

Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills

Chapter 341: Chapter 341: United Liberation Army

“Today is the day I, Aengus Degaro—Ruler of the Domain of Ruination and Emperor of the Ruination Empire—declare the grand unification of the two races with peace in mind,” Aengus proclaimed, his voice resonating to every corner of the battlefield.

Only then was the confusion cleared. The person they served was an entity with power over both worlds, controlling two opposing armies at once.

It was an astonishing revelation, an event worthy of making history.

The crowd remained silent, letting him continue.

“Today, we—this billion-strong army—will guide those ignorant fools who have joined the Great Holy War. We will stop them and force them to surrender. As for their leaders, they will be executed. No mercy will be shown.”

“The hesitation, hatred, and curses that have poisoned our being due different races for centuries will be exterminated today,” he declared with unwavering conviction.

His words resonated deeply, yet doubt lingered in their hearts.

How could centuries of hatred be erased so easily? If it were truly so simple, it would have happened long ago. The enmity between them was embedded in their blood, veins, and very genes.

They couldn’t even stand the sight of each other, even now.

It was only Aengus’s imposing presence that kept their primal urge to rip each other apart in check.

“I will create a new race—one that will unite you all,” Aengus declared firmly.

The announcement sent shockwaves through everyone, including his closest and most trusted subordinates. None of them had been aware of such a plan.

Was it even possible?

And if so, what if something went wrong?

Unperturbed by their reactions, Aengus raised both hands and activated Universal Synthesis.

A radiant light enveloped the billion-strong army, including Generals Quin, Drake, and his closest subordinates.

With precision and determination, Aengus began cleansing the hatred from their bloodlines, fusing human and demon bloodlines to create a new race he called: The Primals. These beings would be capable of wielding both bloodline powers and the System.

The process was awe-inspiring, executed on a massive scale.

All across the battlefield, countless vortexes formed as humans and demons exchanged and merged their abilities.

Aengus controlled the process with meticulous care, ensuring everything proceeded smoothly as the Manas had advised.

After nearly ten minutes, the process concluded successfully, leaving a symphony of gasps echoing throughout the empty field.

“Huh? What’s this?”

“Humanoid form? A System?”

“Our race has really changed…”

Unbelievable!”

Humans and demons alike had undergone a complete transformation, emerging as Primals—a fusion of human and demonic bloodlines.

The Primals retained a humanoid appearance but bore striking differences. Their bodies were adorned with glowing marks of various colors—red, blue, green, gold, black, and more—each color and number indicating the strength and nature of their bloodline powers. Their eyes shimmered with a blue sheen, reflecting their System interface.

In addition, they exhibited physical traits inherited from demons: horns, tails, wings, claws, and other features that blended seamlessly with their new forms.

Even the demons, once fierce and monstrous in their appearance, now stood in Primal form, looking similar to the humans they once despised.

“How is this possible?”

“This… this is a miracle of God!”

“Our Ruler must truly be a God! There’s no other explanation!”

The transformed beings were left speechless, touching their new body parts and marveling at their enhanced abilities and characteristics. Their amazement and awe grew as they began to sense the immense potential of their newfound powers.

“Your Majesty... This... this...” Leon and the others approached, their words faltering under the weight of the shock they had just experienced.

Changing one’s bloodline was an impossible feat for most, yet their emperor had accomplished it for hundreds of millions simultaneously.

“What?” Aengus chuckled lightly, “You didn’t like the wings, Generals? You can retract them with just a thought if you prefer.”

Leon, still adjusting to his radiant blue wings, responded hesitantly,

“No, it’s not that. My strength has improved, and I’m grateful. But... how did you do it? Have you really achieved God Rank?”

Leon, Felix, and Martin had no idea that Aengus had already transcended into that realm. They were unaware of the extent of his power, a strength capable of treating even the so-called gods as mere trifles.

Aengus’s silent acknowledgment confirmed their suspicions.

Quin, now adorned with a pair of curvy black horns, black marks, looked overjoyed as he inspected his transformation.

Drake, with his newly enhanced claws, and Yona, whose body radiated overwhelming strength, also seemed immensely pleased with their newfound power.

The sheer awe in their expressions reflected their realization: Aengus had truly ascended beyond mortal limits, becoming an entity that could reshape not only individuals but the very fate of worlds.

Aengus turned to his army and thundered, “Take your time to adapt, my subjects! You are now all part of the United Liberation Army. Our goal is to liberate the world and unify all races. So be prepared! Soon, we march into the Great War to conquer all!”

The Primals’ expressions were fervent, their excitement and reverence for their ruler palpable.

“Hail His Divine Excellency!”

“Long live the United Liberation Army!”

“Hail the God of Ruination!”

Their shouts of worship, full of boundless enthusiasm, shook the earth. Millions knelt, their voices harmonizing into a grand symphony that echoed far and wide, as if the heavens themselves bore witness to this momentous declaration.

After that, everyone mingled together for a while, eagerly preparing for the final battle that would be etched into history.

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Meanwhile, Aengus’ main body was with Aria and Bella in the Dragon Empire.

The trio stood atop a towering mountain, 500 meters high, gazing intently at the battlefield below.

The scene was a chaotic clash between an army of demons and Dragonmen. Even from their vantage point, the intensity of the fight was clear, the sound of clashing bodies and elemental energy explosions reached their ears.

Aengus’ gaze, however, was fixed on three young dragon warriors in the midst of the chaos—two boys and a girl.

Chapter 342: Chapter 342: Otherworlders

The battle slowly came to its conclusion, and Aengus merely observed from above.

The Dragonmen emerged victorious, and most of the credit went to the two young men and the young woman standing at the forefront of the battlefield.

They wore triumphant smiles, wiping blood off their gleaming Holy Weapons.

“Damn, I’ve reached level 90, guys. It won’t be long before I become a Transcendental. If I achieve that rank before leaving this world, I’ll be a Continental Powerhouse even in the Primal Realm, haha!” one of the young men exclaimed, his voice brimming with excitement.

“Ah, congrats, man. I’m still stuck at level 58,” the other replied, a tinge of frustration in his tone. “Alas, my Unique Skill is nothing special. And we barely have two days left before we’re pulled back from this place. I’ll miss this heavenly world a lot.”

“That’s true,” the first one agreed. “But we still have some time to increase our strength. I just don’t know if we’ll be able to acquire any new skills from the Primal Realm.”

“Elena, what about you?” they asked, turning to the young woman beside them.

Elena tilted her head slightly, her expression calm as she replied nonchalantly, "Level 95."

Though her tone was composed, a hint of smugness lingered in her voice.

"Wow, Elena. You've surpassed me! Did you get any new skills?"

"Why should I tell you? These things should remain secrets, moron," Elena muttered sharply, her tone exasperated. "Now, let's go. We're done with our mission. These lizards didn't even give us extra coins for cleanup." She turned and began walking away without waiting for a response.

Their conversation continued in faint whispers, occasionally switching to mental transmissions. Despite their efforts to keep it private, Aengus, Bella, and Aria heard every word clearly.

The trio watched as the young otherworldly adventurers headed toward their den, carefully concealing their tracks amidst the dense jungle.

However, their small tricks to hide their movements were useless against Aengus' sharp perception.

Aengus and his group followed them from above, cloaked in invisibility, their presence completely undetectable.

After some time, the trio of otherworlders discreetly entered a hidden cave, carefully ensuring no one was watching them.

Aengus, Bella, and Aria appeared just outside the cave's secret entrance, their invisibility fading.

Using his Special Eyes, Aengus observed faint shadows moving inside the cave, indicating the presence of more individuals. However, their faces remained indistinct, frustrating his efforts to gather more details.

"Later I should synthesize my eye skills further," Aengus thought to himself. "But without a Divine Stone, I won't be able to elevate them to SSS rank. And finding one of those is near impossible."

With a calm expression, Aengus gestured for his wives to follow him.

Silently, they slipped inside the cave, as if tearing through dimensions.

The interior revealed a gathering of young men and women, equipped with advanced gear and enough supplies to sustain them for an extended period.

Aengus observed them keenly, noting that they were all from the Primal Realm, just like him. However, contrary to what one might expect, their shared origin sparked no sense of camaraderie within him.

Instead, he remained patient, carefully watching and listening, hoping to gather some information.

When he first thrust himself into this Trial, he had known nothing about it—only that it held the potential for him to gain immense power. And power was what he craved most.

“Elena, you three are back. The mission was successful, I assume?” a gentle young woman asked, stepping forward. The warm sunlight streamed into the cave, illuminating her face and enhancing her radiant beauty.

“Yes, you’re correct, Sister Olivia,” Elena replied with a happy grin.

“Oh, that’s good,” Olivia said with a relieved smile. “With the Dragon Emperor so eager to obtain our Unique Skills, it’s always best to remain cautious. If we can just stay safe for two more days, we won’t need to worry anymore.” She turned to address her companions.

“Olivia, you’re right,” another boy interjected arrogantly. “We shouldn’t involve ourselves in the internal wars of these inferior races. Otherwise, we might not even realize how we ended up dead. Once we return to the Academy, these people will be nothing more than inferior species compared to our great Origin.”

His smugness elicited nods of agreement from some, though a few remained silent, perhaps wary of underestimating the world they currently inhabited.

Even after waiting for some time, Aengus found nothing particularly useful from their conversations.

Deciding to take a more direct approach, Aengus, Bella, and Aria stepped out from the spatial veil, suddenly making themselves visible before everyone.

“Huh? Who are you?” Olivia demanded, instantly on alert as she drew her sword.

The others numbering in 20, also followed suit, their expressions tense as they scrambled for their weapons, eyes darting between the unexpected intruders.

Aengus and Aria remained calm, their composed demeanor exuding an air of authority, while Bella wore a faint smile of amusement as if the situation was nothing but entertainment to her.

“Who are you three? Where did you come from? Did you follow us?” Elena shouted, fear evident in her voice as she stood beside Olivia, her hand gripping her weapon tightly.

Olivia observed the calm, confident demeanor of the handsome yet undeniably dangerous man and the two strikingly beautiful women beside him. Her instincts screamed caution.

Bella broke the tense silence, her voice playful. “So, you’re from the realm above, just like my hubby? Interesting! But why are you all so weak?”

Her remark sent a ripple of shock through the group. Their attention snapped to Aengus, their expressions a mix of curiosity and wariness. While his presence was undeniably commanding, they couldn’t recognize him as one of their own.

The man they now stared at was unrecognizable from the weak, sheltered boy they had once glimpsed. His transformation into a figure exuding divine power and authority was nothing short of miraculous and beyond comprehension.

“You’re from the Primal Realm too? Don’t take us for fools, intruders!” The handsome young man standing beside Elena growled. His voice was firm, though his unease showed in his clenched fists. “There was no one like you in our batch of trial participants. State your true identity, or we will not hesitate to fight!”

Aengus, however, remained unfazed. His sharp eyes scanned the group, and though most of their faces were unfamiliar to him, a faint memory of Olivia’s striking features—the bold, snow-white-haired warrior—lingered in his mind.

Without further ado, he spoke in a tone that brooked no argument. “I need you all to come with me.”

Before they could react or even question his demand, Aengus snapped his fingers.

In an instant, the group vanished, teleported away without a trace.

“Wow, that was fast, darling!” Bella pouted playfully, watching the empty cave. “I would’ve loved to chat with those kids a bit more.”

Nonchalant, Aengus turned to her. “There’ll be plenty of time for that later.”

The trio disappeared as well, leaving the cave silent once again.

Chapter 343: Chapter 343: The Final Battle

“Where are we?” the otherworlders asked, their voices tinged with panic.

Olivia and Elena glanced around, their confusion mirroring the others. They found themselves in an open field, with a vast army marching in the distance, the sound of countless footsteps echoing ominously.

“An army? A war? So many soldiers!” one of them muttered, his voice trembling.

Suddenly, the space before them rippled like water, and Aengus, Bella, and Aria materialized, their presence overwhelming and suffocating.

“Whoosh!”

The air grew heavy with pressure.

“So powerful!” Elena whispered cautiously to Olivia. “Sister Olivia, he must be a Transcendental for sure. We must tread carefully.”

In the background, three others desperately tried to communicate with a strange treasure, likely a device meant to summon aid or escape.

Aengus, noticing their futile attempts, raised his hand casually. With a single commanding gesture, the trio was pulled toward him, their bodies frozen in terror.

“Ah, no... Spare—”

Their screams were cut short, their eyes wide in shock as they fell lifeless to the ground.

The remaining otherworlders stared in horror, their disbelief palpable. Olivia gripped her sword tightly, her knuckles white as she tried to steady her trembling hand.

“What do you want from us?” she demanded, her voice steady despite the fear coursing through her veins.

Aengus looked at her with an inscrutable expression, his calm demeanor more terrifying than any rage. “What I want... is for you all to listen. From now on, you have two choices: To Die or to Serve me.”

“Tyrannical...”

That was the only word Olivia could muster as she observed Aengus, his aura exuding absolute dominance.

“Give us some time at least, and can you tell us your identity?” Olivia asked cautiously, her voice firm but calculated, clearly intending to buy time.

Aengus smirked, seeing through her intentions. “Don’t waste your time planning an escape. I am the Emperor of the Liberation Empire. I’ve taken a liking to your talents—you should consider it an honor.”

“Liberation Empire?” Olivia and a few others echoed in unison, the term sparking recent memories.

“Ah, you’re the Rebel Emperor,” Olivia said, her sharp gaze locking onto Aengus’ face. “The one who destroyed the Kairos Empire and conquered the Phoenix Empire. I’ve heard about you.”

Aengus chuckled, the sound low and menacing. “So, now you know.”

His expression turned serious, his tone cold. “Give me your answers. Join willingly, or enslavement is still an option.”

The weight of his words silenced the group, their minds racing with fear and uncertainty.

After a brief silence, the otherworlders reluctantly agreed to serve Aengus, their hesitation clear but their fear overriding any resistance.

Aengus nodded in satisfaction, though his inner smile remained hidden. He had already marked their souls as his, ensuring their loyalty—or at least their inability to betray him.

His reasons for recruiting them were more strategic than immediate. He intended to use their connections and presence in the Grand Academy of the higher world within the Primal Realm for future plans.

“Now that you’re part of the Liberation Army, go join them,” Aria instructed, gesturing toward the massive marching army in the distance, their figures like ants from the vantage point.

“The Liberation Army?” Olivia asked, her brows furrowed. “Who will we fight, though?”

Despite their doubts, the group began preparing to join, their reluctance masked by fear and obligation.

“We will conquer both humans and demons alike and unify them under one banner,” Bella replied confidently, her voice carrying conviction. “That is the ultimate goal of the Liberation Empire, and it always will be.”

With that, the otherworlders moved toward the army, their expression resigned, while Bella and Aria watched them go.

“Bella, Aria, be ready!” Aengus said, moving the three corpses near them.

Bella smiled, her hand resting happily on Aria’s. “We’re ready, husband. But don’t force yourself. We would be happy as long as you come back to us.”

“That I will, my love. But I have to try. If this doesn’t work, I will break the world barrier and carry you all alongside me,” Aengus said casually.

After a while, the synthesis process was complete, and Aria and Bella both received a Unique Skill of their own, along with the Seeker’s, though it was dormant without any laws.

Bella: Mystic Blood Arts (Mythic), Extra Health (Basic).

Aria: Fairy Summoning (Mthic).

The Unique Skills this time were remarkable. Two Mythic Unique Skills. Fairy Summoning was excellent, but it was not designed for Aengus.

Aria and Bella beamed happily after reading the descriptions of their Unique Skills.

“These skills are incredible, husband. No wonder you got so strong...” Bella muttered, her eyes fluttering charmingly.

Aengus smiled wryly, while Aria laughed sweetly.

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The United Liberation Army’s march began, clearing demons from their path as they advanced.

Innocent villagers, rescued from the chaos, looked back with gratitude, their faces filled with relief and hope.

From there, the army set its sights on the main battlefield, where a Great War raged among billions of individuals.

The three empires Aengus had conquered—Phoenix, Kairos, and the Demi-Human Empire—had fortunately escaped heavy attacks. This wasn’t mere luck. The credit lay with Aengus’ presence.

The higher-ups in the demon world had issued orders for their forces to avoid provoking those empires as much as possible. They understood that crossing paths with the Void Entity was a risk they weren’t yet prepared to take.

Bella and Aria teleported to the warship where Aengus’ main body stood.

Quin, Drake, and Yona chatted nearby, while the three generals, Sen and Sienna, dutifully maintained the army's command.

Aengus' gaze was fixed on the horizon: first a desert path, then a sea, and beyond that, the Holy Battlefield where the Holy Empire's and Dragon Empire's combined forces clashed against the entire demon army.

The distance spanned hundreds of thousands of miles, but to Aengus, it felt as if it were within arm's reach.

"Sister Aria, Bella, where were you? You missed a lot of interesting moments," Drake and Yona said with smiles.

"Oh, why don't you tell me, Drake? I'd love to listen," Bella replied charmingly.

Drake's face flushed at her beauty, but a pinch from Yona quickly brought him back to his senses. Drake had already confessed his feelings to Yona, and now they were in a relationship.

They conversed happily, sharing lighthearted moments to relieve the stress of the final battle.

Chapter 344: Chapter 344: The Order Of Ruination

After crossing half the world in just half a day, the United Liberation Army finally caught a glimpse of the Great War.

Die!

Kill!

The war cries, the clash of weapons, and the roaring elemental energies howled through the air, reaching their ears and igniting their excitement for a grand battle.

The Primals' eyes gleamed at the sight of the massive scale of the conflict. Billions of warriors fought for supremacy, and it seemed the Liberation Army had arrived at the perfect time, just as the battle reached its peak.

The Demon Lords, including the Seven Primordial Ones, as well as the Hero Emperor, the Holy Seven Elemental Heroes, and the Dragon Emperor, were nowhere to be seen.

But Aengus could see them. They were high above, at the far end of the top sky, engaged in an intense clash. Hundreds of High Transcendentals and Demon Lords fought relentlessly, their strength pushing them to the brink, their seven orifices bleeding from the sheer intensity of the battle.

Amidst the chaos of battle, the United Liberation Empire's war fleet descended onto the battlefield with a grand entrance, accompanied by the thunderous sound of war horns that rumbled the earth and shook the sky.

Instantly, all eyes were drawn to the new arrivals—demons, humans, and dragons alike turned their attention to the imposing warships and their banners bearing the emblem of the United Liberation Empire.

Whispers and murmurs spread across the battlefield as soldiers and commanders alike tried to make sense of this unexpected development.

"Finally! Reinforcements for the humanity's side. We're so outnumbered!"

"Yes! It's about time the rest of the human world joined the fight!"

"Ha, Idiots, look closer! They don't look like humans—or demons. They're something else. They're from the Liberation Empire. Their intentions are unclear."

"Ah, You're right. But what does the Liberation Army want now? Could they really be planning to wage war against both sides? That would be sheer madness!"

The battlefield was momentarily frozen in a mix of awe, confusion, and tension as the United Liberation Army's intentions remained a mystery, but no to all present.

The Seven Primordials exchanged uneasy glances from their vantage point in the heavens. They had not anticipated the Heir of Ruination to intervene so early. Yet, despite their heightened senses, they couldn't locate him. What did he even look like now?

The Holy Elemental Heroes, Dragon Kings, the Two Emperors, and the rest of the Demon Lords and Transcendentals—all paused in their battles, sensing the sudden silence that spread across the battlefield. The oppressive atmosphere seemed to herald an even greater storm brewing on the horizon.

All eyes were fixed on the United Liberation Army, their warships and banners standing tall amidst the chaos. The anticipation of a certain someone's arrival grew with each passing second.

Finally, the figure emerged, stepping into view as though answering the world's collective call.

A young man stood at the forefront, exuding an aura that was both serene and terrifying. His exceptional handsomeness was rivaled only by the depth of his eyes, dark as the endless void. Black robes billowed around him in the wind, and a divine weapon rested at his waist, radiating latent power.

Though his expression remained calm, the sheer authority he emanated was undeniable, sending ripples through the battlefield. The billion-strong United Liberation Army immediately lowered their heads in worship, their devotion unwavering.

He was Aengus Degaro, the Emperor of the United Liberation Empire, the Lord of Ruination, the Rebel Emperor—a man whose many titles carried the weight of his extraordinary legacy.

Lucifer's eyes narrowed, his gaze fixed on the distant figure of Aengus Degaro. He muttered, his voice tinged with both indignation and fear, "He is the one. I can feel it. That damn Demon Lord of Ruination... he's the true Heir of Ruination."

The mere thought sent shivers through him, the memory of the Void Entity's overwhelming presence still vivid and haunting in his mind.

Asmodeus, standing nearby, clenched his fists, his tone grave. "That means he fooled everyone. Every single one of us."

"How Cunning..."

Leviathan frowned, his confusion evident as he pointed toward the United Liberation Army. "And what's with those people? What race are they supposed to be?"

Belphegor, sharp and calculating as ever, observed the strange traits of the soldiers. "They appear to be a hybrid—a combination of humans and demons. Perhaps a new race?"

"A new race? How is that even possible?" Leviathan questioned, his skepticism clear.

Belphegor shrugged lazily, "Tsk, to a God—or someone close to that level—it shouldn't be that hard."

The Seven Primordials fell silent, the realization settling in.

But it wasn't just them—the higher ranks of the human faction were the most dumbfounded by the fearful ramblings of the Primordials, which reached their ears.

Saintess Lumenaria, Elyon, the old Archbishop, the Seven Elemental Heroes, the Dragon King, and the two Emperors—all standing regally—had their composure shattered by the Primordials' revelation.

"He is a God?" Hero of Lightning Zillion said, trembling.

"If the Seven Primordial Ones are right, he is," the Archbishop replied, his tone solemn.

“Why haven’t our Gods informed us about this yet, Lumenaria?” the Hero Emperor frowned, his dazzling golden holy armor shining brightly under the sun.

“That... that I don’t know,” Saintess Lumenaria stuttered.

“Well, well, this is not what I expected,” the Dragon Emperor muttered calmly, though there was a hint of panic in his voice.

The repeated failures of his plans to conquer the world had already frustrated him enough, and now this made things worse. He didn’t have a backup plan, and their Dragon God and Phoenix Goddess had long since perished.

This put him in the toughest situation, despite being one of the strongest here.

Their conversations came to a halt as Aengus opened his mouth, his voice resonating with the authority of someone who seemed to be the sole controller of the battlefield.

Aengus raised his God-Slayer Sword and declared,

“As the Emperor of the Liberation Empire, I require only one thing: your submission. I will liberate you all from your current rulers. Be obedient and surrender. Otherwise, death awaits you, just like your rulers.

THERE WILL BE JUST ONE ORDER FROM HENCEFORTH—THE ORDER OF RUINATION!”

Chapter 345: Chapter 345: Kill
“ATTACK!”

“RUMBLE!”

With the unified shout of the generals, the Liberation Army lunged forward, attacking both factions at once.

Though they were less in number, their individual strength was double that of their enemies.

Under the wide-eyed gaze of onlookers, the battle raged on.

Aria and Bella joined the battlefield field below, while Aengus ascended into the sky all alone.

Quin's monstrous titan form cast a massive shadow over the battlefield as he targeted the battleships forged by the Ancient Dwarves. Each stomp from his colossal frame was akin to the force of a massive elephant's paw, reducing enemies to mere pulp.

Yona, Drake, and the generals, Sen, Sienna, everyone transformed into their strongest forms, each taking down thousands of humans and demons in a single strike.

The battle shook the world, and ordinary people across distant lands felt the tremors beneath their feet.

They knew—the time had come. The war that would decide their fate was upon them.

Aengus' figure approached the Demon Lords, Dragons, and Heroes, his aura darker than the darkness, growing heavier with each step.

Ba-dum. Ba-dum.

Each step felt like it was stomping directly on their hearts, crushing their spirits and shattering their confidence.

Saintess Lumenaria and Elyon stood frozen, their eyes wide with disbelief. The boy they once dismissed as insignificant, one they could have crushed with ease, now stood before them like an unstoppable force.

Their faith wavered, trembling beneath the overwhelming pressure of his presence.

The sheer might of Aengus reminded them how utterly insignificant they were before a god—a being not to be challenged, defied, or even looked upon without trembling.

"Give up." Aengus said Tyrannically, "You know all your efforts will be futile against me. But of course you can call your gods if you like."

Everyone seethed with rage at Aengus' arrogance, but deep down, they knew his words carried undeniable truth.

"Don't underestimate our Gods! You're just a newbie God!" Hero of Fire Igor retorted sharply, his voice filled with defiance.

Noisy...

Snap!

Aengus casually snapped his fingers, unleashing a wave of void energy that obliterated Igor in an instant. Not even ashes remained as the space around him disintegrated, leaving a jagged spatial fissure in its wake.

“H-he killed Igor with just a snap of his finger!”

“How terrifying!”

The battlefield fell silent, the tremors in everyone’s hearts echoing louder than the chaos of war.

Lucifer furrowed his brows, his expression grim. The Heir of Ruination’s current strength was far beyond what he anticipated—far beyond his own. One wrong move, and he too could be reduced to nothing in an instant.

But the Demon God’s orders were clear: the goal of harvesting souls was not yet complete. For now, he would have to tread carefully, suppressing his wrath and calculating his next move.

Aengus’ piercing gaze locked onto Lucifer, making the Demon Lord’s heart pound erratically.

“You have something I want. Give it to me,” Aengus ordered, his voice calm but brooking no defiance.

Lucifer, the prideful Demon Lord, silently gulped, his usual confidence wavering. With great reluctance, he reached into his robes and pulled out an ordinary-looking pendant. Despite his pride, he chose to part with it. Their larger goal still loomed, and the pendant, though seemingly significant, had remained a mystery to him.

“Take it,” Lucifer muttered, casting it aside like a useless trinket.

Aengus caught the pendant effortlessly, examining it with keen interest. It was strikingly similar to the one he already possessed—the one that had accompanied him since his arrival in this world. He activated his Appraisal skill, but just like before, the information displayed was blank.

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Sensing its potential importance, he slipped it around his neck, allowing the pendant to rest alongside his own.

Unbeknownst to him the two Pendant on his neck made a stange hum of Synchronization

Turning his darkened gaze to everyone, Aengus spoke again, “So, are you surrendering yet? Or are you still clinging to your delusions? Are you truly intent on continuing this game of harvesting souls?”

His words sent a chill through the air, his voice revealing he already understood the truth. He had seen the invisible flow of energy, the souls of the fallen, being siphoned away to two separate realms.

One stream ascended to the Pantheon above, while the other descended into the Abyss, likely to the Demon God himself.

The brutal truth was now exposed. Both gods—those of light and darkness—were playing the same cruel game, sacrificing these people to fuel their own ambitions.

The Heroes' faction seemed unaware of the implications as they exchanged puzzled glances.

"What are you saying, Your Excellency? Our gods would never commit such a lowly act. It's definitely that damned Demon God behind all this," the Lightning Hero said politely.

Aengus smirked, though the disdain in his eyes was evident.

"You don't need to give me a half-hearted explanation, ants. Just call your gods!" Aengus commanded, sending a wave of Void energy that destroyed the mechanism or technique stealing the souls.

Now, no one could harvest souls anymore.

A few minutes passed in tense silence, yet still, no one appeared.

"You won't come out? Haha, I'll force you to show yourselves!"

Aengus instantly appeared beside the Primordials, killing five of them in the blink of an eye.

Lucifer stood frozen in terror. He had never expected Aengus to act so decisively.

Aengus devoured the fallen Primordials, ignoring the notifications about gaining five more Deadly Sin Skills for now.

"Whoosh!"

Next, he targeted the Heroes. He devoured all Seven Holy Elemental Heroes, including Elyon, gaining the Seven Holy Elemental Manipulation Skills once again (Fire, Earth, Water, Air, Lightning, Light, Wood).

Though the skills sounded familiar, they were of a higher grade, each capable of purification and ranked SS individually. Aengus decided to leave them as they were for the moment, planning to deal with them later.

“What did you do?” Saintess Lumenaria asked, trembling as she witnessed her long-time friend Elyon’s death before her eyes.

“In the new world, they are not needed anymore. There is no place for puppets of false gods,” Aengus replied coldly, killing Lumenaria without hesitation a well.

All of them were blind, brainwashed, and unneeded by him. By devouring them, his level increased by 10 at least.

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Chapter 346: Chapter 346: Good And Evil Coming Together?
The Dragon Emperor and Lucifer turned to flee in all directions.

In the face of death, all pride and hesitation were washed away by Aengus’ swift executions.

Aengus smirked.

“Where are you going? The game has just begun.”

With a wave of his hand, he created a barrier that locked the space around him, making it impenetrable and inescapable.

The Demon Lords, Dragonmen, and the Hero Empire’s Transcendentals were paralyzed with horror as they realized their most powerful abilities couldn’t break the restriction.

Their faces were filled with despair, their prayers silently pleading for a savior to arrive.

It was a bitter irony—those who were once saviors and destroyers for others were now the ones begging to be saved. All of this, brought about by a single, unyielding being.

Aengus moved through their ranks, killing them one by one.

Each time he disappeared with a playful smirk, their hearts froze, fearing they might be the next target.

Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—this didn’t last long.

The entities Aengus had been waiting for finally arrived.

Aengus paused and grinned, his gaze shifting to the sky. “Come!”

From the demons’ side, a figure emerged. A man with black skin and a cracked, ominous body emanating pure darkness. He was none other than the Demon God—God of Darkness, the creator of his race, formed from his own blood essence.

Despite his extraordinary presence, his expression was serious and alert. He could sense the overwhelming power radiating from Aengus. In his current weakened state, even giving his all might not guarantee victory. His mind was already calculating his options.

Shortly after, another divine figure descended.

A brilliant light pierced the sky as a Goddess arrived, piercing the world barrier with ease. She was a vision of unparalleled beauty, radiating a blinding white aura that seemed to purify everything it touched. Her divine presence marked her as Aurora, the Goddess of Light.

She stood tall, exuding grace, beauty, and undeniable power, her radiant aura of power and beauty far surpassing that of Bella and Aria.

At first glance, Aurora, the Goddess of Light, appeared kind and serene, her radiance soothing like the dawn. But in the next moment, her expression shifted—strict and unyielding, her piercing gaze locked onto Aengus with a mix of caution and resolve.

“Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!”

One after another, more divine figures descended behind her, their collective auras heavy and suffocating. Their mere presence sent waves of divine pressure rippling across the battlefield, demanding submission and reverence.

The soldiers on both sides froze in place, overwhelmed by the sudden arrival of these celestial beings. Their instincts as mortals screamed at them to bow, to worship the gods who now stood before them.

But not so for the Primals. They neither bowed nor trembled. There was not an ounce of respect or fear in their hearts for these so-called gods. Their loyalty and reverence were reserved for one being alone: Aengus.

The battlefield trembled under the weight of the confrontation brewing between the divine beings and the defiant figure who had dared to challenge both heaven and abyss.

Aengus walked through the air with fearless steps, though every fiber of his being was on high alert for an attack.

Below, Bella and Aria watched intently, their expressions shadowed with worry, though they remained where they stood, obeying Aengus' prior command to stay back.

The Demon God also moved closer to the divine gathering, his cracked lips curling into a bitter smile as he addressed a familiar figure.

"Aurora, I hope you've been enjoying your peaceful life in the Pantheon," he muttered, his tone filled with resentment and pain.

The Goddess of Light turned her gaze upon him, her radiant eyes piercing through the weight of his bitterness. The Demon God flinched, an involuntary shiver running through him under her intense stare.

But then, something unexpected happened.

Instead of the usual expression of disdain he had grown so accustomed to, Aurora's face was devoid of disgust. There was no sneer, no scorn.

The Demon God froze, stunned.

His thoughts raced as he struggled to comprehend the absence of animosity in her expression. Was it possible that something had changed? Or was it simply another ploy to catch him off guard? For the first time in eons, a flicker of confusion and unease crossed the Demon God's face.

Huala...

As Aurora shifted her gaze away from the Demon God, she locked eyes with Aengus. His cold, ruthless, and condescending stare pierced through her, igniting a flicker of memory. Those eyes reminded her of the past—of a fleeting glimpse she'd once caught when she was created alongside Mythrالدor and the Pantheon.

"You wouldn't consider colluding with Cane (God of Darkness), would you, Aurora?" Aengus' whisper echoed like the voice of a devil, sending tremors through the air.

Aurora's heart trembled despite her cold, composed expression. She masked her emotions carefully.

"What else do you want? Yes, I now intend to help Cane and fight for the freedom he once suffered to achieve."

"Oh..." Aengus raised an eyebrow, his gaze shifting to observe the expressions of the other gods. Their faces reflected approval and solidarity with Aurora's declaration.

“So, the God of Darkness and the Goddess of Light are finally coming together after ages? How ironically twisted, don’t you think, Aurora?” Aengus said, his tone mocking while preparing for the inevitable battle.

The Demon God’s cracked, ugly visage lit up with a stunned joy. “Aurora, you want to help me? Really?”

Aurora remained unmoved as she answered Aengus. “Yes. After I banished Cane, I realized how helpless and trapped we truly are. We have no freedom. We can barely interfere in the mortal world, and the outside realm is completely out of our reach. It became suffocating for me and for the others as well. And now, I’ve made an extreme decision to stand by Cane’s side—to stop you and to find freedom beyond this realm.”

Aurora moved away from Aengus, joining the Demon God. The other elemental gods and minor deities followed suit, standing united against Aengus. Now numbering thirty in total, they formed a clear line of opposition. Their intentions were unmistakable: to kill Aengus and everyone aligned with him.

“Heh heh... Oh, how good and evil come together... to seek freedom in exchange for their doom,” Aengus laughed, his voice echoing ominously as he activated Monarch of Void Ultimate Skill.

Below, the mortals watched in fear, their hearts twisted with uncertainty as they witnessed the unfolding events. Unsure which side to choose, they stood frozen amidst the chaos.

Chapter 347: Chapter 347: In Clash Between Gods, Mortals Suffers
“Can he win against all of them?” Bella muttered worriedly.

“Let’s trust him for now. If the time comes, I won’t hesitate to throw my life away,” Aria said, her eyes filled with determination and love.

Bella raised an eyebrow but nodded, equally resolved.

Belial, Astrid, Aster, and the Phoenix Empress all watched anxiously.

Others trembled in fear, dreading the possible aftermath of a clash between gods. If left unchecked, the battle could annihilate every living creature.

“It’s coming!” someone exclaimed, their voice quivering with terror.

Aengus’ form suddenly transformed, his body enveloped in pure Void that rapidly expanded in size.

As it reached the World Barrier, he struck it down with a casual swipe, tendrils of Void energy tearing through the barrier effortlessly.

“CRACK, CRACK....”

The sound of shattering resonated like thunder, shaking the World to its core. The World Barrier began to collapse, piece by piece, and slowly erased from existence as if never been there.

To the astonishment of the ordinary people below, when the World Cage shattered, the illusion of the sun, moon, and stars disappeared, replaced by a massive golden palace radiating light like a miniature sun.

“Is that... the Heaven where the gods live?” the mortals muttered in awe.

“But the stars and the moon... they’ve vanished. What is happening?” another voice questioned, confusion spreading among them.

While everyone remained bewildered, Aengus’ Void form expanded beyond the outer perimeter of the world, its colossal size surpassing even that of Mythrildor and Pantheon combined.

“Truly, our Creator Entity has no limit,” Aurora murmured beside Cane, her gaze filled with awe. But the Divine radiance from her body increased, indicating she was prepared for the battle

“Yes, yes... Our Creator’s power—that is what I seek,” Demon God Cane muttered, the glow of madness flickering in his crimson eyes.

“But what is he trying to do?” the Fire God asked, his figure cloaked in crimson holy fire, his tone a mix of curiosity and apprehension.

Aurora and Cane, two ancient gods, narrowed their eyes.

“He’s trying to devour the Pantheon!” Demon God shouted hysterically. “We must stop him at once, or he will grow even stronger!”

Demon God attacked immediately, and Aurora followed, her divine figure expanding to match his. However, their size was nothing compared to Aengus.

They barely reached his waist.

The other gods exchanged glances before following suit.

Lucifer remained there, silent, powerless. His companions were gone, and his lover was fighting below.

Reluctantly, he descended toward the battlefield, his only thought being to ensure Garcia's safety.

—

In Clash Between Gods, Mortals Suffers the most. The saying is Absolutely true.

RUMMMMMBLLLLLEE!

CREEEEEACCCKK!

The combined attack of the gods struck Aengus' Void form with immense force, creating a shockwave so powerful that the world of Mythrالدor shifted from its axis, pulling Pantheon toward it like an anchor.

The very planet was quickly engulfed in tsunamis and natural disasters, killing thousands of innocent lives.

The higher powers of the world struggled to hold the Earth steady, as if it were their last line of defense.

Amid the chaos, Aria's nature powers became a beacon of hope.

She cast her nature power, surrounding the land of Solis with protective trees that rose from the ground like a massive cocoon, shielding countless lives, even those of demons.

Her power was awe-inspiring, and the survivors began to look upon her with newfound respect and reverence. Aria had become their savior, protecting them from the intense radiation and devastation caused by the clash of gods.

Aengus faltered momentarily under their combined assault, but his goal remained unchanged.

"Shua shua shua..."

He achieved what he had intended from the start. Opening his massive mouth like a world-devouring beast, he activated his Omni-Devour Skill, perfectly absorbing everything before him.

The relentless attacks from the lower gods barely scratched his Void form. Their energy attacks were nullified as though they were striking against soft cotton.

Only the Goddess of Light, the God of Darkness, and the Elemental Gods barely managed to leave any mark.

Where their strikes landed, they carved hollow gaps into his Void form, but the damage was fleeting and insignificant.

In their massive, divine forms, the gods stood helpless as Aengus devoured Pantheon, their sacred home, the very structure that safeguarded concentrated Divine Essence and countless other energies.

With this act, Aengus' level surged by an astonishing more than 200 levels, elevating him to an unprecedented realm of power.

The gods could feel the rising threat radiating from him—an overwhelming force that made their divine frames tremble. For the first time in eons, they became extremely serious.

Aengus smiled as despair etched itself onto the faces of the gods.

His Void Entity's devilish grin sent chills crawling down their skin.

While the lower gods hesitated, frozen in fear, Aengus's massive, elephantine Void limbs moved with devastating precision, crushing their divine forms effortlessly. Their essence was drawn toward him, devoured in an instant as he savored their divine flavor.

With his appetite whetted, Aengus set his sights on the Elemental Gods, the sensation of growing stronger almost intoxicating.

"Do it, Aurora!" Cane growled in his menacing darkness-infused form, the Void looming dangerously close to them.

Aurora, Goddess of Light, glowing with radiant brilliance, nodded at his words, her expression solemn.

The price of going against their very creator became very steep to her now.

Together, they intertwined their opposite powers in a display of unparalleled harmony—Light and Darkness spiraling together, forming a colossal, spinning Chakra. This devastating attack combined the might of two ancient gods, unleashing a force powerful enough to rival the Void itself.

Aengus clashed fearlessly, activating every skill in his arsenal. But the grin on his face radiated absolute confidence.

He would emerge victorious, and it would be a momentous triumph.

The world of Mythraldor drifted like a ship lost at sea, its consciousness barely clinging to life along with its fortunate inhabitants.

The barrier that had once restricted the godly forces within Mythraldor was broken, and the world was now suffering the consequences.

The Pantheon was gone, and Mythraldor was slowly dying due to a lack of energy, isolated from the outside universe.

Chapter 348: Chapter 348: Trial Over

Aengus summoned the power of the Nine Heaven Moon Constellation's behind him, amplifying his strength fiftyfold.

He was now nearly unbeatable.

With this overwhelming power, Aengus fearlessly clashed with the terrifying Light and Darkness Wheel.

“KA-BOOOOOOM!”

“CREEEEEEAAAKK!”

The two forces collided, creating a small supernova explosion in the dark space.

The impact of the explosion left Aengus' Void Form unscathed.

However, the Light and Darkness Wheel separated upon collision, their forms in dire condition.

Fortunately, Mythraldor had already drifted away from the main source of the clash. Yet, the cataclysmic energy waves reached the planet, shattering the protective tree branches Aria had worked so hard to maintain.

Despite her efforts, she failed, and countless ordinary people across the world perished.

And now, almost everyone was blind due to the lack of light, their vision reduced to nothing but darkness. The only visible figure was the flickering form of the Goddess of Light, resembling a dying star on the verge of extinguishing.

The six Elemental Gods were in a state of utter misery—blood dripped from their mouths, their burned skin barely clinging to their divine forms as they lay motionless.

“Have we already lost?” one of them muttered weakly.

“Yes! Now be devoured!”

Aengus loomed over them, an unstoppable force of destruction, declaring the end of their existence as his Void Form engulfed them like a massive black hole.

—

MANAS NOTIFICATIONS:

- You have leveled up 90 times.

Current Level: 2893.

- You have gained a new skill:

Divine Fire Manipulation (SSS): Allows control over the Cosmic Fire Element.

- You have gained a new skill:

Divine Water Manipulation (SSS).

- You have gained a new skill:

Divine Earth Manipulation (SSS).

- You have gained new skills:

Divine Air Manipulation (SSS), Divine Lightning Manipulation (SSS), Divine Wood Manipulation (SSS).

The void around Aengus pulsed with newfound strength, his power becoming unimaginable to even the mightiest of beings.

Aurora and Cane exchanged a glance, their minds racing. It was clear that Aengus had far surpassed their combined strength. A fair fight was pointless, and they had mere moments to act before he closed the distance.

“What should we do, Cane?” Aurora asked, her voice tinged with worry.

“Pierce—Pfft... Blurgh!”

Aurora’s radiant eyes widened in disbelief as she felt a cold, unyielding force pierce her heart. She looked down to see a hand, dark and unyielding as steel, driven through her chest.

Her gaze lifted, trembling, to meet Cane's smirking face.

"You...?" she whispered, her divine voice faltering as golden blood spilled from her lips.

Without hesitation, Cane pulled out the Reincarnation Painting, a relic so small it was almost invisible, like a grain of sand in the vastness of the void.

Aengus, momentarily stunned by the betrayal, narrowed his eyes as he realized what was happening. But by the time his gaze shifted onto the painting, it was already too late.

The tiny Reincarnation Painting shone with an ethereal, multicolored brilliance, blinding in its intensity. The radiant light reached Mythrالدor, illuminating even the darkest corners of the broken world. It began to draw in the very essence of Aurora, draining every ounce of her divine life force.

"What power..." Aengus muttered, his interest piqued as he observed the painting's unimaginable potency.

Despite his speed, far surpassing the speed of light, Aengus could only watch as Cane allowed himself to be sucked into the painting. The Demon God disappeared, his form vanishing into the artifact, his laughter echoing faintly in the dark space.

Cane had achieved what he desired—a chance at rebirth. Though he would start from nothing, stripped of all his power, he relished the freedom he had gained.

Aengus's void form loomed over the remnants of the scene. He frowned slightly, but the expression soon faded.

"Reincarnation, huh? Let him run. It changes nothing."

With a dismissive wave, Aengus turned his attention back to the broken world.

Lucifer stood frozen, his voice trembling as he muttered, "He... Father... He's gone? He abandoned all of us..." His disbelieving eyes scanned the dark, broken space, desperately searching for any trace of Cane, but found none.

Panic swept across Mythrالدor as its inhabitants drifted aimlessly through the void alongside their shattered world.

"Sister Olivia, this world is doomed. We must send a distress signal to the Guardians of this Trial at once," Elena whispered with fear.

In the absolute darkness, Olivia nodded hesitantly. Yet her thoughts lingered on the overwhelming power of their master—Aengus.

Time passed, and then...

Brilliant, colorful lights began appearing in multiple places all over the world.

The Otherworlders, who had been brought to Mythrالدor for unknown purposes, suddenly began transforming into incorporeal forms, their glowing silhouettes rising toward the heavens.

The sight shocked the native inhabitants.

"Who are they? Where are they going?" murmured a frightened farmer, clutching his family close as he gazed skyward.

Hundreds of radiant lights ascended, breaking free from the dark shackles of the isolated space. They soared upward, seemingly being called back to a higher realm, leaving the mortal inhabitants confused and terrified.

Some of the ascending souls shouted in elation:

"Die, you maggots of this lowly world! You're all dead!"

"Haha... Finally, I am free from this hell!"

"Now I'll show those scums what happens when they underestimate me, hehe..."

Among the chaos, Bella and Aria also felt an invisible pull tugging at their very souls. Their forms began to shift, turning incorporeal, though they instinctively resisted the call.

"Husband, what should we do? Where are we going?" they asked Aengus mentally, their connection still strong despite the chaos.

Above them, Aengus loomed like an omnipotent Void God, his vast form encompassing the remnants of Mythrالدor.

His cold, calculating gaze swept across the ascension event, a faint smirk forming on his lips. The effort he made for them had paid off luckily.

Aengus felt the pull toward ascension as well, but he suppressed it with his overwhelming willpower, choosing to remain behind.

His voice softened as he addressed Bella and Aria mentally, “Go along with them, my loves. You will find yourselves in the Academy Institutions up there. Just be careful until I come back for you.”

The mental connection buzzed with worry and hesitation.

“But what about you? Our family? And the rest of the world?” they questioned, their thoughts laced with fear and longing.

Aengus’ voice, firm yet tender, replied, “I will take care of them. That’s why I need to stay behind. Trust me, my loves. I’ll handle everything here.”

Bella’s mental tone shifted to a teasing one, masking her deep concern. “Oh, okay... Be there on time, hubby. Otherwise, I’ll divorce you.”

Aria, unable to hold back her tears, transmitted her love, “Stay safe, Ethan. We still owe you the marriage ceremony.”

“Whoosh!”

With one last goodbye at their family, their forms ascended toward the higher realm, glowing with radiant light as they disappeared from sight.

Aengus stood alone in the vast void, watching as his family left.

“I’ll see you soon, my loves. What I started, I must end it. I promise.”

Chapter 349: Chapter 349: Journey Accross Void And Space

Aengus looked down at the broken World Mythraldor, his expression contemplative as he searched for a solution to the chaos it was left in.

First, he activated Universal Synthesis, targeting the entire world to merge the Demon Land and the Human Land into one unified World.

The synthesis began silently, unnoticed by most due to the pervasive darkness surrounding them. Slowly, Solis and Abyss were drawn together, fusing into a singular, complete world. Along with the lands, the inhabitants—demons, humans, and other races—were also synthesized, their forms merging into a unified Primal Race.

Aengus hoped this transformation would eliminate the deep-seated racism and hatred between the races, gradually fostering unity among them.

—

The process, however, was excruciating. The inhabitants screamed in agony as their bodies and souls underwent the painful transformation. Their cries echoed through the darkness, chilling the spines of those already transformed.

He had also devoured Lucifer and Garcia during the process as well.

—

“Thank you... Take me outside, my Creator!”

“Hmm...”

Two glowing stones emerged from the depths of the world’s core.

The world consciousness expressed its gratitude by presenting the only treasures it could offer—two divine stones. For his wives maybe.

Aengus took them without hesitation. “That I will, Mythraldor. But your survival depends on you. The outside is cruel beyond anything you can fathom,” Aengus transmitted mentally.

Mythraldor hummed in response, agreeing. It had no other choice; it was already dying.

Aengus turned his attention to his subordinates next. He created an artificial sun above the world, illuminating it with a divine glow.

Then, he spoke:

“Sen, Sienna, Leon, Felix, Martin, Quin—my loyal subordinates—the world is in a dire situation, and I need time to fix everything. Maintain order among the primals while I am away. We are embarking on a long journey across the cosmos. Survival is uncertain, but have faith in yourselves and in me. Take care!”

With that, the brightened Mythraldor and the artificial sun were severed from the dark space through a barrier of void energy.

The inhabitants of the world, who had been watching the Void God’s figure with awe and worship, suddenly found themselves cut off. Everything went quiet, leaving only the artificial sun shining brightly to provide warmth and comfort.

Quin, Sen, Sienna, and the generals exchanged stunned glances.

Their ruler was now gone, seemingly carrying them toward an uncertain yet purposeful journey.

The three generals turned toward the billions of primals and declared:

“The ruler may be gone temporarily, but not his ideals. This world will now have one unifying order: The Ruination Empire!”

Their unified declaration echoed through the primals’ ranks, earning nods of approval from everyone.

Today marked a new age—an age of prosperity and unity.

Aengus expanded his Void Form further, extending his left hand to carry the world, now encased in a protective layer of Void Energy, shielding it from outside interference.

Slowly, the entire world of Mythrالدor, weighing trillions of kilograms, was lifted onto his palm effortlessly.

Then, following the faint connection pulling him toward the Primal Realm (Universe), Aengus broke through the confinement of the dark space and delved into the endless expanse of the Void.

The Void served as the platform where universes and other existences took material form. Even the very fabric of space, time, and gravitational laws was established upon it.

An unknown amount of time passed, but his journey in the Void seemed unending.

After this safe passage, he emerged into an endless expanse, a singular universe now visible before him.

It was the Primal Realm (Universe).

He was greeted by the breathtaking view of stars and celestial bodies stretching light-years away, their radiant glow illuminating the vastness of space.

As he gazed at the endless expanse, Aengus’ thoughts drifted to Earth, wondering where its location might be in this boundless universe.

The answer eluded him, but he suppressed his curiosity for now.

Resolute, he continued to follow the connection, carrying Mythrالدor at a speed hundreds of times faster than light, journeying deeper into the vast unknown.

The Journey was lonely, but Manas occasionally chatted with him to lift his boredom.

Taking this chance Aengus began to Synthesize the rest of the Skills in his Arsenal.

{ All-Seeing Sovereign (SS) + Ancient Petrifying Curse Eyes (SS) + Appraisal (Basic)}

Synthesized Skill: Curse Sovereign's Omniscience Eyes (Mythic)

Type: Attack / Assist

Description: The Unique skill that allow the user to dominate the battlefield with an overwhelming gaze. The eyes can:

Petrify Armies: Instantly immobilize or destroy foes by locking eyes.

Unveil All Secrets: Pierce through any illusion, disguise, or mystery.

Master Weaknesses: Exploit an opponent's flaws with unmatched precision.

Control Reality: Enforce sovereignty over any entity viewed, compelling submission or annihilation.

Rewrite Construct: Can rewrite a target's being to some extent.

Now that he was no longer bound by restrictions he could synthesize skills to higher ranks. Though Normally one or two SSS rank skills were the limit for most people.

{ Gift (SS)+ Frostbound Dominion (SS) + Barrier Of Despair (SS) + Barrier of Crystalline Bulwark (SS) + Celestial Bastion (SS) + Divine Halo (SS) + Ironclad Ice Fortress (SS) + Eternal Ice Barrier (SS) + Guardian's Embrace (SS) + Prismatic Shield (SS) + Black Thunder Barrier (SS) + Sacred Kirin's Healing (SS) + Sacred Kirin's Blessing (SS) + Symbol Of Good Fortune (SS) + Chaos Isolation Barrier (S) }

Synthesized Skill: The Paragon Warlord (SSS)

Type: Defense and Buff

Description: Master Of All types of Barriers and Blessings.

{ Sky Phoenix Rebirth (SS), Phoenix Dance Of Destruction (SS) + Oceanic Domination (SS) + Immortal Regeneration (SS) + Heart Of Chaos (SS) + Supreme Hunter (SS) + Phoenix Resurgence (SS) + Water Breathing (S) }

Synthesized Skill: Immortal Hunter (SSS)

Type: Assist / Heal

Description: This Skill grants you the Ultimate Regeneration Capabilities like an Undead. Capable of bringing of you back from death as lonh as a single essence of you survives.

{ Deadly Sin Pride + Devour + Wrath + Envy + Greed + Lust + Sloth }

Synthesized Skill: Nargath, The Unholy Entity (SSS)

Type: Transformation

Description: A Skill made for pure Evil; Tread with Caution.

{ Divine Sword Fusion (SS) + Tiebreaker Annihilation Sword (SS) + Void Venom Blade Tempest (A) }

Synthesized Skill: Divine Tempest Annihilation Sword.

Type: Attack

Description: A skill capable of Crushing a lower World through Annihilation Storm.

Chapter 350: Chapter 350:Settlement
[Name: Aengus Degaro]

[Age: 19]

[Title: God Of Void]

[Race: Chaotic Fiend-Celestial]

[Level: 2903]

[Occupation: Conqueror Of Worlds]

[Class: Chaos Creator]

[Bloodline: Chaotic Fiend-Celestial]

[Special Trait: Infinite Mana Regeneration

[Soul: ZERO]

[Laws: Space- 19%, Water- 0.08%]

Physical Stats: >

[Strength: 3.6 Star]

[Agility: 3.6 Star]

[Defense: 3.5 Star]

[Origin Mana: 77,999,000 / 78,060,000]

<Skills:>

– [Active: Immortal Hunter (SSS), The Paragon Warlord (SSS), Divine Tempest Annihilation Sword (SSS), Divine Fire Manipulation (SSS), Divine Water Manipulation (SSS), Divine Earth Manipulation (SSS), Divine Air Manipulation (SSS), Divine Lightning Manipulation (SSS), Divine Wood Manipulation (SSS), Nine Heavenly Moon Summon (SSS), Nargath, The Unholy Entity (SSS).

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

[Unique Skills: Rapid Cast (Rare), Curse Sovereign's Omniscience Eyes (Mythic), Monarch Of Void (Ultimate) Omni-Devour (Ultimate), Universal Synthesis (Ultimate)]

—

Aengus continued traveling through the vast expanse of space, familiarizing himself with his newly acquired skills.

The skills were immensely powerful, capable of crushing any obstacle in his path. However, he remained cautious, knowing that the Primal Universe was notorious for its unknown dangers and terrors.

Even World Dominator powerhouses were said to perish like rats when faced with the Unknown.

Time passed.

Aengus had already traversed a few hundreds of billion kilometers of distance. It definitely took several days time.

Fortunately as a master of space and the Monarch of Void, his journey had been unhindered so far.

He was searching for a new home for Mythrildor—a new star to sustain and nourish the world he carried.

Aengus was most concerned about time. As he recalled from the knowledge he gained on Earth, time flows differently in varying gravitational densities. If too much time passed, who knew what might happen to Aria, Bella, and his mother?

The thought gnawed at him, and he attempted to contact them, but the effort was futile. The distance between them was far too great.

Casting aside his worry, Aengus refocused his efforts on finding a new home for Mythrالدor. Using his newly gained Curse Sovereign's Eyes, his vision spanned light years, scanning the vast expanse for a suitable star or habitable region.

As he surveyed the void, he noticed several space creatures in the vicinity—lower beings he'd encountered numerous times before.

Though no threat to him, these space worms spelled certain doom for weaker seekers who might cross their path.

Oddly enough, Aengus hadn't encountered any seekers during his journey so far. This absence suggested he might be in an area untouched by their influence—an Unconquered Territory.

If seekers had discovered this location, he would have surely spotted at least one or two wandering through this empty space.

Of course, not all seekers possessed mastery over space laws like he did. Most relied on advanced warships—magical technological marvels akin to spaceships, fundamentally different in their construction and function.

If those seekers had seen Aengus effortlessly carrying an entire world, they would have been slack-jawed in disbelief. Even for a World Dominator, lifting a world weighing Septillions of kilograms (Approx 10 times more than Earth), let alone carrying it across billions of kilometres, was an almost impossible feat.

—

After several days of traveling through the vast expanse, Aengus finally luckily spotted a shimmering cluster of stars—a galaxy.

However, the galaxy lay alarmingly close to a massive black hole. Its sheer size was beyond comprehension, dwarfing even Aengus and the world of Mythrالدor he carried.

He treaded cautiously, ensuring he wasn't drawn into the gravitational pull of that unknown void.

Carefully navigating around it, Aengus reached the far side of the galaxy. What he found was extraordinary—a galaxy of such immense scale that it defied ordinary understanding.

Even with his Curse Sovereign's Eyes, he couldn't fully perceive its mysteries or penetrate its far reaches.

But within this grand expanse, MANAS detected a habitable star suitable for Mythraldor. Aengus calculated its position and prepared to make it their new home.

Aengus gently placed Mythraldor in its new orbit around the habitable star, allowing it to settle and adjust. He removed the barrier of Void that had shielded it during their journey.

"There you go. Now, you must survive on your own," Aengus declared, his voice echoing through the entire world, cutting through every barrier and resonating in the hearts of the primals. "But know this—I will always have my eyes on you. I will not interfere unless something significant threatens your existence."

As his voice faded, the artificial sun that had been illuminating Mythraldor disappeared, its purpose fulfilled.

The primals, who had been living under its glow, now found themselves surrounded by the true brilliance of stars. For the first time, they gazed upon a real sky filled with constellations, their awe growing as they realized this was not an illusion but reality.

A new era had begun for Mythraldor, one filled with challenges and possibilities under the watchful gaze of their Void God.

Aengus' subordinates stood in silence, gazing toward the stars as their ruler's figure faded into the vast expanse of space.

Quin, always the emotional one, couldn't hold back his exaggerated tears. "Please come back, Your Majesty! We will miss you so much!"

Drake and Yona exchanged solemn glances, their moist eyes betraying the calm they tried to maintain. Despite their strength, the thought of Aengus leaving them felt like a heavy weight.

"Get it together, everyone!" General Leon barked, his voice sharp and commanding. "He promised to return. Until then, we must survive by growing stronger."

"Yes, we can't let him down," Drake agreed, determination sparking in his eyes. "We must overcome every obstacle in our way and prove our worth."

“And not just that,” Yona added, her gaze shifting to the starry sky above. “We must carry out his orders and uphold his legacy. The entire world depends on us now.”

Felix stepped forward, his signature grin lighting up his face. “We’ve already received our instructions—to stay put and prepare. When the time comes, he’ll return to us. The game of conquering has only passed its first stage.”

The group shared a moment of unity, their resolve growing as they turned their attention from the fading figure of Aengus to the limitless possibilities of the open sky. A new chapter was about to unfold, and they were ready to play their part.

Chapter 351: Chapter 351: A New Chapter

Aengus, now relieved of the immense burden, sighed deeply, shrinking back to his human form. The Void form was really taxing on his soul.

With Mythrالدor safely placed in its new haven, he could finally turn his attention toward his next goal: reaching the Academy where the trial was held.

The thought of how the Academy’s professors might react to his exploits made him smirk. One of supposed “defect” from the past had just shaken the very foundation of the mysterious trial world.

“Now, I can’t get there like those people,” Aengus muttered to himself as he floated through the cosmos, passing by uninhabitable planets and stars. “I’ll have to make the journey alone. But who could be so powerful as to transport them back so quickly? Or was it some hidden mechanism of that door to call everyone back?”

His gaze wandered to the vast and unfamiliar galaxy around him, filled with stars and celestial bodies yet to be explored. Feeling a sense of ownership, he named it the Primal Galaxy, claiming it as the founder of this untouched expanse.

“Beautiful!” Aengus murmured, standing at the outer perimeter of the galaxy. It stretched endlessly before him, vast and majestic, with its radiant center seemingly unreachable.

He hadn’t taken a closer look earlier due to his haste, but now that he had a moment to breathe, he couldn’t help but admire its beauty. The galaxy shimmered like a cosmic mystery, its stars glinting like scattered jewels in the infinite darkness.

A sense of pride swelled within him. To witness such a fascinating scene while carrying the weight of freedom was a privilege only a few could claim. He had broken free from the confinement of worlds, transcending limitations, and now stood as a powerhouse capable of gazing upon the universe’s deepest secrets.

Aengus inhaled deeply, letting the boundless beauty inspire his next steps. This was only the beginning of a far greater journey.

Time passed.

“Guuuu!”

As Aengus drifted past the black hole, its ominous pull rumbling faintly behind him, he reminded himself of the inevitable. He had to return before the black hole consumed the galaxy, though it would take years for the event to unfold. For now, it was a distant concern.

Taking one last glance at the shimmering blue and green planet he had just secured, Aengus pushed forward. He increased his speed dramatically, as if treading between the fabric of space and the void itself.

His form flickered, vanishing from existence in one instant and reappearing millions of km away in the next. Each step shattered the barriers of normal travel, propelling him forward at speeds far surpassing thousands of times the speed of light.

The cosmos blurred around him, stars streaking like rivers of light as he journeyed deeper into the unknown.

Half a month had passed, as measured by Aengus' biological clock.

During his journey, he had paused occasionally to rest on lifeless celestial bodies, replenishing himself as he crossed trillions of kilometers. His progress was powered by his infinite mana regeneration, and fortunately, the dense mana of the Primal Realm more than sufficed for his needs.

Yet, despite his near-limitless mana, Aengus' Soul felt strained. The solitude of months-long journey was beginning to weigh on him.

And still, the distance he had covered was a stark reminder of the vastness of the Primal Realm. Even with his extraordinary speed, he had barely traversed a light year.

“Ridiculous,” he muttered to himself, shaking his head. The scale of the Primal Realm was truly incomprehensible, even to someone like him.

It made him realise how far he had to go.

Instead of panicking, Aengus began to think critically about how to cover the vast distance in the shortest possible time.

The sheer scale of his journey was daunting—he still had to cross a distance thousands of times greater than what he had already traveled. At his current pace, it would take him years to reach his destination.

“Master, you should use the remaining Space Law stones to deepen your comprehension further,” Manas suggested, sensing his predicament. “The spatial environment around you is ideal for enhancing the process. With improved mastery, you might even be able to create a wormhole by bending space itself. I will guide you, Master.”

Aengus’ eyes lit up as he considered Manas’ advice. “A wormhole...Yes. If I succeed, it could save me years of travel. But what about time. To create a wormhole, don’t we need involve Space-time together?” Aengus questioned in puzzlement.

“Yes, that is partly true, master. But I will create a skill while combining Space law that will allow us to travel in a different dimension where time doesn’t exist. You could call it a Static Wormhole....” Manas explained thoroughly the intricacies of space, time, and dimensions.

It felt foreign and beyond his current sense, but he absorbed as much of the knowledge as he could.

“Okay, let me increase my comprehension while you create the Wormhole Skill,” Aengus said as he settled on a stable meteor.

He sat down and took the rest of the rare Space Law Stones picked from his Father-in-law.

The 14 Law Stones floated around in a circular motion, and he synthesized them with his mind one by one.

The process was slow at first, but he needed time to stack up the new understanding of space in his mind.

Hours passed, and finally, his comprehension reached 36.6%. It was another milestone, crossing into the Greater Stage for Space Law comprehension.

Only because of those invaluable law stones had his progress been so fast. Others would take years to reach where he had gotten today.

If Emperor Dimitri had seen how quickly his comprehension advanced, he would have died from vomiting blood once again. How could someone be so law-defying?

MANAS NOTIFICATION:

[You have gained a new Skill: Chrono Singularity (SSS)]

Description: A Skill created by MANAS. Combining with Major Space Law comprehension, this Skill allows the user to cross a maximum of 10 light-years away through a singularity wormhole.

Note: Energy consumption is extremely high, and the time for activation is 1 minute.

Chapter 352: Chapter 352: Admission

Just as Aengus stood up, he received the MANAS notification, and a faint smile spread across his face.

“You’re a lifesaver, Manas. Thank you.”

“Hehehe... It’s my duty, Master,” Manas giggled melodiously, sounding like a cheerful teenager.

Aengus didn’t waste any time.

He activated the skill, performing the incredible process of space bending with his mastery of space laws, creating a passage to the other side where he intended to reach.

“Buzz... Buzz!”

The space resisted, unyielding at first, but under Aengus’ precise control, the passage finally took form.

Aengus felt his mana reserves dangerously low, his body weak and trembling, but his gaze pierced through the dark passage and glimpsed the other side.

A gleam of satisfaction crossed his face. The 75 million Origin Mana spent had not gone to waste after all.

He quickly entered the wormhole, knowing that wasting even a moment would challenge his control over it. If the passage collapsed, he would be forced back into the Void, facing an endless, uncountable journey he wasn’t willing to endure again.

Inside, the space was dark and empty as usual, but to him, it was nothing unfamiliar.

After ten minutes of careful navigation, Aengus finally reached the other side safely.

(AN: 1 Wormhole Passage= 10 light years maximum. Corrected.)

The other side an empty space, was eerily silent, with occasional meteors floating aimlessly in the vast expanse.

Aengus settled himself on a stable piece of rock, his breathing steady but deliberate as he began to recover his mana reserves. He knew this was not the end—another wormhole would need to be cast soon.

With vigilance, he observed his surroundings, ensuring no unforeseen dangers lurked nearby. After a few minutes of cautious waiting, he activated the Chrono Singularity skill again, folding space to create yet another passage through the void.

The process was grueling. Each wormhole cast drained him significantly, forcing him to rest and recover before attempting another jump. Over and over, he repeated the cycle, casting the skill hundreds of times. The strain on his body and mana reserves was immense, yet he pressed on with unyielding determination.

Time became meaningless—a blur in the endless empty space. He had long lost track of how much energy he had expended or how many days had passed according to his biological clock.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the journey came to an end. As the last wormhole collapsed behind him, his destination near—a sight that brought both relief and anticipation. He had made it.

It was his Home Galaxy, where the Degaro family occupied a portion of the farthest reaches. Their mastery of the Law of Darkness granted them enough power to deter other greedy forces. Infamous for mass killings and often associated with devils, the Degaro family was both feared and despised.

However, within the Tiamat Academy, such backgrounds mattered little. There, only strength and wealth held true significance.

Aengus needed to head towards the very center of the galaxy, where the Tiamat Academy was situated.

He floated through space once again, his figure rippling through the void as though swimming through water.

As he traveled and worked on recovering his depleted mana, a peculiar thought nagged at him. If the distance between the Primal Galaxy and this galaxy was a tens of thousands light-year, why hadn't the higher powerhouses discovered it yet? For beings of their caliber, reaching such a distance shouldn't be difficult.

There had to be hidden secrets at play—perhaps linked to the mysterious figure who had aided him at critical moments. Yet, he couldn't discern their identity or motives. Was

it his future self? His past self? Or perhaps a different entity entirely, manipulating his fate for reasons unknown?

The answers still remained frustratingly out of reach.

But Aengus resolved to keep moving forward. He would uncover the truth, break free from any external control, and carve his own destiny, no matter the cost.

As Aengus neared the central region of the galaxy, traveling at tens of thousands of times the speed of light, the density of Seekers increased exponentially.

Massive warships and advanced spacefaring technologies filled the Space, heading in every conceivable direction. They bustled with activity, carrying Seekers embarking on their own enigmatic journeys, each driven by a purpose unknown to him.

Despite the heavy traffic, none of them were able to detect him. Aengus' figure remained elusive, seamlessly navigating through the Space and Void as though he were a solitary fish gliding through an endless ocean.

His movements were precise and undetectable, a result of his mastery over spatial laws and the Void.

After a few more days of relentless travel, Aengus finally arrived at a solar system dominated by a single colossal planet orbiting its star.

The World, hundreds of times larger than Mythrالدor, was Planet Tiamat, home to the prestigious Tiamat Academy. Its massive territory stood as a testament to its status as one of the finest Law Academies in the galaxy.

Having fully recovered his mana during the journey, Aengus felt prepared to face any challenge that might come his way.

As he entered the planet's visual vicinity, his intangible, ethereal form shifted. Slowly, he condensed into his tangible human form, ready to step into the world that awaited him.

"Don't move!"

A thunderous, authoritative voice echoed through the vast expanse of space, halting Aengus' steady advance as he floated above Planet Tiamat.

Without a hint of panic, Aengus calmly raised both hands in a gesture of surrender. His eyes, however, remained sharp and composed, observing the patrol ships rapidly approaching him.

The ships bristled with advanced weaponry, their sleek designs exuding an intimidating presence. Aengus could feel the cautious hostility emanating from the patrol units.

As expected from a prestigious and powerful academy like this... he thought to himself.

The lead patrol ship stopped just short of him, and a holographic projection of a stern-faced female officer appeared. "State your name, affiliation, and purpose for approaching Tiamat Academy's jurisdiction," the female officer demanded with suspicion and authority.

Aengus gave a faint smile and replied evenly, "Zytherion Mythrالدور. I am here to enroll in the Tiamat Academy. Nothing more Officer."

Inside the ship, the stern-faced female officer frowned deeply at Aengus' audacious words. "The recruitment season is over," she stated firmly. "You can't enter here unless you possess a recommendation from a valid authority."

Aengus raised an eyebrow, his smirk unwavering. "Oh? Is my mastery of Space Law insufficient as a recommendation? Or perhaps I should demonstrate a bit more, Officer?"

The confident glint in his eyes made her pause, though her face remained stoic.

Turning slightly, she glanced at her subordinates for advice. They were experienced late 50-aged men and women clad in pristine red-and-white patrol uniforms. They exchanged uncertain looks, their expressions betraying a mixture of caution and curiosity.

One of them, a grizzled man with a scar across his cheek, leaned closer to her. "Captain, he crossed the restricted perimeter without triggering any of the detection arrays. If he's claiming mastery of Space Law, he might not be bluffing. He might have the Supreme Law of Space."

"A Supreme Law... He's an invaluable talent. Our Academy must get our hands on him at once," one of the subordinates said excitedly, barely able to contain his enthusiasm.

The sharp-eyed woman added, "And his mana signature—it's... different. Something about him feels... off the charts. He's definitely not ordinary."

The female officer considered their statements with a pensive expression. Her eyes narrowed as she weighed her options, clearly understanding the potential significance of this encounter.

Finally, turning her full attention to Aengus, she spoke firmly, "Alright, young man. Show us what you've got. Possessing a Supreme Law is impressive, but the threshold to

entering Tiamat Academy is not just about having the law—it's about progress, control, and potential.

“Demonstrate your capabilities, and if your performance is deemed sufficient, we'll inform the relevant authorities to handle your admission. Fail, and this conversation ends here.”

She folded her arms, watching Aengus closely, while her subordinates exchanged eager glances.

Chapter 353: Chapter 353: 1%?
“Plop...”

The sound barely registered before the female officer blinked and found herself face-to-face with Aengus, his sudden proximity startling her.

“Is this enough, officer? Do I need to prove something more?” Aengus asked with a smirk, now seated lazily on a conjured chair, exuding an air of nonchalance.

The female captain and her subordinates were momentarily stunned by the flawless display of Space Law.

“Truly brilliant... An astonishing control of Space Law,” an old man muttered, impressed, as he worked the ship's controls. His eyes glimmered with recognition.

“Yes,” he continued, stroking his beard. “He must have achieved at least minor success—1% comprehension of Space Law at the least. He's worth recruiting, Captain.”

“I agree with that,” another subordinate said with a nod.

However, a discontented voice broke through the admiration. “But isn't he too disrespectful, showing such arrogance and attitude in front of his seniors?”

The female officer narrowed her eyes, her earlier surprise replaced by a stern expression. “Control and talent aside,” she said sharply, “you'll need more than confidence and tricks to survive here, young man. This isn't just a test of your abilities—it's a test of your character. Tiamat Academy values discipline as much as strength.”

Her gaze lingered on Aengus as she waited to see how he would respond.

Aengus' smirk never faltered as he leaned back slightly, his tone calm yet laced with subtle confidence.

“Discipline? That I have, officer. But I’m just carefree. I don’t mean any disrespect—none in the slightest. I’m just... tired, that’s all,” he said, his gaze unwavering.

The discontented subordinate crossed his arms, frowning. “Tired? You don’t look tired to me,” he retorted skeptically.

Aengus raised an eyebrow and gave a soft chuckle. “Well, appearances can be deceiving, can’t they? Traveling light-years to get here while conserving my strength tends to wear one out you know.”

“Light-years? You’re joking, right?” Sabrina raised her eyebrows, clearly not believing him.

Aengus didn’t respond to her skepticism. Instead, his gaze shifted toward the planet below, observing it through the ship’s glass with quiet intensity.

“So, am I capable of admission now, officer?” he asked calmly, his tone carrying a hint of amusement.

“Hm... that’s right,” Sabrina admitted reluctantly, her frown softening.

“Good. Then please hurry up. I’m really eager for some study,” Aengus said, his eyes glinting momentarily with a hidden intent.

Sabrina quickly turned away, sending a detailed report to her superiors about the enigmatic boy they’d encountered.

After some time, clearance was granted, and Aengus was allowed to proceed—under Sabrina and her crew’s watchful escort.

Seated lazily, Aengus looked through the layers of atmosphere below, his piercing gaze searching for any trace of Bella and Aria. The uncertainty of how much time had passed weighed heavily on him, a silent worry he kept to himself.

Meanwhile, Sabrina and her crew couldn’t help but cast curious glances at him now and then.

“Just who is he?” one crew member whispered, eyeing Aengus warily.

“His aura feels... different. It’s almost as if he’s hiding something immense,” another added in a hushed tone.

Sabrina herself remained thoughtful. Just where did he come from? she wondered. And why does he act so carefree? Is it sheer confidence—or something more unsettling?

She shook her head, assuming she was just overthinking things.

How could such a handsome and innocent looking young man be so bad?

If only she knew the truth...

—

After a few hours, the ship landed on the surface of Tiamat.

Captain Sabrina and her crew disembarked slowly, followed by Aengus, who was treated like a guest.

Aengus' gaze pierced through a portion the world, but he still couldn't detect or communicate with his wives.

Instead, he started tracking his allies, Olivia and Elena's group.

Fortunately, this time he received some feedback from the marks he left on their souls. He could still control them as he wished.

For now, he did nothing, cutting off all his sensory reaches as much as possible, careful not to get under the radar of any powerful being. He was still new here, but according to the Degaro family, a Black Hole Dominator powerhouse might be residing there.

After World comes Star, then Nebula, and finally Black Hole.

Black Hole powerhouses are capable of dominating stars and entire solar systems with the back of their hands.

His eyes took in the view of the vast, colorful skies and sprawling advanced buildings spread across the land. The magical technology here far surpassed that of Earth.

The integration of mana brought profound changes, enabling it to merge seamlessly with Seekers—the practitioners of laws.

Though technology had advanced significantly, Seekers were not weak either. In many cases, they were more powerful in terms of versatile combat and effectiveness.

Aengus was escorted to a complex of towering buildings and settled into a room adorned with books and paintings of great beings who once stood at the pinnacle of the Academy.

He studied their faces, noting the wisdom and profundity of ancient secrets reflected in their eyes.

“Still, you’re dead. And dead men don’t speak. What speaks is power, and that I have,” Aengus muttered in a barely audible voice, his tone carrying intricacies that no one in the room, not even Captain Sabrina, could decipher.

“My work is done here, young man. The administration officials will be here soon to examine and inquire you. It would be good to be polite with them,” Sabrina said before leaving, having fulfilled her duty.

Aengus waved goodbye nonchalantly, settling onto a radiant, comfortable sofa meant for guests. The sofa emanated an aura of relaxation, soothing both body and mind.

Click!

Very soon, with a soft click, a man in his thirties entered the room.

He appeared ordinary, with glasses perched on his nose, embodying the image of a typical, dutiful official.

Aengus’s sharp gaze swept over him, and in an instant, his Curse Sovereign’s Eyes revealed the man’s entire life history.

The data flowed into Aengus’s mind, revealing that the man, named Amir, was an intelligent inspector proficient in the Law of Illusion. However, his mastery of the law was only at 11%, a minor achievement compared to true powerhouses.

Chapter 354: Chapter 354: Astonishing Score
“Name?”

“Zytherion Myrالدor.”

“Home world?”

“Mythrالدor.”

“Mythrالدor? Never heard of it.”

“It’s a newly discovered one. You could say we come from a primitive galaxy.”

“Oh, interesting...” The administrative official narrowed his eyes at Aengus’ half-hearted reply but decided against pressing further. He wasn’t able to detect any lies either.

In a realm as vast and boundless as theirs, it wasn’t uncommon for stars, planets, and entire systems to be born and destroyed within moments. Keeping track of every celestial entity was an impossible task they had yet to master.

Moreover, the academy's regulations didn't mandate deep scrutiny into a student's background—at least, not on the surface. Hidden investigations were another matter entirely.

The man scribbled something onto his tablet before continuing. "Alright, let's proceed with the formalities. You'll need to undergo a basic combat and law aptitude test to finalize your registration."

"Alright," Aengus replied calmly.

From there, he was led into a room equipped with various devices, and a group of seven sharp-eyed elderly men observed from a viewing platform above.

"Student, step inside," Amir instructed, pointing toward the training room filled with wooden dolls wielding real, razor-sharp swords. "Survive their attacks for five minutes without being hit even once, and you'll pass the test."

Aengus stepped in, his demeanor confident and nonchalant, which immediately piqued the interest of the observers.

"Good, this lad isn't a coward," one of the older men remarked with a smirk. "Most of the previous students would hesitate, flinch, or even falter at the thought of getting hurt. I see none of those qualities in him. He's a seedling worth nurturing."

"Eh, don't be so quick to judge, old man," another chimed in skeptically. "What if he's just bluffing, putting on a show to hide his nerves?"

"Bluffing or not, someone with mastery of Space Law isn't likely to underestimate their own abilities," the first man retorted. "Let's see how he handles himself."

"Amir, what marks are you expecting from the young man? Do you think he could score above 70%?"

"Uh, I'm not sure, elder," Amir replied hesitantly.

"Seventy percent? Aren't your expectations a bit too high?" another elder scoffed. "Sure, he has Supreme Law talent, but that doesn't automatically make him supreme in combat or progress. We've seen many Space Law talents stagnate, barely progressing even after years. Not everyone can be like Emperor Dimitri, you know."

"Relax, you two," a third elder interjected with an exasperated sigh. "We'll see his comprehension and progress soon enough. Let the test play out, and we'll have our answers. Just stay quiet for a few minutes."

The other elders nodded, focusing their attention on the training room through the reinforced glass window.

Inside, as the training room activated, the wooden dolls sprang to life, their movements fluid and unnervingly precise. The gleam of their swords under the artificial light added an edge of danger, making it clear this test was no mere formality.

Aengus merely smiled, his posture relaxed but his eyes sharp, as if he was waiting for the perfect moment to act.

The first mechanical doll lunged at Aengus with blinding speed—fast enough to overwhelm an ordinary Seeker. To Aengus, however, it was mere child's play.

In an instant, he disappeared through Space Teleportation, evading the attack with effortless precision.

Before the onlookers could even blink, another doll's sword sliced through the air where he had reappeared. Aengus dodged this strike just as effortlessly, showcasing his flawless control over space.

In the next few minutes, he not only evaded the relentless attacks but also countered with expertise. By employing Space Collapse, he destroyed several dolls with minimal effort, their mechanical forms crumpling as if crushed by an invisible force.

He refrained from revealing the full extent of his capabilities, opting instead to showcase just enough skill to secure himself a favorable position within the Academy. Displaying too much would only draw unnecessary attention, something he didn't need at this stage.

But perhaps his perception was too high.

Unbeknownst to him, his so called "ordinary" display was more than enough to leave the observers in awe. His casual demeanor and mastery of space had already established him as an exceptional talent, far exceeding their expectations.

The elders exchanged glances, their expressions ranging from impressed to utterly speechless.

Aengus stepped out of the training room precisely at the five-minute mark, as per the conditions. Despite his calculated display, the elders now realized he could have easily gone further.

Their expressions turned to regret, murmuring amongst themselves, "We might have missed witnessing a perfect score."

“What’s the final mark?” someone asked eagerly.

The group shifted their focus to the monitor, anticipation thick in the air.

Moments later, the results flashed on the screen:

Combat: 100/100

Law Comprehension—Space (Estimated): 3.4%

Potential: 93 / 100

Overall Score: 95.7%

“That’s amazing! Another Supreme Talent with Supreme Law!”

“96%... Haha! See? I told you he’d achieve an impressive score!” the old man who had been optimistic earlier said smugly, glancing at the discontented elder with a victorious grin.

The other elder, whose face burned with embarrassment, merely shrugged. “Well, whatever... He’s good, but I still think he’s holding back too much. There’s more to this boy than he’s letting on.”

“Well, that shows the wise side of this young man. One should never be too arrogant or conceited like I once was. I’m liking the young man more and more. He’s young, handsome, and full of potential. He could be a World Dominator eventually if things go right,” one elder remarked with a nod of approval.

“If you like him so much, why don’t you marry him to your granddaughter, old man?” another teased.

“Oh, that I would have, if only I had one...”

Amir interrupted, stepping into the conversation,

“Elders, enough, enough. If the evaluation is over, I should proceed with his admission.”

The elders fell silent, though their gazes toward Aengus now held a spark of piqued interest.

Surely, the announcement of his Supreme Talent with an 96% score would create ripples throughout the Academy.

Aengus observed their reactions, realizing he may have overdone things.

“Whatever...” he muttered with a shrug.

He knew this would put him in the spotlight for a while, but he also understood that he wasn't the only one with Supreme Talent in Tiamat Academy.

With that, he followed Amir to complete the rest of the formalities for admission.

Chapter 355: Chapter 355: Meeting Olivia At Night

With all the procedures complete, Aengus was assigned a luxurious residence—a privilege granted only to Supreme Talents, one that few could even dream of attaining. However, Aengus showed little interest in the extravagance surrounding him.

This space, as grand as it was, mattered little to him compared to his pressing concerns. Tomorrow, his Special Class was scheduled, but for now, he focused on strategizing his next moves.

His first priority was to gather detailed information about Bella and Aria, and Olivia's group was the key to that. If Olivia and the others were still alive, it meant that not much time had passed—or so he hoped.

Still, he couldn't be certain. The concept of time, especially after all he had endured, felt elusive and distorted. Each moment was an enigma he struggled to comprehend, adding an unsettling edge to his already determined mindset.

He leaned back, letting his thoughts flow freely, formulating plans and contingencies. Tomorrow, he would begin to solve his confusions in Tiamat Academy.

But before anything else, Aengus needed to gather some basic information about Tiamat Academy.

Night fell, and half of the World of Tiamat plunged into darkness. Yet, the vibrant neon lights flickering across various places revealed the Academy's bustling nightlife. The liveliness of the campus seemed unending, as students and teachers mingled in a world of learning and power.

Aengus secretly slipped out of his residence, leaving a clone behind to maintain appearances. Adopting the disguise of a random male passerby, he blended seamlessly into the Academy's bustling environment. He needed to gather information beyond what Manas could provide, a task requiring stealth and observation.

The entire planet was dedicated to the Academy, a territory so vast it defied imagination. From the countless habitable planets across the galaxy, students and teachers of innumerable lifeforms converged here, all with a singular purpose: the study and mastery of Laws to attain power.

As Aengus explored, he pieced together details about the structure of Laws within the Academy. They were divided into clear 4 ranks, reflecting their complexity and significance:

Basic Laws: Illusion, Mist, Mind, Healing, and similar foundational powers.

Elemental Laws: Fire, Water, Wind, Earth, Wood, Metal, Thunder, Light, and Darkness—building blocks of the natural world.

Supreme Laws: Space, Time, and Gravity—rarest and most difficult to comprehend.

Ultimate Laws: Life and Death—the pinnacle of understanding, surpassing all others.

Each Law required not only innate talent but also immense dedication to progress. Walking through the glowing streets, Aengus saw a mix of students, some practicing their techniques openly while others engaged in lively discussions about their studies and aspirations.

The Academy was clearly more than an institution; it was a vibrant world filled with ambition, competition, and secrets.

Aengus walked through a market street, where a lot of students were present in groups. Their conversations, though hushed, were tinged with curiosity and envy.

“Hey, did you hear?” one of the students whispered eagerly.

“Heard what?” another asked, leaning closer.

“News has it that another Supreme Talent got admitted with a 96% score. How incredible is that?”

“S-Supreme Talent?” someone stammered in disbelief.

“Oh, is that true?”

“Yes, he’s a lucky fellow...”

“Tch, surely he had it easy,” a disgruntled voice muttered. “We had to go through hellish tests on Wild Planets just to earn a chance to be admitted here after so much hardship. And he? Just a simple test with wooden dummies..”

“Hehe, what else can we do?” another chimed in, his tone resigned. “We have only basic Law Cores. See how big the gap is. Supreme Talents deserve those privileges, surely. It’s useless being jealous about it. We’re just mud compared to them.”

“Yeah, but you haven’t told us his name yet, man.”

“Oh, blurp... hehe, I forgot,” the first student chuckled, clearly drunken. “His name is Zyth Myth or something. The Seven esteemed Elders personally examined him, they said.”

“The Seven Elders? Then it must be true, brothers. I am curious to see his face now...”

—

At the mention of his alias, Aengus’ lips curled into a faint smirk. Blending into the market and observing their reactions from a distance, he noted the mix of awe, jealousy, and admiration in their voices.

“So, my presence is already causing waves,” he mused. “Interesting.”

After walking for some time, Aengus passed through the bustling market streets and arrived near a luxurious restaurant. The enticing aroma of delicacies filled the air, but his attention was fixed elsewhere—on a group of girls seated near a corner.

Among them was Olivia, his supposed slave, chatting and laughing with her friends, seemingly without a care in the world.

Aengus stepped into the restaurant with an air of confidence that seemed to demand respect without words. The guard at the entrance, initially hesitant, found himself allowing Aengus to pass, as if resisting the young man’s presence was an impossible thought.

The manager, observing from a distance, raised an eyebrow in curiosity but decided against questioning Aengus. There was something about him—an intangible authority—that made one think twice before intervening.

Dressed in simple white shirt and black pant, Aengus’ unusual unfitting appearance caught the attention of several patrons.

Though most of them were students and human. Their glances ranged from disdain to caution, sensing the faint aura of power emanating from him.

Without hesitation, Aengus approached the group of girls, his steps calculated, his eyes locked on Olivia, whose laughter faded the moment she sensed his presence.

“Hello, Olivia,” Aengus greeted, his faint smile carrying a hint of mischief.

Olivia looked up at the stranger, her brow furrowing as she scrutinized his face. The man seemed familiar, yet she couldn’t place him.

“Who are you?” she asked, confusion evident in her tone.

Her friends exchanged glances, equally puzzled by the sudden interaction.

Aengus didn’t respond immediately. Instead, his eyes flashed briefly, an imperceptible wave of energy brushing against Olivia’s mind.

In that instant, memories she had buried deep resurfaced—the figure that haunted her dreams, the presence that instilled both fear and awe. It was him.

Her breath caught, her heart racing. She realized now why she could never speak of that encounter, why her attempts to confide in others always fell short. A mysterious force shackled her thoughts, preventing her from revealing the truth.

He was her master. She was his slave. The realization weighed on her chest like a boulder, suffocating yet inescapable.

Chapter 356: Chapter 356: Talk With Olivia

Aengus, noticing her dawning recognition, leaned closer and spoke softly, his voice firm yet calm. “It seems you remember now. Good. Let’s talk, Olivia.”

Her friends looked at her, concerned. “Olivia, do you know him?” one of them asked hesitantly.

Olivia forced a smile, her voice strained. “Yes...he’s...an old acquaintance.”

Aengus’ smile deepened, though his gaze held a commanding glint. “Shall we, then?” He gestured toward a quieter corner of the restaurant, leaving her with little choice but to comply.

Olivia followed him without a choice.

Seeing this, her female friends were stunned.

“Who is he? If I remember correctly, didn’t she stop talking to boys after that trial?”

“Yes. It’s my first time seeing her together with a man as well.”

“Do you think she’s finally dating someone?”

“Nah. From their body language, it doesn’t look like it.”

Aengus ignored Olivia’s friends’ gossip and began to interrogate Olivia for some information.

“Tell me, how much time has passed since our last encounter?” Aengus asked, the most important thing on his mind.

Olivia answered truthfully, her mind unwilling to say anything false.

“Three years have passed since, Your Excellency.”

“Oh, tell me, do you know anyone named Bella and Aria in Tiamat Academy?”

“Ah... That I can't say for sure. The Academy is vast, and such names could apply to multiple people. Are you perhaps asking about your wives?”

“Obviously... Tell me if you've seen them.”

Olivia replied, recalling the past. “Oh. I remember now. Two unfamiliar, beautiful women were also found among the batch of trial participants. At the time, it caused quite an uproar. They said the two women were natives of the trial world. Maybe those two women could be the key to understanding the dysfunctionality of the trial. It cut off the only way of gaining the opportunity of strength for defects, after all.”

“You are fool, Aengus.”

Aengus's fist clenched as he held back a tsunami of anger. It wasn't directed at anyone but himself. He shouldn't have been so careless about their identities in the Primal Realm. Surely, the records of participants existed, and Bella and Aria didn't have flawless disguise skills like he did.

Because of his mistake, his two wives might very well be in danger.

“Buzz, Buzz...”

Suddenly, the restaurant began to shake, scaring everyone inside.

“Why is this restaurant shaking so much?” someone shouted, their voice trembling.

Aengus controlled his rage with great will, but the tiny aura that leaked out caused the unsettling environment.

But It didn't last long as he quickly suppressed his fury, realizing the chaos he was creating.

“Your Excellency?” Olivia whispered, trembling. She recalled his overwhelming prowess and realized that if he lost control, he could destroy a portion of Tiamat in seconds. Of course, that was assuming if no one interfered.

Aengus's face suddenly blossomed into a soft smile, his earlier anger completely concealed.

"It's fine. So, do you know where they are?" Aengus finally asked as everything returned to normal.

Olivia's beautiful face, now relieved, replied hesitantly, "Th-that I don't know. The higher officials didn't like the situation and were very serious about it... Maybe they know something."

"Okay, do you have any influence in the Academy?" Aengus asked calmly.

"A little... but not that high," Olivia replied hesitantly.

"Hmm, try to gather some information as discreetly as possible. Got it?"

"Yes, Your Excellency. Should I take my leave now?" she asked carefully.

"Yes, you can Go."

As Olivia turned to leave, she hesitated for a moment before pausing and asking, "Your Excellency, are you the new Supreme Talent in Tiamat Academy?"

Aengus frowned slightly, his piercing gaze locking onto her. His voice turned cold and dangerous as he replied, "That I am. But don't even think about speaking a word of it to anyone. Otherwise, you'll be dead before you know it."

Olivia's figure trembled as she nodded obediently, the threat etched deeply into her mind. She quickly made her way back toward her friends, her steps slightly unsteady.

Aengus also walked out of the restaurant under the incredulous eyes of the patrons.

They didn't even blink.

That evening felt as though they had narrowly avoided a disaster.

After slowly strolling around the streets, Aengus returned swiftly to his residence.

Lying in bed, he couldn't fall asleep no matter how much he tried. The weight of unresolved concerns lingered in his mind.

The night passed uneventfully, filled with contemplation, as he awaited a new day and new opportunities.

In the morning, as Aengus prepared to go to his assigned class, a sudden knock came at the main door.

Opening it, he found an elderly man standing with two strikingly beautiful women, one dressed as a maid and the other as a cook, both in impeccable uniforms.

The old man stepped forward and bowed respectfully. "Master, we are your servants assigned by the Academy. If you don't mind, we would like to start working from today."

Aengus frowned, clearly annoyed. He disliked having prying eyes around his personal space.

"Can I reject?" he asked bluntly, his tone leaving no room for pretenses.

The old Butler looked regretful. "Ah, I am afraid it's not possible, master. But if you insist you can talk with our superiors. But if you reject us now we have suffer a bit," He added sorrowfully.

But Aengus wasn't buying none of it as he already seen how their real occupations are. They are spies to keep en eye on their favourite 'students'.

Any other common person would have jump in joy after receiving this treatment, and wouldn't consider the their secrets being leaked.

"Okay, go in. But never set foot in my room without any permission, or else You're dead."

Aengus, annoyed, let them in for now.

Seeing Aengus leaving, the butler quickly stepped beside him.

"What now?" Aengus asked, mildly irritated.

"Master, you must be new here. Allow me to guide you to your class," the old butler offered, his voice calm and respectful.

Aengus studied him for a moment before nodding. Finding no immediate problem with the offer, he decided to accept.

"Alright," Aengus said nonchalantly.

"After you, Master," the old butler replied, respectfully falling in step beside him while maintaining a cautious distance, ensuring not to intrude upon Aengus's space.

Chapter 357: Chapter 357: Attending First Class

“Name?”

A man at the reception desk asked as he stood before a Spatial Teleportation Circle. These long-distance teleportation devices were widely used throughout the Academy for transportation.

“Zytherion Mythrالدor!”

The old butler announced thunderously, his voice echoing as though he were addressing a royal court.

“Keep your voice down, old man,” the guards there muttered, visibly annoyed.

The receptionist frowned but quickly checked his records. His eyes widened as he read the details. “Zytherion Mythrالدor... Oh, you’re the new Supreme Talent! Welcome, welcome, Sir!” His voice was suddenly mixed with awe and excitement, drawing the attention of nearby guards and staff.

Colleagues leaned in, their curiosity piqued.

“May we proceed?” Aengus asked calmly, cutting through the sudden chatter.

Startled, the receptionist stammered, “Ah, yes Sir! You may proceed.”

Without further delay, Aengus stepped into the circle, the old butler following closely behind like a silent shadow.

With the mechanisms activated, they disappeared from the spot instantly, leaving behind gossiping crowd.

—

“Plop! Plop!”

When they reappeared, they were greeted by the sight of a vast, majestic white building towering into the sky.

Aengus glanced around, observing many students entering the grand Academy Building of Laws.

He didn’t attract much attention, blending seamlessly with his casual, combat-ready attire in black and white. However, his strikingly handsome face and intimidating eyes earned a few curious glances from female students as they passed by.

“Master, this is the Main Academy building where only the most privileged and talented students gather,” the butler informed him cautiously. “If one doesn’t have a solid background, they shouldn’t pick fights here. Please be careful, Master.”

Aengus shrugged nonchalantly, stepping forward with measured confidence. He left the butler standing there, gazing at his back with a mix of awe and doubt.

“Will this one be able to survive?” the old butler muttered under his breath. “But the boy is mysterious. No information about his background has surfaced yet. Just where did he come from?”

—

Aengus walked alone through the vast hallway, casually inquiring about the Faculty of Space.

Whoever he asked gave him strange looks, likely unable to accept that someone like him was associated with the Supreme Law of Space. He didn’t care; their reactions were insignificant to him.

Eventually, he passed through various faculties: Fundamental laws faculty, next elemental faculty Fire, Water, Earth, and then on to the Supreme Faculties—Time, Gravity, and Space.

Aengus’ gaze lingered briefly on the signs for the Time and Gravity faculties. A glimmer of desire flickered in his eyes, a subtle hint of ambition.

But for now, his goal was the Faculty of Space.

His class was scheduled in the “Newbie Section” where only students with minor comprehension of Space Law were gathered.

Aengus lightly knocked on the door before entering the classroom.

Instantly, most of the students turned their eyes toward him, momentarily distracted from the professor’s ongoing lecture.

The classroom was a vast circular hall filled with male and female students, interspersed with other lifeforms alongside humans.

The professor, a middle-aged man with a sharp aura, cast a glance at Aengus, offering a subtle nod of approval for him to take a seat.

Under the curious gazes of hundreds of students, Aengus strode forward with steady, confident footsteps that carried an air of quiet dominance.

A few unruly male students attempted to trip him up using various tricks—stretching out their legs, creating small space distortions, or employing minor Space Law techniques.

Aengus merely smirked, evading their petty tricks with ease and continuing his walk unbothered, his movements smooth and fluid, leaving them frustrated and embarrassed.

Aengus took a seat in the back, all alone, his eyes turning to the professor. The professor, named Barut, was a man in his late 40s.

“Impressive as your marks, Student Zytherion. Why don’t you introduce yourself?” the professor commented calmly, without a hint of excitement.

“Whoa! He is Zytherion? He’s the new Supreme Talent with Supreme Law. Competitions are going to get tough, guys.”

“Yeah, I heard he’s already completed nearly 4% mastery of Space.”

“And he’s so handsome and manly,” a girl whispered with a smitten expression. “Look at his eyes—I want to be drawn into them.”

“Leave it, girl. He’s so proud and might not even like you with your meager 0.67% mastery. He’s more suitable for me,” another girl commented, her fluttering eyes locked onto the handsome hunk.

Some of the boys were jealous to the point of fuming.

Aengus stood up with nonchalance and uttered halfheartedly, “My name is Zytherion Mythraldor. Like you all, my goal is to be a Great Master of Space like one day. Thank you.”

With that, Aengus sat down, clearly unwilling to engage in meaningless talk. He was here only until he found Bella and Aria. So there was no need to get too familiar with others.

“That’s all?” some females muttered in disappointment, clearly wanting to hear his voice more.

Some male students thought Aengus was too arrogant.

Their whispers of displeasure echoed through the hall.

“Silence!”

Professor Barut shouted, sending shivering spatial ripples through the room that chilled the students instantly.

As a man with over Major 31% mastery in Space Law, his power wasn't something to be underestimated.

"Student Zytherion, I think I wouldn't have to remind you to keep your determination set on your target. Without iron will and determination, even the strongest potential would eventually rust. Be mindful of that," Professor Barut warned, turning to Aengus.

Turning his attention back to the lesson, Professor Barut continued, "We are discussing Spatial Teleportation and how it works. It's like manipulating the very spatial fabric of reality. For beginners, this can be challenging..."

Professor Barut spoke in depth, but Aengus only nodded occasionally to maintain the pretense of an attentive honor student.

To Aengus, the lesson was like child's play. They were literally teaching the basics of the basics.

He observed the top talents in the class. Among them were two other Supreme Talents who often gave him curious—or rather, challenging—glances. Their comprehension levels were between 3% and 4%.

Aengus ignored their provocative stares, giving a faint smirk. Inside, however, he was quickly losing patience.

He didn't want to play this childish game of challenge and rivalry at all. Bored, he leaned on the desk and drifted off to light sleep.

Chapter 358: Chapter 358: Demonstration Of Talent

As Professor Barut performed several primary Space Techniques for beginners, his eyes were drawn once again to the new student at the back.

He had been observing for a while now, giving Aengus enough chances to reflect on his behavior. However, the student's continuous laziness showed no signs of disappearing.

As a new student who had just spoken of becoming a great master of Space, this behavior deeply disappointed Professor Barut.

"Mr. Zytherion... Stand up," Professor Barut finally called, intending to teach the new student a lesson.

“Handsome Zyth, wake up!” one of the girls whispered loudly, her tone surprisingly concerned.

All eyes turned to Aengus. Some female students were genuinely worried, while others smirked, enjoying what they assumed would be his embarrassment.

“Must be dreaming of becoming a ‘World Dominator’ in his sleep,” one boy mocked, his disdain evident.

Aengus stirred, lazily lifting his head. His piercing eyes scanned the room, and the mocking laughter immediately died down. Without showing the slightest hint of nervousness, he rose to his feet.

“Yes, Professor?” he asked, his tone calm and composed, as though entirely unaffected by the situation.

“Mr. Zytherion, you just spoke about your aspirations of becoming a great master of Space. Are you going to achieve that with this type of diligence? Why are you sleeping in class? Are my lessons boring to you?” the professor questioned, suppressing his anger as much as he could.

Aengus tilted his head and replied calmly, “No, professor. You’re doing great. It’s just that I have already completed the primary techniques, so I was a little bored.”

“You have completed all of them? Don’t joke. Do you think you’re the second Michael?” one student said arrogantly, glancing at the top Supreme beginner talent with respect and servitude.

But Michael had no reaction.

“Hey, why can’t he? Let the professor handle it. Don’t talk bad about our handsome Zyth,” the fierce girl retorted like a devoted fangirl, her lively eyes squinting. Still, she was beautiful and graceful nonetheless.

The boy was utterly struck speechless.

“Elita, you would speak for a boy you just barely met? We’ve been classmates for a few weeks now,” the boy said, clearly irritated.

“So what?” Elita replied with annoyance.

Michael, the top student of the class, said nothing. He quietly observed the scene unfolding before him, his expression cold and detached, as if these trivial exchanges were beneath his consideration.

“Enough!”

Professor Barut's gaze sharpened as he observed the bold declaration from Aengus. Suppressing his irritation, he asked sternly, "You claim to have completed all the Primary Techniques? Very well, Mr. Zytherion, demonstrate one of them for the class."

Aengus shrugged nonchalantly, his expression calm. "As you wish, Professor."

Whispers broke out among the students.

"He's bluffing. There's no way he's mastered them already," scoffed the same arrogant boy who spoke earlier.

The fierce girl, Elita glared at him with venom. "Just wait and watch, Albert. Our handsome Zyth would surprise you. I am sure of that."

Aengus glanced at Elita for a moment before walked to the center of the class with measured steps.

Elita blushed light, watching him go with admiration.

The air around him grew tense as he raised his hand. With a subtle flick, space warped visibly, creating a small but intricate teleportation array that shimmered with precision.

The room fell silent.

"That's...!" someone murmured in shock.

"He completed the Spatial Thread Technique flawlessly!"

Even Professor Barut's composed demeanor faltered. He examined the technique critically before nodding in reluctant approval.

"Impressive," he admitted. "Your execution of the technique is indeed flawless. But this doesn't prove you know all the primary techniques. Why don't you show me some more techniques to convince the whole class?" Professor Barut demanded, taking great interest in the new student.

"Sure..."

Aengus, without any excitement, began demonstrating some basic Space Law implementations known as techniques:

Space Walking, Short Distance Teleportation, Spatial Sense, Space Blades, etc.

To Aengus, these were just trifling matters, but he didn't show more, not wanting to appear as an exhibitionist.

Professor Barut was more amazed than impressed.

He could see how flawlessly Aengus was executing each technique, as if it were as easy as pie. It might even surpass him in terms of flawlessness.

Not everyone's physique had such talent for perfect execution and adaptability with Space, after all.

It seemed the new student's Supreme Talent title wasn't just for show; it was genuine.

The students exchanged wide-eyed glances, including Michael and another Supreme Talent, Rayan.

Their brows scrunched up, realizing a worthy rival had finally appeared to challenge them.

They could perform those techniques too, but they doubted they could match Zytherion's level of precision and ease.

"Can I go now, professor?"

"Ah, sure, go ahead. But don't lose yourself in overconfidence, Student Zytherion," Professor Barut advised kindly. But this time softer approach in his voice.

Aengus gave a curt nod before heading back to his seat.

"Hey, handsome Zyth. I'm Elita. Nice to meet you. You were amazing out there," Elita said with a smile from the sidelines, just as he took his seat.

Elita was seated four rows ahead to the right, just within his peripheral view.

"Zyth?"

Aengus frowned at first, but as he glanced at her information and stats, a faint smile crossed his face.

Elita's heart fluttered with happiness upon seeing his smile and getting his attention.

But as the class went on, Aengus didn't give her a second glance, which made her frustrated each time she turned back to see him.

Very soon, the time for the lunch break arrived.

Professor Barut walked out of the class, looking exhausted, while the students were cheerful, heading off to eat or chat.

Aengus also left the classroom alone, but a few eyes lingered on him, as if hesitating to approach.

Michael and Rayan walked at the very front, earning exclamations from the girls and boys, as they were well-known newcomers in the Academy.

And Aengus—his alias was slowly becoming known to all.

In the long hallway, students from other classes also cast him curious glances.

Chapter 359: Chapter 359: Challenge?

“He is the new Supreme Talent of Space Faculty? He certainly looks intimidating.”

“Yeah, look at his eyes; they’re practically telling us to maintain distance. Scary!”

“Tch, he couldn’t be more amazing than Michael and Rayan, right? They’re the top talents of this year’s new recruits of the space faculty, after all.”

Michael and Rayan, hearing the exchange, only scoffed as they continued ahead without bothering to take a look back.

“Elita, darling, where are you going?” a feminine male voice called out.

Elita, without a care, walked boldly toward Aengus.

“Hey, Handsome Zyth, wait!”

“It’s not Zyth, It’s Zytherion ” Aengus paused, raising his brows.

“Whatever... Let’s go for lunch together. You probably don’t have any acquaintances here, right?”

“No.”

“Haha, follow me then,” she said cheerfully.

Aengus followed her, hiding a faint smirk.

The observers, both male and female, couldn’t hide the jealousy in their eyes.

Elita and Aengus were both born privileged with Supreme Laws and were equally attractive.

Aengus was tall and strikingly handsome, while Elita exuded a cheerful angelic aura, standing just a tad shorter than him.

They looked like a perfect couple—at least in terms of appearance.

In the large lunch hall, already packed with students, Elita and Aengus made their way to the reserved seating area for the Supreme Faculty, a privilege only a select few could afford.

Though Elita was not as talented as Aengus, her connection to Supreme Laws made her special, just like the rest of their classmates.

Fortunately, the Supreme Faculty seating area wasn't crowded. Not even Michael and Rayan were present.

Sensing Aengus' curiosity, Elita explained as she seated herself gracefully,

"Not everyone comes here to eat. Many prefer to spar or play sports during the break. Don't worry, Zyth, I'll show you around once we're done eating," she said, her eyes lingering on his chiseled face, clearly charmed.

"Oh, what's your name again?"

Elita's cheerful expression instantly fell.

"It's... Elita Ashborne," she said through clenched teeth, her frustration evident.

Aengus remained unfazed by her displeasure, his face as calm as ever.

"Can you tell me if the rumors of a Nebula Dominator residing here are true?"

Elita blinked, caught off guard by the sudden shift in topic. "Huh? Why are you suddenly asking about that?"

"Just casually..." he replied, his tone indifferent.

Elita hesitated but eventually leaned closer and whispered in a low tone, "Yes, but not just one—there are multiple. I don't know the exact numbers. Don't tell anyone about it, though. Otherwise, you could get into serious trouble."

Her warning was firm and serious, but Aengus only nodded slightly, his thoughts already elsewhere.

He was trying to piece together the mystery of the person who had allowed him to infiltrate the Trial and enter the Academy. That individual might hold the answers he sought about Bella and Aria.

In the Primal Realm, the power hierarchy of Seekers was vast and intricate. The basic structure included:

- Beginner
- Adept
- Mountain
- City
- Country
- Continent
- Sky
- World
- Star
- Nebula
- Black Hole

These Dominator ranks were determined not just by Law comprehension but also by secondary factors like innate abilities, unique physiques, rare lifeforms, and ancient bloodlines.

Law Stones served as the universal currency, used for improving Law comprehension and, on rare occasions, enhancing physical traits.

Yet, in front of Aengus' raw strength and unparalleled skills, most of these so-called World Dominators might as well be paper tigers.

Elita and the other new students were just in the Adept phase.

Among them, Aengus was like a lion wearing sheep's clothing.

After eating a few bites, their lunch was over, and they headed to the Sparring Area, a square-shaped open space where a few hundred stadiums could easily fit in.

The Sparring Area was the most used area by millions of students, so it was not that big when considering the bigger picture.

Aengus walked steadily, controlling his physical strength with near perfection. Otherwise, even a single stomp could turn the Sparring Ground into debris.

Elita followed him like glue, and Aengus could do nothing about it for now as he had bigger reasons for keeping her company. Her background was significant, and it could come in handy for finding Bella and Aria.

He couldn't interrogate her outright about the his women either. If she was new here, she likely didn't know much about Bella and Aria either. However, he needed her connections to find their location if they were being held captive somewhere unknown.

It was just a suspicion of his, nothing set in stone yet. Who knows Bella and Aria might be somewhere else, living freely.

"Hey, wanna spar, new... rising... star?" Suddenly, a young man blocked their path. His smirk and mocking expression were anything but friendly.

Aengus raised his brows, clearly displeased.

The extra attention was beginning to get on his nerves. But if he backed out now, people would see it as weakness and start to irritate him even more.

"Hugo, he is a beginner. How can you expect him to fight an Adept like you?" Elita retorted sharply, stepping forward.

Hugo's smirk widened. "Oh, come on, Elita. Achieving 96% marks shouldn't make him a newbie in battle. Or... was there some corruption involved? Shouldn't we find out?"

"Hmph! What corruption? You all saw how well Zytherion performed in class. So stop slandering him," Elita shot back, her tone fierce.

"Heh, heh, are you going to defend him in his place, Elita? Is he even a man now?" Hugo taunted, holding a real sword menacingly toward Aengus' face.

Aengus' eyes narrowed.

"Sure, let's do it. But don't cry later," Aengus said, his voice resonating deeply, carrying a devilish undertone.

Hugo flinched slightly, but a confident grin quickly spread across his face.

“Follow me...”

Elita stood helplessly, watching them walk off. But seeing the unwavering confidence in Aengus’ expression, she couldn’t help but hope to witness a scene worth remembering.

As they approached a large, reserved sparring circle, they instantly caught the attention of the crowd seated above in the square-shaped seating arrangement.

To make matters more dramatic, a large mirror above the arena reflected their entrance, ensuring everyone could see them clearly.

Aengus, observing the setup, quickly deduced the situation.

Someone was trying to humiliate him in public. Hugo was just a pawn, a tool in the hands of whoever was pulling the strings from behind the scenes.

Chapter 360: Chapter 360: A Blood-Soaked Path

Aengus and Hugo stood face to face, their tall figures commanding the attention of the growing crowd.

“Inspector, is killing allowed?” Aengus asked, his deep, calm voice startling the audience.

The Inspector, an experienced overseer, raised his brows at the unusual question. His eyes flicked toward Hugo, who was holding a weapon, while Aengus remained unarmed.

“No, new student. No killing is allowed,” the Inspector replied firmly. Then, turning to Hugo, he added, “And you should know better, Hugo. Throw that weapon. The Academy regulations strictly prohibit the use of weapons unless the other party consents.”

“Fine...” Hugo muttered, tossing the sword to the side with annoyance. Despite this, he remained confident, believing that Aengus, at best, was only at the Beginner or Adept phase.

Hugo mirrored Aengus’ unarmed stance, assuming a casual posture as if to mock his opponent.

The Inspector raised his hand. “Fight!”

The crowd roared in anticipation. Eyes were glued to the sparring Circle, curious to see how the Supreme Talent would fare against Hugo, who was notorious for his aggressive style.

“Bang!”

To everyone’s astonishment, Hugo was nowhere to be seen. In his place stood Aengus, his fist thrust forward, smoke lingering in the air.

“What? What just happened?”

“Where is Hugo?”

“F***, look! Hugo is on the wall! He’s already defeated—so easily!”

All eyes turned to Hugo, crumpled against the far wall of the sparring arena, unconscious and utterly defeated. Gasps filled the air as disbelief washed over the crowd.

“Hu...” The spectators were speechless, their eyes wide in shock. Even Michael and Rayan, who had been observing smugly, stiffened. They had the ability to defeat Hugo as well, but to do so with such ease and precision? That was another level altogether.

The humiliating defeat felt like a slap to their faces, especially since they were the ones who had instigated Hugo to challenge Aengus in the first place.

Aengus walked out of the circle with calm, measured steps, his face showing no excitement or pride. His demeanor spoke louder than words—this was nothing more than a trivial matter to him.

The Inspectors and students were momentarily stunned, their minds replaying the short, almost surreal sparring match.

Elita’s eyes were glowing with fervent admiration, her heart racing. She couldn’t help but feel even more drawn to Zytherion. She was simply too amazed.

“Should we leave for class?” Aengus asked her nonchalantly.

Elita’s heart skipped a beat as she noticed their close proximity. Suppressing her emotions, she smiled sweetly and replied, “Sure, let’s go, Zyth.”

The rest of the day, Aengus spent considerable attention on her, though his purpose was far from romantic interest.

His goal was clear—to gather information about his wives’ whereabouts. Once that was accomplished, he planned to leave this place and head toward the Degaro Family without hesitation.

That night, Aengus went to see Olivia again, hoping she had uncovered something. However, with her limited influence, all she could tell him was that Bella and Aria had been sent somewhere else—they weren't in this world, at least.

Disappointed, Aengus returned to his residence, the familiar pang of loneliness creeping in. His thoughts turned to Elita's secret background. As the granddaughter of a great professor at the Academy, she might hold a crucial lead, or at least her grandfather might.

The time he spent with Elita earlier wasn't for idle conversation or building trust—it was to study her closely. He observed her speech patterns, mannerisms, and personality, preparing to mimic her perfectly when the time came to take her form.

Aengus had no intention of waiting idly. He had a plan, and nothing would stop him from finding his wives.

"Enter!"

Aengus suddenly shouted, watching the figure outside the door.

The old butler entered, hiding his shock.

"What is it?" Aengus asked coldly.

The butler came closer and nervously handed him a small metal box.

"Master, the Academy has gifted you these Space Law stones to continue with your comprehension. They have high hopes for you, Master."

Aengus took it as he muttered, "Is that so?"

Aengus opened it, finding ten Space Stones, light grey in color. They were small and low-grade, unlike the ones he had used previously. They were really inefficient for his needs.

Aengus suddenly grew curious about their origin. He had no idea about their source, even though he hailed from the Degaro Family.

Why was the matter so secretive?

Just as the butler was leaving, Aengus stopped him.

"Yes, Master. Is there anything else you need?"

“Do you perhaps know where these Law Stones are produced from?” Aengus asked.

The butler hesitated but replied, “Master, maybe you shouldn’t know this yet. This involves war and conquest. People literally kill one another to obtain these stones. They are invaluable.”

“Can you tell me or not? I am not a kid,” Aengus said with impatience.

The butler hesitated, his aged eyes darting to the floor as if weighing the consequences of his words. He finally sighed, resigning himself to his young man’s Curiosity.

“Very well, Master Zytherion. The Law Stones, as you may know, are crystallized fragments of Law energy. They are not something that can be mined like ordinary ore. These stones are formed in dead stars. They are usually very rare to encounter. That’s why intense competition arises over exploring unconquered territories, where dead stars are most often found. If you want to become a great Seeker, a bloody path awaits you, Master. But don’t worry too much; you have time to grow stronger. I believe, in the future, you can become a great Seeker and stand with the Academy when the time comes.”

“I see... A blood-soaked path... Very well, you can leave,” Aengus muttered after some contemplation. He knew the Academy was already trying to rope him in, and he had no interest in that.

The butler left, not knowing what was going on the young man’s mind.

“I need Law Stones, but before that, I need to gather the Supreme Law Cores of Time and Gravity,” Aengus thought to himself, his eyes glowing with cruel intent.

And a clone of his was already completing that task.