

Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills

Chapter 321: Chapter 321: Devouring Frostbane City

“Master, there’s someone in the sky!” one of the Ice Giant’s underlings suddenly exclaimed, breaking the grim rhythm of their cruel tasks.

The Ice Giant’s massive frame jerked upright, startled. He raised his head and squinted at the frozen horizon above.

There, a young human floated with an air of calm authority, standing out starkly against the pale, icy backdrop.

“A human? In Frostbane?!” the Ice Giant growled, his voice a booming roar. The sheer audacity of a mere human entering their domain infuriated him. “How dare he!”

The frost-covered ground cracked beneath his weight as he stomped forward, propelling himself skyward with immense force.

“Whoosh!”

The icy winds howled in his wake, his towering figure cutting through the air like a glacier in motion.

The Ice Giant’s furious charge was halted mid-flight.

“Noisy,” Aengus muttered disdainfully, as he raised a hand lazily.

Suddenly, the Ice Giant froze midair, his enormous body locked in place as though bound by invisible chains. His massive limbs struggled but failed to break free, the sheer weight of the oppressive force crushing him into submission.

“What’s happening?” the Ice Giant gasped, his booming voice now tinged with disbelief and fear. His frost-covered skin began to crack under the pressure, sending shards of ice scattering like splinters.

Aengus floated with an aura of unshakable dominance, his dark eyes gleaming as he gazed down upon the pitiful sight.

“Pathetic Creature.”

“Buzz!”

Aengus casually waved his hand, and a swirling black hole appeared in his palm, radiating an ominous, gravitational pull.

“Nooooo!”

The Ice Giant’s booming cry of despair echoed briefly before he was mercilessly sucked into the void, his massive body vanishing without a trace. Oblivion claimed him in an instant.

“What the…”

The remaining Ice Demons froze in place, their eyes wide with terror and disbelief. Their massive frames trembled as the reality of their master’s demise sank in. The once fearsome and commanding Ice Giant was erased in moments, without a chance to fight back.

Some of the underlings instinctively stepped back, their minds racing with the impossible sight they had just witnessed.

“H-he devoured him… like nothing,” one demon whispered, his voice shaky, barely audible over the frosty air.

“Your history ends today,” Aengus declared coldly, his voice carrying a finality that left no room for hope.

His piercing gaze swept over the Frostbane City, already weighed down by its oppressive aura and the soulless husks that populated its streets. He had seen enough—the city was beyond redemption, a den of cruelty that had outlived its purpose.

“BUZZ, BUZZZ, BUZZZZZ!”

The ominous sound of energy converging intensified as the black hole on his palm began to grow. It expanded steadily, pulsing with a deep, ancient power that sent tremors through the frozen ground.

The Ice Demons stood frozen in terror, their eyes wide as they watched the devouring vortex swell to an unimaginable size. Its edges crackled with dark energy, the sheer force distorting the very air around it.

The sky seemed to darken as the black hole reached its peak—a colossal, gaping void suspended in the heavens, casting its shadow over the entire city.

The swallowing sound deepened, echoing like the roar of an ancient beast. The ground beneath the Ice Demons began to tremble violently, cracks spreading like jagged lightning through the icy terrain.

One Ice Demon fell to his knees, his voice trembling as he muttered, “This… this is the end.”

Another clawed at the ground in desperation, his instincts screaming for him to flee, though his legs refused to move.

“We can’t escape it... nothing can escape that!”

Demons, buildings, ice, all materials were quickly devoured by the black hole above his head.

Aengus stood focused, unblinking, as if granting freedom to the enslaved spirits by fueling his growth.

MANAS NOTIFICATIONS:

You have leveled up.

You have leveled up.

You have leveled up.

...

Notifications continuously flashed before his eyes as he savored the increase in strength, bringing him closer to his goal.

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Made of extreme ice, in the unforgiving icy air sharp as knives and relentless blizzards, stood an enormous structure resembling a cave rising from the earth.

An open hall faced the harsh snowfall, protected by an invisible barrier. The floor glistened in pristine white, a stark contrast to the icy hell outside.

In the center of the hall stood a grand table, and seated at its heart was a commanding figure, arms crossed, his piercing gaze fixed on the horizon.

The figure was an Ice Demon, but no ordinary one. His appearance was almost human, with frost-kissed skin, a massive frame, and two wavy horns curving gracefully from his head. His eyes glowed a deep, icy blue, and his posture exuded absolute pride, as though nothing in existence could rival his supremacy. The faint smirk on his face spoke volumes of his self-assured dominance.

Beside the prideful demon sat a Medusa adorned with a crown embedded with glistening jewels.

She was no ordinary creature either; her regal demeanor radiated authority, like that of an empress. Snuggled into his chest, she rested comfortably, her presence complementing his own. Unlike the demon's commanding frost, she embodied a more elegant, serpentine beauty—a creature of human-like form with serpentine features, her aura no less intimidating.

Suddenly, the demon's muscular frame shifted with a restless energy, his domineering aura rippling through the hall.

The Medusa stirred, her serpentine eyes opening to meet his smirking face.

"What's wrong, Lucifer?" she asked softly, her voice laced with curiosity and a hint of caution.

"He is here," Lucifer replied, his smirk widening. His icy blue eyes glinted with anticipation, like a predator finally spotting its prey.

"Who's here?" the Medusa asked, her curiosity piqued.

"You know who it is, Garcia," Lucifer replied with a grin.

Seeing the gleam in his eyes, recognition dawned on her.

"You mean the Heir of Ruination? The one the Supreme One warned us about?" Garcia asked, her voice tinged with both excitement and greed, her eyes gleaming with anticipation.

"Yes. Just as the Supreme Father foretold. He's come to my domain for his hunt, but it will be his last day alive. I have been waiting for this day so long," Lucifer declared, rising to his feet.

The sheer force of his movement trembled the earth beneath them as he added with a booming voice, "Let's go!"

Chapter 322: Chapter 322: Primordial Demons Of Sin

Aengus had just finished devouring Frostbane City, bringing his level to 945. The journey had proven fruitful, but there was no time to linger.

Next, he set his sights on Crimson Shard Fortress, a den of the vilest demon mercenaries.

Without hesitation, he initiated Omni-Devour. The black hole roared to life, consuming everything in its path.

Suddenly, Manas's voice rang out, filled with urgency.

"Master, my predictive abilities have detected danger. Perhaps it's a trap. We should leave immediately," Manas warned, her tone grave.

Aengus raised an eyebrow but continued his devouring without pause.

"Who could possibly sense my presence? Is it Lucifer, or perhaps the Demon God himself?" he wondered aloud, his tone tinged with curiosity.

"That I cannot say, Master. But I implore you to leave. Whatever this is, it could pose a significant challenge," Manas said desperately.

Aengus's expression remained calm as his mind calculated. "How much time do I have left?" he asked, already weighing his options.

"Closer to a minute," Manas replied quickly.

Aengus smirked. "That's enough."

With that, Aengus's expression darkened, and the sky mirrored his ominous aura.

"RUMBLE!"

An apocalyptic force seemed to descend as the black hole spiraled with increasing intensity, expanding to an even larger size.

Aengus channeled his mana at its maximum capacity, unleashing the full power of Omni-Devour. The force grew colossal, akin to a world-devouring entity, straining his soul slightly under the immense pressure.

But Aengus's unrelenting resolve kept him focused, his composure unshaken.

Within seconds, the Crimson Shard Fortress was devoured. The land beneath it was hollowed out, leaving behind a massive blackened lake, as the desperate struggles of the mercenaries were silenced.

The air fell eerily still, the once-bustling fortress reduced to nothingness.

Aengus's level surged to 962, and with a satisfied smile, he vanished from the desolate landscape.

Every second was crucial to him, and he wasted none of it.

His next target was Voidspire Hollow, a sinister place infamous for ancient experiments. It was teeming with rich energy, a perfect source to fuel his ascent.

Without hesitation, Aengus unleashed Omni-Devour, the colossal black hole forming once again.

The city's inhabitants, unaware of their impending doom, were eradicated instantly. The horrifying suction force turned demons, structures, and materials alike into pure energy particles before they could even react.

Voidspire Hollow was reduced to nothing but emptiness in seconds, its essence consumed entirely.

This brought Aengus's level to 985, leaving him with one final target: Glacier's Maw.

With barely seconds to spare, he teleported to the location almost instantly.

The magnitude of his actions was extreme, but fortunately, his Infinite Mana Regeneration kept up with the immense consumption. Without it, his mana reserves would have been depleted long ago.

Glacier's Maw, an underground den teeming with millions of Ice Wraiths, was notorious for its vile blood rituals, often sacrificing the weak—and sometimes even humans—to their insidious practices.

“BUZZZZZZZZ!”

The sound of reality warping preceded the descent of Omni-Devour, a force of terrifying intensity and colossal scale.

The Ice Wraiths, startled and horrified, gazed up at the gargantuan black hole forming above their den.

“Is it Lord Beelzebub?”

Their voices quivered in disbelief.

But as they stared, their terror grew. This was no act of the gluttonous demon lord they knew. Beelzebub could never wield such overwhelming devouring power on such a massive scale.

They had no time to comprehend further as the darkness engulfed them, reducing Glacier's Maw to nothing but barren silence.

Unfortunately for Aengus, he had only gained 10 levels, bringing him to Level 995, as the energy required for each upgrade had grown astronomically.

Current Level: 995

Suddenly, Aengus became alarmed as faint fluctuations in the spatial fabric reached his senses—a subtle ripple only detectable due to his mastery over Space Laws.

A smirk tugged at his lips, but he had no intention of engaging with whoever it was before reaching SSS Rank.

The formidable Demon God slumbered in the Abyss, and Aengus knew that taking risks now, when he was so close to success, would be foolish. He needed just five more levels, and until then, patience was his ally.

“When the time comes,” he thought with a cold resolve, “Beelzebub will be my first target.”

Without hesitation, Aengus erected a powerful Spatial Barrier, cloaking his presence from detection. Using his mastery over space, he began taking multiple detours across dimensions, confusing anyone attempting to track him. His movements became unpredictable, ensuring that even those with Space Law mastery would take months to locate him—if they could at all.

Satisfied with his precautionary measures, Aengus continued his journey to his Domain.

As soon as Aengus vanished, seven powerful figures emerged from the fractured space where he had stood moments ago.

Standing at the forefront was Demon Lord Lucifer, his icy demeanor radiating authority. Flanking him were six of the Primordial Demons, their expressions dark and menacing.

With their arrival, the surrounding landscape transformed. Gigantic ancient rock pillars, arranged in a massive circular formation, rose from the ground as far as the eye could see. These pillars glowed ominously with dark red malevolent energy, exuding an oppressive aura that seemed to choke the air itself.

Lucifer’s gaze sharpened, brimming with cold intent as he surveyed the area. His piercing blue eyes, almost like an ethereal force, seemed capable of rending through the void itself as he attempted to trace the remnants of his prey.

But his efforts proved futile.

The prey he had meticulously prepared his trap for was gone—utterly and completely. Not a single trace of Aengus remained, nor was there any lingering energy to track.

Lucifer’s face darkened like a storm cloud, his pride taking a massive blow. His prey had escaped, and the perfect trap he had painstakingly prepared had amounted to nothing.

“How?!” Lucifer snarled, his voice reverberating with restrained fury. “How could he sense our presence before we arrived?”

The Primordial Demons exchanged uneasy glances, their silence a reflection of their Lucifer’s growing rage.

“Where’s is the enemy you speak of, Lucifer?” Beelzebub asked, narrowing his eyes.

Chapter 323: Chapter 323: Desperation

“He’s gone, and I can’t even trace him back now,” Lucifer said coldly, his words laced with frustration as he addressed the other Demon Lords.

“Gone? Just like that?” Beelzebub, a burly humanoid figure with the head of a hound, muttered mockingly. His tone was edged with disbelief, though a trace of amusement lingered in his voice.

Leviathan, the embodiment of envy, leaned against one of the glowing rock pillars, a sly smirk curling his lips. “Oh, How the mighty Lucifer falters,” he sneered softly, clearly taking pleasure in Lucifer’s misfortune.

Belphegor, the ever-lazy Sin of Sloth, let out a long yawn, barely managing to keep his eyes open. “Are we done here? This was far too much effort for nothing,” he muttered, his voice as lethargic as his demeanor.

The Sin of Lust, Asmodeus, sighed, her tone exuding disinterest and mild disappointment. “What a waste. I had hoped to see this ‘Heir of Ruination’ for myself.”

Mammon, the Sin of Greed, clicked his tongue sharply, his golden eyes glinting with frustration. “So much effort, so many resources... all for nothing. A damn shame.”

Meanwhile, Amon, the Sin of Wrath, stood in stony silence, his burning crimson eyes fixed on the distance. He scanned the horizon as if willing the target to reappear, his muscles tense with restrained fury.

Lucifer’s gaze flicked over each of them, his expression a storm of controlled anger. “Laugh while you can,” he said, his voice dangerously low, “but mark my words—this isn’t over. The Heir of Ruination cannot escape for long. I will find him, and when I do, his power will be mine.”

The air around them grew heavy as Lucifer’s aura flared briefly, silencing any further comments. The other Demon Lords exchanged cautious glances, knowing better than to provoke him further.

“Lucifer, do you think the newly risen Demon Lord Ruination and the Heir of Ruination are the same person?” Asmodeus asked, her voice calm but probing, trying to connect the dots.

Lucifer let out a scoff, his tone dripping with disdain.

“No,” he said with conviction. “It cannot be him. He is still too weak. But I am certain he must be one of the candidates for the great legacy of Ruination—just like me.”

Lucifer’s eyes gleamed with a dangerous light as he continued,

“The real Heir of Ruination would never announce his name so carelessly. The name itself carries misfortune for the bearer in the realm outside. But that new Demon Lord Ruination...” He paused, a sinister grin spreading across his face.

“...is on my hunting list. He’ll be dealt with at the next Council meeting. Perhaps by then, I’ll be even closer to attaining that ultimate power.” His words exuded a chilling confidence, as though he already saw the fledgling demon lord as little more than an insect beneath his heel.

But Lucifer had overlooked one crucial truth: the Ruination Extremity bows to no one, nor does it cower in fear of anything.

“You put too much effort into the Legacy of Ruination, Lucifer. Is that power really so incredible? How could it even compare to my Devour ability granted by Supreme Father?” Beelzebub asked with doubt, his voice tinged with challenge.

The others shared similar curiosity, their eyes flickering with intrigue.

Lucifer’s gaze shifted toward the sky, his piercing eyes seemingly trying to shatter the very barriers that confined Mythraldor to a cage.

“You know nothing, twerp,” Lucifer said coldly, though there was a rare glimmer of longing in his tone. “That power is unlike anything I have ever seen. It could even help me break this prison set up by those so-called gods.”

“You want to help Supreme Father escape this cage?” Asmodeus asked, her calculating tone hinting at a mix of surprise and understanding.

“Yes,” Lucifer admitted without hesitation, his voice carrying an unshakable resolve. “He deserves far better than this. And I—Lucifer, as his proud son—will ensure his freedom.”

The others raised their brows as understanding dawned on them.

“Well, yes. We all want that, don’t we? We will do whatever it takes to help you catch that person, Lucifer. Even if it means eradicating the entire world,” Amon added with cold, burning determination, his wrathful aura intensifying as his words echoed in the frigid air.

The others nodded in silent approval, their expressions somber and unified, marking their shared resolve to achieve freedom and their Supreme Father’s (Demon God) liberation.

However, they didn’t know the being they wanted catch was on verge of ascending to Godhood. He was far beyond their reach.

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Meanwhile, Aengus sat in his domain, alone in his regular room, deep in contemplation. The weight of his next move bore heavily on his mind as he thought about how to gain those last five levels to reach the pinnacle of SSS rank.

Reaching into his storage, he took out the Divine Stone which illuminated the dark room with an ethereal brilliance. The shimmering light seemed to pulse, reflecting his conflicted thoughts.

Aengus stared at the stone in a trance-like state, his mind conjuring vivid imagery of water flowing endlessly into rivers from a vast, boundless sea in Solis.

“The Sea...” he muttered, his voice barely audible, breaking out of his stupor as the idea struck him.

Manas’s voice rang in his mind. “Master, are you sure about this? The Sea is a vast, thriving world full of life—innocent lives, most of them harmless. Is it truly necessary?”

Aengus hesitated, his usually steadfast demeanor wavering as he weighed the cost of his actions. The vision of the boundless Sea flickered in his mind, a vast symbol of resources.

“No,” he whispered, then clenched his fists, his resolve hardening. “I must do it. Power comes at a price, and there is no greater gain without sacrifice.”

His voice grew colder, as if silencing the protests within himself. “This is for the greater good. The path of a ruler, a god, is never without bloodshed. If I falter now, everything I’ve fought for will crumble.”

Chapter 324: Chapter 324: Artemes

Aengus stood still for a moment, gazing at the vast expanse of the Demi-Human Empire's Sea. The salty breeze brushed against his face, carrying with it the scent of the ocean and a bittersweet tranquility that would soon be shattered.

The gentle waves lapped at the sandy shore, while seagulls circled above, their cries mingling with the sound of the crashing surf. Coconut fruits occasionally fell from the towering palms, rolling across the sand like forgotten remnants of peace.

This place—so full of life, so serene—would soon be no more.

Aengus clenched his fists tightly, his expression darkening as his resolve hardened. This was not just a random act of destruction; it was a calculated move. The Sea that separated the Demi-Human Empire and the Dragon Empire would become a barren divide. Any attempts at an alliance between the two would be rendered futile. With water ships destroyed, ground troops would be forced to traverse treacherous and desolate terrain.

Each step he took forward left a mark on the sand, his presence signaling the beginning of the end for this thriving marine paradise.

The refreshing scent of water, the harmonious songs of birds, the gentle swaying of palm trees—all of it would fade into silence under the weight of his ambition.

Yet, he continued forward, his footsteps leaving behind the countdown to impending doom. The Sea trembled faintly, as if aware of its fate.

"You will be remembered by me for as long as I live," Aengus murmured, his voice carrying a chilling weight as he extended his palm toward the Sea.

To any observer, his gesture might have seemed like a blessing, an act of reverence. But it was far from it.

"BUZZZZ!"

A spiraling black hole erupted from his palm, its ominous force instantly drawing in the saltwater. The once tranquil Sea churned violently, the black hole rapidly expanding in size as it devoured everything in its path. Waves roared and crashed, pulled into the abyss alongside countless marine creatures.

A massive vortex formed in the center of the Sea, its swirling depths reflecting an all-consuming darkness. The cries of seabirds and the splashes of panicked creatures were drowned out by the unrelenting sound of suction.

Aengus floated above the chaos, his expression cold and unyielding. From his vantage point, he guided the Omni-Devour with calculated precision, ensuring it reached every corner of the Sea.

The task at hand was monumental—practically impossible for any mortal. But Aengus was no ordinary being. The Sea, filled with life moments ago, now found itself in the grip of an ominous entity, bent on emptying its depths for power and ambition.

“Monster!”

“Sinner!”

“You’re a sinner. Karma will hit you, monster!”

“You’re a sinner!”

Sounds of curses and resentment rang out addressing Aengus.

However, above the destruction, Aengus remained motionless, an unshaken force amid the chaos he had unleashed. For him, this was just another step toward his goal, no matter the cost.

As moments passed, bringing Aengus closer to reaching the legendary level 1000, MANAS’s desperate voice suddenly rang out, breaking the tension.

“Master, I can detect abnormalities in the space-time flow. Be careful!”

Aengus frowned, confusion flickering across his face. “What do you mean?”

Before MANAS could clarify, the world itself seemed to react.

“RUMBLE! CRACK!”

The air trembled violently as an otherworldly noise filled the surroundings. Aengus turned his gaze skyward just in time to witness the unimaginable—a figure, shrouded in radiant light, tearing through the very fabric of the World Barrier.

This barrier, an invincible wall that no mortal strength or spell had ever breached, was now shattered as though it were mere glass. The being that emerged from the breach was bathed in divine radiance, their presence suffusing the atmosphere with overwhelming pressure and authority.

Aengus’s eyes narrowed, his body instinctively grew alert. The energy emanating from this intruder was unlike anything he had felt before.

Powerful, yes, but not insurmountable—not yet.

He still have a lot of cards to play with after all.

The radiant figure descended further, his piercing gaze locking onto Aengus. The man's appearance was regal, almost Divine, with a commanding aura that made the very air vibrate. His flowing blue robes shimmered with starlight, and the crescent moon emblem glowing on his chest marked him unmistakably as a divine being.

"Finally caught you, mortal," the man declared, his voice booming like thunder, laced with disdain. "Are you the anomaly they spoke of? The one disturbing the balance of this world?"

Before Aengus could respond, the so called god's expression darkened, his composure breaking as if suddenly exposed.

"Huh? What did you just do, mortal?" the figure snarled, his voice sharp with indignation. It was as though he had been stripped bare under Aengus's gaze, his secrets laid bare.

Aengus couldn't hide the smirk that formed on his face, his demeanor completely unfazed by the divine presence.

"Oh, nothing much," Aengus replied, his tone dripping with mockery. "Just taking a little peek to see who's graced me with their presence. The mighty God of the Moon, Artemes, huh? Quite the dramatic entrance for someone who's so weak in Pantheon (Realm Of Gods)."

Artemes's radiant form flared brighter, his pride visibly wounded by Aengus's casual dismissal.

"You dare to call me weak, Mortal. I can crush you like a bug you are?" he barked, his tone now colder, his divine energy spiking as the tension thickened.

The sky erupted in chaos, the heavens themselves bearing witness to the clash between mortal and god. The clouds churned, and thunder roared across the horizon. The blinding radiance of the moon intensified, eclipsing the sun with its otherworldly brilliance. Every shadow dissolved in the overwhelming light, leaving the world in a surreal, moonlit glow.

"I have served the Goddess of Light for countless ages, mortal," Artemes declared, his voice like rolling thunder, carrying divine authority that seemed to crush the very air. "You cannot comprehend the power I wield. My strength spans worlds, and my justice is absolute."

The ground trembled under the weight of his words. In the mortal realm, humans cowered in terror; in the demon world, even the most savage creatures paused in awe.

Artemes extended a glowing hand toward Aengus, his fingers crackling with divine energy.

“Be obedient and come with me for your judgment,” the Moon God commanded, his radiant presence filling the air with an oppressive force. “The Goddess of Light summons you. Resist, and you will know the wrath of divinity.”

Aengus, still floating above the raging vortex of his Omni-Devour, remained unfazed on the surface, though his heart pounded with urgency. Artemes was far stronger than anything he had faced—a gap of nearly 500 levels lay between them. Even his Dragon Form, a trump card in most battles, might not withstand a single strike from the Moon God.

But Aengus wasn't without hope. Unbeknownst to Artemes, the god's overwhelming display of power was accelerating the very thing Aengus needed: his final level.

With every pulse of Artemes's energy, the Omni-Devour surged, absorbing the ambient divine force. Aengus's levels climbed rapidly, and now, the counter stood at 999—just one more level before the long-awaited breakthrough.

The Divine Stone.

Once used, it would elevate Aengus to a realm beyond mortal limitations, granting him the strength to stand against even a god.

He clenched his fists, buying time while concealing his intentions.

Chapter 325: Chapter 325: Battle Against A God

“And why should I? I don't think I've done anything wrong,” Aengus shrugged. “Anyway, I'm curious—how did you discover me? And why exactly now?” he asked, voicing his doubt.

Artemes smirked. “You shouldn't have revealed the Divine Stone, mortal. You should know better than to flaunt something that attracts greedy eyes. But what could we expect from a child?” he scoffed, enjoying Aengus' misfortune.

Aengus nodded silently, but his Omni-Devour was still active over the dried-up sea, stealing the residual energy.

“Huh?”

Artemes' eyes darkened as he finally noticed the audacious mortal's actions.

The mortal was siphoning his energy to increase his strength. It was the most infuriating insult Artemes had ever experienced.

“You dare play tricks behind my back?”

“DIE!”

“RUMMMMMBBLLLLLEEE!”

Aengus’ hair stood on end as every cell in his body screamed danger. He barely had enough time to raise his arms in defense.

“BOOOOOOM!”

In the blink of an eye, Artemes’ shin slammed down on Aengus’ raised arms. The force of the attack was immense, causing his bones to crack under the initial wave.

The impact of a god striking a mortal was no trivial matter.

The aftermath of the impact was nothing short of apocalyptic. The entire continent trembled violently as Aengus was hurled downward, breaking through layers of the earth as if they were paper.

The sheer force of Artemes’ attack created a shockwave that rippled through the air, sending massive waves rolling across what remained of the sea and toppling nearby structures into ruin.

Aengus plummeted deeper and deeper, the fiery heat of the earth’s core licking at his battered body. Rocks and debris rained down, burying him in an ever-expanding crater. The overwhelming pain coursing through his arms and torso reminded him of the vast gap in power between him and an SSS Rank.

Above the chaos, Artemes hovered with a cold, disdainful gaze. His divine radiance burned brighter, making him appear as a celestial avenger descending upon the mortal world.

“Arrogant child,” Artemes spat, his voice booming across the devastated landscape. “You dared to mock the divine? To siphon my power for your pitiful gains? Now you’ll understand the price of your insolence.”

But even as Artemes spoke, deep within the smoking crater, Aengus stirred. Blood trickled from his lips, his vision blurred, but his mind remained razor-sharp. Despite the Moon god’s overwhelming attack, his resolve did not falter.

Aengus could feel it—the threshold was closer than ever. His body, though battered, resonated with the Divine Stone in his Spatial Pocket.

The Omni-Devour on the surface, relentless even in the face of destruction, continued to siphon energy from every corner of the battlefield.

Aengus' wrist bones vibrated as his cracked skin slowly healed, bringing his body back to peak condition instantly.

This surprised the Moon God slightly, but his attention quickly shifted to the black hole still active on the surface.

"Stop it!" Artemes commanded with divine authority, his voice echoing like a decree.

"Not so soon," Aengus said, rising from his prone position and casually wiping the blood from his mouth.

"What did you say?" Artemes' eyes narrowed, his tone darkening. "Don't think for a second that your Regeneration Skill will save you from death."

Aengus grinned ferociously, his gaze locking onto Artemes with unyielding defiance.

Aengus needed to buy more time, and so he decided to transform into his Dragon Form to resist as much as possible.

Abyssal Blazing Dragon.

"ROOAR!"

With a heaven-shaking roar of a primeval beast, Aengus instantly metamorphosed into his dragon form, soaring out of the massive crater.

His size began to increase at an incredible rate, making Artemes narrow his eyes at the extraordinary transformation.

His expression shifted slightly when the dragon's form reached an astonishing height, towering over 10,000 meters.

Artemes was intrigued but not worried by the spectacle.

"A combination of Human, Demon, and Dragon races? Interesting, I must admit, mortal. It seems I've stumbled upon a treasure trove. I must thoroughly interrogate you before I present you to Her Excellency," Artemes said, his grin turning wicked as he unsheathed his weapon.

The weapon was a radiant sword, its aura no weaker than Aegis, the scepter tightly gripped in Aengus' massive dragon paws, now scaled to match his gargantuan size.

“And that weapon... I want it,” Artemes said, his eyes gleaming with greed as he realized the weapon’s extraordinary ability to grow in size and power.

“Come, take it, Artemes!” Aengus growled like a cornered beast, his voice reverberating with primal fury. His presence and aura were no less intimidating than the Moon God’s.

Artemes grinned, taking up the challenge.

“Nine Heavenly Moon Sword (SSS)!”

As he raised his sword, nine ethereal moons materialized behind him, their images shimmering with godly power summoned from dimensions apart.

The nine moons spiraled behind Artemes, channeling a colossal surge of energy into his blade.

The Divine Sword glowed with a radiant white sheen, its destructive power so immense that the world itself quaked as if recoiling from the concentrated energy.

“Taste my sword, mortal!”

“Slash! Slashhh! Slashhhhh!”

With a confident expression, Artemes swung his sword consecutively, each horizontal, vertical slashes cutting through space effortlessly, as if slicing butter. The sharp energy waves radiated outward, their sheer force threatening to rend reality itself.

Aengus, in his Abyssal Blazing Dragon form, braced himself as he opened Omni-Devour before him, forming a barrier of insatiable darkness.

“Gulp!”

The Omni-Devour consumed each of the sword slashes effortlessly, the devastating attacks vanishing into the spiraling black void.

“Argh!”

Aengus groaned faintly, his voice strained as he felt the searing pain ripple through his soul. The godly force of the slashes didn’t merely dissipate—it was absorbed into the abyss, but the impact left a scar deep within his spiritual core.

He clenched his claws tightly, his draconic eyes burning with resolve. Aengus knew all too well: had he attempted to block the attacks with his body, even his powerful dragon form would have been obliterated in an instant.

But thanks to his strong soul healed

by countless sessions, he was able to endure the residual force within. The price was steep, yet he stood tall, refusing to bow under the might of Artemes.

“Just a little more...” Aengus muttered inwardly.

Chapter 326: Chapter 326: Chaos Monarch Entity

Artemes' grin widened as he observed the mortal before him. “You're intriguing, I'll give you that. But don't mistake my interest for leniency.” His tone was calm yet filled with menace as the Nine Heavenly Moons spiraled behind him, gathering energy so immense it dimmed the very Sun, bathing the world in their blinding luster.

The chaotic motion of the moons intensified, the power surging into his Nine Heavenly Moon Sword, which glowed brighter, almost unbearable to behold.

“You survived once, but let's see how long you can endure.”

With a flick of his wrist, Artemes unleashed another wave of slashes. This time, they roared through space like divine judgments, their force splitting the air, leaving behind trails of obliterated matter in their wake.

Aengus, hovering in his draconic form, grimaced. He could feel the colossal energy radiating toward him, each slash easily twice as powerful as before. His soul, already strained from devouring the last attacks, warned him of the risks.

“If I try to devour them all, my soul won't survive,” Aengus muttered to himself. But he couldn't back down. He only needed one. Just one attack absorbed into his Omni-Devour to tip him over the edge and reach the coveted level 1,000.

Summoning every ounce of his will, Aengus opened Omni-Devour once more.

“Come!” he roared, the black void spiraling to life with a ferocity that matched the incoming assault.

The first slash hit.

“GULP!”

The black hole consumed it, but Aengus shuddered, his soul groaning under the immense strain.

The second slash was incoming, burning brighter, faster, deadlier.

Aengus roared again, breaking the devouring skill just in time to maneuver his titanic frame out of the path. The slash tore through the space he'd just vacated, carving a canyon into the world below.

But—

The final slash came, streaking toward him like a sharp divine meteor.

Aengus charged forward, attempting to escape, but he couldn't avoid it this time. His massive dragon body was hit directly by the radiant slash, striking just below the waist.

Aengus' lower body—legs and tail—was severed cleanly, and his colossal form crashed into the ground once more.

“Boom!”

As Aengus lay amidst the debris of the crater, he felt the excruciating pain and the rapid blood loss. The massive pool of blood created a lake spanning kilometers, because of the scale of his dragon form. It quickly submerged him in the blood pool. Yet, despite the agonizing wounds, Aengus refused to scream.

His upper body still submerged began to shrink, reverting to a smaller, humanoid dragon hybrid form. Meanwhile, his severed lower body floated lifelessly in the big, blood-red lake above.

“Haha...”

Artemes grinned wickedly, his eyes gleaming with triumph as he stood over the fallen mortal.

“You shouldn't have picked a fight with the gods, mortal. If you'd been obedient, you wouldn't have to die so early—at least, not yet.” He shook his head mockingly, pretending to lament the situation.

“It's a shame I couldn't bring you alive to Her Excellency, as she ordered.” Artemes sighed with feigned sadness, but the tone of superiority in his voice was unmistakable. “Oh well, I suppose your dead body will suffice.”

He smirked, his divine aura intensifying as he prepared to claim his prize.

However, Aengus wasn't dead. His Immortal Regeneration (SS) skill kept him alive like an indomitable force, repairing his shattered body at a miraculous pace. His mind remained fully conscious, keenly aware of every moment.

As his lower body began to regenerate, his eyes locked onto his level: 1000.

Finally, the time had come. To use the Divine Stone.

But before he could wield its incredible power, he needed to make a critical decision: Which skill should be upgraded to SSS Rank?

Time was slipping away, and Aengus's brain kicked into overdrive. With Manas amplifying his cognitive abilities, the outside world slowed to a crawl, each second feeling like an eternity. In his hyper-enhanced perception, he noticed Artemes walking on the surface of the blood lake, oblivious to the transformation brewing beneath him.

"Master, please—you must choose a skill now!" Manas urged, desperation in its voice.

"I know..." Aengus responded, his voice calm but resolute.

Aengus quickly initiated the Synthesis Process, combining all his most destructive SS skills into one ultimate ability. He focused on pure offensive power, knowing that his survival hinged on his ability to unleash devastating attacks against a god.

As the skills merged, a surge of creation and destruction began on his Soul. The chosen path was clear. Aengus would create a being of absolute destruction.

Synthesize: [Abyssal Blazing Dragon (SS) + Primordial Beast King (SS)+ Solar Flare Dome (SS)+ Fire Dragon King Transformation (SS) + Flame Lord's Domain (SS) + Thunderstorm Manipulation (SS) + Storm-Bringer Kraken Transformation (SS) + Chaotic Maelstrom (SS)+ Meteor Breaker (SS)+ Crimson Tempest (SS) + Apocalypse Awakening (SS)+ Thunderstorm Manipulation (SS) + Voidbreaker Slash (SS) + Oblivion Horizon Slash (SS) + God Kairos Doom Fusion (SS) + World Corrosive Venom (SS) + Seven Elements Chaos Manipulation (SS) + World Corrosive Venom (SS) + Dimension Slip (SS) + Reflective Scales (SS) + 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)+ Unlimited Bloodlust + Shadow Monarch's Dominion+ Void Cloak+ Fiendish Dream Weaver + Scorching Wrath + Hellfire Nova + Death Spiral + Eternal Damnation + Black Flame Judgement + Incubus Drive + Avarice's Grasp + Hell's Gate + Cage of Torment + Moloch's Stampede + Abyssal Armor + Fiendish Resilience + Wings of Perdition + Fiend Regeneration + Hellstorm + Shadow Bind, Call of the Abyss + Demonic Dominion + Blood Lord]

[Your Synthesis was successful.]

[Your skills have been synthesized, but due to world limitations, its effects has been suppressed to SS Rank.]

[Synthesized Skill: World-Destroying Chaos Monarch.]

Class: SS+ Tier Entity

Nature: All Elemental Chaos Overlord, embodying absolute destruction, manipulation, and creation of catastrophic forces.

—

“Still SS, huh?” Aengus muttered with amusement.

“World limitations?” He scoffed at the absurdity.

Still he combined almost every destructive skills and abilities to increase the potential of his ascension to SSS Rank after using the Divine Stone.

“Just you wait... Once I shed these limitations, nothing can stop me...”

Aengus said with suppressed fury as he took the Divine Stone, which illuminated the blood-red lake where Aengus was submerged in hot blood.

Without any second thought, he put it inside his mouth with cold resolve.

—

“What’s that?”

“This...No, this cannot be... He cannot... How?” Artemes’ voice was trembling on the spot after seeing the divine radiance where the mortal was supposed to be facing death..

Artemes seemed as if he had gone mad as he charged towards the spot to stop what was happening.

The blood-red lake began to boil over, as if soon, chaos would be unleashed upon this world.

“Ba-dum, ba-dum!”

The ominous heartbeat of an World entity echoed, shaking mortals and gods alike through dimensions.

Every being was alert, as those heartbeats, like the birth of a creature defying the laws of existence, resonated with each and every living creature, striking fear into their hearts.

Chapter 327: Chapter 327: God Of Void
In the Demon World:

“What’s happening, Lucifer? What is this fear I’m feeling?” Garcia asked in panic, standing beside Lucifer in his own domain.

Lucifer clenched his fist tightly as he uttered, “It’s him, Garcia. The Heir of Ruination.”

His expression darkened as he felt the overwhelming aura suffocating even him. His pride was hurt and he couldn’t accept it.

“Where is he? We should catch him at once,” Garcia said, his usual calm replaced by rare panic.

“He is in the human world. Let’s go. I will not let him succeed,” Lucifer said coldly.

—

In the Demi-Human Empire:

The old elf, the Demi-Human Emperor, squinted his eyes as he stood before his council beneath the ancient Mother Tree.

Suddenly, a wave of fiendish, heart-shaking aura struck him and everyone present, shaking them to their very cores.

“What’s happening, Your Imperial Highness?” one of the council members asked in panic.

The council members, clad in ceremonial robes, looked around with wide eyes, their composure shattered by the oppressive force that had engulfed the room.

The old elf Emperor’s confusion was soon replaced by a deep sense of dread as he traced the source of the chaos near the empire’s borders.

“Men! Assemble at once,” he commanded, his voice sharp and resolute despite the tremor in his heart. “We must uncover the source of this disturbance immediately!”

He stepped forward, his aura flaring with determination, prepared to confront whatever awaited beyond the boundaries of his empire.

Similar situations were unfolding all over the world, as curiosity drove many toward what could well be their demise.

One thing, however, was certain: a confrontation between demons and humans was on the horizon.

In the Demon Realm:

Bella and Aria, sensing the unmistakable aura of their husband, were frantic with worry.

“Father, send us to that place, quickly! He might be in trouble!” Bella pleaded desperately, her voice trembling. Beside her, Aria clutched her chest, tears threatening to fall.

Belial, their father, could only sigh as he tried to comprehend what his son-in-law had done this time.

“But, sweetheart, it could be dangerous. You know he always comes back unscathed, no matter the odds,” Belial said, his concern evident in his tone.

“No, Father! We must be there for him. Now!” Bella insisted, her determination unyielding.

“Yes, Uncle! Please send us immediately,” Aria begged, her watery eyes filled with urgency. If it were possible, she would have torn apart the heavens to reach him.

Belial hesitated, but before he could respond, Vira and Claudia stepped forward, their expressions resolute.

“Don’t worry, Belial. We’ll go with them,” Vira said confidently. “We’ll ensure their safety.”

“Yes,” Claudia added with a slight nod, her eyes gleaming with both caution and curiosity. “You won’t have to worry about them.”

Belial relented, pulling out his spatial device with a resigned sigh. “Alright, alright... Let’s go.”

Just as he activated the device, their path was suddenly blocked.

“Wait! Take us along too!” Quin, Drake, and Yona appeared, their eyes brimming with excitement and curiosity.

Quin, in particular, seemed adamant. “I can’t miss this! I feel like this moment will go down in history for the Emperor!”

“Argh...”

Belial groaned inwardly but allowed them to join.

“Alright, you can come along too, but remember to stay cautious!”

“Yes, we will,” they replied in unison, their expressions serious.

—

“Bang!”

Artemes moved at light speed, a blur of divine energy intent on halting the process of divination. Yet, despite his incredible speed, he was too late.

A wave of destructive energy exploded outward, sending him hurtling backward as if he were nothing more than an insect.

“No... This cannot be...” Artemes growled, his frustration palpable as he struggled to his feet. White blood dripped from the corner of his mouth, staining his divine armor.

His eyes locked onto the site where an ominous, incomprehensible existence was taking form.

No... it wasn't darkness—it was something far beyond. Even the vast, consuming abyss of darkness paled in comparison to this presence.

It was Void.

The same infinite expanse of nothingness that sought to engulf the material realm was now embodied in Aengus.

Aengus's transformed existence exuded an aura of annihilation, erasing everything in its path. The air around him dissolved, and the very fabric of reality seemed to warp under the weight of his presence.

For the first time in millennia, Artemes felt a shiver of genuine fear.

Slowly, the void-like existence began to solidify, forming into a colossal, shadowy humanoid figure that eclipsed the world in darkness.

—

[MANAS NOTIFICATIONS]

- You have consumed the Divine Stone.

Aengus savored the raw essence of the world flowing into him, strengthening his physique and shedding his mortal limitations. Freed from the shackles of Mythraldor, he was no longer constrained by its laws. Though inheriting the responsibility to protect the world for eternity, Aengus dismissed it, unwilling to let his will be influenced—his path would be his own.

- Your mortal limitations from the world of Mythraldor have been lifted.
- Your level has increased to: Level 2590.
- You have gained an enormous amount of attributes.
- You have received the title: God of Void.
- Your chosen skill (World Destroying Chaos Monarch) has been evolved to Unique Skill: Monarch of Void (Ultimate).

—

Skill: Monarch of Void

Rank: Unique (Ultimate)

Type: Entity

Description: This Unique skill embodies destruction and fear, capable of erasing foes from existence in any form.

Effects:

1. Nullification: Instantly annihilates targets with weaker defenses.
2. Void Travel: Grants unhindered travel between dimensions and chaotic spacetime.
3. Infinite Void Expanse: Unleashes void energy on a scale determined by your will and mana capacity.

—

In his new Void Monarch form, Aengus's size rapidly expanded, surpassing all earthly spheres until he reached the void beyond Mythraldor. He gazed back at the world with mythical red eyes, their brilliance cutting through the darkness.

One side of Mythraldor teemed with vibrant life, while the other was hollow, a realm of endless suffering and despair.

Unmoved, Aengus turned his attention upward, ascending toward the sky where the oppressive World Barrier loomed—a cage cast by the so-called gods.

Reaching out, his massive hand touched the barrier. It vibrated with an ancient energy, resistant but trembling before his power.

“This cage... I can break it now,” Aengus muttered, his voice inaudible throughout empty space..

Chapter 328: Chapter 328: Gathering

Aengus stood at the edge of his newfound power, the immense World Barrier trembling under his grasp. Yet, he chose restraint.

“Not now,” he murmured, withdrawing his hand. Though the cage could be broken, Aengus felt no urgency. Something inside told him the barrier was not merely a prison but a threshold, and he wasn’t yet certain what lay beyond it.

Anyway he had the ability to travel outside the cage without shattering it.

—

Below, on the surface of Mythraldor, Lucifer and Garcia stood in solemn silence, joined by six other Primordial Demons—ancient demons of unrivaled strength. They gazed up at Aengus’s colossal, void-like humanoid form with rare caution.

It was not in their nature to fear; arrogance was woven into their very essence. But this—this was different.

The Void Expanse, Aengus’s transformed state, was so immense it overshadowed the entire world. Every breath he took, every faint shift of his form, rippled through Mythraldor, threatening to tip the delicate balance of existence into chaos.

This power was similar only their Supreme Father, the Demon God, had ever wielded. Yet even then, it was not quite the same. The darkness of the Demon God was potent, but the void radiating from Aengus seemed to transcend it—a force not merely of destruction but of pure, absolute erasure.

“Is he the Heir of Ruination, Lucifer?” Asmodeus asked fearfully, his eyes flashing the same dark existence.

Lucifer clenched his fists tighter, his fiery eyes flaring with a mix of frustration and grudging respect.

“Yes, he is the Heir of Ruination. Supreme Father once spoke of Ruination as the primal force, something even he revered—its power both creator and destroyer. And this... this Void... it surpasses anything we’ve ever known. It doesn’t merely destroy; it erases.”

Lucifer exhaled sharply, his expression grim. “But,” he continued, his voice steady, “do not forget—our Supreme Father would still stand above him. The Heir has yet to mature fully. His power, as immense as it is now, is still in its infancy. It hasn’t stabilized into a true god’s authority.”

Despite his confidence in their father’s supremacy, Lucifer couldn’t deny the bitter sting of defeat.

Yes, his pride had been wounded, but wisdom dictates that even pride must bow to overwhelming disparity.

The other six Primordials exchanged uneasy glances, their normally calm demeanor shattered. They couldn’t believe the Heir they were chasing had long left them in the dust.

“You mean he’s already reached the level of a God?” one of them whispered, trembling. “But how? We’ve spent millennia searching for that path, and he’s just... stumbled onto it?”

Their mutterings of disbelief carried an undertone of defeat, as though the gap between them and this new force had crushed their hopes.

Garcia, for once, mirrored their unease. Her usual arrogance replaced by a rare flicker of doubt. “Lucifer, what do we do? We can’t let him roam unchecked. This power could break the balance of the world entirely. I feel it wouldn’t take long to erase our home, Abyss. Why is Supreme father still not revealing himself? And where are the Gods in all this? Why are they silent? Why aren’t they acting against him?”

Lucifer’s expression darkened, his fiery eyes locking onto the Void Monarch towering in the distance.

“Supreme Father is aware of everything, Garcia. And those Gods are silent for a reason as well. Either they fear him, or they’re calculating their move. Regardless, this is far beyond their usual petty squabbles. This power... it threatens not just their dominion but the very fabric of this world. The name Ruination is not a world power, but far far beyond it.”

With his words, the real gravity of the situation settled in.

“Hey, Lucifer, Garcia, you said no gods are here. But then who is that trembling figure over there?” Beelzebub asked, pointing at Artemes’ shaking form as if he had lost his mind.

“Huh?”

Lucifer and others squinted their eyes, finally noticing the divine figure.

“That’s Artemes, the Moon God. Haha...” Asmodeus chuckled, as if reveling in the misfortune of others, the suffocating weight in his heart momentarily lifted.

“That’s the Moon God? What is he doing here alone?” Garcia asked, equally intrigued.

“I heard he’s a coward, and it seems it’s true,” Belphegor muttered lazily, well aware of his surrounding.

“Whoosh, whoosh...”

The air around them seemed to distort and shimmer unnaturally, drawing everyone’s attention.

“Someone’s coming!” Lucifer muttered, his tone low and warning, instantly putting the others on alert.

Moments later, the Old Elf Emperor of the Demi-Human Empire appeared, flanked by his powerful SS-ranked subordinates. Their arrival was sudden but precise, the air thickening with the weight of their combined presence.

“That’s the Demi-Human Emperor,” Lucifer observed, voice intrigued by the turn of event. “I think things are about to turn chaotic, Garcia. Stay alert!”

Though Lucifer’s usual superiority was present, it was visibly overshadowed by the oppressive aura of Aengus’ Void form looming over the world.

The Old Elf Emperor’s gaze was drawn immediately to the ominous Void expanse, which seemed to blend seamlessly with the spatial fabric of the world.

Though his heart was heavy with shock, he maintained a composed exterior.

“Ah, Your Majesty, what is that?” one of his subordinates exclaimed, their voice full of fear and confusion as they stared at the unfathomable figure before them.

“That, I do not know,” the Emperor replied coldly. “Perhaps it’s another scheme of that damn Demon God.”

Lucifer and the other Primordials, observing from afar, were unnoticed by the Demi-Human group. Otherwise, they might have been blamed for the chaos unfolding.

“Buzz!”

Suddenly, space rippled before the Demi-Human group, and a spatial gate materialized. From it emerged Vira, Claudia, Bella, Aria, and several others, stepping forward with determination etched across their faces.

The Old Elf Emperor’s eyes widened slightly as he recognized their identities instantly.

“Oh, Phoenix Empress... and Vira. You are here as well?” he muttered, surprise flickering across his otherwise composed expression.

Traveling from one empire to another was no easy feat, after all. Even they had to borrow the power of their mother tree to arrive here. Yet here they were, gathered at the epicenter of the world’s turmoil.

Chapter 329: Chapter 329: Gathering (2)

The Phoenix Empress chuckled, placing her small hands on her hips with a smug air.

“Oh, well, well, if it isn’t the Old Man Valeris. What brings you here?”

Old Elf Emperor Valeris frowned, his brows furrowing deeply.

“Don’t forget, you’re an old witch yourself, old woman,” he retorted sharply. “Anyway, who are those girls with you? You seem unusually close to them...”

Claudia’s darkened expression softened as her gaze fell upon Bella and Aria.

“They’re my granddaughters. What’s it to you?” she snapped, her tone sharp and defensive.

Belial and Bella, both in their human forms, gave no outward hint of their demonic heritage, making it impossible for Valeris to detect any connection to demons.

The Old Elf Emperor’s sharp eyes scrutinized the two radiant young women. From what he knew, the Phoenix Empress had long forsaken familial ties. Yet here she was, openly claiming these girls as her kin. Suspicion flickered in his mind, but he chose to bide his time.

“Your granddaughters... Hmph.” He shrugged dismissively, though his mind churned with questions. Shifting his attention, Valeris gestured toward the colossal, void-like figure of Aengus dominating the sky.

“Anyway, do you know what that is?” he asked, his voice was uneasy as his gaze remained fixed on the overwhelming entity.

Claudia, Vira, Bella, Aria, and the others turned their eyes toward the colossal void-like figure dominating the heavens. Some of them recognized him instantly.

Bella and Aria were filled with pride, their hearts swelling as they beheld their husband in his newfound, almost divine form. They understood immediately—Aengus had likely succeeded in breaking past mortal limitations, ascending to the rank of an SSS powerhouse.

Quin, Drake, and Yona exchanged glances, their usual curiosity replaced with silent awe. Though they said nothing, but the shock in their eyes was impossible to miss.

Their Emperor had finally become a god.

Claudia and Vira, on the other hand, looked pleased, their happiness solidified after receiving a subtle, mental confirmation from Bella. The towering figure before them was indeed Aengus.

Claudia maintained her composed demeanour and answered,

“No, we don’t know it is. We also got curious, so we came here.”

The old Elf Emperor was suspicious.

“If that’s the case, then why are these kids’ reactions so different?” he said, pointing towards Quin, Drake, and Yona’s joyous expressions.

Quin, Drake, and Yona froze, their gazes locking onto the Old Emperor.

“This old bastard...”

They were displeased but held back, allowing Claudia to handle the situation.

Claudia shrugged casually. “Oh, nothing Valeris. Kids these days... you know how they get excited seeing such an overwhelming entity.”

“Buzz!”

The space around them vibrated once again, revealing another radiant portal of light.

From the portal emerged a tall, radiant figure clad in flowing white robes that fluttered gracefully. In his hand was a gleaming golden Holy Sword, exuding an aura of divine authority.

The figure was a middle-aged man with handsome, sharp features. His long eyebrows framed his piercing gaze, and his thin lips were pressed into a serious expression of determination.

Following behind him were the Archbishop, the Hero Elyon, and the Saintess Lumenaria, each bathed in the soft glow of holy light, their presence adding to the divine radiance of the scene.

“Buzz, buzz!”

The space rippled even more, and soon, more figures began to emerge.

Behind the man in white robes, the Heroes of Lightning, Fire, Earth, Air, and Water appeared, each radiating an overwhelming aura of power. Their presence commanded attention, yet their expressions were respectful as they positioned themselves behind the Archbishop and the man in white.

“That’s the Hero Emperor and all the Elemental Heroes,” Claudia explained, her tone steady as she introduced the newcomers to Bella, Aria and others.

“Whoa! I’ve only heard legends about these mighty figures until now. Never thought I’d see them in person!” Drake exclaimed, his eyes wide with wonder.

“Still, they can’t compare to our Emperor,” Quin retorted, his expression filled with unwavering reverence as his gaze flickered toward the ominous Void Expanse looming over them.

The Hero Emperor and the other Heroes, paying no heed to the murmurs of the younger ones, approached the Old Elf Emperor and the Phoenix Empress. To them, only these two figures held significance, dismissing the others as inconsequential.

“So much pride is not good for your health, humans,” Bella mused inwardly with a sly chuckle, her confidence unshaken. With Aengus’ overwhelming presence casting a protective shadow, she felt as though nothing in the world could harm her.

Suddenly, the Hero Emperor glanced back at Bella, as if reading her thoughts.

This caused Bella to freeze, her eyes narrowing into slits.

Fortunately for the Hero Emperor, he didn’t make any move and instead joined the gathering of imperial presences.

“Phoenix Empress, I didn’t expect you to hand over your rule to that Rebel Emperor,” Hero Emperor Julian finally spoke with stern and authoritative voice. “Do you know the Rebel Emperor has sinned by massacring millions of humans? This must be the punishment sent by the Gods.”

His tone was strict and carried a hint of blame directed toward Aengus.

“Haha...” Claudia suddenly burst into laughter, her voice echoing across the tense gathering.

“Why are you laughing, Phoenix Empress?” Julian demanded, his tone soothing yet filled with unmistakable authority.

“Haha... Can’t you see it?” Phoenix Empress laughed even harder, her amusement echoing through the tense atmosphere.

“See what, Phoenix Empress?” Saintess Lumenaria asked, equally perplexed.

Only then did the Hero Emperor and the other Heroes shift their gazes to the figure of Artemes hovering mid-air. His expression was hopeless, his body motionless, and his gaze fixed on the Void Expanse as if trapped by an invisible force.

The Heroes, however, had no understanding of his predicament.

“That... that is the Moon God Artemes, the assistant of the Goddess of Light! He’s in the mortal realm!” exclaimed Elyon, the Hero of Light, finally recognizing the figure.

Thud, thud...

The Hero Emperor and the other Heroes of the Empire instantly knelt, bowing in worship with their hands clasped tightly together. To them, the appearance of a God in the mortal realm after ages was a sacred revelation.

“Welcome, Your Divine Excellency! We have prayed for years to witness your divine presence, and now you have graced us with your revelation!” they chanted in unison, their voices brimming with awe and reverence.

Chapter 330: Chapter 330: Dragon Emperor

Despite their fervent shouts of worship, the Moon God Artemes remained silent, his figure still locked in a gaze of despair at the overwhelming Void Expanse.

The Heroes stood, their expressions shifting from reverence to confusion.

Suddenly, mocking laughter echoed across the tense air.

“HAHAHAHA!”

A swirling portal of light erupted, and all eyes turned solemn as another imposing figure emerged.

He was broad-shouldered with golden markings etched across his sharp features, radiating authority. Following him were more men of striking handsomeness, each adorned with unique marks that symbolized their might.

“Dragon Emperor? Perfect timing, we were just missing your presence,” Phoenix Empress chuckled, trying to hide the cold wrath within her.

“Hehe heh, good Phoenix Empress. I expect nothing less.” Dragon Emperor grinned, unbothered.

The Dragon Emperor exuded dominance and majesty. His shimmering golden robe bore intricate dragon motifs edged in platinum, and his broad shoulders were adorned with a mantle woven from the scales of ancient dragons. Atop his head rested a crown—a coiled golden dragon clutching a blazing sun, adorned with rubies and diamonds. Around his neck hung the Heart of the Dragon, a legendary jewel said to hold the essence of his ancestors.

In his hand, he wielded a golden scepter crowned with a dragon clutching a radiant pearl, and each step he took resonated with a faint, thunderous hum, as though the earth itself acknowledged his supreme presence. The aura surrounding him seemed to embody the pride and grandeur of the dragon lineage.

The Dragons are almost equal to Demons in terms of raw physical power. But some of them had rare skills and Elemental Manipulation power, that’s why they were considered in a league of their own.

The Heroes, startled by his arrival, instinctively stepped back, their expressions tense in the face of another formidable figure.

The laughter that echoed belonged to none other than the Dragon Emperor, Darius, his tone dripping with mockery.

This immediately drew the ire of Hero Emperor Julian, whose fiery pride flared.

“What’s the meaning of this, Darius? Don’t think we’re pushovers!” Julian growled, his grip tightening around his radiant golden sword.

Darius smirked, entirely unbothered by Julian’s hostility. He casually stepped forward, his scepter gleaming with power, and replied, “Relax, Julian. I meant no harm... just amusement.” His voice carried an edge of condescension. “It’s truly laughable how the mighty Hero Emperor, the so-called symbol of justice, kneels before that pitiful excuse of a god.”

Darius gestured toward Artemes, whose trembling figure floated helplessly.

“Look at him,” Darius continued with a chuckle. “The Moon God—groveling before that being, frozen in fear. Truly pathetic. And yet, here you are, bowing your head to such a failure. Tell me, Julian, where’s your pride?”

Julian clenched his fists, rage bubbling within, but a cold realization struck him: the Moon God Artemes wasn’t behind the entity that loomed over them. Instead, he was cowering before it.

The unsettling question hung in the minds of all present: What exactly happened before we arrived? Who-or what-is this entity?

Julian, trying to mask his uncertainty, retorted sharply, “Still, Darius, you underestimate the divine far too much. Just like your reckless ambition, your arrogance will lead to your downfall.” His tone was cutting as he continued, “And speaking of ambition, we’ve heard whispers... Words have reached us that you’ve been colluding with demons. Is it true, Darius?”

“Tsk.”

A faint tsk escaped Dragon Emperor Darius, dismissing the accusation with a wave of his hand. He turned his attention instead to Claudia, his sharp gaze narrowing with amusement.

“Where is that worm?” Darius demanded, his voice dripping with venom. His massive frame loomed closer, casting a shadow over Claudia and Vira.

“I never thought I’d live to see a mere human capable of slaughtering millions of my men.” His voice rose, echoing with unchecked fury. “You know who I mean, Claudia. I want his head. Now!”

“Pfft...” Bella couldn’t hold back her giggles, her shoulders shaking as she found the Dragon Emperor’s demand for Aengus’ head utterly ridiculous. She knew full well that the very head Darius demanded could obliterate his entire existence in an instant.

“Ah, Bella, quiet!” Aria whispered, nudging her sister wife sharply. Her eyes darted nervously to Darius’ now darkened and furious face.

Claudia, however, stood unbothered, her expression full of amusement as she gazed up at Darius.

“Your men got exactly what they deserved, Darius,” Claudia said, her voice calm but simmering with anger. “And if I were in my prime...” she paused, her eyes narrowing as her tone sharpened, “...I’d have slapped you into oblivion for daring to invade my empire with such pitiful strategies.”

Her fiery words seemed to cut through the air as she continued, her tone laced with a mixture of contempt and grief.

“Because of you, countless female warriors now live in despair. Their hope, their trust in males-they’ve been shattered. You’ve left a scar on their spirits, one that may never heal.”

Claudia’s fury was evident, her fiery aura momentarily flaring as she stared Darius down. Her words hung heavy in the air, silencing even those who might have been inclined to side with the Dragon Emperor.

Dragon Emperor Darius sneered, his golden eyes glinting with disdain.

“Still, they couldn’t compare to my men, whom I’ve raised and nurtured with endless resources. He’s a coward if he allowed you to fall into such a state,” he sneered, his voice dripping with arrogance. “But mark my words, I will have my revenge.”

Claudia raised an eyebrow, her gaze unwavering as she flicked her finger toward the Void Expanse, which was tearing apart the very fabric of space.

“Cowardly?” she asked coolly. “Why don’t you try touching that thing? Let’s see how brave you are...”

Darius’ eyes narrowed into slits as he looked at the massive Void Expanse, which seemed to distort and consume everything in its wake. The sheer force of the expanse was enough to obliterate everything around it, and even a god had failed to stand against it.

The Dragon Emperor’s resolve wavered momentarily. He could feel the oppressive weight of the void, but he quickly masked his fear with a serious, calm demeanor.

“I may be arrogant, Claudia, but I’m not stupid. Clearly, this entity was summoned by these damn demons,” he said, pointing toward the empty space in the distance.

Chapter 331: Chapter 331: Finally Making a Move

Upon hearing Dragon Emperor Darius’s observation, some of the gathered parties finally took note of the faint traces of demon energy lingering in the distance.

“Come out, cowards!”

Hero Emperor Julian's voice thundered like a divine decree, rippling through the air with an otherworldly brilliance that demanded attention. The sheer authority in his tone seemed to unravel the veils of concealment.

In response, the Seven Primordial Demons and Garcia were revealed, stepping forward with expressions darkened by fury.

The insult lingered in the air, and the tension thickened as Lucifer's chilling voice cut through the silence.

"Cowards? You might be speaking of yourselves, you filthy, foolish humans!" His voice carried an icy undertone that seemed to freeze the very air.

Unperturbed by the hostile exchange, Old Elf Emperor Valeris raised his hand, silencing the growing commotion as his piercing gaze settled on the demons.

"Are you the ones responsible for this ominous entity?" he asked calmly.

Lucifer's fiery gaze locked with Valeris', his lips curling into a sardonic smirk.

"Responsible?" he echoed mockingly. "Do you think even we would dare to unleash that? You know know nothing about it, humans." He pointed subtly toward the Void Expanse, its colossal presence looming like an unrelenting shadow over the world.

Garcia crossed her arms, stepping closer. "You're barking up the wrong tree, Oldy. None of us are suicidal enough to provoke such calamity."

The Old Elf Emperor was enraged by the insulting remark from the demoness.

"Silence, you enchanting demoness! No one asked for your input. How dare-"

Whoosh!

Without hesitation, Lucifer's Indomitable Kick flew toward the Old Elf Emperor's wrinkled face, aiming to crush him into oblivion.

As his leg moved, it was as if a mountain was descending, the sheer pressure causing the air to ripple violently before the kick could land.

Bang!

The strike, however, was intercepted by a green barrier, materializing from a tree branch that extended from the Old Elf Emperor's chest.

Crack, crack!

At first, the Old Elf Emperor smirked confidently, believing his Tree of Eternity's Barrier to be impenetrable. Yet, his confidence quickly faltered as his eyes widened in disbelief—the barrier began to crack, little by little, under the overwhelming force of Lucifer's attack.

His confidant, Rindel, and the other Transcendentals quickly rushed in, saving the Old Elf Emperor in the nick of time from taking a direct hit.

“Say one more bad word about my love, and you and your empire will be my next target,” Lucifer warned, his voice cold and brimming with wrath as he slowly withdrew his leg.

“Audacious! How dare you, Lucifer, be so arrogant toward us humans! Do you think humans are inferior to demons?” Rindel bellowed, his indignation evident as he cast a glance at the Hero Emperor and the Dragon Emperor, hoping to incite them into the fray.

Hero Emperor Julian, now joined by the other Heroes, stood righteously, ready for conflict. Meanwhile, the Dragon Emperor remained motionless, his golden eyes narrowing as he analyzed the situation.

The air felt heavy, charged with tension, as though a battle could erupt at any moment.

“Rumble!”

Suddenly, the ground trembled violently, and all attention turned toward the Moon God, Artemes. His form radiated an intense, blinding light, brighter than ever before, forcing some to shield their eyes.

The Nine Moons behind him spiraled erratically, growing larger and larger as though fueled by desperation.

He appeared to have finally broken free from whatever invisible grip had held him. However, his actions were clear—he wasn't preparing for a counterattack or to face the entity. Instead, he was frantically attempting to flee. His glowing figure ascended rapidly toward the outer world, aiming to escape the confines of this world entirely.

“He's running?!” Hero Elyon exclaimed in disbelief, unable to reconcile the sight of their god fleeing in terror.

Even the Dragon Emperor, who rarely displayed emotion, couldn't mask his shock. “A god... abandoning the battlefield? This is unprecedented.”

But before Artemes could breach the sky, a voice as deep and commanding as the abyss echoed from the Void Expanse.

“You think you can escape? Leave your life behind!”

“Leave your life behind!”

The words alone carried such immense pressure that the very air seemed to solidify, halting Artemes’ ascent abruptly.

“The Entity... it’s finally moving,” Saintess Lumenaria whispered, her voice trembling with awe and fear.

The decree of the Void Entity reverberated across the world, shaking not only the ground beneath their feet but their very souls. It felt as if the voice itself carried the weight of judgment, a force that could bend reality to its will.

“This... is beyond comprehension,” Hero Emperor Julian muttered, gripping his sword tightly, his knuckles white.

The air grew heavier, as if the world itself was resonating with the presence of the Void Entity.

Lucifer’s frozen blue eyes narrowed as he observed the colossal Heir of Ruination, his pride and arrogance churning within him. He was a being forged by darkness, one of the strongest among the Primordial Demons, yet here stood a force so overwhelming that even his own presence felt insignificant.

“Tch...” Lucifer’s jaw clenched. It was bitter, so bitter to admit, but the truth loomed before him like an unscalable mountain. “This power... it overshadows darkness. I want it..” he muttered with longing.

Beelzebub’s usually calm demeanor cracked as he stood frozen, feeling the Void Entity’s gaze bore into his very soul.

For that brief moment, it felt as though all his secrets, his essence, and his existence were laid bare, stripped of every facade.

“Why... Why is it looking at me like that?” he thought, his mind racing with unease.

Just as quickly as the gaze fell upon him, it shifted elsewhere, leaving Beelzebub to let out a shaky breath. “Was that... death? No, it was worse...” He shook his head, trying to regain composure, though the lingering dread in his heart betrayed his outward calm.

Meanwhile, Rindel, the ever-loyal confidante, glanced at the ominous Void Expanse and then to the Old Elf Emperor.

“Your Imperial Majesty, perhaps we should leave. If the entity decides to attack, resistance is futile,” Rindel advised cautiously, her voice low but insistent.

Valeris, usually one to hold his ground even in the gravest of dangers, nodded solemnly. The sheer magnitude of the situation was beyond even his confidence.

“Very well, Rindel,” he said with a deep sigh. “Prepare for departure. I won’t risk our lives unnecessarily.”

Chapter 332: Chapter 332: An Existence To Fear

The Moon God, once revered as a divine entity, was now trembling and powerless against Aengus’ overwhelming Void energy. Bound firmly in place, his radiant aura flickered faintly like a candle against the oppressive darkness that loomed over him.

The difference between them was staggering—more than 1,000 levels apart. For someone of his stature, this gap was insurmountable. Even among divine beings, reaching such heights was near impossible without centuries of effort and unimaginable resources.

The truth was clear: after ascending to SSS rank, progression became an arduous task. The resources required to level up were astronomical—ordinary worldly treasures or hunting could no longer suffice. Many divine beings, even gods, would find themselves stagnant for decades, sometimes even centuries, before making meaningful progress.

In their past ascensions, they had relied on the Divine Stone, which permanently surged their levels by 200–300 upon transcending. However, such opportunities were rare, often limited to a single use in one’s lifetime.

But for Aengus, the outcome had been unprecedented. The explosion in power after consuming the Divine Stone had been amplified by his unparalleled potential, resulting in a leap of 1,590 levels.

Now, his dominance was absolute. The Moon God, once a symbol of divine elegance and power, was reduced to a trembling figure, incapable of even resisting the suffocating presence of the Void Monarch.

“This is the price for your complacency,” Aengus’ resonating voice echoed through the trembling world, a declaration that sent chills through the divine and mortal alike.

The Moon God Artemes had crumbled under the weight of impending doom. His gaze turned frantically to his mortal followers below, desperation etched into his glowing form.

“Save me, you useless pieces of junk!” Artemes screamed, his voice cracking, his once-commanding tone now drenched in hysteria. “He’s going to kill me... I’m going to die! Sacrifice yourselves for me!”

The sheer desperation and madness in his cries shattered the image of a calm, benevolent deity.

Saintess Lumenaria and the Heroes, bound by their blind faith, stood frozen, their hearts sinking as they witnessed their god unravel before their eyes. Tears brimmed in Lumenaria’s eyes as she cried out, “Moon God!” But their pleas were drowned by the cold resonance of the Void Entity.

In a final act of futility, Artemes let out a scream that could hardly be associated with a divine figure. The Void engulfed him effortlessly, swallowing his light and form into an abyss darker than anything the world had ever known. His cries of terror echoed briefly before being snuffed out entirely, leaving only silence in his wake.

The scene was surreal and haunting, leaving the witnesses paralyzed in fear and awe. The once-proud Heroes, who had devoted their lives to divine service, now stood helpless, their faith fractured.

The Old Elf Emperor Valeris and his confidants, seasoned veterans of countless battles, made their decision swiftly. Without a word, they turned and took to the skies, fleeing the scene with no intention of looking back. Their retreat was a silent admission of the insurmountable power they had just witnessed.

“What can we mortals even do, when divinity itself falls so easily?” Valeris muttered as they disappeared into the portals.

—

MANAS NOTIFICATIONS:

- You have devoured Artemes, known as Moon God.
- Your level increased by 50.
- New Skill Acquired:

– Nine Heavenly Moon Summon (SSS):

Effects: Capable of summoning the power of the Nine Moons constellation across dimensions.

– Temporarily increases overall combat power by 50 times.

—
[Name: Aengus Degaro]

[Age: 19]

[Title: God Of Void]

[Race: Chaotic Fiend-Celestial]

[Level: 2640]

[Occupation: Emperor]

[Class: Chaos Creator]

[Bloodline: Chaotic Fiend-Celestial]

[Special Trait: Greater Spatial Teleporter]

[Soul: ZERO]

[Laws: Space, Water]

Physical Stats: >

[Strength: 3.1 Star] (AN: 1 Star= 100,000 stats= Capable of Dominating 1 lower World
]

[Agility: 3.2 Star]

[Defense: 3.3 Star]

[Origin Mana: 49,999,000 / 50,060,000]

<Skills:>

– [Active: – Nine Heavenly Moon Summon (SSS), Sky Phoenix Rebirth (SS), Phoenix Dance Of Destruction (SS), Oceanic Domination (SS), Gift (SS), Ancient Petrifying Curse Eyes (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), Prismatic Shield (SS), Black Thunder Barrier (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)]

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

[Special Skills: Monster Breeding (Level- 14)]

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

—

Aengus could feel the surge of energy coursing through his being as the essence of the Moon God was fully absorbed. His void-like presence expanded further, its oppressive aura radiating across the world. The newfound Nine Heavenly Moon Summon skill resonated within him, increasing his SSS rank skills to two though his first one fell onto the category of Unique Skills (Ultimate).

Aengus mused silently, “So, low-rank gods like Artemes are limited to a single SSS skill. Pathetic. Their very souls confine them. But me? My limits are yet to be found. Two SSS skills already, and there’s still so much potential left to unravel.”

He pushed aside the fragmented memories of Artemes’ pitiful existence. The knowledge of the gods’ hierarchy and their inherent restrictions barely interested him now. Most of them were ants in comparison to the power he wielded now.

Instead, his attention shifted to the scene below. The chaotic scattering of humans, demons, and so-called heroes retreating after witnessing the Moon God’s demise was almost amusing.

Yes, they fearing his presence.

His gaze locked onto Beelzebub once again.

The past trauma Beelzebub had given him was still fresh in his mind. And the time has finally came. To take his revenge.

Beelzebub froze mid-flight as if an unseen force had yanked at his very essence. He could feel the weight of Aengus’ gaze pressing down on his soul, suffocating and absolute.

Chapter 333: Chapter 333: All Parties Departed

“Now, what’s wrong with you, twerp?” Lucifer growled, sensing Beelzebub’s sudden pause as they were about to leave.

Beelzebub’s bloodshot eyes widened in panic as he screamed, “Lucifer! It’s targeting me for some reason. I can’t move!”

Lucifer and the other six demons raised their brows, tension filling the air.

“Huh? Why is it targeting you?” they muttered in confusion, as if he had never done anything wrong.

“Lucifer, it’s coming,” Garcia warned sharply.

Lucifer’s expression turned serious as he watched the Void approach them with incredible speed.

Meanwhile, the Heroes and Dragonmen halted, sensing the sudden change in events.

“The Entity that just consumed the Moon God is now targeting the Primordial Demons,” Hero Emperor Julian observed in disbelief.

Lucifer’s sharp voice cut through the growing tension.

“Everyone, gather around!” he commanded solemnly, his aura radiating a terrifying authority.

Beelzebub’s panic deepened as he screamed, “I told you, Lucifer! It’s after me! Do something!”

Garcia’s face hardened as she quickly drew her weapon, her instincts screaming danger. “Lucifer, if we don’t act now, it’ll devour him just like it did that so-called Moon God!”

The other six Primordial Demons exchanged uneasy glances, each of them summoning their full power in an instant.

“Why Beelzebub?” Mammon grumbled. “He’s pathetic, but I don’t see why that thing would single him out.”

Leviathan, the most cautious of them all, hissed, “It doesn’t matter why. If it comes for one of us, it’s a threat to us all!”

Belphegor yawned, “Ah, so much work. Tiresome.”

“It’s targeting the demons?” Hero Emperor Julian murmured in disbelief. “Why not us? Is this some divine retribution?”

The Dragon Emperor Darius crossed his arms, smirking slightly. “Let the demons handle it. If they fall, less competition for me.”

As the Void loomed closer, Lucifer roared, his voice carrying the weight of his wrath and pride.

“You think you can toy with us, Heir Of Ruination? Let’s see how you handle the full power of the Seven Primordial Demons!”

The Six Primordials moved in perfect synchronization around Beelzebub, creating a formidable barrier of raw darkness energy. Their massive, mountain-like bodies acted as pillars, burrowing deep into the world to anchor their defense.

“Shua-shua-shua...”

The sound of their energy pulsing echoed like a storm, shaking the very fabric of reality.

But the result?

The Void Entity’s residual power crashed into their barrier with overwhelming force before the Void could reach them. The disparity was that big.

“Crack...crack...BOOM!”

The barrier, though crafted from the combined strength of the Primordials, shattered like fragile glass, unable to withstand the Void’s destructive might.

The instant after the barrier was destroyed, the Void touched and started annihilating the very energy of the shattered barrier.

Beelzebub’s eyes widened in terror as the force closed in on him. “No...NO!” he screamed with terror.

Lucifer and the other Primordials were flung away like ragdolls, their massive forms crashing into the terrain as if they were weightless. The sheer force of Aengus’ power left them unable to withstand even a fraction of his strength.

Buried under rubble, Lucifer groaned in pain, his vision blurred. For the first time in millennia, helplessness consumed him as he watched Beelzebub vanish from existence, erased as if he had never been there.

His fists clenched, but the overwhelming terror outweighed his pride and anger.

Without hesitation, Lucifer stumbled to his feet, grabbing Garcia by the arm. His voice, usually commanding, was now sharp with urgency.

“We’re leaving. Now.”

With a whoosh, Lucifer, Garcia, and Other five vanished from the spot. Their movements, though rapid, seemed like sluggish crawls to Aengus’ eyes.

He allowed them to flee, a faint smirk gracing his ethereal visage. Beneath the surface of the Demon World, Aengus sensed an ancient, dormant power—one that could rival even his current might. The Demon God.

He had no intention of provoking that being—not while Bella and the others were still within the fragile grasp of safety.

Anyway, there would be time enough to dismantle their being, slowly and meticulously.

The dried up Sea was silent, save for the residual hum of energy from Aengus’ overwhelming presence. The Heroes, Dragonmen, and Bella’s group stood frozen, their minds reeling from what they had just witnessed.

“Did we just see the Primordials flee?” Hero Elyon muttered with disbelief. “Inconceivable! It’s something I never imagined seeing in my lifetime.”

Hero Emperor Julian’s expression darkened as he observed the Void Entity, a deep sense of foreboding settling in his heart.

“We shouldn’t linger here any longer,” he declared, cautiously. He turned to his companions. “Archbishop, Elyon, gather everyone. This being’s intentions are hard to decipher, and we can’t afford to provoke it further.”

Light Hero Elyon and the Old Archbishop exchanged tense glances before nodding in agreement.

“You are right, Your Imperial Highness,” Elyon said steadily. “We shouldn’t meddle in matters beyond mortal comprehension. Surely, our Gods will soon take action against this entity and ensure our safety.”

The Archbishop clasped his hands together in prayer, muttering words of faith, while Elyon’s radiant aura dimmed slightly as he prepared to retreat.

Julian gave one last solemn glance at the Void Entity, its overwhelming presence a stark reminder of humanity’s fragility.

With that, the Hero Emperor and his contingent swiftly made their cautious withdrawal through space without a hitch.

The Dragon Emperor's golden eyes narrowed as he studied Claudia's group, his casual demeanor shifting to one of suspicion.

"Why aren't you all leaving?" he asked.

Claudia chuckled slyly, folding her arms. "Oh, we'll take our leave, Dragon Emperor. But you should watch your neck. Who knows? You might lose it at any moment."

Her words carried a dangerous undertone, and her gaze sparkled with a deadly glint that sent an unspoken challenge through the air.

"Is that so, Claudia? You're so confident in the Rebel Emperor? I would like to see what the Rebel Emperor is truly capable of.." His words echoed as he left with his dragon men.

"Grandmother..."

Just as Bella and Claudia gathered together but, the space rippled around pulling them to an unknown place...

Chapter 334: Chapter 334: Begin Unification

The Void Entity vanished as swiftly as it had appeared, leaving behind a barren, hollow void that seemed to mourn the absence of its devastating presence. The spatial fabric began repairing itself with a ferocious intensity, the cracks in reality sealing with bursts of radiant energy.

In the hidden folds of space, powerful beings who had been observing the chaos exchanged uneasy, puzzled glances. Their whispers were a mix of indignation and dread, that echoed in the void.

"I can't believe he finally appeared... Just like the ancient myths of Myrالدor and the Pantheon's creation. A being born to grow by consuming all others. How absurd."

"Yes, and it seems he didn't even acknowledge our existence."

"Or could it be a scare to act for some reason?"

Another voice joined, sharp with irritation:

"Alas, we couldn't detect his presence in time. Had we acted earlier, Artemes might have been saved."

A cold, mocking tone replied, "Saved? Artemes was a fool to come here alone, driven by greed and pride. He didn't notify us because he thought he could claim the glory for himself."

The whispers grew heavier, a chorus of tension and unease:

"Regardless of his mistakes, we cannot ignore this. If that entity turns its sights on us next..."

"We need a plan," another voice declared, its tone resolute but tinged with fear. "If it truly embodies the myths, then our very existence is at risk."

"We should inform Her Supremacy about this. Surely she won't ignore Artemes' death. Her wrath will undoubtedly claim this one, just as it did the God of Darkness in the past."

—

"Ahh..."

Bella and the others appeared in an empty hall, panic evident on their faces.

"Where are we?" Bella asked her grandmother.

Claudia glanced through the window and spotted magical craftsmen hard at work in a familiar setting.

She smiled. "We're in the New Imperial City. Surely my grandson-in-law is behind this."

"Phew..."

Bella and Aria immediately sighed in relief and seated themselves gracefully in the nearly completed Imperial Court.

Belial, Vira, Quin, and others sat patiently, waiting for a certain someone's arrival. Their minds were filled with awe at what they had witnessed. They had seen a god meet their demise at the hands of their Emperor.

How powerful was that?

"Plop!"

After some time, Aengus appeared in his usual black clothes, now draped in robes. The faint radiant gleam on his fair skin, imbued with divine authority, was hard to miss.

The very air in the hall instantly hummed chaotically as soon as Aengus appeared, as if fearing his presence as a harbinger of absolute destruction. Yet, it still had to fulfill its duty in accordance with the laws.

“Hubby!”

“Darling!”

Both Bella and Aria quickly rushed forward, snuggling into his broad chest as if taking their daily dose of comfort.

Aengus inhaled their scents and caressed their heads lovingly, while his mind echoed with the murmurs of the lower gods. He heard them clearly. But he was not afraid. If the information in Artemes’ mind was correct, the Goddess of Light and the God of Darkness—two primal divine figures—were almost at the same level as him, despite the vast ages separating their existence.

He could afford to pick a fight with one of them. But if he had to protect his wives and loved ones, he couldn’t take on both of them at once. He had to conquer by playing both sides strategically.

Or if things go really south he still had victory cards to play with.

However, time was running out. He needed to begin the task of unification immediately.

Aengus sat on the grand throne alongside Bella and Aria, his expression as calm as still water.

“Grandson-in-law, you must have attained a level of strength we could never achieve in our lifetime. What’s your next plan?” Claudia asked in her childish voice.

Aengus gestured for everyone to remain seated and spoke, “Yes. We must begin the plan of unification at once. We will start by conquering kingdoms after kingdoms, domains after domains. And I will be with you to ensure your safety.”

“Your Majesty, leave it to us. We’re all itching for battle,” Quin said with a grin.

“Do you mean on both sides?” Bella asked to confirm.

Aengus gave a small nod.

“Okay then. You should send me back, Son-In-Law. I would like to teach those Demon Lords some lesson. The strength you have given me, is now the right time to put to the use,” Belial said, smirking.

“That’s of course, Father-in-law. But before that, let me introduce you all to someone,” Aengus said mysteriously, slicing through the space before him with a casual swipe of his hand.

A demonic figure was revealed to them.

“What! Isn’t that Beelzebub? I thought he was dead!”

Exclamations erupted as they saw Beelzebub appear before them, completely immobilized, his eyes filled with terror. He finally realized who the true Heir of Ruination was. This seemingly unassuming man had been the Heir of Ruination all along. Their suspicions had been correct. If only they had acted on them, perhaps this day could have been avoided.

“Disgusting,” Aria muttered with disdain, looking at Beelzebub’s head as though it belonged to a dog. “Why haven’t you disposed of this creature yet?”

Aengus smirked.

“He will be dealt with soon, my dear. But first, I must torture him, to make him understand why he fell to this state. He must regret his actions. Only then will it be truly satisfying, wouldn’t it?”

“Oh, right... That’s a great plan,” Aria replied, her usually kind face alight with cruel intent.

Aengus temporarily stored Beelzebub in his spatial pocket and issued a decree:

“Mobilize with full force. Summon the Generals. The time has come; for Liberation.”

With that, the Imperial Decree was issued, and the human faction of the Liberation Army, consisting of over 200 million soldiers, was mobilized with a grand announcement of conquest and the ultimate goal of liberation.

In the Demon World, the same was happening. The Liberation Army had been mobilized for war Against Demon Lords.

While the other Demon Lords attended the Demon Lords Council meeting, Aengus had a different plan. He intended to catch them off guard by conquering their territories while they were away at the meeting.

Chapter 335: Chapter 335: Attack On Elf Kingdom

The announcement of war by the Rebel Emperor shook the world to its core.

“The new Emperor is really daring! Or could he be a fool instead?”

“I think the former is correct. His rise to power is nothing short of rewriting history in Mythraldor.”

“Yes, perhaps. But do you truly believe his goal is as grand and honorable as they claim? I mean, how can humans and demons co-exist together?”

“Hmph... Co-exist with those ugly, vile demons? Never!”

Every kingdom, every citizen across various empires, was buzzing with talk about the Rebel Emperor. He had become the topic of the world.

“How dare he? Does he think of himself as some kind of bigshot? Let him come. I’ll show him who’s the supreme ruler in this domain!” the Dragon Emperor growled, his voice booming as he stood in his mighty golden dragon form.

The Dragon Emperor himself was just left dumbfounded after witnessing an incredible event. And now, the Rebel Emperor was doing something he had never anticipated.

The Hero Emperor was already investigating Aengus’s background and weaknesses to counter him. A man capable of growing so rapidly couldn’t possibly be weak. He didn’t dare underestimate anyone, especially after witnessing a god’s fall. If gods could fall, then mortals like them were nothing more than ants.

However, Aengus’s first target wasn’t either of the two powerful emperors.

The first large-scale attack was directed at the Demi-Human Empire, enraging the Elf Emperor Valeris. In response, he mobilized the entire demi-human army at once to defend the bordering kingdoms.

Several kingdoms within the Demi-Human Empire were attacked simultaneously, making defense challenging. The demi-human army was slightly outnumbered compared to the Liberation Army.

Aengus personally transported his forces through teleportation, a move that played a crucial role in their versatility and swift offensives.

Aria remained with him in the human world, while Bella operated with him in the demon world. Aengus, now capable of producing 10 clones, utilized this ability to multitask more efficiently, further enhancing the reach and impact of his strategies.

Aengus controlled the battlefield like a chessboard, and one by one, the kingdoms began to fall rapidly under the sudden assault.

The old Elf Emperor was helpless to defend against the overwhelming strategies executed in multiple locations. With Aengus's presence, victory for the Liberation Empire was practically set in stone.

While the attack was underway in the Elf Kingdom—a sacred birthplace of elves—the royal Vaeloria family defended their land with everything they had.

But the fall of the beautiful, pointy-eared elves was a despairing scene to witness. Their green blood stained the earth red amidst the dense forest just outside the Great Wall of Tree Roots, which rose from the earth like coiling dragons.

—

“Royal Father, the Imperial forces are not here yet, and the Liberation Empire is decimating our warriors. We should submit to the Rebel Emperor at once.”

Inside a tree hall filled with authoritative high elves, a beautiful female elf with green eyes and a sapphire dress spoke, suggesting surrender to the old Elf King seated on the throne.

The Elf King, weak and stressed, looked helplessly at his daughter, who had proven herself the most capable in trade and commerce among his children.

“Ilyana, my daughter, we understand your concerns and agree with your suggestion. But will he agree? What if he turns out to be cruel and vicious? There's always a fear surrounding this enigmatic Emperor who has risen from nowhere.”

Ilyana Vaeloria frowned in distress. The ongoing slaughter of her kin weighed heavily on her nerves.

“Father, send me to him. I will speak to him personally,” Ilyana replied after a moment, her voice resolute, as if she had made the ultimate decision of self-sacrifice.

The Elf King was stunned, but he shook his head immediately upon realizing what she intended to do. She was prepared to sacrifice her freedom for the sake of her kingdom—the very freedom she had worked tirelessly to achieve throughout her life in the Elritch Chamber of Commerce.

“No, Ilyana. You must not do this. As long as I am alive, this will not happen.”

The Elf King stood tall and declared, “I will go myself to surrender—for you and for the warriors of this proud kingdom.”

Despite his decision, Ilyana insisted and followed him toward the enemy camp.

—

“This kingdom is beautiful,” Aengus remarked, admiring the Elf Kingdom’s enchanting landscape as the battle raged on.

Victory was already in his grasp, but he had chosen to stay as a precaution.

“Yes, it’s truly beautiful, just like the High Elves. But it’s unfortunate that these elves had to die unnecessarily,” Aria commented beside him, her nature instinctively at work to assist the Liberation Army.

“Oh, it looks like the deaths will soon be over, Aria,” Aengus said nonchalantly, his gaze fixed on the entourage of the Elf King approaching.

“A white flag! Phew, finally, they’re surrendering. That’s good,” Aria muttered in relief.

“Huh? Who’s this?”

Aengus’s interest was suddenly piqued when he saw the striking elf woman accompanying the Elf King.

“Ilyana Vaeloria…” Aengus murmured, recognizing the elf woman..

She was the renowned owner of the Eldritch Chamber of Commerce, with whom he had once struck a deal for synthesized weapons. He had assumed her dead after the fall of Arcadia.

But there she was—alive and well. Beside her stood Kai, her young attendant, his expression tense and vigilant.

The sight stirred faint nostalgia within Aengus, his reaction drawing Aria’s attention.

“I thought she was dead!” he said, his voice carrying a mix of surprise and curiosity.

“Who’s she? You know her?” Aria asked casually.

“An acquaintance from the past,” he answered calmly.

After that he raised his hand to let them pass the defense line without a problem.

Aria said nothing more as he gazed at Ilyana’s figure coming close.

At first glance Ilyana looked shocked as if a bolt of electricity ran through her vein. The Rebel Emperor in black robes seemed very familiar to her somehow.

Kai’s reaction was the same.

Then their mind clicked overlapping a boy's figure from the past encounter.

Chapter 336: Chapter 336: Surrendered

Amidst the green leaves and towering trees, three barely acquainted individuals met once again, but this time, their positions of power had been completely reversed.

Though their previous encounter had been fleeting, lasting only a few minutes, it remained vivid in their minds. Ethan—now known as Rebel Emperor—had left an extraordinary impression.

“We surrender, your—” The Elf King began, bowing his head in submission, only for his words to be interrupted by Ilyana’s unexpected remark.

“You’re Ethan, right?” Ilyana asked, her gaze fixed on Aengus’s calm, calculating, yet undeniably handsome face. Despite the transformation, there was still a resemblance to the boy she had once known. His eyes, cheekbones, and fleetingly innocent expression remained unmistakably familiar.

“What are you saying, Ilyana? Mind your manners,” the Elf King whispered to his daughter, his voice tense.

Why was his usually intelligent and rational daughter acting like this?

Aengus chuckled lightly. “It seems fate has brought us together once again, Miss Ilyana. Good to see you alive and well after surviving that encounter.”

Ilyana nodded but laughed ironically. “Yes, indeed, Mister Ethan. But this time, fate’s joke seems to be on me. I’m a little overwhelmed,” she said with a mix of amusement and nostalgia as she recalled the past.

“Mr. Ethan—ah, no, Your Imperial Majesty—I hope you remember me as well. I am Kai,” the little boy introduced himself, bowing nervously.

“Yes, We remember.”

Aengus acknowledged her with a curt nod.

“So, you’ve become an Emperor? That’s unbelievable!” Ilyana said, her chest rising and falling as she struggled with an indescribable mix of emotions.

Was it a sense of defeat, envy, happiness, shock, or relief?

She didn’t know. But she hoped for a better outcome for her kingdom through this encounter.

On the side, Kai sent a mental transmission to the Elf King, recounting their encounter in the destroyed Arcadia City. He explained how Ethan had been an ordinary yet extraordinarily skilled boy and revealed the reason behind their concealment and survival—the rare treasure they had used, which the Elf King already knew about.

The Elf King was dumbfounded. The rumors about the Rebel Emperor were true. In just a year, this young man had risen to power, slain the Kairos Emperor, and taken control of the Phoenix Empire.

What had once seemed like a legendary tale to him now felt real and alive. The shock he experienced was indescribable. Yet, there was also a sense of relief, knowing his daughter was well-acquainted with this formidable Emperor.

“Can we talk about our surrender, your majesty?” Ilyana asked respectfully, her voice hesitant. “We won’t demand anything excessive, just assurances that you won’t lead us to our doom.”

Her gaze flickered between Aengus and Aria, her thoughts wandering. What was their relationship? Aria looked so beautiful and lovely, almost like a Goddess.

“Sure, we can discuss the peaceful surrender of your kingdom, Miss Ilyana. And she is Aria Silvermoon, my Empress. Perhaps you’ve heard of her?” Aengus said, gesturing for them to follow him into a nearby tent.

Ilyana, Kai, the Elf King, and a few of his subordinates followed Aengus silently.

“Your wife? She’s too beautiful,” Ilyana praised, glancing at Aria. “Yes, I’ve heard of the Silvermoon Clan and her famed name, but I never had the chance to meet her in person. Though we’ve conducted a few deals with your family, Empress. I am honored to meet you now,” she added flatteringly, making eye contact with Aria.

“Oh, what’s the name of your trade chamber?” Aria asked curiously.

“It’s the Elritch Chamber of Commerce,” Ilyana replied.

“Ohh, I remember now,” Aria said, realization dawning on her face.

After that brief exchange, silence fell as they entered the well-furnished tent.

“State your conditions for surrender, Miss Ilyana. Though, usually, I am not so generous when accepting submissions,” Aengus said, seated regally.

“Your Imperial Majesty, thank you for your favor. We don’t have many conditions. My father, the current King, would like to remain as a guardian and please ensure us that our people won’t have to die needlessly. In return, we pledge the surrender of our

armed forces and territory. Please, be kind enough to grant us these two wishes,” Ilyana requested respectfully.

Aengus and Aria exchanged glances, silently approving the conditions. It wasn't difficult to agree, as they had made similar arrangements with the King of Skyfall Kingdom.

“Very well, we accept,” Aengus declared.

Ilyana, emboldened by his approval, added, “Thank you for your grace, Your Imperial Highness. And if you would like to take me as one of your concubines in your harem, I wouldn't mind.” Her green eyes fluttered charmingly, and her pointy ears twitched slightly in anticipation of his response.

Who wouldn't fall for a man like him?

But would they accept?

Aria's eyes remained calm as she heard the elf woman's bold offer, though her gaze subtly shifted to Aengus, waiting to see how her husband would respond.

If Bella had been present, she likely would have denied the suggestion by shouting instantly.

“It's okay, Miss Ilyana. There's no need for this. I promise, the elves now under my rule will be protected as my subjects,” Aengus said calmly.

Aria sighed in relief, her heart lightened, and her eyes softened as she gazed at Aengus with affection.

“Oh oh... okay,” Ilyana muttered in disappointment, though she didn't fully understand why she felt that way.

From there, a command was issued from both sides to cease the war immediately, with the elves formally surrendering to the Liberation Empire.

The order came directly from the Elf King, and the proud high elves had no choice but to lower their heads in submission before the overwhelming forces of the Liberation Empire.

And now, they were part of this same empire.

It wounded their pride and self-esteem, but they had no other choice.

After the formal surrender, Aengus was ready to depart and conquer the remaining kingdoms of the Demi-Human Empire.

The army of millions, now joined by a few millions elf warriors and archers, stood in a disciplined formation, awaiting teleportation through their Emperor's supreme skill.

"May we meet you again, Your Imperial Majesty?" Ilyana asked, watching him prepare to leave.

"You may. You elves are welcome anytime," Aengus replied perfunctorily.

With that, the army vanished in an instant as a brilliant light enveloped them.

The remaining elves—elderly, injured, and others unable to join the war effort—stood frozen in awe at the incredible display of power from their new Emperor.

Ilyana stood amazed, contemplating the events beside her father, her thoughts a mix of wonder and uncertainty.

Chapter 337: Chapter 337: Beelzebub, Valeris' Demise

'A young man ran desperately down a stone-paved road, his eyes filled with despair and helplessness. Before him loomed a massive demonic creature, a hound-like beast devouring the city and a few people he cared about.

The demonic creature's monstrous growl echoed as the city was consumed, leaving only destruction in its wake.'

Instantly, Beelzebub's eyes snapped open. Bloodshot and wild, his expression was one of sheer hysteria, as though he had descended into madness.

"Y-you're the same boy who escaped... You're the Heir of Ruination?" Beelzebub stammered, his voice trembling and incoherent as the relentless torture continued.

One of Aengus' clones stood over him, ensuring the torment was both brutal and unending. Beelzebub's body was stripped bare, tendons severed with precision knives, knuckles torn apart, and his skin peeled back, leaving raw flesh exposed. Salt was rubbed onto his wounds, eliciting sizzling sounds as it seared his exposed flesh, amplifying his agony.

"The Heir of Ruination? Interesting! Let me see your memories," Aengus said with a cold laugh, placing his hand on Beelzebub's bloodied head.

Instantly, Beelzebub's grotesque tongue rolled out of his mouth, foam spilling from his lips. His body convulsed violently, as though his brain were being fried from within due to the overwhelming intrusion.

"So, Lucifer has something connected to the Ruination Extremity... I must seize it from him," Aengus said, letting Beelzebub's lifeless body fall to the ground.

Only now did things begin to make sense—why Lucifer was able to interfere with the Barrier of Ruination in Dwarvania.

MANAS NOTIFICATIONS

- You have gained 3 levels.
- You have acquired a new skill: Deadly Sin: Devour (SS); Capable of Increasing raw Strength through consuming materials.
- You have gained a new bloodline: Beelzebub (Royal). It had been assimilated to Fiend-Celestial bloodline.

After devouring Beelzebub, he asked mentally, "Manas, have you regained your memories? Any information on the Ruination Extremity?"

Manas responded, "Yes, Master. I've regained some of my memories, and my abilities have improved as well. However, the memories I have are not about the Ruination Extremity but rather about certain future events likely to occur in the Primal Realm."

"Oh? You mean my future? What happens in the future?"

"The future looks grim for you and it's related to someone close to you, Master. Should I reveal it now? Or not? Because speaking of it might make you suspicious of me," Manas said seriously.

Aengus furrowed his brows, disliking the ominous news.

"Show me your stats first. Then, you can tell me about it," he commanded.

[MANAS STATUS]

Description: A unique intelligent entity from an unknown higher dimension.

Type: Assist

Rank: World Dominator

Abilities:

1. Future Predictions

Capable of foreseeing certain events with varying degrees of accuracy based on available data and timeframes.

2. Extreme Comprehension Speed

Processes and analyzes information at an extraordinary pace, allowing swift adaptability and strategy formulation.

3. Records of Worlds (Primal Realm)

Holds comprehensive knowledge and records from the Primal Realm, offering insight into its history, entities, and mysteries.

4. Skill Creation

Capable of creating new skills by analyzing and combining the structures of current and past skills. Limited to creating skills up to SSS Rank.

5. Skill Thieving

Able to replicate the structure of a person's skill through detailed observation, effectively copying and adapting it for use.

—

Aengus was pleased with Manas's improvement. Her pixie form had now grown slightly, diminishing her cuteness a bit. But he intrigued by the information about the next rank.

"World Dominator? Then what comes next? Star Dominator?" Aengus speculated.

"You're correct, Master. It aligns with the ranking system of Primal Realm Seekers," Manas confirmed.

"I figured as much. Now, proceed. Tell me about my future and who I need to be cautious of."

"Yes, Master. Brace yourself..."

In the dimly lit space, their secret conversation unfolded, and the revelations struck Aengus's heart to its core. It was news so unsettling that it shook his beliefs and made him question the very fabric of his reality.

“What’s wrong, Ethan?” Aria asked, sensing his sudden pause.

Aengus, still shocked by Manas’s revelation of his future, found it hard to believe.

His gaze briefly fell on Aria, a hint of doubt in his eyes, but he quickly regained his composure. With a small shrug, he chose not to worry her.

“It’s nothing. Let’s get this over with. I’m sure the Demi-Human Emperor must be on his way here now.”

Aengus masked his inner turmoil, focusing on the next step of his plans. They had already conquered most of the Demi-Human Empire. Out of 29 kingdoms, 25 were conquered simultaneously, though it took two days. His Imperial army had grown to 320 million.

In the Demon World, the situation was similar. While the Demon Lords were occupied in their Council meeting, over 20 domains were forcefully claimed, making the Liberation Army even stronger with an additional 300 million minions.

Soon, the Demi-Human Emperor arrived through the air, his old face haggard as he tried to defend the other kingdoms where Aengus was not present using his Strategic mind. Despite that, he faced overwhelming defeat multiple times. Every time he took action personally, Aengus appeared magically and blocked his path. The strength gap was enormous, the old elf understood.

Then, he understood—the young Rebel Emperor was toying with him.

This drove him mad, his face flushed red with anger.

“I can’t believe it! A young fledgling dares to dream the impossible. It is indeed a grand goal, I must admit. But like everyone, I must hold my ground until my last breath. I will protect the legacy I built, even if I face death,” Emperor Valeris declared thunderously.

“You’re not going to surrender?” Aengus said with surprise. He didn’t expect the old Elf to be so stubborn. Previously, he had fled from the Void like a cowardly rat, and now he was ready to face his death, fully aware that the odds were against him.

To the Old Elf Emperor, it was now a matter of self-esteem to extreme level. He couldn’t accept being toyed with by a young man who was still wet behind the ears.

“As you wish, old man. I will not show mercy to a fool.”

Aengus extended his hand in a grabbing motion, instantly catching the Old Elf as if grabbing a chick.

“Mother Tree, lend me your strength!”

The Old Elf Emperor, in despair, prayed to the Mother Tree, the Tree of Eternity, for strength from the center of Imperial rule. But it didn't respond, striking his heart with even deeper despair.

Why didn't it respond?

Perhaps, it also knew that Aengus was out of its league.

“Be free from all burden, old man.”

Without hesitation, Aengus crushed Valeris' soul instantly, saving the body for later use.

Chapter 338: Chapter 338: Demon God's Revelation

“Please be at peace, My Emperor,” Rindel whispered as he appeared beside the lifeless body of Valeris, gently closing his eyes. There was a sorrowful weight in his gaze, but he quickly turned away.

Falling to one knee before Aengus, he declared, “Please take my allegiance, Your Imperial Highness.”

Aengus regarded him with a cold but calm demeanor. “We accept. You may rise,” he replied, his gaze briefly shifting toward Aria before returning to Rindel.

“Go. Make the necessary preparations for the submission of the rest of your warriors. Otherwise, all of them will face death,” Aengus ordered without hesitation, his tone sharp and commanding.

Rindel lowered his head further in acknowledgment. “Your words are my command.” He rose swiftly and left to carry out his task.

Once Rindel was gone, Aengus turned to Aria, his tone softening. “Let's consolidate our army. Then we'll decide which of the remaining two giant Empires we should pick next.”

Aria nodded, her serene expression masking the complexity of emotions brewing beneath. “Yes, Ethan. But with the strength we've amassed, no force can stand in our way.”

From time to time, Aengus cast her strange glances, making her feel uneasy.

She couldn't tell what was suddenly wrong with him. She sensed a distance growing between them, though it might have just been her overthinking. Shaking off the doubt, she focused on merging the army.

In the Demon World, Lucifer and the other Primordials had just received news about the attacks on their domains by Demon Lord Ruination.

Not only had he rejected the Council's invitation, but he had also waged a brutal war against them.

"Just where did he get such courage?"

"Should we still proceed with the Grand Attack on Solis, Lucifer?" Asmodeus asked, looking worried. He could sense something was off about Demon Lord Ruination. Taking down 25 Demon Lords was no small feat.

"Perhaps our suspicions are correct, Lucifer," Leviathan growled in rage. "He definitely has some connection to the Heir of Ruination. Otherwise, how could he muster such audacity?"

Lucifer finally began to take the situation seriously.

"Alright, I will speak with the Supreme Father about this. However, we must proceed with the Grand War to harvest souls for his recovery. We're on the verge of success. One last push, and our Supreme Father will rise again, teaching everyone their lesson—whether it's the Heir of Ruination or those Gods," Lucifer declared as he stormed out of the icy hall.

The Primordials quickly set the plan into motion, mobilizing the entire Demon World to wage war on the Human World. Billions of demonic minions, ranging from imps to Demon Lords, prepared to unleash chaos and devastation. A tidal wave of darkness loomed, ready to bring unparalleled carnage and despair to the innocent masses.

Lucifer descended deep into the frozen wasteland, a forbidden and desolate place where even the bravest Demon Lords feared to tread. The air was thick with an oppressive gloom, and the very darkness seemed alive, writhing with unseen malice.

Navigating the jagged, icy cavern walls, Lucifer eventually arrived at a massive metal door, its surface ancient and corroded, etched with runes of despair and chaos. The rusted exterior exuded a chilling aura so potent it could obliterate Demon Lords instantly.

Even Lucifer, with his vast power, felt the oppressive weight of the darkness emanating from the door. Yet, his composure remained unshaken.

Raising his hand, he rapped lightly against the metal, the sound echoing ominously through the cavern. Slowly, the door groaned open, its hinges creaking with the eerie reluctance of something undisturbed for centuries. The chilling air spilled forth, like the exhale of an ancient slumbering force.

Inside the dimly lit chamber, the air seemed to thrum with an unnatural energy. A figure sat cross-legged on the cold, stone floor, his dark skin resembling cracked obsidian. From these fissures, streams of shadow leaked and coiled, as though his very essence could not be contained.

The runes etched into the walls pulsed faintly, alive and writhing with ancient power, casting an eerie glow across the room. His tattered robes, though worn and ancient, radiated an oppressive, terrifying darkness that could smother even the bravest souls.

Despite his ominous appearance, the man's expression was serene, a paradoxical calm that belied the raging tempest within. He exuded an unspoken authority. He was a force older than the stars themselves.

This was the God of Darkness, the Supreme Father of the Abyss.

His gaze, though cold and distant, softened slightly as it fell upon Lucifer. "You have come, Lucifer," he said, his raspy voice echoing like whispers of the abyss.

Without hesitation, Lucifer fell to his knees, bowing deeply until his forehead touched the frigid floor. "Yes, Supreme Father. Your child had disappointed you. And he is here to seek your guidance."

"Oh, Is it about the Heir of Ruination? The pendant I gave you? You must have seen something, I assume," the Demon God chuckled strangely.

Lucifer raised his head and answered, "Yes, Father. That power is truly extraordinary. We are just like fragments of fading scenery to them. They control our lives like dolls. I don't like it. I want that power," Lucifer's face was fervent with desire and madness.

"A hahaha...a hahaha.."

The God of Darkness leaned his head back, his cracked visage split into a twisted grin as he laughed maniacally, the sound reverberating off the rune-marked walls like the cries of a thousand damned souls. His hand covered his forehead, trembling slightly as his laughter echoed, growing louder and more unsettling.

Lucifer watched, bewildered. His icy blue eyes narrowed in confusion.

“Why are you laughing, Father? Can you see something that we don’t?” he asked, not daring to be offended.

The laughter subsided gradually, replaced by a faint, almost pitying smile on the Darkness god’s face. He lowered his hand and fixed Lucifer with an intense gaze, his eyes glimmering with a depth of knowledge that seemed to span eons.

“Ah, my ambitious child,” he said, his raspy with an enigmatic amusement. “Do you know why I was banished by those people?oh I haven’t told you the truth, have I?”

Chapter 339: Chapter 339: Reincarnation Painting

“The truth?” Lucifer echoed.

“Yes, the truth. The creation of this world and the Pantheon was not done by me nor by Aurora, the Goddess of Light, despite what everyone believes and what is written in the holy scriptures.”

The revelation shocked Lucifer to his core.

“Then who is it?” Lucifer asked, his expression trembling for the first time.

The Demon God sighed. “The same existence you were just speaking of. The Ruination Extremity. He created us, the world, and the Pantheon on a whim as part of his grand plan.”

“For the Heir of Ruination?” Lucifer guessed, his voice trembling. “He created this world just to let him grow without any obstacles?” He felt indignant and jealous of the privilege and favor the Heir of Ruination seemed to receive.

“Correct. I was also jealous, like you, of that power who created me as a slave. To attain that power, to break free from the chessboard, I did something extremely daring.” He chuckled, as if the memory was still fresh in his mind.

“I attacked Pantheon’s core, the very laws that bound us here, separating us from the outside. I was rebelling against Heaven, the one who created me. Only after that did I realize how foolish I was. All my companions turned against me, even my partner, Aurora. She herself trapped me here. And my darkness corroded the very land, creating the Abyss.”

“Goddess of Light was your partner?” Lucifer said, surprised. The very existence he hated, turned out to be the one who could have possibly been his mother.

“Haha, yes, we were created for each other,” the Demon God said, his tone mocking.

“So, what should we do now, Supreme Father? And those people—will they always stay by his side? Is that why they didn’t act against him?” Lucifer questioned, his curiosity piqued.

“That, I don’t know,” the Demon God replied. “But I am not waiting for my demise here. I’ve gotten my hands on an extraordinary treasure from someone I captured in Dwarvania in the past. Haha, I still remember how he begged me to spare his life in exchange for this treasure.” The Demon God took out a broken painting, his dark fingers gripping the worn edges. The painting depicted a starry scenery of a vast, unknown galaxy.

“What is it, Supreme Father? And what can it really do” Lucifer asked, leaning in to examine it.

“Reincarnation Painting,” the Demon God said with a sinister smile. “It’s capable of reincarnating people and transferring souls. Though, unfortunately, it’s broken and needs souls for repair.”

“Is that why you ordered us to collect souls?” Lucifer asked, his fascination with the treasure growing.

“Yes, only then can we leave this place and grow even stronger in outside realm,” the Demon God said with desire.

Lucifer, equally tempted by the prospect, suggested eagerly, “Then shouldn’t we accelerate the process, Supreme Father?”

The Demon God grinned, revealing his bloody teeth. “Yes. And this time, I will join in the fun as well. Even though I am injured, I can still go head-to-head against him since he’s not yet fully matured. And as for those people in Pantheon, they’re bound by limitations if they wish to interfere. This is the perfect chance to reap the harvest.”

A dark and menacing plan began to form in the Demon God’s mind. But would such a scheme succeed so easily? Only time would tell.

—

Name: Bella Bellfrost

Level: 456

Race: Nepharite; A Unique Race born from the synthesis of Human, Demon, and Phoenix bloodlines. Holds incredible potential.

“Thank you, hubby. This new race should be fun,” Bella exclaimed happily.

One of Aengus’ clones in the demon world had just finished synthesizing Bella with several Demon Lord-level corpses. She had now become more powerful.

“That’s good. It should greatly increase your combat prowess with those combined skills and abilities,” Aengus said, turning his gaze to the burning battlefield.

With a single command, he withdrew his Legion, and they swarmed toward the spatial portal beside him.

At that moment, Sen and Sienna approached them.

Aengus gestured for them to speak.

“My Lord, we have received news about the mass mobilization of other Demon Lords’ forces in the Human World. Billions of demons have infiltrated Solis as we speak. It won’t be long before we start hearing about massacres,” Sen reported grimly.

“So, they couldn’t wait any longer? The Great War has finally begun. But the victor will be me,” Aengus said with a smirk.

“Hubby, are you planning to merge both armies now?” Bella asked, intrigued.

“Yes. Sen, Sienna, prepare for it immediately,” Aengus commanded. “We are heading to the Human World for the Grand Unification. The co-existence plan between humans and demons will begin with the Liberation Army. This will create history—a story of how humans and demons worked together to build a new world. It will forge a sense of unity what we need for a prosperous future.”

“Yes, my lord. We will relay the order immediately.”

Sen and Sienna seemed excited, as they had never had the opportunity to enter the Human World, to witness its beauty or experience its abundant resources.

As they left, Bella commented, “They look certainly excited. But darling, do you really think humans and demons can co-exist? How will you find enough land and resources for the demons?”

“Don’t worry, I have a plan for that,” Aengus reassured her. Then his tone grew serious. “But Bella, I need you to accompany Aria and me to the Dragon Empire. Time is running out.”

“You mean your departure to your home?” Bella asked, her voice tinged with worry.

“Yes. Though I can travel there because of my constitution now, I can’t take you with me. What if adding the Seeker bloodline could make you two transported there when they call back the trial Participants.”

“Oh, is that so? So, we need to hunt for those otherworlders?” Bella said, her cheerful tone masking her concern. “Let’s get to it right away, darling.” She smiled warmly, not wanting to burden Aengus with unnecessary stress.

With that Bella, Aria, and Aengus’ clone went to the Dragon Empire to look for the otherworlders’ den with the clues he received.

Chapter 340: Chapter 340: Grand Unification

In a vast open desert, where a blood-red sun cast a sinister atmosphere, hundreds of millions of demon minions—ranging from small imps to massive behemoths—gathered in neat rows.

The sheer number of demons filled the air with a cacophony of noise and gossip.

“Howl... Where are we going this time? I’m hungry,” one demon growled impatiently.

“General Sen said we’re heading to the Human World this time,” a high-ranking demon replied nonchalantly.

“The Human World? Are we finally getting a taste of humans?” another demon asked, licking its lips in eager anticipation.

“Shut up, you fool! Haven’t you realized we’re working with those humans now? How could the Lord allow us to eat them? Besides, the Lord’s second mistress is also human,” the high-ranking demon barked, silencing the chatter.

“Oh, you’re right, sir. I almost forgot. But then why? Do you know, sir?” the demon asked sheepishly, its curiosity evident.

The higher demon sighed, holding its horn in a helpless manner.

“That, I don’t know. But General Sen said we’ll understand once we reach there,” he answered, his tone carrying a hint of exasperation.

“Do you think we’re going to attack as a third party between the war of Humans and the other Demon Lords’ forces, sir? We’re now an army comparable to the Primordial Demon Lords, after all,” another demon asked curiously, his words igniting murmurs of interest among the ranks.

With those words, the nearby demons began to feel a swelling sense of pride. It dawned on them just how far they had come. They had grown immensely—both as individuals and as an army.

Lucifer, Beelzebub, Leviathan, and others, whom they once feared to even speak of, were now opponents they could stand against as equals.

And all of this was because of their Lord of Liberation, the Lord of Ruination. His vision and strength had elevated them to a position of unparalleled power.

“The Lord is here, now shut your lowly mouths!”

Ahead of them, they saw their Lord hovering in the air, draped in a black robe that exuded an aura of domination. Each of his movements radiated overwhelming oppressive energy, though his calm and composed expression hinted at a masterful control over his emotions.

With a mere raise of his hand, Aengus summoned several massive dark spatial portals above the heads of the gathered demons, their swirling energy ominous and awe-inspiring.

“Here we go again...”

The demons muttered excitedly, their anticipation palpable, before being pulled through the portals like objects caught in reversed gravity.

—

In the clear blue sky, demons descended like raindrops.

Thud, thud, thud.

One by one, demon minions landed smoothly on the ground as they emerged from the portals. A few stumbled awkwardly, landing on their faces, but their resilient bodies ensured no harm came from the short fall.

“Whoa! Demons?”

“They look so ugly and terrifying!”

“Where did they come from?”

“Is this what the Imperial Decree about co-existing with demons meant?”

The scene was surreal. Hundreds of millions of demons stood on the lush, grassy land—a sight as rare as gold in the barren demon world. Their eyes darted around, soaking in the environment with emotions ranging from wonder to awe.

Under the radiant golden sun, the demons felt an unfamiliar sensation. In the demon world, the sun was always cloaked in a bloody haze, casting a sinister shadow over their lands. But here, the golden sunlight warmed their spines and made their skin tingle in an odd yet pleasant way.

The clear blue sky stretched infinitely above them, the refreshing air filled their lungs, and the curious gazes of humans sparked both excitement and nervousness. For the first time, these creatures of darkness experienced a land that felt alive, bright, and full of possibilities.

“Awoo, what’s happening? I can’t breathe!”

“Howl, me too!”

The demons began to panic as the air felt suffocating. Their bodies, accustomed to the dense Nether Energy of the demon world, struggled in the pure, vibrant Mana of the human realm.

However it was not the same for the demons with humans bloodline. The Hybrids blended easily with the new environment.

Meanwhile, incredulous and hostile voices from the gathered humans filled the air:

“The demons are sullyng our land!”

“They can never be part of us!”

“They’re disgusting, accursed creatures!”

“They should be banished instantly!”

The sheer presence of hundreds of millions of demons caused a dense miasma to emanate from their bodies, saturating the atmosphere. The once-verdant land beneath their feet began to wither and rot, corroded by the ominous aura.

To the humans, this was an act of blasphemy, an affront to the purity of their world. Fear and anger rippled through the crowd as they perceived the demons’ presence as a dire omen.

The chorus of rapturous shouts from the millions of humans drowned out the painful growls of suffocating demons.

The Three Generals, Quin, Yona, and Drake—along with Sen, Sienna, and Butler Yu, scrambled to control the situation on both sides. But the overwhelming numbers and the rising hostility on both sides made it nearly impossible.

To the left stood the humans, their faces filled with anger and disgust. To the right, the demons, struggling to breathe and writhing in discomfort.

The tension was palpable, but it didn't last long.

A figure of absolute reverence, one both humans and demons regarded with awe, loomed above them.

"His Majesty is here!"

The proclamation spread like wildfire, and instantly, the cacophony ceased. A profound silence ensued, so absolute that even the faintest whisper could be heard.

Aengus descended gracefully, radiating a calm yet commanding presence. With a mere wave of his hand, he cast a barrier of Pure Origin Mana, enveloping the demons and stabilizing their breathing. It was the same technique he had used to shield Aria before.

But a permanent solution would be needed soon enough.

Everyone waited eagerly for their ruler to speak, their minds churning with questions.

"Hello, Generals! We have heard a lot about you," Sen and Sienna said as they stepped forward to the humans, extending their hands in greeting alongside other high-ranking demons.

Leon, Felix, and Martin exchanged glances as they sensed the palpable auras of the two Naga Demons and the Hydra demons with multiple heads in human form behind.

However, maintaining a calm demeanor, they accepted the handshake, recognizing the co-existence plan for a long and healthy future.