

Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills

Chapter 361: Chapter 361: Professor Escanor

Early in the morning, Tiamat Academy was in an uproar. Students were terrified, and professors roamed the campus with worried expressions, tension rising in the air.

The previous night, a mysterious force had secretly stolen the Law Cores of two students from the Time and Gravity faculties, turning it into the hottest topic of discussion.

“I can’t believe someone managed to steal Law Cores without killing the targets!” one student whispered in disbelief.

“Yeah, it’s bizarre. Normally, losing a Law Core means death... but they survived,” another replied, shaking their head.

“True, but what’s the point of survival now? They’re are now basically useless. I heard those two are the offspring of some world-level powerhouses. Imagine how furious their families must be right now.”

“Absolutely! Time and Gravity are even rarer than Space Cores, after all. Losing them is a catastrophic blow for any faction,” someone else chimed in.

“Do you think the Evil Seekers are behind this?” one student whispered nervously.

“Who knows? Maybe it’s the Darkness Seekers, like the Degaro family. They’re infamous for their devilish use of Law Cores,” another replied, his tone hushed but filled with suspicion.

“The Degaro family? But they aren’t the only ones with Darkness Law, right? You’re just speculating. Besides, I’ve never heard of anyone being able to steal Law Cores—it’s unthinkable!”

“True,” the other agreed, frowning. “The most shocking thing is that even the Star Dominators—those higher powerhouses—couldn’t track down the culprit. It all happened right under their noses.”

“Maybe a hidden faction is pulling the strings again,” someone muttered darkly.

The conversation fell silent for a moment, the weight of the implications pressing on everyone. If such an act was possible, it could shake the balance of power in ways no one had anticipated.

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The culprit, Aengus, carried on as usual, attending class and keeping up appearances. He spent his time engaging with Elita, who seemed visibly shaken by the previous night's incident.

Elita lived alone in her residence, and the fear of a potential intruder haunted her. Aengus offered her comforting words, all the while plotting his next move: infiltrating her father's quarters.

Little did anyone know, Elita's father was not any ordinary man. He was a great Professor of Time Law and a World Dominator powerhouse with big influence in the Academy.

This fact made Aengus tread carefully, as any misstep could mean disaster.

After the class, Aengus casually approached Elita as they walked together.

"Elita, can you help me with something?" he asked, his tone light and friendly. "I need to visit the market urgently, but I'm unfamiliar with the place. Would you mind being my guide?"

"Ah...me... Sure, Zyth," she replied with a warm smile, using the false name he'd introduced himself with. "I don't mind at all. I'm free tonight."

"Great, let's move then." Aengus flashed her a smile.

As the two headed toward the distant market, Aengus' real plan was already in motion.

Meanwhile, one of Aengus' clones, disguised as Elita, made its way toward her father's living quarters.

The clone mimicked her mannerisms and behavior with near-perfect precision, ensuring that no one could distinguish the imposter from the real Elita.

This task required flawless execution, and Aengus was confident in his ability to pull it off.

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After some time, Aengus—disguised as Elita—arrived at his destination, having passed through several layers of security checks undetected.

Standing before the grand door, he/she lightly knocked.

Moments later, the door opened, revealing a man who appeared to be in his early forties. However, his true age far exceeded a century.

In the world of Seekers, advancing through significant stages of comprehension granted extended lifespans, as their physiques were purified and strengthened with each breakthrough.

“Elita, you’re here!”

The man, wearing a pair of spectacles, looked genuinely surprised to see his daughter at his private quarters. It was an unusual occurrence.

Despite his composed demeanor, he exuded an air of authority and immense strength. Though his raw power might not surpass Aengus, his mastery of Time Law was on another level, making him a potentially formidable adversary.

Aengus maintained the perfect facade, his expression worried and hesitant like her’s, fully aware that even a minor misstep could jeopardize his carefully laid plan.

“Yes, um... I was scared to stay alone at my place, so...” Aengus replied, feigning fear and hesitation in Elita’s voice. He didn’t look in the eye, like she had resentment in her heart.

“Oh, take a seat, sweetheart. Take a seat,” Professor Escanor said gently, though there was a subtle undertone of suspicion in his gaze as he observed her every action.

He guided her to a chair, his concern evident despite his analytical demeanor.

Professor Escanor’s skepticism wasn’t baseless—his relationship with his daughter had been strained ever since her mother’s death, a tragedy for which she blamed him. This rift had caused them to live separately, avoiding close contact.

Still, he couldn’t entirely dismiss the possibility that she might genuinely be frightened by the mysterious events of the previous night.

Sitting beside her, he asked cautiously, “Are you scared of last night’s incident?”

Elita—or rather, Aengus—nodded, avoiding direct eye contact. Aengus, fully aware of the estranged relationship between father and daughter, knew the nuances he had to emulate.

“Yes,” he answered softly.

Professor Escanor, his suspicions slightly lifted, responded, “Yes, I can feel it, sweetheart. But don’t worry, we will catch him soon,” he said confidently.

“Did you catch him?” Aengus asked in a curious tone.

“No, sweetheart. We are still conducting the investigation. Me and a few Time Law Seekers rewound time at the place to see what happened in a projection. But you know what? That person took the disguise of an innocent student to fool us all. He even showed us the middle finger, as if he knew each and every move. He is truly cunning,” Escanor said, gritting his teeth.

“Oh, he’s that powerful?”

Escanor sneered.

“Heh, don’t worry, sweetheart. He won’t remain unscathed for long. We plan to call in a Diviner who practices the Law of Fate,” Escanor added, putting down his glasses.

“Law of Fate? Does such a law really exist? I’ve never heard of it...” Aengus muttered doubtfully, both inwardly and outwardly.

Chapter 362: Chapter 362: Furious Dean

“Yes, that does exist. But only a handful of people possess it,” Professor Escanor answered.

“In the whole Primal Realm?” Aengus asked.

“Yes, indeed. The Laws of Fate and Destiny fall under the Supreme Category as well, but they are rarely mentioned because of their extreme rarity, much like the Ultimate Laws of Life and Death.”

“I see...”

“Let’s have a drink, sweetheart. You need it to relieve your stress,” Professor Escanor said, noticing his daughter’s apparent distress.

Aengus sat silently, deep in contemplation about his next moves. He knew he would have to leave soon. If they somehow discovered his true identity, it could create significant complications.

He was confident in defeating a World Dominator with ease. However, when it came to Star Dominators, he wasn’t entirely sure of their strength yet. And as for Nebula Powerhouses, they were simply out of the question for now.

But before leaving, he had to uncover the whereabouts of his wives.

After a while, Professor Escanor returned, carrying a bottle of refreshing wine.

Aengus took a sip and felt a soothing sensation course through his body, as though all his nerves were calming down. The drink was indeed effective in easing his tension.

With his mind refreshed, Aengus finally broached the topic he had been holding back.

“Um, Dad, do you think this could somehow be related to that Awakening Trial, from where those two native women came back to this realm?” he asked hesitantly.

Hearing her call him “Dad,” Professor Escanor’s face lit up with joy.

“Oh? Why do you speculate that so suddenly, sweetheart?” he asked casually, setting his wine glass down.

“That... I heard some of my classmates talking about it. They mentioned that those two women might be using their devilish skills for that impossible task of stealing Law Cores from someone.”

Professor Escanor’s brows furrowed as he considered the possibility.

“Hmm, you might be onto something. One of those women did escape from Exalted Hexagon a few months ago, which should have been impossible. If she possesses such skills, it could very well be her doing. You’ve provided me with a valuable lead, sweetheart. I’ll investigate this angle further,” Professor Escanor said with a smile, clearly pleased by what he perceived as his daughter’s keen observation.

“Exalted Hexagon? Isn’t he the same old man who sent me to that trial right under everyone’s nose?” Aengus thought inwardly, his mind working hard.

“If this information is true, Bella or Aria might have escaped while the other one was kept by the old man. But what could his motive be?”

Though worried, Aengus felt some relief knowing that at least one of them might still be alive. From his brief interaction with the old man, he didn’t seem inherently malicious.

Now that he had gathered the crucial pieces of information he needed, Aengus realized his next step was clear: finding the elusive Exalted Hexagon. However, if the old man truly was a Nebula Dominator, this would not be a simple task.

“Dad, do you know where Exalted Hexagon stays now?” Aengus asked, taking another sip of wine.

Professor Escanor’s eyes narrowed sharply, glowing with the radiance of a golden clock that materialized in his vision.

Without warning, time froze within a 20-meter radius. Everything was still, except for Aengus’ thoughts, shielded by the Law Core of Time residing in his body.

“Who are you, really?” Professor Escanor demanded, stepping closer, his gaze piercing. “My daughter never uses her right hand to drink. Her mother’s strange beliefs ensured that habit.”

A smirk almost crossed Aengus’ mind as he analyzed the situation. He couldn’t speak or move, but he could think clearly.

“You can’t talk, can you? No matter. You’ll pay the price for toying with my emotions,” Professor Escanor hissed.

Gripping a dagger forged from rare temporal steel, he drove it into Aengus’ chest, expecting it to pierce through.

Clang!

The blade shattered on impact, a deafening sound echoing through the frozen air.

Professor Escanor staggered back, his face etched with astonishment. His hands trembled from the rebound force. A World Dominator, wielding an exceptional weapon, had failed to harm the figure before him.

“What... What are you?” he muttered, disbelief consuming him.

Before Escanor could gather his thoughts, the air particles crumbled.

Aengus activated Monarch of the Void, a power that rendered time bindings irrelevant. Time itself was but an element within the Void, making it powerless before its primordial presence.

A void aura erupted around Aengus, devouring the frozen space and unraveling the time constructs Escanor had so masterfully woven.

Professor Escanor instinctively stepped back, fear flooding his senses. The very fabric of space and time began to distort and crumble as Aengus’ ethereal, elusive, nothingness form expanded.

“What... What is this creature?” Escanor stammered, struck speechless by the corruption of reality unfolding before his eyes.

“Rewind! Rewind! Rewind!”

Professor Escanor desperately tried to manipulate time, but his efforts were in vain. Everything around him rewound—except Aengus, who remained untouched, standing as if mocking time itself.

“May we not meet again, Professor. Goodbye,” Aengus said coldly, his voice reverberating with a finality that sent chills down Escanor’s spine.

With that, Aengus disappeared into the nothingness of the Void, leaving no trace behind.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a blazing figure burst into the room, entering through the open window. The fiery-haired old man, engulfed in flames, exuded a terrifyingly powerful aura.

“What happened, Escanor?” the man demanded, his voice booming with authority.

“Dean... that creature... He’s the culprit,” Professor Escanor stuttered, still reeling from the encounter.

The Dean’s eyes narrowed, his expression darkening. “Let me catch him first. Then we’ll talk.”

Without waiting for a response, the Dean unleashed his power, becoming a fiery blur as he scoured the world with the speed and precision of the Law of Fire.

Like a blazing sun, the Dean’s figure spun around the World of Tiamat, intent on finding even the faintest trace of the creature that dared infiltrate their sanctum.

The skies above the academy turned crimson, ablaze with the fiery essence of his wrath. Students and teachers looked on in awe and terror, alarmed by the Dean’s fury and the scale of his search.

“The Dean is furious... What could have happened?” whispered a teacher.

“Who could have provoked such wrath?” another murmured.

Despite the Dean’s immense power and mastery, he was chasing a phantom. Aengus was no ordinary being—he was the Monarch of Void, an entity beyond the grasp of ordinary laws.

The Dean’s relentless pursuit burned through the skies, yet Aengus had vanished into the void, leaving behind nothing but whispers of his presence. Catching him was nearly impossible.

Chapter 363: Chapter 363: Next Destination

Aengus smirked slightly as he glanced at the fiery figure of the Dean blazing across the skies, the sheer intensity of his presence shaking the academy grounds. He knew well

enough not to engage with someone of that level unnecessarily. The Dean was undoubtedly a Star Dominator, a rank Below Nebula Dominator.

“Let’s go back, Zyth. The Dean looks furious,” Elita said worriedly as she clutched his sleeve tightly.

“Sure, let’s go,” Aengus replied calmly, masking his thoughts behind a composed demeanor.

The two walked back toward their residence, the tension in the air still lingering from the Dean’s rage. Within an hour, they were safely inside, but Aengus’s mind was far from at ease.

He knew the Dean’s search wouldn’t end with him, and higher powerhouses might get involved soon. It was only a matter of time before someone capable of perceiving Void traces was brought in. Staying in Tiamat Academy any longer was a risk he couldn’t afford.

His decision was made; he needed to leave. But not without knowing Exalted Hexagon’s location.

Aengus went to the alleyway after summoning all his “subordinates” with a single command.

He waited patiently, and soon, the sound of footsteps echoed through the quiet night.

Olivia, Elena, and eight others who were nearby arrived and stood before him obediently.

They were hesitant, their eyes full of fear and apprehension, but none dared defy his will.

“You have come... Very good,” Aengus said in his original form, exuding an aura of power and authority.

“Your Excellency, do you need something from us?” Elena asked, standing beside Olivia, her voice trembling slightly.

The others shared the same curiosity, though none spoke.

“Nothing much. I just wanted to know if you have any news about Exalted Hexagon—the Great Seeker of Space,” Aengus inquired, his gaze sweeping across the group.

The ten individuals exchanged glances before a young man dressed in expensive garments stepped forward hesitantly.

“Your Excellency, I believe he is in Black Horse Constellation,” the young man said cautiously.

Aengus raised an eyebrow. The location was suspiciously close to the Degaro family territory in the Xenia Domain (Galaxy)

“And where did you hear this from?” Aengus asked, wanting to confirm the source.

“My father mentioned it once, Your Excellency. He is a prominent businessman in the Xenia Domain,” the young man replied truthfully, keeping his eyes low on the ground.

Aengus scrutinized the young man’s words, using his Sovereign Eyes to verify their truth.

Satisfied, he nodded.

“Master, danger! Leave quickly!”

Suddenly, Manas warned him with an urgent red alert, her premonition ability kicking in.

“Plop!”

Aengus reacted instantly. The moment Manas sounded her warning, he vanished into the Void, leaving behind only a faint ripple in the air.

“Scatter!” he commanded telepathically to his subordinates before his form dissolved entirely.

The group barely had time to process his words before a blinding explosion of energy tore through the alleyway. Flames and shadows danced wildly as a few figures descended, their presence suffocating.

The Dean of Tiamat Academy stood firm, his expression calm but his presence commanding. Beside him stood a bald man with serene features—the Exalted Diviner—and an old man with sharp, piercing eyes radiating an overwhelming aura.

“We missed that evil creature again,” the Dean muttered. Turning to the bald man, he asked, “Exalted Diviner, can you trace him back?”

The bald man seemed unconcerned, almost as if it were a trivial matter. “No one escapes Fate, Respectable Dean. Give me a moment,” the Diviner replied with confidence, sitting cross-legged on the ground, his eyes closing as he began to concentrate.

Meanwhile, the old man strode toward the group of frightened students—Olivia, Elena, and the others—his steps echoing with power.

“Speak!” he thundered, his voice like the roar of a collapsing star. “What did he say to you? What is your connection to that vile creature?”

The air itself trembled under the vast weight of his aura, his presence pressing down on the group like a tidal wave. The very world of Tiamat seemed to shudder in fear, as though acknowledging the might of someone who could destroy stars as easily as plucking flowers.

Olivia and the others gasped for air, their faces pale and their eyes bloodshot under the suffocating pressure. Yet, none of them could utter a word. To speak the truth would mean certain death.

The old man’s gaze narrowed. His fury swelled as no one answered, and with a mere flicker of his aura, one of the boys collapsed lifelessly, his body unable to withstand the pressure.

Frowning, the old man’s eyes began to glow faintly, scanning the trembling students—not just their bodies but their very essence and souls.

His expression softened ever so slightly as he muttered, “Oh, poor souls... you’re all soul-bound. I should have known.”

He sighed, a faint trace of regret flickering in his sharp eyes. Yet, the dead boy lying before him elicited no sympathy.

Retracting his oppressive aura, the old man went near the remaining students, his tone shifting to a disturbingly gentle one.

“Do not fear,” he said softly to another boy. “I will free you from this curse.”

His words, though kind, carried an ominous finality.

The old man focused his gaze on the boy’s soul, his hands glowing with energy as he attempted to pry away the soul-binding curse. However, the process failed catastrophically.

“Thud!”

The boy’s lifeless body slumped to the ground at the old man’s feet, his eyes wide open in disbelief. He had died not at the hands of the enemy but by the actions of his own people.

“What a fascinating Soul Binding Technique,” the old man muttered with a mix of irritation and intrigue, as though dissecting a new puzzle.

Olivia, Elena, and the others stared at him with sheer terror, their faces pale, their bodies trembling.

The Dean, sensing the growing fear and chaos, stepped forward quickly.

“Senior, perhaps it would be best to stop,” he suggested, his voice steady but firm. “We should call someone specializing in the Law of Curses or Hexes. Only they might have the expertise to remove such an intricate soul binding.”

The old man nodded reluctantly. “Yes, that would be for the best. I’m not particularly skilled in dealing with souls. Also, summon Escanor and see if he can revive these poor souls. Perhaps they can still be of use.” His tone was detached, almost indifferent, as though death meant little to him.

Suddenly, a wet, choking sound shattered the moment.

“Pfft... Blurgh!”

All eyes turned to the Diviner, who was now bleeding profusely from his seven orifices. He swayed, coughing violently, his face pale as ash.

The Dean rushed to his side, his concern evident. “Exalted Diviner, what’s happening?”

The bald man wiped the blood from his mouth, his eyes wide with fear. “Cough! I... I have failed miserably, Dean. That man’s fate is beyond my comprehension. It’s as if his existence itself defies the very threads of destiny. I dare not probe further. Please, find someone else!”

Without waiting for a response, the Diviner stumbled away, leaving hastily, as though merely remaining in the presence of the entity they sought would bring him harm.

The Dean and the old man exchanged troubled glances.

“Even the Diviner failed to see through him,” the Dean muttered. “What sort of anomaly have we encountered today?”

The old man’s expression turned grim. “This isn’t just an anomaly. This is a threat. If this creature can defy even the laws of Fate, we might be dealing with something far beyond our expectations.”

Turning to the Dean, he said in a grave tone, “Belrox, it’s time to gather everyone. The council needs to convene immediately. This case must be addressed with utmost seriousness.”

“Yes, Senior,” the Dean replied, his voice equally heavy.

Chapter 364: Chapter 364: Devilish Prodigy

Aengus emerged ten light-years away from the World of Tiamat, the freshly cast wormhole sealing shut behind him with a faint ripple in space. His eyes scanned the vast expanse ahead, narrowing at the sight of a fleet of space warships moving in precise formation toward the direction he had come from.

Hundreds of ships, glimmering with advanced magical runes and energy cores, moved with a speed that would astound ordinary minds; at least a few thousand times the speed of light.

He observed them carefully, noting their patterns and power levels. None of the ships or their occupants seemed formidable enough to warrant concern. With the subtle manipulation of his Void Law, he passed by them like a faint speck of nothingness, completely undetectable.

As he moved further ahead, Aengus began preparing for his next leap. He raised his hand, and with a swirl of Time and Space, he cast Chrono Singularity once again. The fabric of reality distorted and folded, forming a temporary passageway.

With a cold determined eyes, Aengus darted forward into the swirling corridor. However, he failed to notice the microscopic lifeforms that had been disturbed in the spatial turbulence. These tiny entities, invisible to the naked eye but imbued with unique properties, slipped into the passage behind him, trailing his path unknowingly.

The Chrono Singularity sealed behind him, leaving no trace of his journey as he ventured deeper into the cosmos, his mind set on his ultimate goal.

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Tiamat Academy.

In one of the Academy’s grand chambers, a tense gathering of powerful figures loomed over Elena and Olivia. The two young women, still pale from their ordeal, stood before them with trepidation. Several of their peers who had been Soul-Bound by Aengus had not survived, but Elena and Olivia were among the lucky few whose bindings were successfully removed by an expert in Soul Arts.

Despite being freed, their fear increased instead. Their gazes darted nervously between the formidable individuals surrounding them.

“Don’t worry, child,” a kind old man said softly, his expression gentle. “We’re not here to harm you.”

“Yes, just tell us about that creature,” another interjected, his tone stern. “And don’t even think about lying to us.”

“Ah, stop scaring the girls, you old fool,” barked a grizzled elder with a fiery demeanor. “This one here is Roxana’s bloodline. If she hears about this, you’ll lose you balls.”

At the mention of Roxana, the stern man hesitated. “Roxana? Since when did she have a daughter?”

“She doesn’t,” another elder chimed in with a dismissive wave. “This child was cast out from their lineage long ago, but the blood still runs true.”

The room grew quieter as they considered this revelation. A few muttered among themselves, expressing a mix of pity and curiosity.

“Poor child,” someone murmured.

The kind grizzled elder stepped closer,

“There’s no need to fear us, Little Olivia. Just tell us everything you know about him. I give you my word—neither you nor your friend will come to harm under our watch.”

Elena and Olivia exchanged nervous glances, their faces pale and uncertain. It was clear they had no choice but to cooperate.

“He...his name is Aengus Degaro,” Olivia said, her voice trembling. “The Emperor of the Mythrالدor Trial World. He’s the one who single-handedly abolished the gods’ rule and forced the trial to end.” She glanced at Elena, who nodded in confirmation.

“What!”

Gasps and murmurs filled the room. Several of the Exalted figures exchanged incredulous looks.

“Aengus Degaro?” muttered the grizzled elder, his kind demeanor flickering with surprise. “You mean the defected boy from the Degaro household?”

Dean Belrox’s face darkened as he exchanged a glance with his senior. Both were equally stunned by the revelation.

“Isn’t he the boy who trespassed into the Mythrالدor Trial with Exalted Hexagon’s assistance?” Dean Belrox muttered, utterly surprised.

“Hexagon? He again,” growled the senior old man, his voice thick with contempt. “That conniving bastard. What is he up to this time? First, he helped that boy to enter the trial. Then, he snatched those two natives right from under our noses with his trickery.”

His fists clenched, and a faint aura of destructive energy rippled from his body, momentarily shaking the chamber.

One of the calmer elders raised a hand, trying to mediate. “Calm yourself, Eldarion. If this boy from Degaro family truly possesses the power to defy those lowly gods and end trial by force, then we are dealing with an anomaly far greater than Hexagon’s usual antics.”

Eldarion scoffed but tempered his aura. “An anomaly, indeed. But no anomaly escapes forever. We will track him down, and when we do, he will face judgment.”

“Okay, little Olivia, now tell us everything about his exploits in that Trial World. How did he grow so strong?” the grizzled old man, Elheim, urged, clearly interested to know more.

Olivia began to recount the story, and as the exalted figures listened to Aengus’ deeds, their reactions were a sight to behold.

From Olivia’s narrative, Aengus came across as cruel and vicious, yet his purpose was grand, though the listeners scoffed at the term. They disapproved of his methods. To them it he was reckless Devilish Prodigy in the path becoming another Evil Seeker.

But what truly caught their attention was the speed of his growth—reaching World-level power in mere months. Even the top talents of the Primal Realm couldn’t hope to match such a feat.

Now, they found themselves in a dilemma. How should they approach this boy? His ties to the powerful Degaro household made the situation more precarious, as it was not an adversary they wished to provoke lightly.

“We should go to that b*stard Hexagon’s place and bring that boy into our custody. Justice must be served. How else will we answer to the world? Where is our integrity? If we fail to act, we risk being frowned upon for failing to ensure the safety of our students,” Eldarion said darkly.

Elheim couldn’t find words to disagree, nor could the others.

“If we fail to provide justice for the two students, then as a Grand Academy that has nurtured countless powerhouses, we risk becoming a laughingstock in the entire Xenia Domain.”

Chapter 365: Chapter 365: Black Horse Constellation

After several days according to his biological clock, Aengus had crossed tens of thousands of light-years.

Along the way, he encountered various lifeforms and witnessed space wars, but Aengus avoided involvement whenever possible.

He also narrowly bypassed the grasp of dangerous space creatures, relying on his Void Form to remain unscathed.

These creatures were terrifying.

They were Celestial Devouring Beasts, living entities akin to breathing black holes. Engaging with them would have been nothing short of suicidal.

Now, Aengus found himself in the midst of a Constellation Civilization. The vast territory were brimming with strange, intelligent lifeforms, many of whom were capable of practicing Laws just like humans.

“So, this is the Black Horse Constellation,” Aengus muttered, his gaze sweeping across the expanse of gleaming stars and celestial bodies clustered together.

The stars burned bright with annihilative energy, their immense power radiating outward. Yet, lifeforms thrived in harmony, surviving amidst this radiant chaos.

The celestial bodies near the stars were vast and teeming with life. Each one resembled a continental landmass, their numbers stretching into the thousands across the Black Horse Constellation.

Aengus marveled at the ingenuity of these lifeforms, who had managed to adapt and flourish in such an extreme environment. The sight before him was both humbling and a reminder of the grand scale of the Primal Realm.

Aengus' eyes narrowed as he focused on the hexagonal-shaped, vibrant landmass floating amidst the constellation. It exuded a faint, otherworldly energy that matched the aura he had been pursuing.

Just as he was about to move toward it—

“Plop!”

A ripple distorted the space around him, sending faint shockwaves through the void.

Before Aengus could react further, a booming voice echoed, carrying both amusement and authority.

“Haha, brat... So, you have come? I have been waiting for you!”

The voice resonated with a power that made the surrounding space tremble slightly.

“Come here!”

Aengus’ expression darkened as he found himself teleported onto the Hexagonal Landmass,

“Old man Hexagon, I presume?” he said calmly.

The space in front of him twisted as a figure materialized, cloaked in radiant, shifting geometrical patterns that shimmered like fragments of the cosmos.

“You’ve grown bold, boy,” Hexagon said mockingly. “But do you have what it takes to face me?”

Aengus smirked, his Void aura subtly pulsing. “We would have to find out, Won’t we.”

He knew the other party was far stronger than him, but he wasn’t afraid. Because the aura of the old man felt very familiar as if he had sensed it somewhere in Mythrالدor.

This old man was likely the one who had been watching him closely whenever Aengus traveled through Space.

“Haha...”

With an amused laugh, the hexagonal form shifted into a human shape.

He appeared as an Comical old man with hexagonal patterns adorning all over his body and clothing. It was an odd combination in appearance, but Aengus knew better than to underestimate the old man.

The man before him was a formidable Nebula Dominator Powerhouse, a master of the Space Law.

“Do you know me?” Aengus asked cautiously.

“Of course, boy. Why else would I have looked after you in that lower world?” the old man responded, his expression softening into a kind smile.

“Let’s talk somewhere more private. And don’t worry, I have no intention of capturing you. If I had, it would’ve happened long ago,” Hexagon said as he turned, leading the way toward a grand palace that seemed to float amidst the stars.

Aengus, despite the old man's assurances, remained on high alert. His cautious nature wouldn't allow him to let his guard down. He followed the man, his sharp eyes observing the unique lifeforms scattered across the vast expanse before the grand palace in wide open field.

These beings, resembling flames of various shapes and sizes, moved gracefully, their radiant forms flickering in vibrant hues. They communicated in a language that was incomprehensible to Aengus.

"Manas, can you help me with language interpretation?" he asked inwardly.

"On it, master."

Manas responded promptly, activating the Language Implementation on his mind, allowing Aengus to understand the foreign tongue. The whispers and chatter of the fiery beings began to make sense now.

"Pu pu, who is the new guest? A human..."

"Tut tut, who knows? Must be a relative of His Eminence."

"He feels powerful. Do you think he came to destroy our home?"

"He looks more like the Queen of Destruction. Don't you think so?"

Their gossip and childish chatter flowed endlessly, each voice overlapping the other.

However, the mention of the Queen of Destruction immediately caught Aengus' attention. That title—it was strikingly similar to Bella's.

"Could Bella be here?" Aengus thought, his curiosity intensifying. The possibility of her being in this place stirred a mix of hope and apprehension in him.

The old man turned and grinned as he sensed Aengus' thoughts.

"Yes, she is here."

"Oh..." Aengus said, merely suppressing his excitement.

"Come on, be a little happy, boy," the old man muttered disappointingly. "When I sent you down there, you were so innocent, full of emotions. Where did it all go?"

Aengus answered shortly without pause, "Emotions get in the way of goals too much. So, I learned a way to control them."

"Haha... That's my boy."

The old man paused, looking at his face as if he were proud of Aengus's achievements.

Aengus raised his brows, feeling the old man addressing him like a close relative.

"Sit down... My granddaughter-in-law will be here any second," Old Hexagon said with a knowing smile.

"Your granddaughter-in-law?" Aengus uttered, confused.

The old man chuckled, the lines on his face deepening as he leaned back into his ornate chair.

"Oh, don't act so clueless now. Bella, of course! You think I'd let someone like her wander around unprotected? She's my granddaughter-in-law, after all."

Aengus grew angry at the old man's words.

"Shut up!" Aengus bellowed. "She is no one's granddaughter, old man. She belongs to only me," he said darkly, his aura shaking the Landmass.

"Ahahaha..." The old man suddenly burst into loud laughter, shaking his armchair.

"Bang!"

One of the doors flew open with a loud noise, followed by cry of happiness.

"Darling!"

Chapter 366: Chapter 366: Grandfather Hexagon!!

As soon as Bella saw Aengus' face, her eyes brimmed with tears. She stormed toward him, desperate to feel his touch, to feel his love, as if her very life depended on it.

Aengus stood tall, his expression softening as he opened his arms to accept Bella's embrace without hesitation.

"Bella... My Love, I have missed you so much," Aengus said, his voice low and filled with emotion as he felt the familiar warmth of her embrace.

"Wooh Wooh. I missed you too, husband," Bella sniffled like a child, burying her face in his chest like a pillow, her voice choking with overwhelming emotion. "Why did you make me wait so long, husband? Do you know how I had to endure each day without you?"

Her watery eyes gazed into his, brimming with longing and the pain of separation.

Though only three years had passed, to Bella, it felt like an eternity.

Aengus took in her appearance—still the same stunning beauty from when she had left him. Yet, there was a newfound maturity in her eyes, evidence of the experiences she had endured during their time apart.

“I know... Trust me...” Aengus said softly, leaning closer to press a light kiss on her lips.

Bella licked her lips instinctively, as if wanting more, her eyes filled with an insatiable craving for his love.

However, before anything more could unfold, the old man, Hexagon, cleared his throat and interrupted with a cough.

“Ahem... Are you two done with your emotional reunion?” he asked exasperatedly, “Now, don’t start fulfilling your biological needs right in front of my eyes.”

Though his words were sharp, his gaze was warm and kind, clearly happy to see the two together.

“Grandfather,” Bella said coyly, her cheeks slightly flushed with embarrassment and she reluctantly moved away from Aengus’ chest.

Her mischievous eyes darted toward old man Hexagon, while Aengus looked on, utterly perplexed.

“Why is she calling him Grandfather?” Aengus wondered, his confusion deepening.

Only then did Aengus carefully examine the old man’s information. The name Hexagon Osaris stood out to him, sparking a memory. If he recalled correctly, his mother’s last name before marriage was also Osaris.

Both the old man and his mother were from the same lineage.

Could it be...?

As the realization dawned in his eyes, Hexagon’s smile widened knowingly.

“Yes,” the old man said, his voice brimming with warmth. “I am your maternal grandfather, child. Eleanora is my very own daughter.”

Aengus stood there, momentarily stunned, piecing together this unexpected revelation.

Bella sat beside him lovingly, while Hexagon gave him ample time to process everything.

After a while, Aengus asked, “So you’re the one who manipulated my old self to enter that trial? And why have I never seen you before?”

Old man Hexagon nodded. “Yes, but it was at Eleanora’s request. She was in deep grief after witnessing the cruel treatment you received as the eldest son. It was heartbreaking for her, so she sought my help. I had no choice but to find a way for her.”

Suddenly, Hexagon grew enraged, clenching his fists tightly.

“And as for why I never got to see you children or my daughter all these years, it’s because my daughter was kidnapped by your father and grandfather in the name of so-called love. But in reality, she was used as a breeding tool because she was the bearer of the Ultimate Law of Life.”

Aengus was struck speechless by the cruel revelation, his heart heavy.

“Is this why my father and the Degaro family acted so cruelly toward her? Is this why they were so disappointed in my lack of talent?” Aengus muttered bitterly, his voice filled with sorrow.

All this time, he held a small hope that his father’s coldness stemmed only from disappointment in his abilities—something he believed he could overcome by growing stronger. But now, the cold reality hit him like a hammer.

They were not a family. They were manipulators who valued nothing beyond their own selfish interests. There was no love, only calculation.

“I tried to intervene, child,” Hexagon said, his tone gentler now. “But the Degaro family is ruthless. They sealed off all ties between your mother and me. Eleanora sacrificed her freedom to protect you, even when she was treated as nothing more than a prisoner. She endured it all... for you and your younger siblings.”

“They even wanted to get rid of you because they saw you as a disgrace to their name. Your mother came to know that and only then she secretly asked for my help,” Hexagon confirmed with a sad sigh, delivering the final blow.

With that, Aengus slumped into his seat, his eyes hollow and distant.

“Husband!”

Bella held Aengus’ hand tightly as she called out to him worriedly, as if unwilling to ever let go. She had never seen him break down so emotionally before.

With Bella’s worried voice reaching his ears, Aengus recovered swiftly, turning his heart as cold and hard as stone.

This greatly astonished Hexagon. Just moments ago, his grandson had appeared broken, consumed by despair, yet in the next moment, he seemed casual, cold, and detached, as if he had already accepted the harsh reality. Even his expressionless face gave no hint of whether he was angry or sad.

It seemed his grandson truly had the ability to control his emotions as he claimed—a rare and extraordinary gift that few could achieve. Emotions often led people astray, but Aengus wielded mastery over his.

“I’m fine,” Aengus said calmly, “I just had a reality check, perhaps. But if all of this proves false, you will pay a great price, old man.” His gaze bore into Hexagon’s eyes, cold and piercing. Though deep inside, he believed most of what had been said was true.

“Brat, is that any way to talk to your grandfather?” Hexagon said with a displeased expression.

“That’s not proven yet,” Aengus shrugged nonchalantly.

“Anyway,” Aengus continued, his tone softening as he lowered his head slightly, “thank you for saving Bella and Aria. I’ll never forget that debt. I will repay it.”

“Aria? Your other wife?” Hexagon raised an eyebrow in surprise before his expression turned grave. “Oh, grandson, it seems like you know everything. But you’ve certainly stepped into some deep shit,” he muttered, his tone suddenly serious.

Chapter 367: Chapter 367: Fleeing

“What happened? Is it true that she fled from here?” Aengus asked worriedly.

“Yes, it’s true, hubby,” Bella answered very emotionally. “Sister Aria changed completely after coming to the Primal Realm. It’s as if she adopted a completely different personality altogether.”

“Not only that,” Hexagon added, his tone grim, “that little girl possesses a level of mysterious power even I couldn’t fathom. I couldn’t stop her. She slipped away from my grasp to an unknown place. But she seemed to harbor great hatred toward you, boy. She even wanted to kill you at that time. What have you done to her?”

“Me? I haven’t done anything,” Aengus muttered confusedly. Inside, however, his thoughts raced. The future events that Manas had warned him about were slowly unfolding. Aria was truly becoming his enemy. He hadn’t fully believed it at the time, but now...

He clenched his fists as he realized he would have to tread carefully around her and uncover the mystery behind her transformation.

But Bella's next revelation struck him like a thunderbolt.

"I am worried about Sister Aria. She was pregnant at that time, hubby," Bella said casually, though a flicker of envy crossed her face for not being able to conceive like Aria.

Aengus was shaken to the core.

"S-She was pregnant?" he asked, trembling with emotion, gripping Bella's shoulders firmly as he stared into her eyes.

Bella, understanding his reaction, replied truthfully, "Yes, Sister Aria was pregnant, husband. Your long-standing wish finally came true. Unfortunately, I wasn't the one blessed with such luck," she murmured, her voice trembling as she tried to hide her tears.

Seeing her reaction, Aengus quickly calmed his excitement and pulled her into a gentle embrace.

"Don't be sad, my wife. I am happy even without a child with you. No matter what, you come first—then our child. I was just so overwhelmed by the news that I couldn't help but feel happy. But now I am worried. What if Aria did something to our child?"

Bella, slightly comforted by his warmth, responded softly, "Don't stress too much, husband. I am sure she wouldn't do something so cruel."

Her words were meant to reassure him, but Aengus still couldn't shake his unease.

He turned to Old Hexagon, his eyes brimming with resentment and disappointment.

"Old man, even as a powerhouse of your magnitude, you couldn't keep her in check? What kind of grandfather are you?"

Aengus completely shifted the blame to Hexagon, who had been silently observing with a look of amusement.

The old man chuckled lightly, shaking his head. "You brat, blaming me now, are you? You think it's easy handling someone like her? That girl carries a power far beyond what even I could imagine."

His tone turned serious, his amusement fading. "Aria is not someone to underestimate, and neither is the power growing inside her. You have a lot to prepare for, boy."

Aengus quickly composed himself, realizing there was no benefit in blaming his grandfather now.

Aria's mystery was something he still couldn't unravel, so what could this old man possibly do in such a case?

"Grandson, you're no less of an enigma than her. Your latent potential and progress have surprised me every time I've observed you. You're a puzzle I still can't decipher. Just what did you encounter in that Trial World?" Hexagon asked, his curiosity brimming despite his status as a Nebula Dominator.

"Nothing..." Aengus shrugged, unwilling to share details with someone he had barely just met.

"Hmph... You and your wives are alike, brat. She didn't talk about her transformation either. She only said about the deeds you have accomplished," Hexagon muttered resentfully, casting a sharp glance at Bella.

Bella's smile widened, not feeling guilty at all. To her, Aengus' safety was all that mattered. Still, she remained grateful for all the care the old man had shown her over the years.

"Don't glare at me, Grandfather. It's not like I'm hiding it out of malice. It's simply not the right time for him to share," Bella said sweetly, her tone layered with playful defiance.

"Sigh!"

Hexagon sighed and shook his head. "You two are brats. Fine, keep your secrets to yourselves. It's a good quality to have in this primal realm where hungry predators lie slumbering all around."

"Anyway, I am happy that you have awakened the Space Law like me. Must be my bloodline playing its part. I bet now you can stand your ground in front of your father and others. But I bet they would still be displeased about the fact that you couldn't awaken the Darkness Law like them."

Aengus merely nodded. He didn't want to share his other Laws and talents either. There was no need for Hexagon to know everything.

After a while, Hexagon asked about his next steps.

"Where do you want to go from here, grandson? You can't stay here for long. Those old guys must be arriving at any moment."

“Home. I must see my mother at once,” Aengus replied curtly as he stood up to leave alongside Bella. He wanted to take her along as well. She was not safe here anymore.

“Rumble! Rumble!”

Just then, the whole constellation began to shake violently as seven figures loomed above them, carrying a deathly decree.

“They are here!” Old man Hexagon smirked. “You two need to leave. I will send you towards the Degaro territory, grandson. Take care of Bella along the way. If something happens to her, I will not spare you, even if you are my grandson.”

“Grandfather, take care. Don’t die yet,” Bella said with concern, clutching Aengus’ arm.

“Hahaha, don’t worry, dear. I still have a few years to live. Let’s meet again, grandson. And if possible, bring your mother back home.”

Aengus nodded before disappearing with Bella, transported somewhere very far by Old Man Hexagon’s Space Law.

Now then.

Hexagon’s eyes turned to the empty space where seven exalted figures of the Tiamat Academy glared fiercely at him, their gazes piercing through obstacles layer by layer.

Hexagon’s eyes gleamed with battle intent as he steadied himself for the clash to come.

Chapter 368: Chapter 368: Ambush

As Hexagon faced the seven exalted figures, his form shifted back into its massive hexagonal structure, composed of intricate geometric patterns glowing with an ancient energy.

The seven figures, wrapped in their respective cosmic auras, narrowed their eyes, sensing Hexagon’s readiness for battle.

“Hexagon, you must tell us why you’ve chosen to aid those natives and that cursed creature,” Eldarion, the grumpy elder, demanded sternly, his figure cloaked in Cosmic Earth elements that radiated unshakable stability.

Elheim, radiating an aura of Fire, stepped forward, his voice calm yet firm. “Hexagon, hand over the fugitives, and we’ll avoid unnecessary destruction. You know well that if we fight, these fragile creatures will be wiped from existence.”

The fiery creatures in the surrounding constellation trembled, sensing the overwhelming power of the intruders. Yet, they didn't panic, their faith in Hexagon unshaken.

Hexagon's laughter echoed like thunder. "Hahaha, you seven are still far from being able to defeat me. Yet, You threaten me with annihilation? Then come at me!"

His booming voice carried a powerful challenge, shaking the very space around them as battle intent surged from his immense form.

This indicated The battle that shook the entire Xenia Domain had begun.

Each strike from a Nebula Dominator was a force to be reckoned with, the ripples of their clashes spreading across every sector of Xenia.

The seven exalted figures relentlessly assaulted Hexagon, surrounding him in a circular formation.

However, Hexagon seemed to be in an entirely different league. While shielding the fiery creatures, he masterfully blocked their attacks using his advanced Space Law mastery.

His renowned title of Trickmaster was no exaggeration. Utilizing the Space Law, he redirected their signature attacks through twin space passages, sending them back toward their originators.

And his Hexagonal Geometric Physique allowed him to dodge physical strikes effortlessly, shapeshifting to avoid harm.

Fortunately for Hexagon, none among the seven figures were masters of Space Law or Time Law.

"BOOM!"

"Argh!"

Despite his skill, they managed to land a few hits, causing Hexagon to stumble multiple times. His Hexagonal Physique was bleeding profusely, and his injuries were severe.

Meanwhile, the destruction within the Black Horse Constellation was catastrophic. Every fiery creature within sight was obliterated, along with their homes. It was a merciless extermination.

"He's getting weaker... finally," one of the figures muttered with relief.

"Yes, but be cautious. His trickery knows no bounds," another warned.

Hexagon's massive, battered form lay broken upon the devastated landmass. Yet, to their surprise, an arrogant laughter echoed from him.

"Hahaha... You are all nothing but fools..."

Eldarion, Elheim, and the others furrowed their brows, their unease growing. They loomed over Hexagon like merciless deities, their expressions filled with disdain and suspicion.

"Why are you laughing, Hexagon? Can't you see the destruction around you? Everything happened because of your arrogance," Elheim said coldly, his voice filled with righteous condemnation.

"He must have gone senile!" one of the figures muttered, panting heavily.

Yet, Hexagon's laughter only grew louder, his broken figure emanating an unsettling energy that filled the air with bad premonition.

"Haha, see you around, fools," Hexagon mocked with a booming laugh.

"Huala!"

In an instant, everything before the seven exalted figures vanished like smoke. The stars, the lands, the fiery creatures—everything was gone as though it had never existed.

The seven exchanged wide-eyed glances, their expressions twisting in disbelief as they finally realized what had just happened.

"That conniving bastard... we were tricked again!" Eldarion fumed, his rage erupting like a volcano. He began to unleash his frustration on the surroundings, destroying whatever he could find in a blind fury. He was like a madman, his power creating waves of destruction.

"Sigh... it seems he possesses another Law Core within him. Perhaps something akin to Illusion Law," Elheim muttered, his voice heavy with disappointment.

"Two Law Cores? Mm, yes, that seems to be the case," another figure agreed, nodding slowly as they pieced together Hexagon's strategy.

"So, what do we do now?"

“What else? Do you intend to intrude upon the Degaro Household now? Don’t forget that brat is the grandson of Adamus Degaro,” one of them reminded cautiously, their tone laden with unease.

“No, we can’t act recklessly. We can send a letter of negotiation at least. We can’t afford to show weakness,” suggested another, with a sharp glint in their eyes.

“That’s right. We could also request Emperor Kievan to act as a mediator,” another proposed, their voice tinged with reluctant agreement.

“Yes, yes, let’s do that,” the others echoed, nodding in unison.

Their defeat was not only physical but also a blow to their pride, and they were desperate to salvage the situation without escalating it further.

—

On the other hand, Aengus and Bella were teleported tens of light-years away in a single motion.

Aengus wasn’t surprised at all. His grandfather had mastered the Law of Space to a full 100%, and his secondary Law was at an impressive 67%. The old man’s background was far from simple, with a mysterious story of his own that Aengus hadn’t yet uncovered.

Bella and Aengus floated above the vast expanse of space, glancing around.

Bella had awakened the Law of Charm and the Law of Fire due to her natural skills and innate abilities, something that didn’t surprise Aengus. What did surprise him was that her level remained stuck at 999—the mortal limitation for lifeforms.

Fortunately, Aengus had the Divine Stones, which could help her surpass this barrier.

“Are we going to my father-in-law’s home, darling?” Bella asked, her voice slightly shy. Meeting his parents was a momentous step, and she couldn’t help but feel the weight of it.

“Yes,” Aengus replied with a reassuring smile. Though he was slightly worried about how they would receive Bella, he resolved to stand by her side no matter what.

“Okay, let’s go then,” Bella urged, her tone filled with excitement. Unlike Aengus, she wasn’t worried at all, choosing instead to focus on the positives.

Aengus cast Chrono Singularity, a skill of extraordinary complexity. Bella watched in awe, her lips parting in admiration.

“Husband... you’re amazing,” Bella praised, her voice filled with wonder.

But just as Bella spoke, Aengus’ heart skipped a beat. Suddenly, the warning of Manas rang out in his mind, sharp and urgent.

Bella’s voice grew distant, her words fading. Only then did Aengus realize the danger had come too fast—far faster than he could have anticipated.

Chapter 369: Chapter 369: Ambush (2)

Aengus’s heart pounded like a war drum as he beheld the terrifying spectacle before him. Massive celestial devouring beasts, each the size of entire worlds, loomed with their insatiable maws, consuming the very fabric of reality like a feast. Their terrifying presence was suffocating, their numbers overwhelming—thousands of them, some radiating the immense power of star-level entities.

The sheer scale of the threat was almost inconceivable, far beyond anything Aengus had ever faced.

“You dare!” Aengus roared, his voice trembling with raw fury as his blood surged with adrenaline.

Darkness erupted around him as he activated every skill and power in his arsenal. His body became a streak of black lightning, streaking toward Bella with unyielding determination.

Bella, engulfed in the oppressive darkness emanating from the devouring entities, was paralyzed with terror. Her normally calm demeanor crumbled as the beasts drew closer, their monstrous forms blotting out the light.

Her panicked gaze darted toward Aengus, who was charging headlong into the chaos. Desperation and fear mingled in her eyes, but so did a flicker of hope as she clung to the sight of his resolute figure.

The coldness seemed to close in around her, but Aengus’s voice and presence cut through the terror like a beacon. He would not let them take her.

“Whoosh!”

Out of nowhere, a figure appeared, blocking Aengus’s path with swiftness that matched his own.

It was a woman—her long, radiant white hair cascading like moonlight, her cold eyes glinting like frost, and her beauty ethereal, as if she were the very embodiment of the moon goddess herself.

“Aria!”

Aengus’s voice carried both shock and disbelief, but his momentum did not falter.

Aria raised her hand, attempting to bind him with her overwhelming power. Her presence exuded authority, her control over everything was palpable.

But Aengus was not the mood to be awe of her power.

Transforming into his Void Form, he slipped past her binding power effortlessly, his figure blurring as he became one with the void itself.

“Hua...”

In a swift, calculated motion, Aengus surged forward, bypassing the darkness that threatened to consume Bella.

With a swift tugg, he pulled her from the abyss-like shadows, his arms wrapping protectively around her trembling form.

Reemerging at a safe spot, Aengus shielded Bella from all harm, his presence a barrier between her and the encroaching chaos. His gaze, however, remained locked on Aria, his mind racing with questions.

What had she become? And why was she standing against him now?

“Sister Aria, why are you doing this? Is it because I called you ‘little sister’ once?” Bella joked nervously, her trembling voice betraying the fear she desperately tried to suppress.

Aria remained silent, her cold expression unchanging, but the murderous intent in her eyes pierced like daggers as she fixed her gaze on Aengus.

“Huala...”

With a single commanding gesture, the thousands of Celestial Devouring Beasts lunged toward them, emerging from countless dimensions like a tidal wave of destruction. The sheer force of their advance warped the very fabric of space and reality.

“YOU MUST DIE, ZYTHERION!”

The chilling words echoed like a death sentence, the only thing she uttered before unleashing the carry to carry out her ruthless command.

Aengus’s body tensed as he shielded Bella behind him, his power flaring as he prepared to confront the storm of devastation.

His mind raced, desperate to understand why Aria, the woman he once cherished, had turned into a harbinger of such malice.

Was it related to the Ruination Extremity?

This was no longer the Aria he knew—this was someone else entirely.

For now, he had to leave this place—that was the only thing on his mind.

But would she let him?

The Space Law wasn't obeying his command, nor were the other Laws. It was as if she had restricted them all. Fortunately, Mana wasn't within her jurisdiction.

His only reliance was now his skills and authority over the Void.

He activated Monarch of Void and tried to enter the Void for travel, but somehow, that path was also blocked. All the existential laws of Creation were trying to imprison him there.

Aengus first protected Bella with multiple barriers using Paragon Warlord and Void Energy.

Like a block of energy that froze both Time and Space inside, Aengus placed it within his heart as his Void Form expanded further.

His size was still less than adequate, and he continued to push his limits, growing to the size of a Star as he used limitless Mana Regeneration.

He punched one of the creatures in the midsection, annihilating it in an instant.

These creatures couldn't inflict any significant damage, as their physical attacks brushed past his form like nothingness. Instead, their own flesh and body cells were annihilated upon contact.

With Omni Devour activated in countless fragments all over the battlefield, Aengus began increasing his raw strength rapidly.

Seeing this, Aria's frown deepened.

She knew very well that material things would only fuel his growth further.

With a cold huff, her radiant figure expanded effortlessly, matching his size.

“Buzz!”

She conjured a long spear radiating white and green energy, majestic and awe-inspiring, brimming with raw power that felt as though it originated from the primordial beginning of creation.

Without a shred of hesitation or affection, she hurled the spear ruthlessly at Aengus’s Void form.

Her expression was filled with unrelenting hatred, devoid of the love she once had. It was as if she were trying to rid herself of a mere stray dog, not the man she had once cherished deeply.

Because of her overwhelming power as a Nebula Powerhouse, Aengus couldn’t dodge in time.

The spear struck with devastating force. Half of his Void form was obliterated in an instant, sending shockwaves of searing pain through his entire being. Yet, the ache in his heart weighed far heavier than the physical agony.

“Aengus... Aria, stop this already...please”

Bella’s voice trembled, her eyes welling up with tears.

“One day I will kill him.”

She had never believed the words Aria had once spoken would become a reality—that Aria would truly try to kill him.

The sight tore at Bella’s soul, her heart caught between helplessness and unbearable pain.

Chapter 370: Chapter 370: Chaotic Fiend-Celestial Awakens

Aengus exhaled a heavy, sorrowful sigh. Though his wounds were slowly mending, nothing could ease the unbearable pain in his heart.

The bitter irony of seeing his once-beloved Aria standing before him as his sworn nemesis was a cruelty he had never anticipated.

He looked at her—her divine, goddess-like figure looming with cold detachment—and his thoughts drifted to the child he had never held, the life he had never known.

A storm brewed within him, his voice trembling with restrained fury. “Just tell me one thing, Aria. Did you do something to our child? Where is the fruit of our love?”

For a fleeting moment, silence hung in the air, but then Aria's lips curled into a vicious smirk. Her words were like poison, delivered with cruel satisfaction.

"A vile spawn will always remain vile. It needed to be cleansed. So I did."

Her words struck like thunder, and her smirk deepened as she watched the anguish and fury contort Aengus' face. It was as though she reveled in his misery, each passing moment fueling her cold hatred.

"You? How could you?"

Aengus muttered, his voice trembling as if the weight of her words crushed his very soul. His eyes glistened with unshed tears, the image of his unborn child's cruel end playing relentlessly in his mind.

Those words, that revelation, became the breaking point.

Aengus' hands trembled, not with fear but with an anguish so raw it burned through every fiber of his being. No more hesitation. No more holding back.

The dam of restraint shattered as he decided to embrace the path he'd sworn to avoid. The forbidden powers that lingered in the depths of his soul now surged to the surface.

For too long, he had held back—choosing kindness over devastation, mercy over power. He had spared the worlds and stars from annihilation, hesitating to use his abilities for fear of committing genocide. A mere possibility of innocent lives had made him weak.

But now, fueled by despair and the fire of revenge, he let go of those noble ideals.

"PIAACCCCK, GUUUUUUUUU!"

"RUMMMMMBBBBLLLLLEE!"

The entire galaxy trembled under the awakening of an ancient, chaotic force. A darkness unlike any before coiled and writhed as if reality itself was being consumed.

The faintest heartbeat of a slumbering fiendish entity pulsed through the Xenia Domain.

The Seven Elders of Tiamat, who had been recovering from their battle, froze mid-motion. Their faces twisted in alarm as they turned their attention toward the distant void.

"What is it this time?"

In the furthest corner of Xenia, Old Man Hexagon paused as well, his brows knitting together in concern. He whispered to himself, "So, the boy has finally embraced his true nature, huh? But, Is this the birth of a savior... or the rise of a Devi—?"

"Oh, my Grand Ancestor!"

Hexagon's muttering turned to gasps as he stood frozen, his vision filled with the terrifying sight of a colossal, celestial-sized head emerging from the void. Even from hundreds of light-years away, its overwhelming presence was undeniable.

The head, a red skull adorned with devilish horns, radiated a fiendish crimson aura that pulsated like a heartbeat, sending waves of malevolence across the Xenia Domain. Its mere existence distorted space and time around it, and Hexagon, despite his strength as a Nebula Powerhouse, felt his very soul quiver.

"This... this aura. It can't be," Hexagon whispered in awe and dread, the realization dawning upon him. "The prophecy... The ancestor's prophecy about him... is it finally coming true? But why is it so sudden?"

—

Back on the battlefield,

Aengus' Void Form continued to unravel, transforming into an unrecognizable chaotic entity. His previously controlled demeanor was now consumed by primal rage, his body pulsating with raw, fiendish energy. The ground below and the skies above dissolved into swirling chaos as his presence distorted every natural law.

His silhouette grew larger, monstrous, and imposing. His body was now a blend of void and chaos, his limbs wreathed in fire and shadows, his form radiating both fear and awe.

He roared, his voice a thunderous cacophony that resonated across the universe, shaking stars out of their constellations.

"You took everything from me!" Aengus snarled, his crimson eyes locking onto Aria, now void of any sorrow or hesitation. They glowed like twin suns of rage, their light piercing through her cold exterior.

"If you wanted a monster, Aria, you've succeeded!" His voice echoed with an ethereal power, as if the void itself was speaking.

"I AM A MONSTER!"

With Aengus' declaration, the entire battlefield shifted as he unleashed his ultimate power, activating Nargath, The Unholy Entity (SSS)—a force so ancient and dreadful that even the cosmos seemed to recoil at its awakening.

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!”

When his Chaotic Fiend-Celestial form fully merged with Nargath, the resulting explosion sent shockwaves across the universe. Nearby constellations flickered, star systems collapsed, and the fabric of space-time rippled like a disturbed pond.

The sheer magnitude of the explosion mirrored the destructive intensity of neutron star collisions. Blinding red light engulfed everything in sight, while deafening, otherworldly echoes reverberated across Xenia Domain and beyond.

—

“Argh!”

Even Aria, with her unmatched power and calm demeanor, was forced to make a swift retreat. Her radiant figure streaked across the collapsing battlefield, narrowly evading the cascading waves of destruction.

She watched Aengus Fiend-Celestial from afar, and made quick decision.

“This is not over,” She muttered unwillingly before disappearing from the spot.

Aengus, in his terrifying Fiend-Celestial form, floated aimlessly into the depths of the unknown, far from the boundaries of the Xenia Domain. His colossal skeletal figure, wrapped in a malevolent red aura, spanned light-years, blotting out the very stars he consumed.

Everywhere he passed, celestial beasts, worlds, and even stars were mercilessly devoured, their essence drawn into the infinite void that was now his being. The universe trembled at his presence, and his path left only silence and annihilation in its wake.

The Unholy Entity, Nargath, had taken control of Aengus' primal instincts, suppressing his consciousness and amplifying his darkest desires. The once-protective and resolute Aengus was now a slumbering force of nature, an instrument of unrestrained chaos. Nargath's will drove his actions: to consume, to grow, and to obliterate.

Within the vast, incomprehensible expanse of Aengus' Fiend-Celestial body, Bella remained cocooned in a safe pocket of energy. Shielded by layers of Void energy and remnants of Aengus' protective instincts, she was unharmed but trapped within the chaos. She could only watch in despair, helpless to stop the unholy devastation wreaked by the man she loved.

As a lifeform birthed beyond the Chaotic Boundary, Aengus' body was an entity that defied the known laws of physics. His skeletal structure, fortified by Nargath's unholy power, was impervious to forces that could obliterate stars and black holes. Even the gravitational pull of collapsed suns bent to his will, feeding his insatiable hunger.

He was no longer bound by time, space, or morality. He was the Unholy Devourer of Chaos, a harbinger of ruin, consuming the universe itself.

Chapter 371: Chapter 371: Return!!

To the relief of several Nebula powerhouses within the Xenia domain, the Fiendish Entity that had suddenly shaken everyone's existence gradually disappeared from their view, vanishing into an unknown location.

Their foreheads were covered in sweat and tension, unsure if they could have handled that unknown Unholy Entity had it remained.

Old man Hexagon also noticed its departure.

"Now where is destiny leading you, grandson? Be back soon," Hexagon muttered, seated calmly above the Black Horse Constellation.

—

At the far edge of the Xenia Domain:

There were sectors ruled by the Degaro Household, a name that carried weight across trillions, their influence extending over multiple worlds and stars.

Known not just for their mastery of the Dark Arts and the power of the Darkness Law, but also for their cruelty and enslavement of lower civilizations, the Degaro Household's reputation extended beyond Xenia to neighboring domains.

Their secret dealings with the Emperors of these domains made them a force to be reckoned with.

In the Xenia Domain, where there were ten or so emperors, the political and individual influence of the Degaro Household was immense. Even the Emperors had to think twice before daring to cross them.

Seated upon a grand throne adorned with dark spikes and an ominous aura, a man exuded a regal and domineering air, his hand resting lazily on his chin.

The man bore a striking resemblance to Aengus. With a chiseled jawline, jet-black hair, and abyssal black eyes, he cut an intimidating figure. His robes, equally black, added to his aura of authority.

There was a calculating glint in his eyes, one that was impossible to read, even for those closest to him.

This was Augustus Degaro, the current Master of the Degaro Household.

“Master, we have found the young master’s whereabouts,” an old, deferential voice echoed from the shadows, its source unseen.

“Oh? Speak... Where is he?” Augustus asked, his voice calm yet carrying an unmistakable undertone of intrigue.

“I must apologize, my lord,” the voice replied with a tone of regret. “The eldest young master’s current location is unknown. But he was last seen at Tiamat Academy.”

Augustus’s eyes narrowed slightly, the calculating glint intensifying. He leaned back on his throne, silent for a moment, as if contemplating the implications.

“So, he vanished from Tiamat Academy... But what was he doing there? Tell me in detail,” Augustus demanded.

“Yes, Master,” the voice replied obediently.

As Augustus listened, he absorbed every word, piecing together the puzzle of his son’s deeds. The more he heard, the clearer it became why his son had vanished for three years—and who had helped him .

“So, that old man is still alive... and manipulating my own son against me?” Augustus muttered, rising from his throne, his rage barely contained.

“But I would like to see what that old fool can achieve with his pitiful trickeries,” he said with cold disdain.

Augustus stormed out of the hall, his palpable darkness aura felt alive.

—

[Name: Aengus Degaro]

[Age: 19]

[Title: God Of Void]

[Race: Chaotic Fiend-Celestial]

[Level: 4890]

[Occupation: Conqueror Of Worlds]

[Class: Chaos Creator]

[Bloodline: Chaotic Fiend-Celestial]

[Special Trait: Infinite Mana Regeneration

[Soul: ZERO]

[Laws: Space- 37.6%, Water- 0.10%, Time: 0.1%, Gravity: 0.1%]

Physical Stats: >

[Strength: 10.2 Star]

[Agility: 11.6 Star]

[Defense: 11.5 Star]

[Origin Mana: 159,999,000 / 160,060,000]

<Skills:>

– [Active: Chrono Singularity (SSS), 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)]

—

After an unknown amount of time, Aengus regained consciousness from his long slumber with the notifications from MANAS.

When he opened his eyes, he found himself lying on a soft cushion beneath a clear blue sky.

The air felt oddly familiar—polluted and tainted, a stark contrast to the vast expanse he had drifted through.

“Husband, you’re awake! Thank goodness!”

Bella’s worried face appeared before him, her eyes red and swollen from crying.

Aengus sat up, gently moving from Bella’s lap as he looked around, his expression filled with confusion.

“How did I arrive on planet Earth?”

Aengus wore an incredulous expression as his godly eyes scanned his surroundings. The towering buildings, the sun and moon sharing the sky in this dimension, the humans bustling with smartphones in their hands—it all confirmed the unbelievable truth. He had returned to Earth.

“Are you fine, Aengus?” Bella asked, her voice concerned as she knelt beside him.

Aengus turned his attention to her, studying her carefully. She appeared the same, in real flesh, as if untouched by illusions.

“I’m fine,” he replied, his tone calm but heavy with thought. “But how did we get here, Bella? Do you know anything?”

“I don’t know much either, husband,” Bella admitted, shaking her head. “I just woke up a while ago. Before that, I was unconscious as well like you.”

Her eyes glimmered with curiosity as she added, “But you seem to know this place. Have you been here before? And... why is there no mana here?” Bella’s voice held a deep sense of intrigue as she glanced around.

Aengus sighed and replied, “This is my origin world, where I died and was reincarnated as Aengus Degaro. Ethan Smith—that was my previous name. I haven’t told you about it before because it holds some complicated matters.”

Bella nodded, understanding his reason.

“Oh, I don’t mind, husband. I like you the way you are. Your origin doesn’t matter to me. But I must say, this world is really beautiful and peaceful—a world without power struggles,” Bella said with fascination.

“Yes, indeed,” Aengus said with a faint smile. “But you haven’t seen the ugly side of it yet. You’re only seeing the outer appearance. This world hides its ugly side behind righteous actions.”

“Ah, is that so?” Bella asked, confused by his statement.

Chapter 372: Chapter 372: Earth

Aengus and Bella were now inside a park, where people had begun taking pictures of them enthusiastically. Their extraordinary appearance, resembling cosplayers in elaborate costumes, combined with their otherworldly beauty, left everyone in awe.

They seemed like divine figures descended from the heavens, radiating perfection that captivated onlookers.

Aengus noticed the growing crowd. With every passing second, more people gathered, murmuring and snapping photos. It wouldn’t be long before they gained fame, and people started approaching them for autographs.

“Let’s leave, Bella. We’re attracting too much attention,” Aengus said, standing up.

Bella laughed melodiously as she followed. “Hehe, what can I do, hubby? I’ve suppressed all my charm, and so have you. Yet this still happens. I wonder what would happen if we unleashed our full charm. These mortals are so easy to tease.”

Aengus lightly knocked her on the head, a gentle reprimand.

“Enough with the mischief, Bella. We need to find out why we were brought here. This is no coincidence,” he said seriously as they walked away.

Bella’s expression shifted, her tone laced with subtle disappointment. “Oh, is that so? You’re still hiding something from me, aren’t you?”

Aengus paused on the bustling street, the radiant sun highlighting his face. He held her hand in public and said, “No, it’s just not the right time. I don’t want to involve you in it yet. For now, this is between Aria and me.”

Bella wasn’t convinced. Her loving gaze locked onto his abyss-like eyes. “Do you think I’m afraid of dying, husband? Hmph... Bella Bellfrost is never afraid of death, remember that,” she huffed, pulling her hand free.

She walked ahead alone, her steps elegant and ethereal, radiating an alluring charm outlined by her garment.

Of course, where there is a blossomed flower, there will be bees.

A red luxury car screeched to a halt in front of Bella, startling her.

She raised an eyebrow as several drunk men stumbled out of the car, their unruly grins and lustful gazes betraying wicked intentions.

“Beauty, want to go for a dance?” a man with long curly hair asked, stepping forward.

He was likely their leader, judging by the submissive behavior of the others.

“Yeah, get inside the car. You look smoking hot. I bet you’ll earn in the grands. Our boss is rich!” one hooligan lackey said lustfully, his eyes roaming over her as if devouring her alive.

“Do you think the boss will let us have a turn this time? This one looks exquisite, man,” another whispered lustfully.

“Well, I’d be happy just seeing her nak*d once. Glup!” another muttered, swallowing nervously.

The passersby gave them curious glances but didn’t dare intervene, sensing the gangster vibe from their unruly appearances.

Bella heard their whispers clearly, as did Aengus.

Aengus was terrifyingly calm, a demeanor that didn’t escape Bella’s notice.

“Is he waiting for me to make a move?”

Suddenly, a mischievous idea struck her mind.

“Oh, how much are you willing to pay?” she asked with an amused smile.

The man with long curly hair grinned, taking Bella’s question as a sign of interest. He stepped closer, his eyes gleaming with arrogance.

“As much as you want, beauty. I spare no expense for a woman like you. Millions, if that’s what it takes,” he said confidently, while his lackeys snickered behind him.

Another hooligan chimed in eagerly, “Yeah, you’d be living the high life! Luxuries, money, anything you desire.”

Bella tilted her head slightly, her expression innocent yet playful. “Millions, huh? That sounds intriguing,” she said, her voice laced with amusement as he occasionally glanced at Aengus for any sign of movement.

The curly-haired man chuckled, mistaking her tone for genuine interest. "Smart woman. You know what's best for you. Why don't you hop in the car, and we can discuss the details privately?" he said opening the door barely containing the joy inside.

Behind her, Aengus remained ominously calm, watching the scene with an unreadable expression.

Bella turned her head slightly toward him, catching his eye. She knew exactly what that calm demeanor meant: a storm was brewing.

Deciding to play along a little longer, she smiled sweetly and asked, "But what about the rest of you? Won't your 'boss' mind sharing me?"

The men exchanged glances, laughing crudely. "Boss doesn't mind as long as he's had his fun first," one of them said with a grin.

Bella's smile widened, her eyes gleaming with an unsettling light. "Oh, is that so?"

Suddenly, the air around her shifted, and the men felt a chill crawl down their spines.

Aengus took a step forward, his voice low and deadly. "Bella! You've said enough."

The leader turned to face him, sneering. "Who the hell are you? Her boyfriend? Back off before you get hurt, boy."

Aengus's lips curled into a sardonic smile, but his eyes burned with cold fury. "You should have stayed silent and walked away when you had the chance," he said, his voice cold and filled with authority of a ruler.

He took a step forward, his towering presence causing the hooligans to instinctively take a step back.

"Now you will have to pay the price for looking at my wife in that way," Aengus continued, his tone dropping into a menacing growl. "Though I don't usually concern myself with petty squabbles like yours, you have successfully piqued my attention this time. Congratulations!"

The sarcasm in his voice was sharp enough to cut through the air, leaving the gang frozen, unsure whether to retreat or beg for mercy.

Bella chuckled softly, crossing her arms as she stepped aside. "Husband, don't go too hard on them. They're just mortals, after all."

“Mortals or not, everyone will have to pay the same price for their insolence,” Aengus said, walking closer, his voice cold and calm.

The invisible aura radiating from his cold fury, made them realise they picked on wrong person. The person is definitely not ordinary.

“What are you trying to do? Don’t do anything stupid—we have guns!” one of the hooligans shouted, their voices trembling despite their bravado.

They raised their weapons, fingers trembling just a hair’s breadth from the triggers.

But Aengus wasn’t deterred in the slightest. To him, the guns were like paper toys.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!”

The hooligans fired their pistols at close range, the deafening sounds echoing across the street.

With their frail physiques compared to Aengus’ formidable, godlike build, they knew they had no chance in hand-to-hand combat. Shooting was their only option.

“Gunshots!”

“Help!”

Nearby passersby screamed in terror, panic spreading like wildfire.

Some crouched to the ground, covering their heads, while others fled the scene as quickly as they could.

“Someone call the cops!”

Chapter 373: Chapter 373: A Crucial Choice

To the astonishment of everyone, the bullets did indeed connect with the cosplay man’s body—but they didn’t even pierce through his clothing.

The sight was eerily familiar to scenes from the superhero movies they had watched, but this was real, happening right in front of them.

“F-fu*k...” one of the hooligans stammered, his voice trembling. It was the exact moment they realized they’d made a grave mistake.

“Wh-who are you, bro?” the leader muttered, his hands shaking uncontrollably from the shock that gripped him.

“Shua!”

Aengus didn't grant them the luxury of pondering further.

With a wave of his hand, the gang leader disintegrated into black ashes, the act as casual as if he were brushing away dust. His presence radiated an aura of such unrelenting menace that it left no doubt—he was the Devil Incarnate himself.

"Let's go," Aengus said, his tone calm but final, as he grabbed Bella's hand and pulled her along firmly.

Bella, though mischievously amused earlier, now yielded to his dominance, leaning into his side as they walked away together, her expression serene.

Meanwhile, the remaining spectators stood frozen, their eyes wide with terror.

"What? What just happened?" someone whispered, their voice shaking as if speaking louder might summon the man back.

Others didn't dare utter a single word, their trembling figures a testament to the fear that now lingered in the air.

But one thing became crystal clear to everyone: the supernatural was real, and they might have just witnessed a devil from the depths of hell.

All of this was captured in high definition by a surveillance camera perched nearby. Aengus, of course, had noticed it clearly, but he made no attempt to destroy it.

To be precise, he simply didn't care. It was high time humanity understood that they were not the almighty, supreme beings they thought themselves to be. There existed a grander, more terrifying world where their existence was but a fleeting speck in the vast scale of reality.

The surveillance footage, showing Aengus's invulnerability and the disintegration of the gang leader, quickly made its way into the hands of the UUS Intelligence Department. However, it wasn't long before the video was leaked online, spreading like wildfire across the globe.

Some viewers believed the video was genuine proof of the supernatural. Others dismissed it as a hoax, claiming it was the work of advanced AI or sophisticated special effects.

Speculation ran rampant. Religious communities proclaimed the arrival of divine or demonic forces, claiming it as a sign of judgment day or divine punishment for humanity's sins.

The UUS Intelligence Department, meanwhile, acted swiftly. Those who had been at the scene and had witnessed the event firsthand were quietly detained and brought in for

questioning. The department sought to unravel the truth and prevent widespread panic, even as the world was gripped by fear, fascination, and fervent debates over what they had just witnessed.

Year 2022, August.

By now, Aengus had gathered a considerable amount of information about his strange return. To his surprise, he realized he had arrived at the very year he was diagnosed with an incurable and mysterious form of cancer.

This meant one of two things: he had either traveled back in time or arrived in a parallel universe mirroring his past.

Determined to uncover the truth, he set out for the house where he had once lived on Earth.

“Is this your house?” Bella asked as she stood before a luxurious duplex house, her eyes sparkling with amazement. “You were rich!”

Aengus’s gaze softened, a melancholic sheen in his eyes as he confirmed, “Yes, indeed I was. But... there are still many things about my past that feel shrouded in mystery. My memories of my mother and father—” he paused, his voice tinged with sadness, “their faces are growing blurrier as if hidden behind some kind of veil.”

Bella glanced at him with concern before asking, “Are you afraid of confronting the truth?”

He sighed deeply and replied, “Yes, I am. If my memories are accurate, today is the day I meet a mysterious man in a black robe. That meeting... marked the beginning of my illness. It was after that encounter that I began to rot away, slowly dying.”

“Huh? What’s this?”

A flood of fragmented memories surged through his mind. He could clearly see a disheartened, bullied boy—his younger self—meeting a man shrouded in mystery, dressed in an unusual cosplay-like outfit.

The realization hit him like a thunderbolt: the mysterious figure in his memories was his current self.

Everything snapped into focus by the sudden revelation. He had been the one who cursed himself.

His hands trembled as the weight of the revelation settled in. He was left utterly shaken, unable to reconcile the truth.

“What’s wrong, husband?” Bella asked, sensing his sudden composure breaking.

“It was me, Bella. It was me. I was the one who let myself die.”

Bella’s eyes widened as she pieced the puzzles all together.

“Wait... are you telling me you cursed yourself to die a slow, painful death? Just so you could reincarnate as... this?” she whispered in disbelief.

Aengus nodded slowly, barely regaining his composure. “It seems so. I orchestrated my own suffering... to become what I am now.”

Bella stood in stunned silence, processing the enormity of Aengus’s revelation.

“That’s... horrible,” she finally whispered. “What could have driven you to such an extreme step?”

Aengus sighed, his expression grim. “That, I don’t know. But one thing is certain—if I don’t go through with it, I may cease to exist entirely.”

He was already calculating every possibility, every ripple of cause and effect, with the help of MANAS.

Bella’s hands trembled as she grabbed his collar, her voice desperate. “I see... Then we must do whatever is predestined. I don’t want you to disappear, Aengus. Do you hear me? I won’t let you go.”

Her tear-filled eyes bore into his, a mixture of fear and unwavering love. She tightened her grip as if she could anchor him to the present.

Aengus gently placed his hand over hers, his expression softening for a moment. “Bella... I am here, Don’t worry.”

But his mind was racing. He had to make a decision, and quickly. His past self was approaching, the moment of convergence drawing closer with every passing second.

Was there a way to rewrite the past without unraveling his existence?

Time was running out, and the air around them grew heavy as the crucial moment loomed. Aengus was at the crossroads of destiny, torn between allowing the cycle to repeat or risking everything to alter his fate.

Chapter 374: Chapter 374: A Choice Against Fate

“Don’t break the cycle, my foolish old self! Thy you will be erased.”

The sudden ethereal, transcendent voice echoed in Aengus’s mind like a thunderclap reverberating through eternity. It carried an authority that seemed unmatched, spanning eons and beyond the constraints of time itself.

Startled, Aengus instinctively searched for the source of the voice, but it was futile. No matter where he looked, the voice seemed to transcend space and time, existing beyond his comprehension.

He sighed deeply, the weight of the moment pressing down on him like an invisible hand. The voice... his voice, from the future, was trying to manipulate him, urging him to uphold the cycle.

“They talked about a cycle,” Aengus thought, his fists clenching tightly. A cycle of torment? Endless repetition? If they’ve failed before, what’s the point of following the same doomed path?

His mind raced, weighing the risks and possibilities. The desperation in the voice of his future self was clear—it spoke of failure, of a destiny shackled by predetermination.

“I don’t want to be a puppet of fate and destiny anymore,” he muttered, his voice laced with defiance. “This is my chance. My moment to break free of their grasp. To choose my own path.”

Aengus’s eyes glinted with raw determination as he made his choice.

“I will not follow their path. I will not submit to the chains of a failed destiny.”

The air around him seemed to hum with his resolve, the weight of his decision sending ripples across the unseen forces binding him to the cycle.

This was his stand, his rebellion against eternity. He had chosen freedom, no matter the cost.

The fated moment had arrived.

A 16-year-old boy with black hair and a school bag slung over one shoulder stepped off the school bus. His head was bowed, and his movements were slow and dispirited.

Bruises marred his face, a clear reminder of yet another rough day. He looked utterly defeated, a figure that would stir sympathy in the heart of any kind soul. But in truth he was weak and Cowardly.

This boy was Ethan—Aengus's past self.

Watching this pathetic display of his former life, Aengus felt a wave of disgust wash over him. He hadn't just been weak; he had been utterly powerless, unable to stand up for himself or fight back against his bullies.

"This was me?" Aengus thought, his expression darkening. His eyes bore into the boy's hunched figure, recalling the feelings of shame, helplessness, and self-loathing that had consumed him at that time.

He clenched his fists tightly, his towering, godlike presence seeming out of place in the mundane reality surrounding him. The vast chasm between who he had become and who he once was had never felt more jarring.

"No courage, no strength... I truly was a weak, pathetic creature," Aengus muttered under his breath.

Bella stood silently by his side, observing his inner turmoil. She didn't need to say anything; she could feel the storm brewing within him. This was a confrontation with his past that no amount of strength or power could prepare him for.

Aengus closed his eyes briefly, steeling himself. "The past is what made me who I am, but it does not define me. This moment... this is where it all began."

The choice he had to make loomed closer, heavier than ever.

"Huh?"

The boy stumbled against Aengus' solid frame, feeling an inexplicable jolt of energy course through his body.

Startled, Ethan looked up at the man towering over him. The man's sharp, penetrating gaze was enough to send chills down the boy's spine. Instinctively, Ethan felt a twinge of fear, but also an odd sense of awe.

"U-Uncle, who are you? W-what are you doing in front of my house?" Ethan stammered, his voice trembling slightly.

Aengus knelt slightly and placed a large, steady hand on Ethan's head. His touch was surprisingly gentle, a surprising difference compared to his imposing presence.

Ethan couldn't help but feel a pang of envy as he looked at the man, whose powerful aura and commanding presence were everything he lacked. For a moment, the stranger's kindness reminded Ethan of his parents—whose faces were becoming blurrier in his fading memories.

"Grow up strong," Aengus said softly, his deep voice resonating with a calm authority. As he spoke, a faint surge of energy passed from his hand into Ethan, a transfer of power and abilities that would alter the trajectory of his life.

This act was a gamble—a dangerous one. Aengus knew that by changing this moment, he might risk his very existence. Yet, he couldn't ignore the possibility of a different outcome, one that could break the cycle and give Ethan a fighting chance.

Without another word, Aengus straightened and turned to Bella. "Let's go, Bella," he said firmly.

Bella, who had been silently observing the interaction, misinterpreted his actions as he was doing the fated move. She thought he was cursing his younger self, the reason they were sent to the past. She felt pity for the younger Aengus. Yet, deep down, she selfishly wished her husband Aengus would stay by her side, cold and detached. This tormenting even is unavoidable, she thought.

Obediently, she followed behind him as they walked away.

Ethan stood there, frozen in confusion, watching the enigmatic pair disappear down the street. His heart raced as he processed the odd sensation coursing through him, as if a hidden strength had awakened. He didn't know who the man was or why he had said those words, but something inside him had changed.

—

"Hubby, you did it, right?" Bella asked, her voice tinged with uncertainty as they strolled aimlessly down the street.

Aengus didn't look back. Instead, he shook his head and said calmly, "No. I didn't. I chose freedom."

Bella stopped in her tracks. Her figure trembled as she processed his words.

"Why? Why did you do that, Aengus? Do we really mean nothing to you?" Bella's voice cracked with emotion, tears threatening to spill from her eyes. "What if something happens to you? What will I do then?"

Aengus finally turned to face her, his expression a mixture of determination and regret. "I had to do it, my wife. Otherwise, I would feel like nothing more than a puppet. But don't worry—nothing is set in stone yet. There are many secrets we don't know yet. Who's to say I won't survive?" His tone was hopeful, though a shadow of uncertainty lingered in his eyes.

Before Bella could respond, the screeching sound of tires pierced the air.

Screech! Screech!

Several military vans skidded to a halt, encircling them in a tight formation. Armed soldiers poured out, their weapons directly aimed on the couple.

"Hands up! You're under arrest!"

Chapter 375: Chapter 375: An Insignificant Pawn?

"We... were talking. How dare you disturb us!" Bella's voice boomed with authority, sending the soldiers flying through the air like ragdolls.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

They landed heavily on the ground, unconscious but alive. Bella had deliberately spared their lives, her control over her power impeccable.

In a dimly lit control room somewhere far away, a group of scientists and military personnel watched the scene unfold on their screens. The air was thick with tension, but the astonishment on their faces was unmistakable.

"Amazing! Dr. Silva, did you see that? They must be aliens or supernaturals from higher dimensions—the very beings we've been searching for our entire lives!" an excited scientist exclaimed, his voice trembling with exhilaration.

Dr. Silva, a man with a high nose, sharp eyes, and an aura of cold intellect, adjusted his glasses and nodded slowly. A dangerous gleam of curiosity burned in his gaze, bordering on obsession.

"This is it," he murmured, more to himself than anyone else. "Proof of higher-dimensional lifeforms... entities capable of defying our understanding of physics. The dark truths of the universe might finally be within our grasp."

"But sir," another voice interjected hesitantly, "shouldn't we approach this with caution? They clearly outmatch our forces. If provoked further, they could be a threat to our entire existence."

Dr. Silva's lips curved into a thin, calculating smile. "Threat or not, they are likely the key to unlocking the mysteries of our Universe. Prepare for Phase Two. We must bring them in... alive, if possible."

"Yes, Dr. Silva. At once," the commander in a special military uniform said as he picked up his communicator to give new orders.

"And, Commander, please prepare a ride for me as well. I would like to meet them as well," Dr. Silva added.

"Ah, sure, Doctor. But the risks are too high. Be mindful of that. I don't want to get scolded by high command. You're a great scientist for the UUS; we can't take this lightly," the commander replied.

Dr. Silva smiled. "Don't worry. I will talk to them. I must discover the way to achieve their power, for the betterment of humanity."

—

Back on the streets, Bella dusted off her hands, her expression still irritated.

"Idiots," she muttered, turning to Aengus.

Her eyes lingered on Aengus, unwilling to look away, fearing he might disappear the next moment.

"Stop worrying, Bella. See, I'm fine," Aengus reassured her with a warm smile, pulling her into a tight embrace.

Bella blushed, then bit his shoulder lightly, as if venting her discontent. Yet, deep down, she felt relieved that nothing had happened to him, even though he had defied the expected course of events.

But the lingering question in both their minds was unsettling: why had nothing happened to him despite altering the past? Shouldn't the butterfly effect have erased his future self by now?

"What should I do with you, hubby?" Bella murmured, her voice soft yet teasing as she melted into his embrace. "If I could, I'd bind you to me forever, so no matter where you go, I could always follow."

She wrapped her arms tightly around his back, savoring the warmth of his presence.

Aengus just stood still as his mind was occupied with thoughts: whether she had done the right thing?

“Let’s leave this place, Bella. Otherwise, those flies will keep buzzing around,” Aengus said firmly.

With that, Aengus and Bella vanished from the spot, reappearing in a serene countryside.

“This place is beautiful compared to that city, at least. I can finally breathe freely,” Bella murmured, her face softening as she admired the tranquil scenery.

Aengus, however, remained watchful, his gaze shifting toward the sky. He noticed a few monitoring satellite still tracking their location. Irritated, he extended his index finger, letting a small streak of energy leak out, effortlessly destroying them.

Bella noticed his action and smirked. “This world is really intriguing. They have no magic but still manage to accomplish things that seem impossible for ordinary people.”

“You’re right,” Aengus replied. “But this technology will be their undoing someday if left unchecked. It’s not our concern right now, though. We need to leave. I still have to meet my mother and speak to Aria for answers.”

Bella leaned lazily against a tree, her gaze thoughtful. “What’s stopping you, then? Aren’t our work done in this world?”

“Yes, but I can’t sense any Primal Laws here,” Aengus said with a furrowed brow. “The entire domain feels disconnected. This world also seems to be a stage where I was born, and it’s protected by barriers. We’ll have to travel manually to leave, but the timeline we would reach is uncertain.”

Bella raised an eyebrow, then chuckled softly. “Your ‘future selves’ don’t seem so bad, hubby. They might have good intentions, you know. Perhaps you’re being too hard on them?”

“Perhaps,” Aengus said, his voice carrying a hint of bitterness. “But this is who I am—an arrogant, self-centered devil who seeks freedom above all else. You don’t know how much I suffered in my past life, Bella. I still have no clue whether my real parents exist or not. I was alone, just a pawn to fulfill a role their grand designs. I was an insignificant shadow of their greater selves—a puppet. But not anymore.”

His clenched fists radiated a faint energy that made the earth tremble slightly

Aengus and Bella sat quietly beneath the shade of a tree, the tranquil countryside surrounding them. The gentle rustle of leaves and the faint chirping of crickets set a peaceful tone, but the tension in the air between them was palpable. They waited, both

silently contemplating whether something someone would interfere to take them back like how they arrived.

If nothing happened, they would have to break through the barriers of this Domain by themselves.

Nearby, a few countrymen tending to the fields cast curious glances at the couple. Their strikingly otherworldly presence stood out like a beacon amidst the mundane. Yet, with work keeping them occupied and a certain aura of untouchability about the pair, no one dared to approach.

As the sun dipped low, painting the sky in hues of orange and red, the calm was interrupted.

“Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!”

Several advanced aircrafts cut through the clouds, their engines roaring faintly in the distance. Their metallic bodies glinted under the setting sun as they approached the area where Aengus and Bella rested.

Aengus tilted his head slightly, his sharp eyes following the aircrafts’ trajectory. His expression remained indifferent. “So, they’ve come,” he murmured.

Bella raised an eyebrow but didn’t move from her spot. “Are you planning to entertain them, or should I handle this, hubby?”

Aengus chuckled, a low, amused sound. “No need. Let them come. Their curiosity has brought them here, and I’d like to see what they think they can accomplish. Mortals like them... they’re insignificant ants. I won’t squash them unless they prove otherwise.”

Bella smirked and leaned back against the tree trunk, her eyes glinting with amusement. “This should be interesting.”

The aircrafts slowed as they neared, hovering ominously over the peaceful countryside. The whirring of their engines disturbed the serenity, signaling the arrival of those who sought to confront; or perhaps merely observe the enigmatic couple.

Chapter 376: Chapter 376: A Curse To Stone Age
An aircraft landed swiftly on a nearby smooth surface.

From it emerged Dr. Silva, hurrying toward the couple with quick footsteps, all alone.

The special soldiers remained alert in the air, ready for any possible confrontation.

In addition, two aircraft in the sky and several soldiers hidden far away had their long-range weapons aimed at the duo.

Aengus sighed at their foolishness, his gaze calm and serene. Yet, in his mind, he was running simulations, wondering why nothing had happened to him yet.

Not that he was complaining about surviving. Did that mean his choice had been the right one?

Was he was finally free from their grasp?

Dr. Silva approached them cautiously, his eyes fixed on the two otherworldly beings standing before him.

When he was just 10 meters away, he abruptly stumbled upon an invisible magical wall that brought his footsteps to an abrupt halt.

His gaze shifted to the couple, who seemed to be the source of the barrier.

The man's expression was calm yet distant, while the woman wore an amused, playful smirk that accentuated her striking beauty.

"H-hello... My name is Dr. Silva. I'm from the UUS Intelligent Lifeforms Research Department. May I speak with you?" Dr. Silva finally overcame his overwhelming excitement and managed to speak.

"Oh... speak. What do you want to know?" Bella asked amusedly as she lazily propped her chin on her right hand.

Seeing this, Dr. Silva took it as approval and continued speaking.

Everything was, of course, being recorded through the camera.

"On behalf of the world, may I ask—where did you come from? And how did you achieve such incredible power?" he asked, a gleam of mad glee in his eyes. The burning curiosity to uncover the unknown consumed him so completely that he didn't even consider his own safety.

"On behalf of the world?" Aengus scoffed disdainfully, finally locking eyes with Dr. Silva.

Dr. Silva instantly shivered from head to toe with pure excitement, as if he had witnessed the birth of the universe within the void-like depths of Aengus' gaze.

The man was simply too powerful, defying all the logic and understanding of this world.

“Mortal, you shouldn’t seek the truth. Why don’t you continue playing in your own little world?” Bella said, her tone light but laced with an unsettling authority.

“N-No, I need those answers... please,” Dr. Silva stammered, desperation dripping from his voice. “Are we not alone? When is the time for the Grand Unification?”

“Unification?” Bella repeated mockingly, her smile widening. “You call it unification? Hmph... You should call it your slavery or your demise. There is no Heaven, nothing fair, no justice will be waiting for you,” she said, a gleeful edge in her tone, clearly reveling in tormenting the native.

Dr. Silva’s heart sank to the bottom. The thought of humanity’s enslavement or the potential extinction of the entire race was a terrifying thing to imagine.

Was there truly no hope left for humanity?

Then, a flicker of desperation kindled in his heart as he glance at the duo. Yes, these two—these otherworldly beings—could help. If they were willing, perhaps something could change. But would they even consider helping?

His despair-filled gaze turned to the couple, who now looked as though they were preparing to leave.

“Let’s go, Bella. We must take matters into our own hands,” Aengus said, his form slowly rising into the air, lifted by a magical force.

Bella cast one last mischievous wink at Dr. Silva. “Farewell, Doctor. Let’s meet again...”

With that, she, too, began to rise, following Aengus as they floated effortlessly.

Their speed increased gradually, leaving Dr. Silva and everyone watching in awe.

“Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!”

Suddenly, the silence was shattered. Dr. Silva and the others froze as they saw several nuclear missiles launching toward the couple at terrifying speed and velocity.

The missiles pierced through the air, breaking the sound barrier as they hurtled directly toward the alien duo with ruthless intention.

Dr. Silva panicked—not for their safety but for their own. If those beings retaliated, humanity might face a wrath they couldn’t withstand.

Dr. Silva took out the communicator and barked, "What did you do, Commander? Who gave you the order to fire?" His desperate voice crackled through the channel to the commander watching solemnly from inside the aircraft.

"It was the High Command's order, Doctor," the commander replied. "They wanted their bodies, dead or alive. I'm sorry, doctor."

"Bastard! We're doomed! Doomed!" Dr. Silva slumped to the ground, despair consuming him as all hope evaporated. He had seen what others didn't.

Aengus floated at an altitude of 5,000 meters, watching the missiles streaking toward them. His frown deepened.

"These people never learn, do they?" he muttered with disappointment.

He could have ignored the attack and left, but he decided otherwise. A lesson need to be taught—for their own good.

Bella stopped beside him, her gaze drifting lazily to the incoming nuclear missiles. Her expression remained nonchalant, as if she were watching something utterly insignificant.

"What are you going to do to them?" Bella asked with a trace of curiosity in her playful tone.

Aengus answered calmly, his voice resolute. "I am going to end their dependence on these useless technologies. It will be for their own good. If their fragile barrier breaks one day, these toys would prove useless anyway. They would return to the Stone Age, with no weapons to rely on. They would have to work hard, as their ancestors did. Their obsession with laziness and convenience will be erased, giving rise to a new age.

An Age of Post-Technological Apocalypse."

With those words, Aengus activated his Omniscience Curse Sovereign Eyes, their ethereal glow commanding the very laws of existence to heed his will. A foreboding aura spread across the entire world, carrying with it a curse that annihilated all knowledge, all weapons, and every trace of advanced technology from the face of the Earth.

The nuclear missiles disintegrated mid-air, followed swiftly by the aircraft hovering nearby.

Soldiers in free fall tumbled through the air as the remnants of their technology vanished, though some were fortunate enough to have parachutes, enabling them to land safely.

Dr. Silva blinked in astonishment, utterly speechless at the sheer scale and majesty of the magical display. It wasn't just him. Across the Earth, humanity bore witness to this unimaginable power, a phenomenon that defied comprehension and erased the very foundation of their modern world.

Chapter 377: Chapter 377: The Cycle Still Exist

The world was plunged into chaos as people everywhere, playing with their phones, computers, driving cars, or relying on other technologies, were left utterly speechless.

Confused and fearful, they poured out onto the streets, leaving behind buildings that, though intact, no longer hummed with the energy of modern life.

On the streets, the atmosphere was thick with confusion as people exchanged panicked glances. Every single piece of technology that had once made life easier and more convenient was gone, leaving only an eerie silence in its wake.

"What just happened? Where did my car go?" someone shouted.

"Where is my phone? I just had it in my hand!" another cried.

"Someone, wake me up from this nightmare!"

"...Ouch... No, no, no! This isn't a dream. It's real!"

"This can't be happening! How am I supposed to watch TukTuk videos now? And my games.."

"It's God! God has finally shown Himself and executed His divine justice!" an old man exclaimed, raising his hands toward the sky.

"God is great!" a few others echoed in nervous agreement.

"We will go back to our old beautiful World!"

"Shut the fu*k up, old nuts!" a younger man barked angrily. "There is no God! This must be some alien conspiracy! They've done this to us on purpose! To weaken us."

The streets were filled with a cacophony of voices, ranging from despair to denial, from cries for help to declarations of divine intervention. Humanity, stripped of its technological crutch, now stood on the brink of a new and terrifying reality of hardship and valor. And it was not about a single city or country, it was the case for all the countries of the globe.

—

After that, Aengus and Bella vanished from their spot, untraceable by any means due to their extreme speed.

Like two glowing dots of energy, they pierced through the atmosphere, breaking past the Earth's surface and reaching the cold, empty, lifeless void of space.

Below them, the Earth radiated an aura of vitality and renewal, as though it was silently thanking Aengus for the curse he had cast. The planet, which had been teetering on the brink of collapse, would have been doomed within a few more centuries if things had continued unchecked. The curse had reset its course, giving it a chance to heal before the time for the Grand Unification came.

But Aengus and Bella did not linger to witness the aftermath. Their journey continued.

Aengus held Bella by the waist covering her with protective barrier, and his speed increased a hundredfold, effortlessly propelling them forward through the vast expanse of space. All this while, he was matching Bella's pace, knowing she still lagged behind him in power.

But with light-years of distance to cross, he obviously couldn't keep doing it anymore. His individual power level surpassed that of a Star Dominator, and his speed could reach 1 light-year per hour by utilizing all the skills and abilities in his arsenal.

Bella's level remained stuck at 999—a limitation Aengus had not yet lifted, as he was waiting for the right time for her ascension. Until then, he would guide her, protect her, and lead the way through the endless void.

—

Back on Earth.

While half of the planet was enveloped in the darkness of night, a different play of destiny was unfolding in Ethan's house.

Deep in the quiet night, Ethan had just fallen into a deep sleep after reading books on his bed.

Suddenly, a man with horrifying scars and grotesque mutations appeared inside the room, as if stepping in from another dimension.

The terrifying, mutated figure glanced at the boy lying peacefully on the bed and let out a low, rumbling laugh, one filled with despair and helplessness.

He suddenly looked up, his gaze piercing through space and time, reaching Aengus and Bella's figures light-years away.

His expression was disdainful and scornful, yet a hint of envy flickered in his eyes.

“Still the naive old me... Do you think you can take everything back just like that? Do you believe it's all so simple? Tch... Freedom is just a dream until we achieve what we must. There is no exit, no start. The cycle can never be broken,” he muttered, shifting his gaze back to Ethan.

“I'm so tired... Hopefully, this one will be the last. And My end is here... probably,” the figure whispered as his finger released a curse far more terrifying than any ancient one .

The curse seemed alive, its glowing red eyes brimming with ominous intent. It drifted toward Ethan, sinking deep into his body.

As the curse began its work, the grotesque, mutated figure shed a single tear. His form began to disintegrate, as if the universe itself was punishing him for interfering with this reality.

“Ah... how I miss them so much... If only I had been more powerful...” he murmured, his voice heavy with regret.

“But this isn't over. You will have to get back what was taken from us. Let's see what you can achieve with that rebellious nature. You're the last gamble we placed, after all...”

With those final words, he vanished from existence like smoke, leaving behind absolutely no trace of his presence—no proof that he had ever existed at all.

—

Time passed—months, perhaps.

“Plop!”

Aengus and Bella finally emerged from the Milky Way domain, breaking through the impenetrable illusion barrier.

The experience was surreal, akin to carving their way through a hole in the very fabric of space-time.

Once through, they glanced around, but there was no trace of the place they sought. It was as though it had never existed at all.

Suddenly, Aengus clutched his head as fragments of new memories began to surface, altering his past like magical ripples through time.

The incident of the Technological Collapse and the beginning of the Post-Technological Apocalyptic Age now existed in his memories as part of history.

However, the memory of his illness and the way he had died still remained unchanged. He still had died, though the settings around it were now different.

This realization hit him hard—he couldn't change the past, no matter how powerful he was.

The Cycle still existed. He changed nothing at all.

He stood frozen for a moment, unsure whether to feel relieved or angry.

Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills - Chapter 378 - Chapter 378: Chapter 378: Divine Enchantress!!

Chapter 378: Chapter 378: Divine Enchantress!!

"What's troubling you now, husband?" Bella asked softly, resting in his arms as she sensed the chaos within his aura.

Aengus replied emotionally, "I couldn't change nothing, Bella. I was still killed. But this time, the settings were a little different, but the result was the same. I couldn't do anything against them. Or maybe... it's only because of their grace that I'm still alive. Am I really just an insignificant, naive fool?"

Bella, still in his embrace, looked up at him. She could see the pain and self-loathing in his eyes—eyes that refused to meet her gaze. She felt the weight of his turmoil, the mix of relief and anguish that burdened his soul.

"No," she said firmly, her voice gentle. "You're not insignificant. We still have a long way to go, hubby. Until then, think of them as your protectors, shielding you from something far more dangerous. They have faith in you. And so do I. Don't forget—you are the Emperor of Ruination!" Bella reminded him, sealing her words with a tender kiss on his cheek.

Aengus was stunned, processing her words. Could she be right? Perhaps. But that didn't mean he was willing to endure this failed cycle again and again.

"I will grow stronger than any of my future selves," Aengus vowed silently, his resolve hardening. "And when the time comes, I will break this cycle and carve my own fate."

For now, he accepted this defeat, but only as a stepping stone toward the future he was determined to create.

Aengus pulled a Divine Stone from his pocket and handed it to Bella.

“What’s this?” Bella asked curiously, taking the stone in her hand as he gently let her go, allowing her to stand steady in the vast emptiness of space.

“This is a Divine Stone,” Aengus explained, his tone turning calm and composed once again. “It removes the level limitation for those who rely on a system to grow. It will allow your level to surpass 999, potentially boosting you even further.”

Bella’s eyes sparkled with excitement, and she smiled happily. “Oh, is this a reward from you?” she teased mischievously. “I’m thrilled, but my real gift would be a child in my belly,” she added seductively, her gaze drifting to her exposed stomach, which she flaunted with an alluring air of temptation.

Aengus glanced at her, momentarily flustered, and coughed nervously. “Ahem, that... can wait for later,” he said, regaining his composure. “Now go and use that stone. I’ll be here, guarding,” he added strictly, turning his gaze away to focus on his surroundings.

Bella hmped in mock annoyance but obediently gulped down the Divine Stone, seating herself gracefully in the empty vastness of space.

Aengus first synthesized all her existing skills and abilities into a single, overpowered skill with immense potential: Immortal Enchantress of Fire (SS).

Then, the process to break Bella’s mortal limitations began. A surge of energy erupted from within her, radiating outward toward unknown locations across the cosmos.

Without hesitation, Aengus swiftly controlled the energy surge, erecting a powerful barrier using his Paragon Warlord (SSS) skill, ensuring that no uninvited guests could intrude upon the delicate transformation.

Aengus observed the transformation intently, noting every detail. Bella’s fiery, seductive aura began to evolve into something divine and otherworldly. She was no longer just a captivating woman; she was becoming a Divine Enchantress. The process was both mesmerizing and deeply satisfying to watch.

After ten minutes, the divination process concluded with an explosion of radiant, red energy. An aura of annihilation and enchantment swirled around Bella, powerful yet ethereal, marking her ascension into a higher existence.

Name: Bella Bellfrost

Level: 1456

Race: Enchantress

Skill: Divine Enchantress Of Annihilation (SSS)

Laws: Fire (15%), Charm (26%)

Bella's evolution was remarkably successful and awe-inspiring.

Her form now radiated a divine authority that could never be denied.

She looked more deadly, more captivating than ever in Crimson radiant red form. With feather-like crimson wings glowing with ethereal light and a mesmerizing third eye on her forehead, her human-like enchantress figure exuded an incomprehensible charm and seductiveness.

Her ample chest, curvaceous waist, and wide hips were now adorned in a flowing crimson-red gown, enhancing her elegance as a divine enchantress. Her beauty and presence were both enchanting and overwhelming, as though she had become the very embodiment of allure full of thorns.

Her eyes, gleaming with mischief and allure, darted to Aengus, who stood captivated by her breathtaking transformation. Bella's lips curved into a playful, knowing smile, the twinkle in her eyes teasing him as though daring him to look away.

Aengus' breathing grew ragged, his eyes locked onto Bella's enchanting form, every curve and motion inviting him to succumb. Her beauty was a siren's call he couldn't resist.

"Come here, darling," Bella said, winking seductively.

That single gesture shattered the last vestiges of his restraint, like a wild ox breaking free from its bindings.

Forgetting every worry, every grudge, and every motivation, Aengus pulled her into a tight embrace, inhaling her intoxicating scent as if it were a drug.

His lips traced a slow, deliberate path—from her navel to her ample twin peaks—before finally capturing her crimson lips. They tasted sweet and soft, like the ripest cherries, igniting a fire within him.

As the kiss deepened, Bella smiled warmly and caressed his head lovingly, her touch tender and caring, like that of a devoted wife.

It had been far too long since they'd indulged in physical intimacy. Bella didn't resist; instead, she welcomed his touch, craving it just as much.

Aengus, too, though a being of immense discipline, was not beyond desire. He had always controlled his urges, focusing solely on his goals. But now, freed from restraint, he unleashed the primal instincts within him, yearning to meld with his partner in the purest, most instinctual bond of male and female.

Bella welcomed Aengus with open arms, her radiant wings spreading slightly as if to embrace him fully. She readied herself for yet another thrilling ride, their passion igniting even in the cold, lifeless expanse of space.

Surrounded by the protective barrier Aengus had erected, they were safe from any prying, envious eyes. The universe seemed to hold its breath as these two Powerful beings indulged in their carnal pleasure.

Chapter 379: Chapter 379: A New Life To Be Born!

Time passed, and soon their erratic movements came to a halt.

After a while, the protective barrier was lifted. Aengus and Bella stood side by side as if nothing had happened.

However, if one looked closely, faint traces of hickeys and love marks could still be seen on their otherwise flawless skin.

Bella's cheeks flushed as she lightly pinched Aengus' waist in protest.

"What? You demanded it, didn't you? I wasn't even that rough," Aengus replied, utterly unapologetic, his voice teasing.

"Shameless," Bella muttered, her blush deepening. She turned away and started running toward a nearby location where a spiraling domain—a galaxy—shimmered in the distance, its ethereal beauty captivating her.

Her steps were quick, but her hand instinctively brushed over her stomach now and then, a subtle gesture of hope for a life that might be growing within her.

"Whoosh!"

Aengus smirked and darted after her, catching up in no time. Without warning, he swept her into his arms, holding her close as if to remind her of his love and devotion.

"What are you doing?" Bella exclaimed in mild panic, her heart racing as she finding herself held tightly against him.

"Why was he suddenly becoming so clingy? Was he charmed by her at last?" Bella wondered inwardly, a swell of pride blooming within her.

“Nothing... I just have a better way of transportation, that’s all,” Aengus replied nonchalantly, though his hands began to wander playfully over her body.

“Stop it, husband. You’re being a pervert now,” Bella said in a teasing tone, her eyes sparkling with amusement.

“You’ve made me this way,” Aengus responded lovingly, his voice warm and sincere. “I find myself at peace when I’m with you.”

Bella’s blush deepened, but she couldn’t help the soft smile that graced her lips. Wrapped in his embrace, she felt an unspoken bond grow even stronger between them as they sped through the endless void together.

Aengus’ Wormhole Skill left Bella in awe. Now capable of creating a passage spanning 100 light-years with a single cast, it far surpassed the raw speed of his natural abilities, which maxed out at 1 light-year per hour.

Each cast drained his mana significantly, but with his Infinite Mana Regeneration, he returned to peak condition within minutes, making the process efficient and almost limitless.

As they traveled through the cosmos, Aengus devoured planets and stars whenever he came across them, consuming their raw energy to bolster his strength. However, he made a conscious effort to avoid consuming life-bearing planets unless absolutely necessary.

It’s only because of Nargath’s influence he was able to devour so many life worlds without any guilt.

If Aengus had realized the true extent of this influence, he would have been horrified.

The thought of tearing apart innocent lives in pursuit of strength would have left him disgusted with himself, torn between the pursuit of ultimate power and the morality he still clung to.

Several days passed as Aengus and Bella traversed hundreds of thousands of light-years together. What might have been an exhausting and monotonous journey was transformed into an exhilarating adventure, filled with romance and companionship.

On this special day, Aengus turned to Bella, his expression a mixture of wonder and joy. “Yes, it’s true, my wife. You have conceived my child!”

Bella’s eyes widened, shimmering with happy tears. The confirmation she had been waiting for finally arrived. Her deepest yearning had been fulfilled—she was carrying his child, the family she had long dreamed of creating for him.

While Aengus tried to bury the sorrow of Aria's lost child in his heart, she focused on this new chapter, determined to give her husband a sense of belonging and a future worth cherishing.

Aengus just confirmed her pregnancy with his own eyes, and his heart swelled with joy. He was going to be a father—a realization that brought a renewed sense of purpose and hope.

Standing together on the barren surface of a dull, lifeless planet, their joy and love seemed to radiate outward, bringing an almost magical vibrancy to the desolate world.

Aengus gazed at Bella with deep affection and care, while Bella gently caressed her belly, her motherly instincts beginning to awaken despite her playful and mischievous nature.

In that moment, the cold, lifeless planet of space felt warm and alive, as their love and hope created a sanctuary for the life they were about to bring into existence.

—

Above the planet, a traveling mercenary spaceship came to an abrupt halt as its sensors detected an unusual magical phenomenon emanating from the previously lifeless planet below.

Inside, the crew was in a state of alarm and curiosity.

“Captain, what is this phenomenon? We’ve passed through this route countless times, but how could this barren planet suddenly come alive?” a cautious female crew member asked, her voice tinged with concern.

“How would I know?”

The female captain furrowed her brows, staring at the data displayed on the ship's mirror. Her experience told her this was no ordinary occurrence.

The rest of the crew, however, could hardly contain their excitement as their imaginations ran wild.

“It must be the birth of another Heaven Grade Treasure!” one crew member exclaimed.

“Captain, what do you think? Should we investigate?” another urged, their excitement bubbling over.

“Yes, yes, we should. We might even strike it rich!”

The captain remained silent for a moment, analyzing the readings. The energy signatures were powerful and foreign, unlike anything they had encountered before. Her instincts told her this was no simple treasure hunt—it could be something far more dangerous.

After a brief pause, she addressed her crew. “Prepare the ship for close observation, but stay cautious. If this truly is the birth of a Divine Treasure, it could attract powerful forces... or worse. We have passengers on board with us, So don’t pick fights with anyone, unless necessary. Got it?”

“Yes, Captain.”

The crew nodded eagerly, preparing the ship for descent toward the planet, unaware of the powerful duo standing on its surface, radiating an energy that transcended their understanding.

Chapter 380: Chapter 380: To Kievan Empire

Protected by a crude mana shield, three crew members descended cautiously onto the mysterious planet. Their boots crunched against the revitalized terrain as they gazed around warily. To their surprise, the only inhabitants were a striking couple—a man and a woman. There was no Divine Treasure.

Though they didn’t appear overwhelmingly powerful, their faint yet commanding presence was undeniable, like rulers overseeing their domain.

The crew members immediately noticed something strange: the couple stood unharmed on the planet, without even a protective mana shield. They seemed utterly unaffected by the planet’s harsh spatial storms and void radiation. This defied logic, as even the crew’s shields strained to endure the volatile energy surrounding them.

Keeping their guard up, the leading crew member, a muscular man exuding Law energy, stepped forward cautiously, his comrades behind him ready to act at a moment’s notice.

“Hey! Who are you two? What are you doing here on this barren planet?” the man demanded firmly, following the captain’s orders from the mercenary ship.

The couple didn’t flinch or appear intimidated. The man, Aengus, remained calm, his piercing gaze sizing up the newcomers with intrigue. Bella, on the other hand, wore a playful smirk, tilting her head as if amused by their intrusion.

Their lack of reaction only made the crew more uneasy, their instincts screaming that these two were far more dangerous than they appeared.

Aengus spoke up finally, forming a small plan. “Hello, you’re from the MoonFlower Mercenary Group, right? Can you tell us which Domain we’re in? We’re lost, you see... We’d be happy if you could give us a ride,” he said with a smile.

“Oh, you know about us? I see... Let me ask my superior.”

The leading man was confused and suspicious, so he sought the captain’s instructions over the communicator.

“Captain, what should we do? We didn’t find any treasure, but we came across this noble-looking couple. Should we help them? They seem rich—maybe we could get some rewards in exchange. What do you say?” the leading man said gleefully.

The female captain, seated inside the floating spaceship, pondered hard about the mysterious couple. Those two were definitely not ordinary. Perhaps they could strike a good deal out of it. Of course, she was confident in the ship’s defense mechanisms, capable of tearing apart any unwelcome guests.

“Alright, bring them in,” she finally said.

“Yes, Captain.”

After receiving approval, Aengus and Bella were granted entry to the ship.

“Alright, follow us,” the leading man said, motioning to the couple after receiving confirmation from his captain.

As they ascended back to the spaceship, Aengus and Bella boarded the vessel without hesitation, stepping into the smooth metallic interior. The ship exuded a practical yet advanced design, its corridors glowing with faint blue lights powered by mana-fueled systems.

Inside, the crew members couldn’t help but glance curiously at the couple. Their refined aura and unruffled demeanor made them seem like nobles, though something about them felt enigmatic and slightly intimidating.

The female captain, a tall and sharp-featured woman with an air of authority, waited for them on the main deck. She wore a high-collared coat adorned with the MoonFlower Mercenary insignia, her almond eyes scanning the duo as they approached.

“I am Captain Arvaya of the MoonFlower Mercenary Group,” she introduced herself, her voice steady but edged with caution. “You’re lucky we found you. Now, care to explain what you’re doing on that lifeless planet all alone? You mentioned being lost—how does someone like you lose their way with your Spatial Law Mastery?”

Aengus nodded calmly. "My name is Zytherion, and this is my wife Bella. We were on a long journey, and unforeseen circumstances led us astray. Your kindness in offering us a ride is greatly appreciated. My wife and I are in your debt."

Bella chimed in with a warm, disarming tone, "Hello...We hope we're not imposing. It's been a while since we've met such... helpful individuals."

The crew exchanged wary glances, uncertain whether the couple's politeness was genuine or a façade. Captain Arvaya's instincts told her that these two were not to be underestimated, yet she decided to probe further.

"Lost, you say? What exactly is your destination?"

Aengus replied,

"We're heading toward the Xenia Domain. But any nearby safe harbor would suffice for now. I'm sure we can compensate you for the trouble."

Captain Arvaya raised an eyebrow, intrigued yet cautious. "Xenia Domain? You're really far away from your destination, Guests. We are in edge of Polaris Domain now. We don't think we'd making going back to Xenia Domain so soon. Would you still like to go with us?" she asked.

"Polaris Domain?" Aengus echoed internally, finding the name familiar. Polaris Domain was supposedly the place where the Kievan Empire was should be situated. Emperor Dimitri had spoken about the legacy before he died.

"Yes, but please drop us off at the Kievan Empire if it's along your route," Aengus stated calmly.

"Kievan Empire? What a coincidence... we have some other guests who are also headed there," Captain Arvaya replied with a small smile.

"Then that's even better. Don't worry, Captain. We'll find a way to repay you once we get there," Bella said, exchanging a meaningful glance with Aengus.

"Mm hmm... Rita, take them to the guest hall," Arvaya commanded a petite young woman.

"Follow me," the petite girl said as she stood up from her seat and led the way.

Aengus and Bella followed Rita into the guest hall, a spacious chamber adorned with a pristine white interior. Tough glass windows framed a breathtaking view of stars and constellations, their radiant beauty accentuating the tranquil ambiance.

Around them, 8–10 people sat in their private chambers like VIPs, each casting curious glances at the new arrivals. Aengus and Bella carried themselves with the grace and poise of a noble couple, quietly taking their seats at the back.

After delivering a brief explanation about safety protocols—though she suspected they hardly needed them—Rita left the hall, her footsteps echoing softly behind her.

Bella leaned gently against Aengus's shoulder, her expression serene and content. They appeared as nothing more than a loving couple, yet an unspoken energy surrounded them, hinting at the weight of their true purpose.

As the ship launched toward Polaris Domain's Kievan Empire, its incredible speed far surpassing thousands of times of speed of light, Aengus's thoughts remained focused on the goal within him—a goal that would inevitably shake the very foundations of Polaris Domain.

For now, though, the journey across the stars offered them a rare moment of peace and rest, a calm before the storm they both knew would come.