of shadows that had enclosed their private moment.

Outside, an enormous crowd of citizens and Phoenix bloodline warriors in millions had gathered, their numbers stretching across the ruined streets of the capital.

They stared in stunned silence at the aftermath of the battle. The remnants of the shattered imperial palace, the oppressive aura of destruction, and the still-standing figures of Aengus, Bella, and Claudia spoke volumes. The scale of what had transpired was beyond their comprehension.

None dared to speak. All they could do was watch in awe and trepidation.

"Hey, look! The Phoenix Empress is safe!" a female warrior exclaimed, her voice brimming with joy as she pointed toward the figures emerging from the rubble.

"Oh, thank the heavens," another murmured in relief, though her gaze lingered on the regal man standing beside the Empress. Her cheeks flushed slightly. "But... who is that handsome young man with her?"

"That—that's the Ruination Emperor!" a nobleman interrupted, his voice trembling slightly. "Did you not see what happened? He's the one who fought against her! You didn't witness his terrifying Black Dragon form?"

The woman's eyes widened in disbelief. "Oh, lord! He's the one who defeated the Phoenix Empress?"

"Unbelievable, isn't it?" another chimed in, shaking his head, though his tone carried both awe and indignation. "She must have been weakened after her rebirth. Otherwise, how could a newly risen Transcendental possibly defeat our Empress?"

"That must be it!" someone else snapped, clearly fuming. "Our Empress couldn't have lost otherwise. This man... he must have taken advantage of her weakened state!"

Despite the murmurs of doubt and speculation among the crowd, the atmosphere was thick with a mix of reverence, awe, and disbelief.

Some stared at Aengus with a newfound fear, while others admired his overwhelming presence.

Unbothered by the whispers, Little Empress hovered over the gathered millions, her calm gaze scanning the crowd. Aengus was behind her, equally dominant.

A sudden silence fell over the massive crowd as the Phoenix Empress raised her hand, her commanding presence enough to subdue even the faintest murmur.

With anticipation bubbling inside, All eyes turned toward her.

“To all the subjects and warriors of the Phoenix Empire,” Claudia began, her voice unwavering and resonating with regal authority. “I, the current ruler of the Phoenix Empire, hereby declare, under my imperial authority, that henceforth the Phoenix Empire will submit to the Liberation Empire, joining their grand purpose of freedom and unity.”

With that she handed a magical Phoenix Feather that emanated powerful Divine energy, as mark of the true ruler of Phoenix Empire from now on.

“What!”

A collective gasp rippled through the masses. Faces reflected disbelief, confusion, and astonishment. Whispers turned into muted roars as millions processed the shocking proclamation.

Undeterred by the growing unrest, Claudia continued, her gaze steely and unyielding.

“He—the Ruination Emperor, who is also my Grandson-In-Law—will now take control of all the bloodline warriors and the subjects of this Empire. This is not a request or an appeal. It is an imperial decree. Any who resist will be declared traitors and face execution!”

Her crisp, thunderous voice echoed across the capital, reverberating for miles, silencing the crowd once more. The weight of her words left no room for doubt or dissent.

The people stood frozen, their emotions swirling. Awe, fear, and uncertainty painted their expressions as they exchanged looks, hesitant to move or speak out. Some began kneeling instinctively, overwhelmed by the sheer dominance of their Empress and the imposing presence of the Ruination Emperor standing beside her.

“We disagree!”

“We disagree!”

Surprisingly, a group of men stood up defiantly, their collective voices bold and resolute.

“And why is that, Dragonblood Warriors?” the Phoenix Empress asked coldly, her eyes narrowing dangerously.

The men, exuding a noble air of confidence, stood firm.

“Because the Dragon Emperor won’t like it!” one man among them smirked confidently, his words dripping with defiance.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

More and more Dragon-blooded men, married into the Phoenix Empire, began standing, emboldened by their leader’s courage.

Chrystia, Vira, and the female Phoenix Blood Warriors were visibly shocked by the sheer unity of the men, whose numbers now grew to encompass half the city.

“What’s going on, darling?” one female warrior asked her husband, her voice filled with confusion.

“Go away, bi*ch!”

“Yes, husband, why are you rebelling against our Empire?” another woman pleaded desperately.

“Shut up!”

“Don’t do it, husband. You’ll be killed!”

“Come back!”

Despite the desperate pleas of their wives, the men only smirked mockingly, their confidence unshaken.

They began gathering together, tens of millions strong, united in defiance against the Empress and the Ruination Emperor. Their solidarity reassured them that together, they could resist any force that sought to oppress them.

The Phoenix Empress and Aengus exchanged sharp glances, their eyes narrowing as they assessed the growing rebellion.

“So,” the Empress began, her tone icy, “you men from the Dragon Empire have indeed held disloyalty toward the Phoenix Empire since marrying into our land. Is that it?”

Chapter 312: Chapter 312: Game Of Leverage

“Haha...”

All the men cackled in unison, their laughter echoing like a sinister chorus.

“Yes, Phoenix Empress,” one of the Dragonblood warriors sneered. “Our loyalty lies solely with the Dragon Emperor. We are under his direct orders to seize the Phoenix Goddess’s Feather. Without it, no one can claim the title of true ruler of the Phoenix Empire.” His voice turned bitter with disappointment and rage. “Unfortunately, you handed it to your Grandson-In-Law, forcing us to reveal ourselves.”

All eyes shifted to Aengus, the Ruination Emperor, who now held the Phoenix Feather—a divine mark of great significance to the Phoenix Empire.

Aengus chuckled at their audacity. “What? You think I’ll just hand it over to you? Perhaps you’ve forgotten my title.” His voice dropped into a low, menacing tone as his chilling eyes bore into the crowd of traitors.

“You stand before the Ruination Emperor. I don’t give power to my enemy—I take it.”

Some of the men gulped in fear at Aengus’ presence, but a few still stood resolute, their smirks unwavering.

“Yes, Ruination Emperor, you’re absolutely right,” said the man who appeared to be their leader, his tone mocking. “We already knew how obstinate the Phoenix Empress is about the throne. She’d never willingly relinquish her position of power. That’s why we acted preemptively.” His smirk widened into a malevolent grin. “We planted cursed seeds among our female partners in this Empire—all of them. With a single command, they’ll die in tens of millions.”

The air grew thick with tension, punctuated by the gasps of the crowd.

“What!”

“Is it true?”

The female warriors turned to their husbands, their eyes wide with disbelief, sorrow, and betrayal.

“Plop! Burst!”

Before their doubts could even settle, some of the women’s bodies began to bloat grotesquely, swelling like balloons before exploding into showers of blood and scattered flesh.

Over a hundred female warriors fell in an instant, their lives snuffed out by the very men they had trusted.

The Phoenix Empire’s remaining female warriors trembled, their faces pale with fear as death closed in around them.

“How could you do this to us?” one sobbed, her voice trembling. “I loved you so much. How could you—”

“God, save us,” another woman whispered, falling to her knees in despair, clutching her chest as tears streamed down her face.

The men who remained loyal to the Dragon Emperor sneered at the chaos they had unleashed, reveling in the despair that had overtaken the once-proud warriors of the Phoenix Empire.

Unbeknownst to everyone present, several shadows darted across the crowd at such extreme speed that only one person could perceive them. Their intention unknown to everybody else.

“Extreme Sinners!” Phoenix Empress barked, her voice filled with disdain and fury. Her sharp tone startled those who heard it. “You’re no proud dragons! You’re cowards hiding under the guise of the great dragon race! To stoop to such vile actions is to sully the honor of the dragons themselves.”

Her condemnation echoed across the battlefield, but the men simply laughed in response.

“Haha... Do you think we care about honor or pride, Phoenix Empress?” the leader of the traitors mocked. “We are loyal only to the Dragon Emperor. We will do whatever it takes to fulfill his commands!” He turned his gaze to Aengus, his eyes gleaming with arrogance. “Now, will you hand over that feather, oh mighty Ruination Emperor?”

The man’s tone was smug, filled with the belief that they had cornered him.

“Surely even someone as ruthless as you wouldn’t risk the lives of tens of millions of innocent female warriors just to keep it. Or would you?”

Their smug smiles widened, glee written across their faces as they awaited his response. To them, the situation was already decided. They believed they had forced the Ruination Emperor into a no-win situation, holding the lives of the Empire’s warriors as their ultimate leverage.

But Aengus’ calm, calculating expression showed no fear, and for a fleeting moment, unease flickered across the leader’s face.

“What are you planning, Ruination Emperor? Hand over that Feather now, or we will kill them all,” the leader threatened, trying to suppress the fear in his trembling voice.

Aengus smirked.

“You’re scared? I enjoy watching the faces of despair when my enemies realize their desperate attempts to save themselves are futile.”

“S-Scared?Who? We are not scared! Are you giving it to us or not?” the leader demanded, though his shaking hands betrayed his confidence.

“Do as you please, lizards. Bark like dogs or beg like one, but you will never get what I hold. The only thing I offer... is DEATH.”

The Ruination Emperor’s voice echoed like the whisper of a reaper, sending a wave of spine-chilling coldness through the air.

The Dragonblood warriors exchanged confused glances, unable to comprehend why the Ruination Emperor seemed utterly indifferent to the lives of the female warriors.

“Could he really be that cruel and cold, caring for no one but himself and his own power?” they wondered.

“What is he doing, Bella? Innocent female warriors are at risk because of his carelessness,” Chrystia exclaimed, her voice raised in panic. “Does he really not care about so many lives? We’re talking about millions here! How can someone so heartless take care of you?”

Bella’s mother and grandfather also turned to her, their expressions a mix of confusion and concern, seeking an explanation.

Bella, standing firm despite the tension, shook her head slightly and smiled—a smile filled with confidence and pride in her husband. She turned toward Chrystia, her voice calm yet unwavering.

“Mother, Grandfather, trust me. Hubby isn’t the type to abandon anyone, especially innocent lives. Everything he does has a purpose.” She turned to the battlefield, her eyes glowing with determination. “You’ll see soon enough why he’s the Ruination Emperor.”

Chrystia frowned but remained silent, clearly unconvinced yet unwilling to interrupt further.

Meanwhile, Aengus stood tall amidst the chaos, his aura radiating absolute control.

“You don’t understand, do you?” he said coldly, his gaze piercing through the Dragonblood warriors like daggers. “You think your petty threats and cowardly schemes will make me falter?” He sneered, his voice laced with contempt. “You think I care so little about the lives of my allies? No.”

His smirk grew darker, more menacing.

“What I care about...is teaching worms like you a lesson in the futility of defying me.”

Chapter 313: Chapter 313: Level Up Rumble!

Before the Dragonblood warriors could react, Aengus raised his hand, and the ground beneath them began to tremble violently. Shadowy tendrils emerged from the earth, weaving through the crowd with terrifying speed.

“W-What is this!?” one of the traitors screamed, panic overtaking their smug demeanor.

“You think your cursed seeds are the key to controlling the battlefield? Pathetic.” Aengus’ voice was calm, chillingly so. “I already analyzed your little curse the moment you triggered it. My Dominion has neutralized its effects.”

The shadows reached every female warrior in the vicinity, wrapping around their bodies protectively. A surge of energy followed, severing the connection between the cursed seeds and the Dragonblood warriors who had planted them.

The traitors stared in disbelief.

“Impossible!” the leader shouted, his face pale.

“Oh, it’s possible,” Aengus said, stepping forward, his presence suffocating. “And now, you’ve lost your only leverage.”

The female warriors, feeling the oppressive weight of the curse lift, stared at Aengus in awe and gratitude.

Chrystia gasped, her eyes widening in astonishment. “He...when did he neutralize it...”

Bella’s smile widened, her voice brimming with pride. “I told you, Mother. He always protects those under his care.”

The Dragonblood warriors, now stripped of their advantage, were paralyzed with fear, their earlier bravado replaced with pure terror.

Aengus’ eyes grew cold and merciless, his voice reverberating like the judgment of a god.

“Now, it’s my turn to show you why I am called the Ruination Emperor.”

The millions of Dragonblood warriors froze, a collective chill running through their spines as though they had been plunged into an icy abyss.

“No! Please, forgive us! Without us, the women here will be widowed. You will be condemned for this throughout future generations!”

“Damnation will consume you!”

“Please, spare us!”

Their desperate cries fell on deaf ears as Aengus raised a hand, his expression unyielding.

“Kill!”

The single, merciless command echoed through the battlefield as the bloody red sky seemed to respond. The shadows moved with unnatural speed, descending upon the warriors like vengeful spirits.

“No! Don’t—”

Before they could finish their pleas, one by one, the Dragonblood warriors fell, their bodies cleaved cleanly in half. Blood pooled on the ground, staining the soil beneath them.

Some, paralyzed by fear, wet themselves as the inevitable approached.

But there was no mercy, no respite. Absolutely no one was spared.

Slice, slice, slice!

Thud, thud, thud!

The sound of bodies hitting the ground echoed like a grim symphony as a weaponized storm of death swept through the Dragonblood warriors. The horrifying sight left the onlookers frozen in shock, their faces pale with fear.

Over 30 million corpses lay strewn across the battlefield, creating a dense, oppressive stench of death that made the air nearly unbreathable. Many instinctively covered their mouths and closed their eyes, unable to bear the gruesome reality before them.

Under the bloody night sky, a mass grave had been created—a sea of lifeless bodies stretching as far as the eye could see.

Some female warriors fainted on the spot, realizing the love of their lives had perished in an instant.

Someone's father was gone.

Someone's husband, their grandfather, their enemy.

All of them had fallen.

Even the Phoenix Empress, with her years of wisdom and countless battles fought, stood astonished at the sheer scale of the devastation.

How heartless and resolute must one be to make such a decision without hesitation, without even blinking?

Her thoughts ran wild as she stared at Aengus, who stood unwavering amidst the carnage, his figure illuminated by the blood-red sky.

Did he not realize what this massacre would mean for his image? How would he appear to the subjects of this empire, to their grieving families?

Yet, his expression betrayed no doubt, no regret, as though his actions were as natural as breathing. This was the Ruination Emperor.

"Whoosh!"

Aengus suddenly moved, hovering mid-air in a meditative posture, his hands resting calmly on his knees.

Under everyone's apprehensive gazes, the millions of corpses began to shift. A dark black vortex appeared above his head, swirling with an ominous energy that seemed to devour not just the lifeless bodies but the lingering resentment of the death spirits as well.

The mass grave, filled with howls of despair moments ago, fell eerily silent as the energy was consumed.

"What's he doing?" Bella's mother asked, voicing the question on everyone's mind.

Bella, standing calmly beside her, answered with a faint smile. "Oh, nothing. Just eating his fill."

Her nonchalant tone sent a chill through those gathered.

Bella understood the importance of this moment. She knew Aengus needed to reach Level 1,000, a milestone that would grant him the power to change the world as they envisioned. She watched with bated breath, silently supporting him.

However, among the crowd, a ripple of resistance began to form.

“No! Don’t take my husband away!” one woman cried desperately.

“Yes, at least let us bury them!” another wailed.

“How can our Emperor be so heartless as to not leave the bodies of his enemies for proper burial?”

The emotional cries grew louder, threatening to disturb Aengus’s peace.

“And why is that?”

Bella’s sharp voice cut through the chaos. In an instant, she appeared before thousands of female warriors, her commanding presence silencing the dissenters.

Her purple eyes glowed with authority as she looked down at them. “You dare question the actions of the Ruination Emperor? Your husbands, your fathers, your sons, all chose betrayal and death. Now, they serve a greater purpose—to fuel his strength and protect this empire. Is your sentimentality worth risking all our futures?”

As the elderly citizen’s voice echoed through the air, a stern reality settled upon the grieving women.

“Yes, yes! Don’t forget, it was them who didn’t hesitate to kill you. So why shed tears for those who betrayed and used you? That’s just emotional stupidity!”

The crowd went silent, the words striking their hearts like a harsh wind.

The realization hit hard. Their loved ones had been willing to sacrifice them without hesitation. Many lowered their heads in quiet despair, their tears drying as anger and sorrow intertwined.

Meanwhile, above the gathering, Aengus continued absorbing the energy from the fallen bodies. His level surged like a rocket.

768... 790...830..868...870....890... 910...

The vortex of dark energy grew even more ferocious, devouring the last remnants of resentment from the dead.

As he consumed two-thirds of the corpses, Aengus felt a wave of intense exhaustion ripple through his body. His cells screamed from the overwhelming influx of energy, and his soul, though partially recovered, struggled to keep pace with the monumental strain.

And why would they not, he had reached level 930 in just dozens of minutes after all.

He stopped Omni-Devour at once.

[Status]

He commanded as he stored rest of the corpses in his Pocket space that formed mountains with corpses to be used later.

Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills - Chapter 314 - Chapter 314: Chapter 314: Closer To The Goal

Chapter 314: Chapter 314: Closer To The Goal

[Name: Aengus Degaro]

[Age: 19]

[Title: King Of the Ocean]

[Race: Chaotic Fiend-Celestial]

[Level: 930]

[Occupation: Emperor]

[Class: Chaos Creator]

[Bloodline: Chaotic Fiend-Celestial]

[Special Trait: Greater Spatial Teleporter]

[Soul: ZERO]

[Laws: Space, Water]

Physical Stats: >

[Strength: 95,300]

[Agility: 94, 700]

[Defense: 96,780]

[Origin Mana: 4,990,000 / 5,050,000]

<Skills:>

– [Active: Fire Dragon King Transformation (SS), Flame Lord's Domain, Sky Phoenix Rebirth (SS), Phoenix Dance Of Destruction (SS), Storm-Bringer Kraken Transformation (SS) , Thunderstorm Manipulation (SS), Oceanic Domination (SS), Gift (SS), Voidbreaker Slash (SS), Oblivion Horizon Slash (SS), God Kairos Doom fusion (SS), Chaotic Maelstrom (SS), Ancient Petrifying Curse Eyes (SS), Reflective Scales (SS), World Corrosive Venom (SS), Apocalypse Awakening (SS), Abyssal Blazing Dragon (SS), Crimson Tempest (SS), Meteor Breaker (SS), Frostbound Dominion (SS), Barrier Of Despair (SS), Barrier of Crystalline Bulwark (SS), Celestial Bastion (SS), Divine Halo (SS), Ironclad Ice Fortress (SS), Divine Sword Fusion (SS), Eternal Ice Barrier (SS), Tiebreaker Annihilation Sword (SS), Guardian's Embrace (SS), Solar Flare Dome (SD), Prismatic Shield (SS), Black Thunder Barrier (SS), Dimension Slip (SS), Seven Elements Chaos Manipulation (SS), Primordial Beast King -3 (SS), All-Seeing Sovereign -12 (SS) Sacred Kirin's Healing -2 (SS), Sacred Kirin's Blessing -2 (SS), Symbol Of Good Fortune -3 (SS), Chaos Isolation Barrier -4 (S), Void Venom Blade Tempest -2 (A), Ice breath (A), Lightning Roc's Skybreaker Dive (A), Golden Wyvern's Scales (A), Elite Human Transformation -29 (A), Inferno Warlord's Rage (B), Ravenous Stonebeast (B), Arctic Bear's Glacial Shield (B), Aqua Serpent's Vortex (B), Phantom Mirage (B), Hurricane Gale (B),)]

– [Passive: Immortal Regeneration (SS), Heart Of Chaos (SS), Supreme Hunter (SS), Phoenix Resurgence (SS), Water Breathing (S)]

[Special Skills: Monster Breeding (Level- 13)]

[Demonic Abilities:

– Peak: Shadow Monarch's Dominion, Incubus Drive, Avarice's Grasp, Hell's Gate, Unlimited Bloodlust, Fiendish Dream Weaver, Scorching Wrath, Hellfire Nova, Death Spiral, Eternal Damnation, Black Flame Judgement, Cage of Torment, Moloch's Stampede

– Intermediate: Void Cloak, Abyssal Armor, Fiendish Resilience, Wings of Perdition, Fiend Regeneration, Hellstorm, Shadow Bind, Call of the Abyss, Demonic Dominion, Blood Lord

– Basic:

[Unique Skills: Appraisal (Basic), Nullified Mental Attacks (Rare), Rapid Cast (Rare), Omni-Devour (Ultimate), Universal Synthesis (Ultimate)]

After storing the corpses, Aengus descended, standing before the crowd with a domineering presence under the night sky.

Magical lamps were lit, making his figure clearly visible to all. The crowd knelt in unison—some out of respect, others out of fear—but Aengus hardly cared, so long as they refrained from doing anything foolish.

“You may have lost your loved ones, but I will give you a peaceful world in return. That is my vow as your new ruler,” Aengus declared, his voice echoing across the vast gathering on the cold night.

The people slowly stood, their breaths visible in the frigid air. Despite their grief, hope flickered in their eyes—a fragile hope for survival, for a better future, and for the generations yet to come.

Aengus then reunited with Bella’s family, who watched him with impressed eyes.

Vira and Claudia were visibly pleased with their Grandson-In-Law.

Aengus and Bella shared a light kiss before retiring to their temporary residence to rest for the night. Tomorrow’s plans could wait—they needed to savor the victory of today’s battle.

Inside their room, Aengus and Bella prepared for a good night’s sleep. Meanwhile, his original body teleported to a nearby mountain range, located a few hundred kilometers away from the capital.

“Let’s see if this place will work,” Aengus muttered, standing on top of one of the peaks, his gaze fixed on the horizon. He was at least 4,000 meters above the base of the mountain range.

Whoosh!

With no hesitation, he dove down freely, the cold wind brushing past his skin as he fell.

BOOM!

Upon impact, his bare body burrowed deep into the earth, creating a massive crater from the collision. Dust and debris scattered as the ground trembled beneath the force of his landing.

It alarmed all the wild magical beasts living nearby, leaving them to wonder what kind of apocalypse had struck their land.

Standing in the center of the massive sinkhole crater, Aengus began to unleash a barrage of punches upon the ever-sturdy core of the world's surface with earth-shaking force.

He was like an unstoppable machine, his fists hammering the continental mass like a madman, one blow after another.

“BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!”

The earth trembled with each impact, sending shockwaves rippling through the ground.

One might wonder—what exactly was he trying to do?

The answer was simple: adaptation.

Aengus was training to synchronize with the overwhelming influx of raw power now surging through his cells. This desolate mountain range had become his personal training ground—one where he could unleash his full strength without holding back.

To the unknowing world, it seemed like the harbinger of earthquakes or natural disasters. But in truth, a force capable of shaking the heavens and earth was in the making who was unnoticed by heroes and mortals alike.

—

“Huh? Earthquakes?”

Bella stirred awake, her keen instincts jolting her out of her slumber. She turned to Aengus' clone, who was lying next to her, seemingly fast asleep.

“Hubby, did you do something?” she asked, her tone both curious and suspicious.

For a moment, the clone remained silent, feigning sleep. Bella narrowed her eyes, a small smile tugging at her lips.

“See... Sometimes you act like a child, Aengus. I know you're awake,” she teased softly, brushing a strand of hair from her face.

Aengus opened his eyes, his calm gaze meeting hers as he admitted, “Yes.”

Bella sighed, a mixture of understanding and worry crossing her expression. She hesitated before voicing the thoughts weighing on her heart.

“I see... Then you must be close to reaching your goal right? Will you leave us alone when you’re done?” she asked, her voice trembling slightly.

She had recently learned about Aengus’ origins as a being from a higher realm—a place far removed from the one they shared now. Deep down, she feared that once his goal was complete, he might leave her and their life together behind.

Aengus gently touched her face while still sleeping, “No. I won’t. We will always be together.”

Chapter 315: Chapter 315: United Liberation Empire

The morning sun shone weakly through the smoky haze that lingered over the city. Workers, mostly citizens with magical craftsmanship skills, toiled amidst the ruins of the old Imperial Palace. The sounds of enchanted hammers striking stone and spells shaping materials into intricate designs filled the air.

Though they worked diligently, unease was palpable in their movements. The events of the previous night—the massacre and the mysterious earthquakes—were still fresh in their minds.

Aengus stood at the highest vantage point overlooking the construction site, his gaze cold and focused. Dressed in simple yet regal attire, he exuded an aura of authority that kept both workers and onlookers at bay. His hands were clasped behind his back as he observed every detail, ensuring that the reconstruction of the palace proceeded without flaw.

The new Imperial Palace was to symbolize a new era, an unyielding testament to the future Aengus envisioned. Its foundations were being laid atop the rubble of the old—a direct metaphor for the destruction and rebirth of the empire.

They would be part of new Empire: United Liberation Empire, and Aengus would be the sole Sovereign.

—

While most of the citizens had no idea about the source of last night’s earthquakes, whispers of speculation ran rampant. The workers cast nervous glances at one another, occasionally sneaking peeks at Aengus, whose calm demeanor was both reassuring and intimidating.

Some believed the earthquakes were a divine warning. Others whispered that Aengus himself was the cause, wielding powers beyond mortal comprehension. Either way, one thing was certain—the New Ruler was a force that none dared to defy.

—

Suddenly, Aengus raised his hand and snapped his fingers. A low hum resonated in the air as a spatial portal materialized before him, swirling with chaotic energy. The workers paused momentarily, their curiosity outweighing their fear, and turned their eyes toward the phenomenon.

From the portal emerged seven figures: The Three Generals—Quin, Drake, and Yona—and Aria.

Their expressions were a mix of confusion and skepticism as they stepped onto the construction site.

“Welcome to the Phoenix Empire, everyone. Oh, no, I should call it the Liberation Empire from now on, shouldn’t I?” Bella said, suddenly appearing with a smug expression.

“Is this really the Phoenix Empire?” Aria asked curiously, her tone laced with doubt.

“Yes, it is,” Aengus confirmed calmly.

“Your Majesty, does that mean you’ve truly conquered the Phoenix Empire? But how?” General Felix asked in disbelief.

Was it really so easy to conquer an empire these days?

“With enough power, nothing is impossible, General,” Aengus replied with a casual shrug.

Leon, Martin, and Felix exchanged glances, their expressions showing a shared understanding: their Emperor’s power had grown to an unimaginable degree.

“Ah, that’s incredible, Your Majesty. But you should have summoned me for help—I would have loved to join you!” Quin exclaimed excitedly, raising his fist in enthusiasm.

“Battle maniac...” Yona muttered under her breath. However, the awe in her eyes was unmistakable, much like the expressions of Drake and Aria.

“Brother-in-law, I don’t even know what to say anymore. If this keeps up, do you even need us at this point?” Drake asked, half-joking but with a tinge of genuine concern.

“Yes,” Aengus replied firmly, his gaze shifting meaningfully toward Aria. “And very soon, the time will come.”

“Ethan, are you hurt?” Aria asked softly, her concern evident in her eyes.

“No, Aria,” Aengus reassured her with a slight shake of his head.

“Oh, that’s good. Will this be our new palace from now on?” Aria asked, her tone filled with curiosity.

Bella chimed in with a confident smile, “Yes, Aria. Our husband is now an Emperor with over 200 million warriors, though we incurred a heavy loss last night.”

“200 million! I can imagine the spectacle,” Aria added with a smile. However, Bella’s mention of the losses piqued everyone’s curiosity.

“What exactly happened last night, Bella?” Aria asked, voicing the question that was on everyone’s mind.

Bella’s expression turned more serious as she replied, “There was a dramatic twist last night. Perhaps it’s better if you hear about it later—or maybe, not at all, Aria.”

Aria frowned slightly, confused, and turned to Aengus for answers. She received only a mental message from him: “I’ll explain it to you later.”

Understanding, Aria gave a curt nod. Changing the topic, she asked, “So, where is your mother, Sister Bella?”

“Oh, right!” Bella exclaimed, her face lighting up. “I should let you all meet my family. The Phoenix Empress is my grandmother, and Vira is my grandfather. Come, follow me, and I’ll introduce you to everyone.”

As they began to walk, Leon spoke up in surprise, “Empress Consort, you’re really the granddaughter of the Phoenix Empress? That’s a revelation! I never knew she even had a granddaughter.”

Bella chuckled softly at General Leon’s astonishment. “Well, now you know. There’s much to my family’s story that you might find surprising, General.”

The group followed Bella, their curiosity growing as they prepared to meet one of the most revered figures in the empire.

—

Inside a simple yet elegant house adorned with expensive jewels and intricate craftsmanship, the group entered a room where they would meet the legendary figures—Phoenix Empress Claudia, Vira the Sky Dragon King, and Sky Phoenix Queen Chrystia.

Chrystia greeted them warmly, her radiant smile adding to her graceful aura. “Good to see you once again, Leon, Felix, Martin,” she said, recognizing the group from past encounters.

Leon and the others bowed gracefully, their respect evident in their demeanor. “It’s a pleasure to see you again, Sky Phoenix Queen,” Leon replied politely. “May we also have the honor of meeting the Phoenix Empress?”

Before Chrystia could respond, a melodious yet commanding voice echoed from another room. “Oh, it seems our Son-in-law has brought guests.”

Emerging with an aura of timeless elegance was Claudia, the Phoenix Empress, accompanied by Vira, the Sky Dragon King. The stark contrast between the petite Claudia and the hulking, muscular Vira made for an unusual yet striking pair. Claudia’s youthful appearance, like that of a little girl, caught Leon and the others off guard, their eyes gleaming with astonishment.

But instantly after that the three generals recognised the little girl. She was the true Phoenix Empress.

Chapter 316: Chapter 316: Preparation For Merge

They bowed slightly, their gestures filled with reverence. “It’s an honor to meet you in person, Phoenix Empress and Sky Dragon King.”

Claudia, ever casual, waved her delicate hand dismissively. “That’s old news, guests. I am now just a simple woman and a grandmother,” she said, her soft voice laced with humor. Her lips curled into a faint smile as she added, “If you must be in awe of anyone, it should be my Grandson-in-Law, Aengus. He’s the one who deserves your admiration now.”

“Yes, that’s true, Your Grace,” Leon replied with a slight bow, acknowledging Claudia’s words.

The three generals shifted their gaze to Aengus, curiosity evident in their eyes. They couldn’t help but wonder what kind of magic or charisma their Emperor had used to convince the renowned Phoenix Empress to submit to him.

“Is it simply because he’s the Grandson-in-Law?”

“Or is there a deeper truth we don’t know?”

The rumors they’d heard about Claudia’s strong and unyielding personality only fueled their curiosity further. However, they chose to keep their questions to themselves for now, unwilling to overstep their bounds in such an esteemed presence.

“Whoa! This little girl was the Phoenix Empress all along?” Drake exclaimed, his voice filled with surprise as he took in Claudia’s youthful appearance.

Quin and Yona were equally taken aback, their mouths slightly agape. This was far from what they had imagined the legendary Phoenix Empress would look like.

Claudia’s lips curved into a mischievous smile. “These brats,” she teased, her voice playful yet sharp. “I’m older than all of you combined. Show me some respect.”

The trio immediately grew nervous, realizing they had underestimated the little figure before them. “Oh, yes, yes! You’re a most respectable elder!” Quin stammered, bowing slightly.

“Forgive our surprise, Your Grace. We meant no disrespect,” Yona added hastily, her tone earnest.

Claudia chuckled, clearly amused by their reaction. “Relax, children. I’m not offended. But do remember, appearances can be deceiving,” she said, her teasing tone softening into one of wisdom.

Drake exchanged a glance with the others, their respect for her deepening. Despite her playful demeanor in small body, Claudia exuded an aura of authority that was impossible to ignore.

“Who are the guests, Bella?”

Celeste’s sudden voice resonated through the room, drawing everyone’s attention. The woman entered with a jubilant demeanor, her radiant beauty rivaling anyone else present.

Bella turned to her with a smile. “Meet my mother, everyone. Her name is Celeste—the once Adventurous Phoenix Queen.”

Celeste was a little embarrassed by her daughter’s bold introduction by her old title.

Drake couldn’t help but voice his admiration. “So, this is the other Empress Consort’s mother? Beautiful!”

Celeste’s family members, particularly Claudia and Vira, raised their brows at Drake’s comment.

“Other Empress Consort?” Claudia repeated, her sharp eyes narrowing slightly as the implication sank in.

Vira crossed his arms, his gaze darting between Bella, Aria, and Aengus. “What does he mean by that, Bella?” he asked curiously.

Bella’s maternal family remained quiet, but their expressions betrayed their shared curiosity. They had only just begun to notice the subtle yet undeniable chemistry between Aengus, Bella, and Aria as they stood side by side.

Bella’s lips curved into a playful smile as she addressed their unspoken question. “Just like you’ve already guessed,” she said without hesitation. “Aria is also my husband’s wife. We are sisters now.”

The room fell silent for a moment as the revelation sunk in. Celeste’s brows furrowed slightly, but she remained composed, waiting for further clarification.

Aria stepped forward, her demeanor warm and respectful. “Hello! My name is Aria Silvermoon. We were brought together through strange circumstances, but I hope to gain your blessing as well.”

The sincerity in Aria’s voice seemed to soften the atmosphere. Claudia and Vira exchanged glances, their expressions unreadable. Finally, Claudia broke the silence.

“Strange circumstances or not, what matters is harmony,” Claudia said, her tone neutral but firm. “Tell me, Aria, do you treat my granddaughter well?”

Aria nodded without hesitation. “I do, Your Grace. Bella is not just my sister-wife but someone I deeply admire. I treasure her as family, and we share the same goal—to support and stand by our husband.”

Vira stroked his chin thoughtfully. “Well, It’s not an unusual situation, and if Bella is happy and Aria shows such sincerity, then who are we to object?”

Celeste, who had been quiet, finally spoke up. “I never expected such a dynamic in my daughter’s marriage,” she admitted, her tone lighter than expected. “But as long as there is mutual respect, trust and understanding, I have no complaints either.”

Bella smiled at her mother’s acceptance. “Oh, Thank you, Mother. That means a lot to both of us.”

Aengus, who had been observing silently, finally stepped forward. “Thank you all for your understanding,” he said, his voice steady and confident. “I will ensure that both Bella and Aria are always cared for and cherished. Their happiness is my priority.”

His words seemed to resonate with everyone in the room, and the tension eased further.

“Well,” Claudia said with a slight smirk, “it seems you’ve truly brought quite the storm into our family, Grandson-In-Law. But I must admit, you would be capable of handling them easily.”

The group chuckled lightly, the atmosphere now much warmer.

“Generals, I have called you here to inform you that we will be relocating the majority of our army to this location,” Aengus announced, shifting the topic to more pressing matters. “I will create the Spatial Gates needed to transport them all here at once.”

The gravity of this announcement left the generals wide-eyed. Such a monumental task sounded almost unbelievable. However, seeing the seriousness in their Emperor’s expression, they knew better than to question his words.

The scale of Aengus’s power was truly something to marvel at. It wasn’t every day that one witnessed someone capable of transporting millions of people through a Spatial Portal, crossing hundreds of thousands of kilometers in an instant.

“Yes, Your Majesty. We will begin preparations immediately.”

Chapter 317: Chapter 317: Transportation
Afternoon.

Following Aengus’s orders, the generals returned to their empire to deliver the news and prepare the soldiers for the relocation to their new center of command. However, a few million troops were assigned to remain behind to guard the borders, as was their usual duty.

Aengus, along with his clone, traveled to the empire to oversee the preparations and ensure the soldiers were transported safely to their new location. Before carrying out the mass transportation, he attended to an important task for Bella.

Aria also accompanied him, having nothing else to occupy her time.

—

“Mother, I have a surprise for you!” Bella exclaimed, seated beside her mother on the bed.

Celeste raised her brows curiously. “What kind of surprise, daughter?”

“Just watch!” Bella smirked, her heart bubbling with anticipation.

“Thud, thud, thud!”

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps echoed outside the door, drawing Celeste’s attention.

With a soft creaking sound, the door opened, revealing Belial’s hesitant expression. His wings drooped low, a sign of his discomfort and embarrassment.

“Belial?” Celeste’s eyes widened in shock, her voice trembling slightly. “What are you doing here?”

Belial stepped forward slowly, avoiding her gaze. “I... uh, I came because Bella insisted,” he muttered, his voice unsteady as he rubbed the back of his neck.

Bella’s smirk grew wider as she nudged her mother. “Surprise, Mother! Your old flame is back!”

Celeste’s cheeks flushed a deep red, her usual composure faltering. “Bella!” she hissed in a whisper, glaring at her daughter.

Belial cleared his throat awkwardly, finally meeting Celeste’s eyes. “It’s been a long time, Celeste. I... I missed you so much.”

Celeste’s expression softened slightly, but her eyes still held a mix of anger and disbelief. “After all these years, you suddenly decide to show up? Are you even a man?”

“Ah, Yes.,” Belial admitted, his voice more confident now. “I made mistakes, but I wanted to set things right. For Bella’s safety, I hesitated to make move on human world, Celeste. Just like you sacrificed our love for Bella’s sake in the past.”

Bella clapped her hands together, beaming. “Okay father, mother, I’ll leave you two alone to catch up!” She stood and exited the room, leaving behind a mixture of tension and hope between the two.

—

Outside the room, Bella was met with her grandparents, Claudia and Vira, who stood excitedly by the door, their expressions betraying their curiosity. They were clearly already aware of who was inside.

“Are they quarreling?” Claudia whispered, leaning closer to Bella.

Bella couldn’t help but smile at the comical duo. “Yes, but don’t worry. I’m sure it won’t last long. Their love for each other runs deeper than any argument.”

Claudia let out a small sigh of relief, her smile softening. “That’s good to hear. I felt guilty when I met Belial. I was the reason for separating them in the past after all. It was a mistake on my part, one I regret deeply every time I recall the pain in Celeste’s eyes in past years.”

Vira nodded solemnly. “Belial seemed like a decent man to me. I’m glad he didn’t hold a grudge against us for what happened in the past. It seems your husband had a good hand in reuniting them granddaughter?”

Bella’s smile widened with pride. “Yes. He understood how much they meant to each other and made it his mission to fix what was broken. He may act indifferent, but he has a way of healing hearts without anyone noticing.”

Claudia’s eyes twinkled as she looked at her granddaughter. “Your husband truly is remarkable, Bella. He’s not only a great ruler but also a man of compassion. I am sure your child would be the same, powerful and Compassionate to the world like her father.”

Bella’s cheeks flushed slightly, but anticipation ran in her mind imagining her baby’s face in heartwarming moment surrounded by their family.

“Yes, we’d like to hold our great-grandchild someday. It’s already unfortunate that we couldn’t hold you in our arms when you were a baby,” Vira added with a hint of disappointment in his tone.

“Oh, come on, Vira. Don’t embarrass her too much. Give them a little time,” Claudia said, nudging his leg playfully, though her smile betrayed her own anticipation.

—

In the bustling Imperial City of the Liberation Empire, it was currently afternoon, the sun casting a golden glow over the streets. Being situated on the Western Continent, the city was alive with activity as citizens went about their daily lives.

But the atmosphere was different today. Groups of soldiers from the Liberation Army could be seen hurrying through the streets, their movements purposeful and urgent.

“Hey, do you know why the soldiers are in such a hurry? Where are they all going?” a curious passerby remarked, sensing the urgency in the air.

“I don’t know,” another replied, sipping tea while seated on a bench. “Probably orders from the higher-ups. We ordinary folks won’t hear anything until it’s already done.”

“Are we perhaps being attacked by demons?” an old man asked fearfully, his eyes darting nervously as he watched the robust soldiers marching thunderously down the street.

“Shopkeeper, do you have any news?” he called out to a nearby vendor.

The shopkeeper, a middle-aged man cleaning his display of goods, looked up and shrugged. “Not much, just rumors. Some say it’s about expanding the army. Others think it’s preparation for something big. But demons? I doubt it. The Emperor crushed some of their forces not long ago, didn’t he?”

The old man still looked uneasy. “I hope you’re right. But whenever the soldiers march like this, it reminds me of the days—of war and suffering. I just pray it’s nothing like that.”

A younger man joined the conversation, laughing dismissively. “You worry too much, old man. Our Emperor is invincible! Who would dare attack us? If anything, this is probably another one of his grand plans to expand the Empire. Didn’t you heard how he purged down the rebellion of seven subordinate kingdoms so ruthlessly?”

The old man sighed but said nothing more, his gaze following the soldiers as they disappeared around a corner.

Meanwhile, within the Imperial city’s grand administrative field, the preparations were reaching a fever pitch. The generals and officers, knights, under Aengus’s strict orders, were arranging the millions of soldiers from all kingdoms in neat rows to prepare them for the Transportation in batches.

Chapter 318: Chapter 318: Move

“Comrade, do you know why we’ve been gathered here?” an oblivious soldier asked a female warrior while waiting in the long line of troops.

She shrugged, looking just as puzzled. “I don’t know. I came because it’s an Imperial Order straight from the Emperor. Captain, do you have any idea what’s going on?” she asked, addressing the officer standing ahead of them.

The captain turned to glance back at the two of them. “Yes,” he replied curtly.

“Then why don’t you tell us, Captain? That way, we can prepare better,” the female soldier pressed, her tone slightly impatient.

Similar whispers of curiosity and confusion rippled through other sections of the soldiers. It seemed the majority of them were in the dark about the sudden assembly.

The captain sighed, realizing he couldn't hold back any longer. "Alright, alright. The matter was sensitive, which is why we didn't tell you earlier," he said, raising his voice enough to address the nearby troops.

He paused for effect before continuing, "We're being relocated to a new headquarters—a new Imperial City declared by His Majesty himself. Word is, the Emperor has single-handedly conquered the Phoenix Empire, and we've been tasked with fortifying the new rule immediately."

The murmurs among the soldiers grew louder.

"What!"

"The Phoenix Empire? Conquered by himself? Is that even possible?" one soldier whispered in disbelief.

"Well, it is His Majesty we're talking about," another replied, though the awe in his voice was hard to miss.

"Still, was the Phoenix Empress really that weak?" a skeptical soldier asked, his tone laced with disbelief. "I heard they had eight powerful female elders, the Sky Dragon King, and the Phoenix Empress herself to hold the fort. How could they lose so easily?"

Another soldier, his voice shaky with fear, replied, "Maybe His Majesty has become even stronger. Could it be... he's attained the unattainable Half-God rank?"

The group of soldiers fell silent for a moment, their astonished expressions mirroring each other as their hearts beat chaotically in their chests.

"If that's true," one murmured, "we won't have to fear the demons anymore. We'll have our own God among us, someone who will protect us from any harm."

"Yes," another chimed in, his voice resolute. "But for that, we must prove our worth to His Majesty. Why would he even need us if we can't stand strong by his side?"

The sentiment resonated deeply with the soldiers, their initial fear giving way to determination as one resolute voice echoed across the ranks.

The captain, overhearing their exchange, nodded approvingly. "That's the spirit," he said. His composed demeanor still couldn't entirely hide the flicker of pride and astonishment in his eyes.

"Yes, it may sound harsh, but it's the truth. Nothing in this world is free. His Majesty's power has indeed surpassed anything we could have imagined. Compared to him, we are like ants. But even ants, when united, can prove their strength. We must show him that we are capable, that we are worthy of fighting alongside him."

The soldiers listened intently, their resolve solidifying.

“Now, enough chatter. We’re on a tight schedule; prepare to move through the spatial gates. The future of the Liberation Empire awaits us.”

As the captain finished speaking, the soldiers straightened their stances. Their confusion had transformed into a sense of awe and duty. They were ready to follow their Emperor, who had likely closer to surpass mortal limits, into a new era where nothing seemed impossible.

“Hey, look! His Majesty is here!”

A wave of hushed murmurs swept through the lines of soldiers as Aengus appeared, hovering above them with an aura that commanded respect and awe.

His regal yet practical appearance immediately caught their attention. Clad in a sophisticated black coat with streaks of crimson running through it, Aengus looked every bit like a battle-hardened warrior rather than a typical monarch adorned with jewels and ornate garments. The simplicity of his attire made his presence all the more striking.

The coat’s edges fluttered in the breeze, accentuating the strength of his broad shoulders. His wavy black hair, moving gently with the wind, framed his face—a face marked by a calm, strict demeanor and the unmistakable crimson mark of Fiend-Celestial etched on his forehead. It was a symbol of his power, a clear sign that this man had transcended the boundaries of mortal strength.

“His Majesty looks incredible...” one soldier muttered, his awe evident.

“This is what a true ruler looks like,” another whispered, clenching his fist with pride.

Hovering above them, Aengus let his sharp gaze sweep over the millions of soldiers assembled below. Despite their sheer number, his eyes seemed to meet every one of theirs, conveying both authority and reassurance.

“Soldiers of the Liberation Army,” he spoke, his deep voice resonating like a thunderclap across the vast assembly. “Today marks a new chapter in our journey—a journey toward a unified empire where no force will dare threaten our people again.”

The soldiers remained silent, their attention entirely fixed on their Emperor.

“You stand here not because you were chosen at random, but because you’ve proven yourselves worthy. Worthy to carry the banner of Liberation and fight for the future we are building together. Prepare yourselves!”

Aengus commanded, snapping his fingers. The very sky rumbled as though reality itself was distorting.

“What’s happening?” some soldiers cried out in fear, clinging to the ground for support.

“Look... it’s amazing!”

All eyes turned to the spectacle unfolding before them.

Behind Aengus, massive dark spatial gates materialized, each one dwarfing the soldiers by a scale of fifty to one. The sheer size of the gates was staggering, towering far above anything they had ever seen.

The gates buzzed with an ominous energy, their vibrations reverberating through the air as if the world itself resisted enduring such overwhelming force.

Yet, Aengus controlled the phenomenon effortlessly. His calm demeanor contrasted sharply with the terrifying power he wielded. Soon, the number of gates grew to ten, their massive forms pulsating with an otherworldly glow. These portals, spacious and dark, were enough to transport the entire army at once.

Despite the mana cost being astronomical, Aengus didn’t falter. With his 5 million Origin Mana capacity and infinite mana regeneration, he sustained the spell like an unyielding force of nature.

“Such power!” one soldier exclaimed in awe.

“Oh heavens... how can a human even achieve this?”

“This is the work of a god!” another whispered reverently.

“MOVE!”

The commanding voices of the generals rang out, snapping everyone out of their stunned stupor.

Then, like an unstoppable tide, the soldiers began marching toward the portals with a mixture of awe and enthusiasm. The air buzzed with energy, their disciplined steps echoing as they moved with purpose.

The sheer scale of the scene was breathtaking. Thousands upon thousands of soldiers poured toward the gates, their spirits bolstered by the display of power from their emperor.

Above it all, Aengus hovered silently, his presence radiating authority.

Chapter 319: Chapter 319: Sienna's Confession

It took the entire night to integrate the Phoenix bloodline warriors into the Liberation Army.

The transition was surprisingly smooth. Many of the widowed women from the Phoenix Empire, renowned for their beauty and charm, were warmly received by the male soldiers of the Liberation Army. The merge symbolized a new beginning for both sides, fostering camaraderie despite the underlying grief.

Meanwhile, the construction of the new Imperial Palace continued at a rapid pace. Though incomplete, it was expected to be finished by tomorrow—or, at most, the day after. The anticipation surrounding its unveiling added an air of excitement among the people.

—

Late at night, Aengus was alone in a dimly lit room, his aura dark and chaotic. In the eerie silence, he devoured corpses and rare materials like an ominous entity, his strength visibly increasing with each passing moment.

However, despite his efforts, the pace of his leveling had slowed considerably. The scarcity of higher-level resources and corpses capable of fueling his growth presented a new challenge.

The last fifty levels, the threshold to godhood, now loomed as an insurmountable wall. Without the necessary materials, progress felt like chasing the horizon—a small stumbling block on his otherwise unstoppable path.

Aengus's crimson eyes glowed with the frustration gnawing at his resolve.

By now, nearly a million corpses were yielding him only one level of progress. The diminishing returns were aggravating, and he was left with only a few hundred thousand mid-level corpses—a number far too insignificant to meet his goals.

"Time to hunt in the Demon World," Aengus muttered coldly before vanishing from the room, leaving behind only a faint ripple of distorted space.

—

The Demon World was as gloomy and foreboding as ever, its skies heavy with dark clouds and an aura of dread that seemed eternal.

Recently, the undercurrents of fear and anticipation had grown louder. The entire Demon World was abuzz with discussions about the meteoric rise of the new Demon Lord, Ruination.

Like an unstoppable juggernaut, Ruination had crushed the domains of Demon Lord Crimson and Demon Lord Goliath, solidifying his reputation as a force to be reckoned with.

However, his actions had stirred controversy. Whispers spread about the possibility of Ruination being punished by the Demon Lords Council for breaking the ancient treaty that prohibited unprovoked wars among the ruling demon lords.

Opinions were divided. Some supported the idea of punishment, arguing that the treaty maintained order among the chaotic demon domains. Others believed Ruination's actions were justified, as he was not yet a member of the Council and thus unbound by its rules.

For the weaker Demon Lords, however, the rumors sowed fear. They saw Ruination as a looming threat, a predator who could strike at any moment to claim their lands and power.

Unbeknownst to them, the predator had just entered their world, seeking to fuel his rise to godhood amidst the chaos.

“Plop!”

Aengus appeared before Sen and Sienna, distorting the space around him.

“My lord!”

Momentarily surprised during their documentation work, the two quickly recovered and bowed deeply.

Aengus sat down on a chair with an air of calmness, though his aura was sharp, betraying his mood.

“Any new orders, my lord?” they asked hesitantly, sensing his dark mood behind his calm facade.

Aengus's crimson gaze swept over them as he spoke casually, “How many demon minions do we currently have, Sen, Sienna?”

Though confused by the question, Sen and Sienna answered promptly, “Over a hundred million after integrating Demon Lord Goliath's forces with ours.”

Aengus nodded, his expression unreadable, but the faint flicker of a plan could be seen forming in his eyes.

“My lord, there’s another matter,” Sen suddenly said, breaking him from his thoughts.

“Speak,” Aengus commanded.

Sen hesitated briefly before answering, “My lord, there’s some news about the investigation you started.”

Aengus’s eyes sharpened as he heard the news.

“Are you talking about the investigation of the Ancient Dwarves?” he asked.

“Yes, my lord. We have likely identified the culprit. News has reached us that Demon Lord Lucifer, the Sin of Pride, is building advanced warships in his domain. It’s said these ships could rival a transcendental in terms of raw power alone,” Sen added, his tone serious.

Sienna nodded, already aware of the news.

“Lucifer? He seems to know many things…” Aengus muttered as he absorbed the information. “Perhaps I should teach him a lesson about never being too arrogant,” Aengus smirked.

“What do you plan to do, my lord? Perhaps we should not make any move against him?” Sen asked doubtfully, lowering his head.

“Haha, relax. I’m looking for something to devour, and I’ve found the right place to make my move,” Aengus said with a chuckle.

After that, Aengus was about to leave, but suddenly Sienna stopped him, her beautiful figure radiating hesitation and shyness in her Medusa-like eyes.

Sienna had now grown into a beautiful woman with a commanding presence, both mentally and physically. Any other male would have drooled over her figure.

Aengus turned to find that Sen had already left, leaving the two of them alone.

“What is it, Sienna? Speak your mind,” Aengus said calmly, already guessing what might be on her mind.

Sienna spoke softly, her voice filled with emotion. “My lord, forgive me for being so bold as to approach you like this as a servant. But I need to make this confession to lift the

suffocating feeling of regret from my chest,” she said, her eyes pleading. Aengus gestured for her to continue.

“My lord, I fell in love with you a long time ago after witnessing your compassion toward the weak and your care for those you love, which used to make me very envious. But as you continued to grow more powerful, I realized how insignificant I am compared to you. I can never measure up to your wives in terms of beauty or power.

I initially wanted to bury these feelings, but it was hurting me more than anything. And who knows—one day, I might regret not being able to confess my love before you drift farther away from us.”

Her voice trembled as she finished, “Please, give me your reply, my lord. I won’t mind if your words are harsh or unforgiving for daring to love you as your servant.” Her eyes brimmed with tears by the end.

Chapter 320: Chapter 320: On The Road To Greater Power

Aengus’s tone was gentle as he replied, “Sienna, you’re not just a servant to me anymore. You’ve become someone I can trust. Your hard work and sense of responsibility have deeply touched my heart. But I’m sorry to say this—we’re not meant for each other. I don’t feel the same way about you. So please, forget about me and move on with your life. To help you, I’m granting you your freedom.”

With those words, Aengus handed her the Naga Pearl, the artifact he had taken to ensure her loyalty and control.

Sienna’s trembling hands received the pearl as tears streamed down her cheeks. She stared at it, her mind unable to reconcile her emotions.

“Why?”

She had expected rejection, braced herself for it even, yet the pain of hearing his words cut deeper than she imagined.

“Why does it hurt so much?” she muttered, her tears falling like rain. The weight of her emotions pressed on her chest, leaving her struggling to breathe.

Aengus watched her with an expressionless face, his heart steeled with an unspeakable resolve.

“No, I don’t want it, my lord,” Sienna suddenly said, her voice trembling but firm. “Please, at least let me remain your belonging, someone you carry along with you. I don’t want such freedom, nor does the rest of our tribe. You have become our guardian, and none of us would ever wish to be separated from you.”

Aengus regarded her silently, his crimson eyes softening slightly. After a moment, he nodded. "As you wish, Sienna."

With that, Aengus turned and left the room. Leaving a clone behind to oversee his domain, he vanished from the spot, distorting the very fabric of space as he disappeared.

As soon as he was gone, Sienna fell to her knees, tears streaming down her face as she sobbed uncontrollably.

"It's okay, Sienna," a gentle voice said. Her little brother, Sen, appeared beside her, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder. "Our lord has already shown us great kindness. Perhaps it's time to let go of your love and move forward."

Sienna shook her head, her tears flowing freely. "No, Sen. I don't think I'm strong enough to control these emotions... but I will try. For his sake, I will try."

Her voice, though fraught with pain, held a glimmer of determination as she resolved to bear the burden of her unrequited love.

—

Aengus appeared in the middle of an icy wasteland, the endless frozen horizon stretching out before him, reflecting the blood-red sun above. The air was bone-chilling, its frostiness biting into the very core of existence.

"Is this Lucifer's domain?" Aengus muttered, his crimson eyes scanning the desolate yet mesmerizing landscape.

"Yes, master," Manas confirmed curtly, its voice echoing in his mind. "Lucifer's domain spans across this frozen landmass at the edge of the world. The environment here is lethal—it can freeze even the toughest S-Rank beings with ease. Few dare to venture here.

"But the Ice Demons thrive in this extreme cold," Manas continued. "Their constitutions are uniquely adapted to the frost, and their abilities revolve around ice manipulation and freezing prey for their hunts. They are formidable within this terrain."

Aengus smirked faintly, his breath visible in the icy air. "Interesting. Let's see how much this so-called frozen hell can truly challenge me.

Aengus's gaze sharpened as he processed Manas's words. "Give me a list of places rich with energy that I wouldn't feel guilty devouring," he commanded coldly, his tone carrying a sense of detached resolve.

Manas, understanding his intentions perfectly, replied, "Understood, Master. There are indeed a few cities in this domain teeming with the vilest individuals. These places are hubs of cruelty, exploitation, and unspeakable acts that even the Demon Lords often ignore. They may pique your interest."

"Good," Aengus said, eyes glowing with malevolence. "Provide the coordinates and the necessary details about these locations."

Manas promptly complied. "The primary locations include:

1. Frostbane City: A hub of corruption where enslaved souls are tortured endlessly for sport and trade.
2. Crimson Shard Fortress: A stronghold of merciless demon mercenaries who massacre for entertainment.
3. Voidspire Hollow: Known for ancient forbidden experiments that warp and destroy weaker souls for power.
4. Glacier's Maw: The hunting ground of Ice Wraiths, where mortals are lured and sacrificed in blood rituals.

Coordinates have been shared, Master. Each city is steeped in sin and overflowing with raw, dark energy that would greatly enhance your growth."

Aengus's lips curved into a smirk as he mentally marked these locations. "Perfect. These cities of depravity are needed to be cleansed, even if my reasons are far from altruistic."

He glanced toward the frozen horizon, his expression a mix of determination and hunger. "Today and tomorrow should be enough to rid these lands of their filth. After that, Once I enter the Demon Lords' Council, I'll stand before them not as an equal, but as a God. Let them try to challenge me then."

With that, he vanished from the icy plains, his resolve burning hotter than the frost around him.

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Frostbane City, a grim and oppressive landscape, loomed with an aura of despair. The freezing air carried a stench of decay, and the streets were lined with towering structures of jagged ice, each one colder and darker than the last. This was a hub of soul enslavement and vile trades, where the suffering of countless beings fueled the city's grotesque economy.

The streets bustled with caravans of slaves—demons, spirits, and mortals alike—bound in chains of enchanted ice that glowed faintly with stolen energy. Their hollow eyes betrayed the torment they endured. Among them, the caged Ice Spirits stood out, their once-ethereal forms reduced to husks, flickering dimly as if on the brink of extinguishing forever.

Massive Ice Giants roamed the streets freely, their imposing forms a constant reminder of the city's cruelty. These towering behemoths, with frosted skin and glowing blue eyes, acted as both enforcers and zealots. Their unwavering allegiance to Demon Lord Lucifer made them unchallenged rulers of this frozen hellscape. To them, Lucifer was not merely a lord but a divine figure, their second god.

“Move faster, you pathetic worms!” bellowed one particularly fearsome Ice Giant, his voice reverberating through the air like a thunderclap. His frost-covered whip cracked against the backs of emaciated slaves who struggled to keep pace. The mindless laborers—victims of soul-binding abilities—shuffled forward with their skin peeling from the frostbite and their bones creaking under the strain.

The giant's frosty breath clouded the air as he snarled in frustration. “We need these goods delivered to the Lord within two days for the Demon Lords' Council feast! Fail me, and I'll drag every one of you to hell with me!” His words dripped with malice, the threat as chilling as the air itself.

“Die, weaklings!”

“Swoosh!”

“Crack!”

The sound of his whip rang out again, the force snapping bones and eliciting haunting cries of agony that echoed down the frozen streets like the wails of restless spirits.

Frostbane City's twisted heartbeat thrummed with despair and suffering—a place of absolute darkness where hope dared not tread. Yet, unknown to its denizens, the shadow of a greater force loomed on the horizon, ready to disrupt their cycle of sin and torment.