

Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills

Chapter 381: Chapter 381: Generous Guests!

“Captain, that couple is strong!” Rita spoke cautiously.

“Hm, I know. But can they really be stronger than a Sky Dominator like me?” Captain Arvaya replied with doubt, her gaze fixed ahead toward their destination.

“Well... that I don’t know. We should keep them in check just in case,” Rita reminded, her small legs swinging rhythmically.

“You worry too much, Rita... We’re close to the destination anyway. After that, we’d be parting ways,” Arvaya shrugged dismissively.

“But Captain, what was the reason for that strange phenomenon? As soon as we left, everything vanished like smoke,” a male crew member reminded, slightly afraid.

Captain Arvaya was puzzled, but her thoughts were interrupted when the danger alarm blared throughout the ship.

“Captain! Pirates!”

Captain Arvaya frowned with annoyance, her hands resting on her hips in a commanding posture.

“I can see that... Don’t shout,” she said, her sharp gaze fixed on the pirate ships circling them with malicious intent.

Initially, there were just three low-class ships, so she wasn’t worried.

But—

“Captain! We have more incoming ships!” one crew member shouted urgently.

Captain Arvaya’s expression stiffened as ten more ships joined the fray, surrounding them like vultures.

“Prepare for battle!” she commanded, her voice echoing throughout the ship, reaching the elite guards stationed below their chambers.

It wasn’t like they couldn’t win. They had country-level guards and a high-class ship equipped with magical cannons that were not just for show. But the victory would come at a steep price, as their numbers were significantly fewer.

The pirate ships' protective shields and extended cannons glowed ominously as the standoff reached a critical point.

"Surrender or die!"

The gleeful, mocking echoes of the pirate leaders transmitted through the comms, demanding submission.

"Ba**ards!"

Captain Arvaya's face twisted with rage. Surrender was not an option, and a bloody battle seemed inevitable.

"Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!"

Suddenly, several ominous black holes materialized out of nowhere, surrounding both the pirates and Arvaya's ship.

The captain, her crew, and the pirates froze in shock, their faces draining of color as fear gripped them.

"Damn it! How did the Eaters appear here?!" one of her crew muttered in terror.

"Who summoned these monsters?!" the pirate leader roared, his tone a mix of rage and despair.

These holes—ominously referred to as Eaters—were among the most terrifying phenomena to low-level Seekers. There was simply no defense against them unless one had overwhelming power.

The holes vibrated with an intensity that fractured the very fabric of space, targeting the pirate ships one by one.

"Help!"

"Save me! I don't want to die!"

Their cries for mercy echoed through the void as the pirate ships were devoured, vanishing from existence as though they had never been there.

Captain Arvaya and her crew watched in stunned silence, their terror mounting as the Eaters loomed closer.

“Leave! Now!” Captain Arvaya shouted, her voice shaking but resolute. Her heart pounded as the voids drew near, making their massive ship feel insignificant.

To her astonishment, the Eaters didn’t target them. It was either a miraculous stroke of luck or deliberate intent, but the ship remained unscathed.

As Captain Arvaya glanced at the rearview screen, she saw the Eaters fading away smoothly, as if they had never existed.

A heavy silence filled the ship as they processed the surreal turn of events.

Arvaya found the entire situation unnervingly mysterious, far too coincidental to ignore.

Her sharp eyes scanned the passenger section, where most of the VIPs were trembling in fear, some even fainting from the sheer terror of the Eaters’ appearance.

But amidst the chaos, one couple stood out.

Aengus and Bella sat calmly, their demeanor completely unbothered by the catastrophic events unfolding around them.

“Could they be the reason we were spared?” Arvaya wondered, her brows furrowing deeply.

Her thoughts spiraled further. “But how? How could anyone summon Eaters? They exist beyond the laws of the Primal Realm. Manipulating them should be impossible... shouldn’t it?”

“Could they one of the Evil Seekers?”

The captain felt a chill run down her spine as her gaze lingered on the enigmatic couple. They didn’t appear to be doing anything extraordinary, but their sheer presence now felt heavier, more devilish.

Arvaya didn’t dare act impulsively, but she resolved to keep an even closer eye on them. Something about them was far from ordinary, and her instincts screamed they were far more powerful than they let on.

The journey from that point onward was eerily silent, filled with an unspeakable tension that weighed on everyone aboard the ship.

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“MoonFlower Mercenary group? Haha... You may proceed!”

“Thank you. You will get your reward.”

“Thank you, thank you!”

After several hours of travel, the ship finally landed on a massive, sprawling world. The landing area was heavily guarded, with security checks meticulously conducted by the stationed guards at the outer perimeter of the planet.

This world marked the beginning of the Kievan Empire’s vast imperial territory, its edge carefully monitored to prevent unauthorized entry.

Fortunately for the MoonFlower mercenaries, their reputation preceded them. The guards allowed them entry with minimal hindrance, sparing the crew and their passengers the ordeal of extensive questioning.

This proved particularly advantageous for Aengus and Bella, as they had no formal identification or documentation. Revealing Aengus’ background as a member of the Degaro family would likely invite trouble and unwelcoming attention, something they could not afford at the moment.

Thus, they entered discreetly, blending into the crowd.

“Thank you for the help, Captain Arvaya! Here, take this as a token of gratitude!” Aengus said, standing atop the gleaming white platform. With a graceful gesture, he retrieved two SS-Grade Swords seemingly out of thin air.

Arvaya and her crew froze in stunned silence, their eyes widening in disbelief as they gazed upon the radiant weapons.

“Oh my god! Two Sky-Grade Swords!” one of the crew members gasped in astonishment, their voices tinged with a mix of awe and greed.

The hierarchy of treasures and weapons in their world was well-known:

Low

Mid

High

Earth

Sky

Heaven, and the legendary Divine rank.

Sky-Grade Swords were immensely valuable, not just for their power but also for their rarity. Such weapons could easily fetch hundreds of thousands of Law Stones in the market, a fortune beyond the reach of most.

The crew's eyes turned eagerly toward Captain Arvaya, silently urging her to accept this unexpected windfall. It wasn't every day they encountered such a generous guest, especially one offering something so priceless without a second thought.

Arvaya hesitated for a moment. She glanced at Aengus and Bella, trying to discern their true motives. Were they truly as generous as they seemed, or was there something more to this act of kindness?

Finally, she spoke, her voice steady but grateful, "This is... far too generous, but I will humbly accept on behalf of my crew. Thank you, truly. We needed it."

Aengus smiled faintly and nodded. "Consider it a token of our gratitude for your assistance. We may cross paths again someday, Captain. Goodbye!"

With that, the transaction was sealed, and Aengus and Bella left the landing platform heading toward the Heart of the World.

The crew, meanwhile, couldn't contain their excitement, knowing the swords would elevate their status and resources significantly. For Arvaya, however, the mysterious couple left an impression she would not easily forget.

Chapter 382: Chapter 382: True Emperor Of Kievan

Aengus and Bella walked through the heart of the planet's main continent carefree as if on vacation.

Though they walked normally, the couple left quite an impression on the native onlookers. Their extraordinary aura and commanding presence were hard to miss.

"So, what's the plan? When are you going to go back to the Xenia Domain?" Bella asked curiously, her demeanor turning serious.

"Unfortunately, we won't be able to go there so soon. Even though I've surpassed the Star Dominator stage, I am still not capable of traveling such a long distance without taking months. We'll have to wait a while to strengthen myself. And don't forget—I am the true inheritor of this empire. If I can capture this one, I can gather the necessary resources for our needs," Aengus explained as he led the way.

"I see... Then we should gather some information about the Imperial Court's factions and powers before announcing your arrival, right?"

“Yes.”

Aengus activated his Sovereign Eyes, searching for anyone who could provide them with valuable information about the current Imperial Court in Emperor Dimitri's absence.

And he didn't have to wait long.

Very soon, he spotted a man wearing a crown, strolling atop the terrace in front of the royal castle of this Glory world with ruling authority and grace.

He was a World Dominator in terms of power and the current king in charge of Glory World. As per the information revealed, he served as a proxy of the Kievan Empire.

From below the towering castle wall, Aengus and Bella decided to target the king directly.

They moved swiftly, teleporting to the top of the wall, appearing right before the king on the terrace, bypassing all the tough security measures with ease.

Whoosh!

The king was startled by the couple, but as a battle-hardened ruler, he immediately attacked them with ruthless intent, aiming to crush their very existence.

His terrifying Wind Law surged, and the very air obeyed his will, becoming as sharp as swords that surrounded the couple in an instant.

One wrong move, and the couple would be dead—at least, based on his natural understanding.

“Who are you? Why have you intruded into my space?” the king barked, though wary of the two. He knew they couldn't be simple. Still, he was confident in his abilities. He was the strongest man on this planet, after all. He could do as he wished. He was the second in command after the Emperor.

Aengus, unfazed, began to approach the king with slow, deliberate steps.

The wind swords crashed against his body, but they shattered like glass.

The king's astonishment was beyond words as Aengus touched his head with ruthless efficiency.

The king's eyes widened in horror as his very existence was being rewritten, manipulated by Aengus' eyes, which glowed with an ethereal golden hue.

Even as a World Dominator powerhouse, he was utterly helpless.

Bella watched calmly, though she was curious about why Aengus was doing this. She guessed he was probably taking over the king's mind, something she could do as well.

But what she didn't know was that Aengus wasn't merely taking over his mind. He was rewriting the king's perception of them to his very core, ensuring that the chance of betrayal was almost null.

After a while, as Aengus moved his hand, King Ronin instantly knelt down with deep respect and reverence.

"Please accept my allegiance, True Emperor of Kievan. Thank you for gracing me with your divine presence. I will obey any order you give, my emperor!" King Ronin declared, his voice echoing thunderously.

"Very well. Stand up," Aengus said calmly.

King Ronin stood up slowly, his gaze shifting to Bella with a fawning expression. "My Empress, please accept my bow as well."

Bella watched with an incredulous expression. The deep manipulation, so seamless it felt like reality itself, left her both impressed and amazed. Even as an Enchantress, she doubted she could enslave someone in the way her husband just had.

"King Ronin, can you tell me about the current affairs in the Imperial Court? Who is in power now?" Aengus asked.

"Please, follow me inside, My Emperor. I will share everything you wish to know along the way," King Ronin responded respectfully.

Aengus and Bella followed him into the royal castle as he began to reveal the internal affairs of the Kievan Empire.

"My Emperor, ever since the former Emperor Dimitri disappeared, the court has been in upheaval with power struggles. Empress Fiona reclaimed the power a few centuries ago with the help of Emperor Dimitri's allies. After that, her son assumed the role of Emperor, despite not being officially marked as the Inheritor by Emperor Dimitri.

Even though it remains an imperial rule, the Emperor's Mark has always signified the true ruler of Kievan for ages. So the current rule is not valid legally.

But now, the true Inheritor had arrived. You are the true Emperor of Kievan, bearing the Mark of the Ruler," King Ronin said earnestly, glancing at Aengus' hand where the mark glowed faintly, as if responding to his will.

Aengus listened silently, recalling the talk of betrayal of Emperor Dimitri's those so called allies. And now he found those allies had helped Empress Fiona to take back the rule.

Was Empress Fiona was in cahoots with the attackers. He wasn't sure, but there was a possibility.

"So the former Emperor's son currently rules the empire. Does everyone genuinely approve of him?" Bella asked, displeased.

"No, my Empress. There is an opposing faction loyal to the sacred custom of choosing the ruler through the Emperor's Mark. They do not support the current rule and operate in secret across all the empire's territories. However, without the arrival of the true Emperor, they cannot openly oppose the current ruler.

They are still awaiting your arrival, My Emperor. If you wish to reclaim the Imperial Throne, I am certain they will pledge their loyalty and assist you," King Ronin replied truthfully.

Aengus responded,

"We will talk about it later. Find us a place for rest first."

"Yes, yes. As you wish, my Emperor!"

Chapter 383: Chapter 383: More Ultimate Skills

Inside a grand guest room filled with luxurious and expensive ornaments, Aengus and Bella found themselves holding Elemental Law Stones of Fire, Space, and Water.

King Ronin had personally gifted them 15 Law Stones—3 Space Law Stones, 8 Fire Law Stones, and 4 Water Law Stones. These were all the Law Stones he possessed, as they were that valuable.

Which is why despite being a King, Ronin's Wind Law mastery remained stuck at 44%, hindered by both the limitations of his talent and his Low-Grade Origin Law Tree.

Though Bella and Aengus hadn't tested their own Law Trees, it must be Superior Mutated Law Trees.

Aengus and Bella took some time to synthesize the Law Stones with their minds, channeling their energies to strengthen their Origin Law Tree.

Bella was deeply absorbed in her comprehension of the Fire Law.

Aengus, however, began to think hard about how to increase the level of his skills.

At his current stage, relying solely on Laws would no longer be sufficient in battles against stronger foes. Though Laws were undeniably powerful, his skills could prove even more useful in terms of versatility and personal combat involving his physical body.

Skills could be considered as lower applications of various Law combinations—accessible only to the System wielders.

After some thought, Aengus decided to transform his skills into Unique Skills to eliminate their limitations. This would allow him to use them like Ultimate Skills, controlling their effectiveness as he wished without being bound by constraints.

“Manas, can you create Unique Skills?” he asked internally.

Manas responded confidently, “This will be tough, but I can do it with my current upgraded abilities, Master. Just give me some time.”

“Alright, create a few Unique Skills that complement the ones I already have,” he requested.

“Sure thing! Just wait for a little while,” she assured him.

MANAS NOTIFICATION:

- Skill Creation Successful

Acquired Skill: Astral Traverse (Rare)

Description: Enables the user to transport their soul through the Astral Plane, allowing travel from one place to another.

- Skill Creation Successful

Acquired Skill: Mana Manipulation (Rare)

Description: Grants the user the ability to manipulate pure Mana of his surrounding.

- Skill Creation Successful

Acquired Skill: One Sword One Will (Mythic)

Description: Allows the user to merge with their Sword's Spirit, becoming the Ultimate Swordmaster.

- Skill Creation Successful

Acquired Skill: Apostle of Chaos (Mythic)

Description: Grants the user the ability to summon powers from Chaos, boosting overall strength manifold depending on the user's will and the sacrifice of their soul.

With Astral Traverse (Rare), Mana Manipulation (Rare), One Sword One Will (Mythic), and Apostle of Chaos (Mythic), Aengus now had an arsenal of more Unique Skills.

"Perfect," Aengus praised internally.

"Thank you, Master!" Manas replied happily.

Next, With these new Unique Skills, Aengus began to merge them with his existing SSS-level skills using Universal Synthesis.

[Chrono Singularity (SSS) + Astral Traverse (Rare) = Astral Singularity (Mythic)]

Type: Transportation

Description: Using the mastery of time, Space, And Astral Plane as medium, this ability allows you to travel Vast distance instantly.

Effects: Distance Depends on Mana Usage and Increased mastery of Space and Time. Currently capable of Transporting Accross 1,000 light years with current maximum Mana.

[Immortal Hunter (SSS) + The Paragon Warlord (SSS) + Rapid Cast (Rare) = Eternal Conqueror (Mythic)]

Type: Combat and Assist

Description: By merging the Regeneration power of the Immortal Hunter, the commanding strength and barriers of the Paragon Warlord, and the swift efficiency of Rapid Cast, the user becomes an unstoppable force on the battlefield—fighting with unyielding precision and overwhelming speed.

Effects: Immortal's Fury; Enters a enraged state with perpetual combat regeneration.

[Divine Tempest Annihilation Sword (SSS) + One Sword One Will (Mythic) = Eclipse, the Celestial Blade (Mythic)]

Type: Attack

Description: The Eclipse Celestial Blade is the manifestation of perfect unity between a warrior and their sword, forged from divine tempest energy and the unwavering will of a legendary swordsman. This sword unleashes apocalyptic power with a single strike, capable of obliterating Stars

[Divine Fire Manipulation (SSS) + Divine Water Manipulation (SSS) + Divine Earth Manipulation (SSS) + Divine Air Manipulation (SSS) + Divine Lightning Manipulation (SSS) + Divine Wood Manipulation (SSS) + Mana Manipulation (Rare) = Overlord of Aether (Ultimate)]

Type: Mythical Entity

Description: The Overlord of Aether is a being who transcends the boundaries of physical existence, mastering not only the elements but the very aether—the fundamental energy that binds all creation together. The Overlord's presence reshapes reality itself, bending both matter and time to their will, creating an all-encompassing realm where they are both ruler and creator.

Effects:

Aetheric Domination: The Overlord can manipulate the aether, the invisible substance that binds the universe, to reshape reality. This manifests in the ability to:

Create and Destroy Matter: The Overlord can create objects from nothing or erase them from existence entirely, from tiny trinkets to vast landscapes.

Alter Time: Temporarily freeze or speed up time within a localized area, controlling the flow of reality to their advantage.

Dimensional Breach: Open rifts between realms, summoning creatures or allies from other planes of existence or pulling enemies into void dimension.

Nine Heavenly Moon Summon (SSS) + Apostle of Chaos (Mythic) = Blessing of Chaos (Mythic)

Type: Blessing

Description: The Blessing of Chaos is a gift from the forces of entropy and primordial disorder. Those who receive it are imbued with the power of chaos itself—an uncontrollable, volatile energy that can either bring about great destruction or extraordinary change in increasing overall Combat power of the user. Those who wield this blessing must be prepared to embrace both its gifts and its unpredictable nature, as the forces of chaos are ever-changing.

{ Nargath, The Unholy Entity (SSS) + Curse Sovereign's Omniscience Eyes (Mythic)= Qargath, The Blindseer of Eternal Damnation (Ultimate) }

Type: Manipulation

Description: Qargath, The Blindseer of Eternal Damnation is an unholy being of pure malice and dark energy, whose sight transcends the physical world, empowered by the cursed Omniscience Eyes. No corner of existence can escape its gaze. Nargath's vision pierces the veils of time, fate, and reality itself, allowing it to foresee and manipulate the lives of mortals and immortals alike. All who fall under its curse are marked for inevitable destruction, their fate sealed by its all-seeing eyes. The fusion of corruption and omniscience makes this entity a force of utter inevitability

[Unique Skills: Astral Singularity (Mythic), Eternal Conqueror(Mythic), Blessing of Chaos (Mythic), Eclipse of the Celestial Blade (Mythic), Overlord of Aether (Ultimate), Qargath, The Blindseer of Eternal Damnation (Ultimate), Monarch Of Void (Ultimate) Omni-Devour (Ultimate), Universal Synthesis (Ultimate)]

[Laws: Space- 48.7%, Water- 10.50%, Time: 0.1%, Gravity: 0.1%]

Aengus smirked as his battle intent surged, feeling extremely satisfied with these newfound powers.

Chapter 384: Chapter 384: Treacherous Game

After a night's rest and a power-up session, Aengus finally decided to make his arrival as the True Emperor known to the Kievan Empire.

Now as a Star Dominator with battle prowess rivaling a Nebula Dominator, he was no longer worried about potential coups or assassination attempts.

From the information he had gathered, a Nebula Powerhouse was the peak strength within a domain, with Black Hole Powerhouses being extraordinarily rare.

According to King Ronin, the World Ruler, the Kievan Imperial Court's highest power level consisted of Nebula Dominators.

"Make the announcement of my arrival clear to all. Tell them the True Emperor of Kievan has finally come to claim his throne," Aengus commanded King Ronin.

King Ronin was ecstatic upon hearing this. He knelt respectfully like a valiant warrior.

"As you wish, my Emperor. However, we should also release the news to the opposing faction of the current regime first, just in case, for safety. What do you think?" King Ronin advised cautiously, drawing from his own life experiences.

Aengus replied calmly,

“Do it. But I’m not concerned about my safety, nor my wife’s. However, you should probably do it to safeguard your territory.”

King Ronin felt slightly embarrassed. “Ah, sure, I will do it right away,” he said before disappearing to deliver the news that would not only shake the Kievan Empire but the entire Polaris Domain.

Aengus and Bella stood side by side, their gazes turning toward the billions of inhabitants of Glory World.

It was a sobering reminder of how many lives would soon fall under his protection. Likely trillions of lives across the empire would soon be under his rule. As a dutiful ruler, he knew ensuring their safety, alongside Bella, would be his highest priority.

“You can do it, hubby! We have faith in you,” Bella said softly, caressing her belly with a motherly air.

“I know. I have to,” Aengus replied with resolve.

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When the news reached the two factions, it stirred the Glory World to its core. Not only was it circulated among the factions, but it also spread to the ordinary subjects of the Kievan Empire.

Throughout 9 thousand worlds under the Kievan Empire, the news spread like wildfire, catching everyone off guard.

The True Emperor had arrived, a master of the Supreme Space Law, personally chosen by Emperor Dmitri himself.

After centuries, the arrival of the rightful heir was something no one had anticipated.

The two factions were the most alarmed and shocked by the announcement. They immediately began searching for the source of the news at all costs.

After all, the news was powerful enough to shake the very foundation of the Kievan Empire with the rightful heir’s arrival.

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Inside an Ancient Chamber.

“Is the news true, my son? Has the real heir arrived?” an old man asked in a spacious chamber filled with powerful figures.

“Yes, Father. We received the news from King Ronin, the ruler of Glory World. The heir is reportedly residing there,” the younger man replied.

“King Ronin delivered the news? Isn’t he aligned with the ruling faction? Why would he take the side of the True Emperor? Elder, this could be a trap,” another man with a dense beard reminded cautiously.

“Yes, I understand your concern. But ever since Emperor Dimitri’s death, we have longed for the real heir to appear. He could bring us glory and lead us to vengeance. After all, those despicable people killed our emperor, and only the True Emperor can lead us to victory. We have waited for this moment for so long, haven’t we?” the old man said, turning to his ancient companions.

“Yes, yes!” all the ancient men echoed, their eyes burning with slumbering power, waiting to be unleashed once again.

“Alright, then. We should head to Glory World before anyone could harm the Real Heir. Though we have to maintain Cautiousness about possible traps as well.”

All the faction members agreed with the idea, their voice echoing with agreement.

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On the Main Imperial Continent of Kievan World.

“Bang!”

“HOW? How did this happen? Where did this heir suddenly come from?” thundered a tall man adorned in an imperial robe and crown. His voice was filled with rage, his demeanor that of a man seething with indignation and disbelief at the news.

In his fury, he ruthlessly struck down his own servants, killing them mercilessly like a madman. This man was the current Emperor of the Kievan Empire, Vansing Dimitri, the only son of the former Empress Fiona.

“The news is probably true, Father. Grandfather Idris confirmed it his Divination personally. He said the Heir is an Extraordinary individual,” said a beautiful young woman with cold, refined features, holding a Heaven-Grade Sword with valiant composure.

She was Emperor Vansing’s eldest daughter, Myria Dimitri, known as the Cold Princess of the Kievan Empire.

With unmatched expertise in swordsmanship and mastery of the Water Law, she was a formidable World-Level female warrior.

“See, Myria? My father never cared about me,” Vansing snarled, his fists clenched with indignation. “Even in death, my very own father chose an outsider over me for the throne. What my mother said about him was true after all—he was a selfish, senile old man. I hate him!”

Myria showed no outward reaction to his outburst, her expression as cold and unyielding as ever. Yet, deep inside, her hatred for her own grandfather burned fiercely.

“What will you do now, Father?” Myria asked coldly. “Shall I go and kill him off?”

Emperor Vansing shook his head, his expression filled with disdain.

“There’s no need for you to go personally, my dear. He’s still a fledgling and can be squashed anytime. Send some assassins to handle that menial task before the rebel faction protects him. And as for King Ronin—I want him executed as well. How dare he betray me after everything I’ve done for him. I want his head,” he said darkly.

“Very well, Father. I will accomplish the task at once,” Myria replied calmly, her lips curving slightly in a faint, cold smile.

Chapter 385: Chapter 385: Meeting The Rightful Heir

Meanwhile, Aengus and Bella strolled casually through the Royal Castle. Along the way, royals like princes and princesses cast them curious glances filled with awe and apprehension.

They were already aware that the man was likely to become the next Emperor, so they tried to curry favor while they could.

The second prince, Albert, personally took on the task of giving a tour to their future ruler. Of course, his father had instructed him to treat them with the utmost respect.

Albert introduced several facilities within the Royal Castle, eventually leading them to the garden to enjoy some fresh air under the clear sky.

The fragrant scent of flowers and the gentle chirping of birds greeted them as they took seats in the gathering spot for the Royal Family at the garden’s center.

Aengus and Bella became the center of attention as more and more royals gathered around, though they maintained a cautious distance.

Prince Albert was the only one who had the privilege of sitting beside Aengus and Bella. Despite this, he did not dare to gaze upon the future Empress with any hint of desire.

Albert was a handsome and fair young man who carried himself with honesty and strong morals—qualities that Aengus took a liking. That's why he allowed him to stay by his side.

"Your Highness, if you need anything, just say the word, and it will be arranged immediately," Albert said politely.

Aengus glanced at him and asked, "Tell me, Albert, do you want to become the next king?"

Albert was slightly embarrassed as he replied, "Your Highness, my eldest brother might be better suited for ruling. I don't have such grand ambitions."

"But the Crown Prince is not to my liking, Albert," Aengus said firmly. "He is disloyal and lacks morals or honesty. I need loyal people like you by my side to reclaim the throne of the Emperor."

'.....'

After a tense silence, Albert finally replied, "Your Highness has sharp eyes. You discerned his character with just one glance. Truly admirable. If that's what you desire, I will stand by your side until the end. For now, though, I ask that my father remain in power. I'm not ready yet," he admitted, lowering his head in slight shame for his lack of ambition.

Aengus smiled as he gently held Bella's hand.

"Don't worry. I am not forcing you to take over immediately. Your father is still a useful man. But with your intelligence and mastery of Illusion Law, you would be a perfect candidate as one of my trusted subordinates in future endeavours," Aengus said, crossing his legs with a commanding presence.

"Oh, thank you for the praise, Your Highness. But I'm not that special actually. I just do what I think is best for me," Albert replied humbly.

Meanwhile, Bella wasn't paying much attention to their conversation. Her gaze was drawn to the distance, where a happy family of three played together in the garden. The parents wore loving and tender expressions as they guided their toddler, who was barely able to stand on her small legs.

Seeing this heartfelt scene, Bella's mind drifted to the future. She began to imagine the day when her own child would play with Aengus and her in the same way. The thought made her smile sweetly, a warm feeling blossoming in her heart.

However, as the daydream unfolded, Bella unconsciously excluded Aria from their family. When she realized this, a pang of guilt struck her.

Was she being selfish for imagining this? Aria would come back, wouldn't she?

She glanced at Aengus with love in her eyes, also reminded of the bittersweet truth—he wasn't hers alone.

The other royal princes watched cautiously from afar, none daring to approach without approval after receiving a strict warning from their royal father.

Several hours passed in that peaceful setting, and suddenly, several more powerful presences began making their way toward the gathering.

Everyone was astonished to see hundreds of men and women—both elderly and young—arriving there, guided by King Ronin personally.

King Ronin's expression was humble in front of these groups of people.

The combined aura of the newcomers was ancient and overwhelmingly powerful, suffocating the princes and other onlookers in the royal garden. The sheer weight of their presence made it clear that these were no ordinary individuals.

All the maids and servants fled from the garden, sensing the overwhelming presence of the newcomers.

"Who are they, royal brother? Do you know them?" a young princess asked curiously, her voice tinged with fear.

"I don't know... Ask Fifth Brother; he might know something," the young boy replied in a hushed whisper.

The older boy, addressed as the Fifth Prince, answered cautiously, "They are probably from the rebel faction opposing the current regime."

His tone was uncertain, but the other siblings believed him. After all, who else would approach the True Heir of the Kievan Empire so openly at such a critical moment?

"Looks like they're here to test the heir. Isn't that true, Fifth Brother?" the young princess stated.

"Yes, that's very much likely," the Fifth Prince replied with a nod, his gaze fixed on the approaching group.

faction members approached Aengus and Bella directly, their expressions eager. They were keen to see their heir, wondering what made him different from others.

Aengus and Bella raised their brows slightly, as though they had been expecting their arrival. They showed no fear or worry, remaining seated with an air of calmness and curiosity.

Beside them, the Second Prince, Albert, immediately stood up, displaying respect with impeccable noble etiquette.

The leading ancient elders—five Nebula Dominators—alongside younger members, finally shifted their focus to the heir, standing face to face with him.

When they did, they were met with the sight of a young, handsome man with eyes as dark as the void. The heir wore a confident, calm smile, as if amused by their arrival.

“So, you claim to be the rightful heir of Kievan? Show us the proof,” said the faction leader, who was reputed to be the strongest among them all.

Chapter 386: Chapter 386: Meeting The True Emperor

Everyone’s eyes were filled with expectation. They had long awaited the sight of the mark, though the true reason for their respect toward this ancient custom remained unclear. Aengus, however, understood the purpose of the mark and knew it would serve him well in the future.

Aengus did not disappoint.

He calmly raised his left hand, revealing a tattoo in the shape of a lion’s head and a serpent’s body, intricately designed with ancient symbols. The inscription read: “True Ruler of Kievan” in an ancient language.

Under the scrutinizing gaze of the Protectors of the Custom and the faction members, the mark seemed to come alive, glowing faintly as it expanded in size. They began to evaluate its authenticity, but the mark’s powerful aura had already convinced them of its legitimacy at first glance.

The others, standing nearby, widened their eyes in awe, feeling the inspiring ancient energy radiating from the mark.

“So this is the Emperor’s Mark? Amazing!” one man exclaimed in wonder.

“Brother, is the legend of the Emperor’s Mark true? That the True Ruler is blessed with incredible luck?” a young woman asked.

“Yes, indeed. All the Emperors received incredible luck for their conquests against other empires. Emperor Dimitri also conquered hundreds of Life Worlds using it,” the man explained.

“Hmph... Don’t you see how Emperor Vansing is so useless in terms of luck and battle? He hasn’t been able to conquer a single world or discover new ones for years. He is now a burden to the Empire. When will he understand that?” an old woman barked sharply.

“Yes, Grandma, you’re right. It’s been so long since we’ve heard our great Empire’s name in other domains. We are barely resisting the onslaught of the other eight massive empires. When will we finally rise again?” another young man with long hair asked indignantly.

The faction leader, Hog, and the four ancient elders shared expressions of relief after completing the inspection of the Emperor’s Mark.

“The True Emperor has arrived!” Faction Leader Hog announced loudly, his voice barely containing the suppressed power of a Nebula Dominator.

The hundreds of powerful individuals instantly knelt in respect, their blood boiling with excitement and newfound purpose.

“We have awaited your arrival for ages, my Emperor. With you, we hope to see a new age of glory for the Kievan Empire, as the Ancient Mark foretells. Please, lead us into this new era, Emperor Zytherion, the rightful ruler of Kievan,” Hog declared, bowing halfway.

“Yes, yes! True Emperor, we will no longer accept the current regime in your presence!” shouted one of the younger warriors. “We want new hope—hope to fight, to conquer!”

“We want to see our Empire rise again by crushing those who have tormented us for far too long!” another elder exclaimed passionately.

The garden resonated with the fervent cries of the faction members, their loyalty and determination now fully ignited under Aengus, the True Emperor.

Aengus listened calmly as the members of the faction voiced their thoughts, their emotions ranging from awe to indignation. He let them express their frustrations and hopes, silently observing their unity despite their grievances.

When the voices subsided, Aengus stood up, his commanding presence silencing the gathering entirely. His dark, piercing eyes swept over them all, his aura exuding both authority and confidence.

Bella just stood his side, like one obedient Wife.

"I understand your frustrations and your yearning for the Empire's rise," he began, his voice steady but filled with a quiet power. "The Kievan Empire has stagnated for too long under weak and self-serving leadership. The legacy of my predecessor, Emperor Dimitri, has been tarnished, and the loyalty of devoted citizens like yourselves has gone unrewarded."

He raised his marked hand, the glowing tattoo radiating a subtle golden light. "This mark is not just a symbol of rulership; it is a promise. A promise that under my leadership, the Kievan Empire will rise again. We will not just resist the other Empires—we will conquer them. Together, we will usher in an age of prosperity and dominance like never before."

The crowd's silence broke into murmurs of agreement, their initial skepticism replaced by a growing excitement.

The elderly woman who had spoken harshly about Emperor Vansing nodded approvingly. "Your words have the weight of truth, young heir. If you can deliver on this promise, you will have our undying loyalty."

Aengus smiled faintly, his confidence unwavering. "I expect nothing less. But know this—your loyalty will not go unrewarded. Those who stand with me now will stand at the forefront of the Empire's resurgence."

Bella, who had been observing quietly, placed a hand on Aengus' arm and addressed the group, her voice calm yet compelling. "Remember, this is not just his fight; it is ours. The Empire's future rests on all of us, united under one vision, one leader. Let us not waste this chance for greatness."

The group erupted into cheers and affirmations, their faith in Aengus and Bella solidifying. The seeds of rebellion against the current regime had been sown, and with the true heir at the helm, the Kievan Empire's revival was no longer a distant dream—it was a looming reality.

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The observers, who had been watching the scene unfold, broke into gossip and whispers, their reactions mixed.

"Sigh, I'm getting scared now. Why do we have to start fighting? Couldn't we have just stayed on the defensive?" one murmured nervously.

"Yeah, I'm wondering the same thing. Why is Father doing this? Because of him, we'll be branded as rebels by Emperor Vansing," another chimed in with worry.

“Haha, that’s so cowardly, brother,” one of the princes said mockingly. “Father has finally made a bold decision by siding with the rebel faction. This is a great opportunity for us! How long are we going to keep squabbling over ruling just this one world among ourselves? Now’s the perfect time to gain favor with the new Emperor and become kings of our own worlds—just like Brother Albert.”

“That’s a great idea! Why didn’t I think of that sooner?” another prince exclaimed, his tone shifting from doubt to excitement. “I’m going to join the fight too.”

“Me too,” said another, emboldened. “With the rebel faction backing us, we’re bound to achieve something—even if not complete victory in one go.”

As the idea spread among the princes and observers, their fear began to give way to ambition. They realized this could be their chance to carve out their own territories under the new Emperor’s rule, fueling their eagerness to participate in the brewing conflict.

Chapter 387: Chapter 387: Departure

“Let’s go to the Imperial Continent, My Emperor. The Throne awaits you,” Faction Leader Hog proposed firmly, his tone resolute. The urgency in his voice reflected the centuries of waiting and anticipation.

Aengus and Bella exchanged a doubtful glance, silently communicating their concerns.

Sensing their hesitation, Hog stepped forward and reassured them. “Don’t worry, My Emperor. Vansing won’t dare harm you as long as we five Ancient Protectors are by your side. Furthermore, you have supporters scattered across thousands of worlds, ready to rise at your command.

Now is the time to reclaim the Imperial Throne. If Vansing Dimitri refuses to relinquish it peacefully, we are prepared to lay down our lives for you.”

“Yes, yes, My Emperor,” the other four ancient protectors echoed, their voices filled with conviction. “We will handle everything. You need not concern yourself with the details.”

“Let us not waste any more time here,” Hog urged. “If we delay, those loyal to Vansing may take advantage of the situation to create disturbances and break the order.”

Aengus leaned back, his expression calm but thoughtful. After a moment of contemplation, he nodded. “Very well. We shall go to the Imperial Continent. Prepare for our departure.”

Bella gave him a gentle smile, showing her full support.

With that, the entire faction began preparing for their journey to the heart of the Kievan Empire—the CONTINENT Kievan.

Faction Leader Hog and the other four protectors personally summoned their massive Heaven-Grade Battleship, a vessel that symbolized their unmatched status and power.

Within just a few hours, the battleship descended upon Glory World. Its arrival was nothing short of a spectacle, shaking the very hearts of the billions of inhabitants.

The sheer size of the ship—half the size of a low-level world—was astounding. Hovering gracefully above the surface using advanced gravitational mechanisms, it radiated an aura of dominance and sophistication. The sight was breathtaking, a historical moment that would be recounted for generations.

The people of Glory World could only gaze in awe. Many fell to their knees, overwhelmed by the majestic display.

“It’s... incredible,” a merchant muttered, his voice trembling.

“To think I’d witness such a marvel in my lifetime,” an elder whispered, her eyes moist with emotion.

“This must be True Emperor’s influence. Isn’t it right, mother?” a young child said with wide eyes, clinging to his mother’s leg.

“Yes.”

For many, the sight of the Heaven-Grade Battleship was beyond their wildest dreams. Such a vessel was reserved for only the top Dominators, and its presence was a clear sign that something big was about to happen.

Aengus and Bella stood at the forefront, gazing at the colossal ship.

“This is the finest Heaven-Grade Ship we possess, My Emperor,” Faction Leader Hog said proudly, standing beside Aengus. “It is equipped with advanced weaponry and packed with warriors ranging from Country Dominators to a few Star Dominators, all ready to lay down their lives for your cause.”

As he spoke, the colossal entrance of the battleship opened with a deafening rumble that echoed across Glory World. The ground quaked slightly as if bowing to its might.

Inside, a breathtaking sight awaited. Over a billion people stood within the ship, their faces alight with anticipation and reverence. All eyes turned toward Aengus and Bella, their presence commanding respect and admiration.

Whispers of loyalty, greetings of honor, and cheers of determination resonated through the air like a grand symphony, creating an atmosphere of both excitement and solemnity.

“This is surreal,” Bella whispered, her hand instinctively reaching for Aengus’s.

Aengus stood firm, his gaze sweeping across the crowd. While their devotion seemed genuine, he could discern that some among them harbored their own ambitions, their loyalty tied to personal interests.

“It seems extreme,” Aengus said calmly, his voice low enough for only Bella and Hog to hear, “but considering the Kievan Empire spans nine thousand life worlds, this is just a fraction of what we’ll need for the battles to come.”

Hog nodded in agreement. “Indeed, My Emperor. When large-scale space wars erupt, such ships are common sights on the battlefield. But this ship, and these warriors, are yours to command. They await your word.”

Aengus stepped forward, his voice amplified by a subtle use of Spatial Law, carrying power and confidence. “All of you, I thank you for your devotion. Together, we will reclaim the Kievan Empire and restore it to its rightful glory. Stand with me, and I promise a future where we rise above all others.”

“”We wait for the day to come, Your Imperial Highness.””

The crowd erupted into cheers, their voices shaking the very heavens.

The journey to the Imperial Continent was not just beginning—it was already making history.

King Ronin also mobilized his strongest troops inside the ship for battle, with Prince Albert and several other princes commanding their own squads.

The day marked a historic moment—the rise of the great Emperor had truly begun.

Under the awe-inspiring and respectful gazes of the crowd, Aengus and Bella ascended the stairs step by step.

“The Emperor and Empress looks so great together! So enviable!”

The couple made an unforgettable impression, standing together like the perfect embodiment of happiness and harmony.

Some women envied Bella, while some men envied their Emperor for having such a breathtaking enchantress by his side.

With every step they took, a profound sense of blossoming love and tenderness emanated from them.

“The Emperor certainly looks intimidating from the outside. But does he truly have what it takes to lead our faction?”

Despite the grandeur and anticipation surrounding Aengus, doubt lingered among a few individuals. They questioned whether the Heir truly possessed the strength and qualifications to rise as the next Emperor.

It was only natural for doubts to arise, because they had neither witnessed his prowess firsthand nor possessed the same discerning capabilities as the five Ancient Protectors.

“Don’t speak nonsense,” someone chided. “The Five Protectors’ judgment has never failed. And if the mark had chosen him, he must have something extraordinary, even if they haven’t revealed it yet.”

Aengus heard the murmurs of doubt but chose to remain silent. He knew that time would reveal the truth and prove his worth.

For now, he stayed composed and began the journey to the main ruling continent of Kievan, letting destiny unfold in its own time.

Chapter 388: Chapter 388: Continue To The Destination

“We’re late,” one of the ghostly figures muttered as they emerged from the shadows, their forms flickering like mirages.

“But how did the rebel faction get the news before us?” another assassin questioned with confusion and frustration.

“It’s not about being late. They outplayed us,” one of the figures said darkly. “They deliberately delayed sending the news to Emperor Vansing. This was orchestrated. They knew we would arrive here... too late to do anything.”

“What? Are we caught in a trap?” a younger assassin asked, his voice trembling slightly.

Panic started to ripple through the group as their confidence wavered. They scanned their surroundings, their higher senses on alert for any signs of danger.

Their worry is understandable.

Despite their formidable strength as Star Dominators and elite executioners under Emperor Vansing, they were acutely aware of the overwhelming power of the Five Ancient Protectors. Against such foes, even their collective might would crumble like sand in the wind.

“We need to retreat,” one of the senior assassins commanded, his voice steady but urgent. “We underestimated the opposite faction, and if we stay here any longer, we might not make it back alive.”

Reluctantly, the assassins were just about to dissolve into shadows for a swift retreat—if only things were so simple.

With a sudden, forceful pull from an overwhelming Space Law, they vanished from their original positions.

When they regained their footing, they found themselves standing in an unfamiliar yet regal chamber. Their horrified and astonished eyes locked onto a young man seated casually on a high-backed chair. His midnight-black eyes sparkled with intrigue and amusement. Surrounding him were the Five Ancient Protectors, who sat with an air of respect and quiet confidence.

It was Aengus, the True Heir.

“Heh, I’m surprised,” one of the protectors chuckled. “The True Heir really managed to pull this off without even lifting a finger.”

“Impressive indeed!” another protector said with an approving nod. “He captured the elite executioners of Vansing as if they were nothing more than prey.”

Faction Leader Hog observed the scene with a slightly raised brow. “Hmm... it looks like we caught bigger fish this time.” His voice carried a tone of deep satisfaction.

“But this also means...” one protector muttered, narrowing their eyes as they studied Aengus intently, “that the Heir’s strength has already reached the level of a Star Dominator. Perhaps even higher.”

The room fell into a brief silence, filled with the weight of awe and recognition. The protectors had initially informed Aengus about the potential assassins sent by Emperor Vansing to gauge his strength. However, seeing how effortlessly he subdued the eleven elite executioners, they were left speechless.

“Well,” Hog finally said, breaking the silence, “this was to be expected.” He glanced meaningfully at the glowing Emperor’s Mark on Aengus’ hand. “The Mark doesn’t choose just anyone to carry its legacy. It is a symbol of unparalleled strength and destiny.”

From the very beginning, the Mark had been the ultimate judge. It was not something that could simply be passed down—it chose its bearer based on worthiness. And Aengus had surpassed that test effortlessly, his talent and character proving why he was destined to be the True Emperor.

The assassins, still frozen in space, stared at the Heir with wide eyes filled with fear and dread. They could not even twitch a muscle, trapped in the overwhelming grip of Aengus' spatial mastery.

Who said the Heir was a fledgling? They had acted on what they thought was reliable intelligence, but now that error might very well seal their fate.

Faction Leader Hog let out a mocking chuckle. "It's truly amusing to see Emperor Vansing resort to such a cheap trick, sending these weaklings to kill the True Heir." His tone was dripping with disdain.

"My Emperor," Hog said, turning toward Aengus with a slight bow, "what would you like to do with them? Should we kill them?" He spoke as if ending the lives of the elite assassins was as trivial as swatting flies.

Aengus, seated confidently, crossed his legs and leaned back slightly, a faint, playful smile forming on his lips.

"Kill them?" Aengus repeated, "That wouldn't be much fun, would it?"

The protectors raised their brows, curious about what their Emperor had in mind.

"I have a better plan," Aengus continued, his gaze sharp and calculating. "These pawns of Vansing could be put to better use. They could serve as tools to destabilize his rule from within."

The assassins flinched inwardly at his words, realizing he intended to turn them against their own master.

The Heir is truly cunning and vicious.

Hog's eyes gleamed with intrigue. "An excellent idea, my Emperor. But how will you achieve this? Do you perhaps possess another Law of Mind or Illusion?"

"Perhaps..." Aengus replied with a shrug, a faint smirk playing on his lips. Without elaborating further, he activated Qargath, the Blindseer of Eternal Damnation, a skill that allows him to manipulate the very essence of one's existence. Using this ability, he altered the core of the assassins' beings, severing their loyalty to Emperor Vansing and

binding them entirely to himself. He even seeded a deep hatred for Vansing within their souls.

“Thank you, Master. For opening our eyes.”

The 11 executioners knelt down instantly, their transition seamless, as if the events leading up to this moment had been nothing but a dream.

The sight left Hog and the other protectors even more impressed. Aengus’ display of power and cunning made it clear why the Mark had chosen him as the rightful Emperor.

“Like this, won’t he be able to enslave anyone with ease?” one of them whispered, astonished.

“Yes, indeed. He has surpassed my expectations,” Hog nodded, his eyes gleaming with newfound hope and admiration.

Aengus smirked faintly but said nothing, his confidence evident in his calm demeanor. He then rose from his seat and declared loudly, “Alright then. Let’s speed it up!”

His commanding voice resonated through every corner of the battleship.

Responding promptly, the ship’s controllers adjusted its systems, pushing the Heaven-Class Battleship to its maximum speed. Within moments, it accelerated to a few light-years per second, a dazzling white streak cutting through the endless void of space.

The sheer speed and elegance of the ship were breathtaking, leaving trails of light behind as it traversed the Polaris Domain, steadily approaching its destination—the Imperial Continent of Kievan.

Chapter 389: Chapter 389: An Unfair Competition?

“Father, your trusted Executioners have failed the task,” Myria announced coldly, her voice devoid of emotion, though her aura radiated a deathly intent.

“I told you, you should have sent me for the task, Father,” she added, her icy gaze fixed on Emperor Vansing.

“Failed, but how? Did the opposite faction intervened?”

“Yes.”

The Emperor frowned deeply, seated upon the grand throne of the Imperial Court. The hall, vast and majestic, was filled with members of the ruling faction, all present to discuss matters of state.

Myria's announcement sent a ripple of unease through the court. Some looked confused, while others appeared visibly displeased.

"Princess Myria, do you mean to say the Executioners have failed in their mission to eliminate the chosen one?" a voice queried cautiously, breaking the tense silence.

Myria remained silent, her sharp eyes scanning the room as if daring anyone to challenge her words. Her refusal to respond was a clear indication that she would not repeat herself.

Her silence was taken as confirmation. Whispers and murmurs began to fill the court gathering.

"That must mean the opposition faction is already on its way here. What should we do?" one court member asked nervously, breaking the heavy silence.

"What else? We kill them, of course!" Another responded sharply, his tone filled with frustration.

"But that would mean breaking the Sacred Rule of this Empire!" another interjected, his voice filled with concern. "Killing the True Heir would be blasphemy against Kievan's beliefs. The citizens would never accept it. It could trigger a unified rebellion against us!"

"Not only that the five Ancient Protectors are with him. They would definitely defend if he's the True Emperor."

"Shut up!"

Emperor Vansing shouted as he clenched his fists in frustration, his face contorted in anger. As much as he despised hearing it, they were right.

The subjects of Kievan held deep-rooted respect and worship for the Emperor's Mark. It was a symbol of divine authority, passed down from the Empire's golden age. For three centuries, since the death and disappearance of Emperor Dimitri, the mark had been absent.

When the news of Emperor Dimitri's demise broke, it shattered the hearts of the people. The figure of their faith, the foundation of their belief in the Empire's glory, was gone. Out of respect for Dimitri's lineage, they reluctantly accepted Vansing's rule, even though it was not sanctioned by the sacred mark.

However, Vansing's reign was a series of disappointments. His inability to lead the Empire to victory, discover new worlds, or resist the encroaching domination of rival empires left the citizens disillusioned.

Now, with the return of the Emperor's Mark, the people were electrified with hope. The True Emperor's arrival had sparked celebrations and festivals across thousands of worlds. They saw this as the dawn of a new era—a chance to reclaim their former glory under a rightful and powerful leader.

The Imperial Court buzzed with tension. They were caught in a precarious position. Any move against the True Heir would likely lead to chaos, rebellion, and the collapse of their fragile hold on the Empire. Yet, allowing the opposition faction to succeed could spell the end of Vansing's rule.

Emperor Vansing's expression darkened as he sat silently, brooding over the dilemma.

"Father, send me. I can still take care of him," Myria proposed without changing her expression.

Vansing sighed and shook his head.

"No, Myria. The five Ancient protectors are with him now. You can't do anything to him, even with that Law of yours."

Myria clenched her fists, feeling useless. All that hard work for nothing.

What's the point of working so hard if she can't even help her own father?

Step... Step... Step!

Suddenly, faint footsteps echoed, drawing everyone's attention to the entrance.

A beautiful, elegantly aged woman walked into the courtroom with grace. Each step struck the hearts of those present, filling them with an inexplicable sense of dread. She was followed by a few men dressed in Ancient attire like robes.

The woman had striking amethyst hair, long and streaked with gray, hinting at her old age, though her appearance remained youthful and radiant.

The five men behind her shared a similar presence, aged yet exuding vitality, their expressions solemn and commanding.

The woman was none other than Empress Fiona, a legendary figure still alive after centuries.

"Empress Fiona! It's her!"

"I can't believe I got the chance to see her today."

“Indeed, she is still fierce and powerful, even after retiring.”

She stood tall, her aura commanding respect, as she faced Emperor Vansing directly.

“Mother, you’re here... Do you have any advice for me?” Vansing muttered, slightly ashamed, feeling a deep sense of inferiority before her invisible authority.

Empress Fiona’s amethyst eyes glimmered coldly as she looked at him. “Advice? Son Van, I am here because of your failure.”

Her words carried the weight of centuries of wisdom, piercing through the room and silencing everyone present. Even the proudest nobles lowered their heads, not daring to meet her gaze.

“You let the Empire falter under your rule..

” She paused before continuing, “The citizens lost faith, the Empire’s enemies grow bolder, and now the True Heir has appeared to reclaim the throne.”

“But, Mother, I—” Vansing began, his words incoherent under her sharp glare.

“Do not interrupt me,” Fiona said curtly. “The Heir bears the Emperor’s Mark, and the citizens are already rallying to his side. Do you think you can stop the tide with mere assassins? Foolishness!”

The court became deathly silent as Empress Fiona’s words echoed in their ears.

“Then, what should we do, Mother?” Emperor Vansing asked, his voice carrying both curiosity and desperation.

“A competition,” Empress Fiona said calmly, her tone unwavering.

“A competition? Of what?”

Empress Fiona explained, “There will be a competition between you and the Heir to determine who is the worthy Emperor. Let the Empire and its people witness the truth for themselves.”

Emperor Vansing frowned, his doubt evident. “But would they agree? They are not so foolish, are they?”

With a sharp, dismissive huff, Fiona responded, “Hmph. If he’s the real Heir, then they will have no choice but to agree. They want the throne, don’t they? This way, we force our conditions upon them. Their pride will not let them refuse.”

Her words carried an edge of finality, but Myria, standing silently, felt unease settling deep in her chest.

Myria's brows knitted together, conflicted. Why was Grandmother, usually so kind, suddenly acting so vicious?

She wanted to eliminate the so called Heir too, but this level of betrayal and treachery didn't sit well with her. Myria believed in honor, in fair battles where determination and strength decided the victor.

Her thoughts drifted as she wondered what could have changed her grandmother so drastically. Had something occurred between Grandmother and Grandfather that she wasn't aware of?

"Alright, Mother. That's a great plan. We will do as you say."

Chapter 390: Chapter 390: Face to Face

The Main Continent of Kievan was unlike anything in the known universe—a colossal, singular floating landmass suspended in the vastness of space. Its shape defied conventional planetary forms; neither spherical nor circular, but an immense flat expanse capable of sustaining life on both its upper and lower surfaces.

This miracle of nature was made possible by the intricate dance of seven suns and thirteen moons, orbiting the landmass as though crafted with divine intent. Their alignment ensured perpetual illumination and ideal conditions for life, symbolizing the unmatched importance of Kievan as the cradle of the Empire's legacy.

After hours of traversing the cosmic expanse, the Heaven-Class battleship emblazoned boldly with the title "True Emperor" finally reached the legendary Kievan Continent.

"Ah, ha, that's a surprise! Why did they let us in so easily?" Prince Albert asked, his tone a mix of skepticism and curiosity.

Aengus stood silently, his gaze fixed upon the world below. The both surface filled with trillions of subjects, while swarms of buzzing ships filled the skies in orderly formations. The overwhelming display of life and activity told him everything he needed to know.

King Ronin explained, his voice steady and authoritative, "They didn't let us in because they wanted to. It's because we have the support of the majority of the subjects in the Empire. Do you see those ships?" He gestured toward the countless vessels traveling toward the Imperial Continent. "They are all coming here to see the True Emperor, even if it's just once."

“Ah, I see,” Prince Albert murmured, finally piecing it together. Internally, he cursed himself for not being as quick-witted as the others.

Despite the apparent excitement, Faction Leader Hog wore a grim expression. “I don’t think this is that simple, My Emperor. There must be a greater conspiracy at play. From what I know of them, they wouldn’t relinquish the Emperor’s position so easily. They likely have other plans to ensure our failure. We must stay cautious.”

Aengus nodded, his gaze sharp as it scanned the horizon. “I know. But we aren’t afraid. I will show them the true might of this Emperor. Just watch.”

A confident smirk played on his lips, while Bella stood close by, her presence a steadying force. The moment to face their enemies was drawing near.

The Heaven-Class battleship descended with grace, landing on an open field near the Imperial Palace. A massive crowd of the ruling faction had already gathered, their numbers overwhelming and their demeanor intimidating.

Their wary gazes were fixed on the colossal battleship, a masterpiece of engineering that could obliterate entire armies in moments. The aura of dominance emanating from the ship caused many to stiffen, uneasy at the sheer display of power.

The gangway of the battleship slowly lowered, its hum resonating through the vast field.

As Aengus prepared to step out, a sudden hush fell over the crowd.

Emperor Vansing, accompanied by his mother Fiona, the five aged yet powerful men, his daughter Myria, and other royal siblings, made their way to the forefront of the ruling faction’s gathering.

As their regal entourage approached, Myria and her two younger brothers froze, their eyes locking onto the young man standing at the forefront of the opposition.

The man—Zytherion, the bearer of the Emperor’s Mark—radiated an oppressive aura so potent that their very hearts quivered with unease. It wasn’t a deliberate attempt at intimidation; rather, it was the sheer weight of his existence. They could feel it in their bones—a suffocating dominance, as if he could end their lives with but a thought.

In that moment, the reality of what it meant to hold the Emperor’s Mark struck them like a thunderclap. The mark wasn’t merely a symbol; it was the embodiment of unparalleled talent, domination, and an unyielding will to conquer.

They could see it plainly—his presence alone eclipsed their years of effort. Myria, who had been confident in her abilities and her mastery of the Ultimate Law of Death, found herself hesitating. For the first time, doubt seeped into her mind.

“Can I still defeat him fair and Square?”

Even with the terrifying power of her secret law, she began to question if she could truly stand against him. Inwardly, she wrestled with the realization that the Emperor’s Mark was not just a title but a destiny of absolute superiority.

Her brothers, though less vocal, were no less shaken. The confidence they had held onto now seemed like a fragile illusion, crumbling in the face of the true Emperor’s overwhelming presence.

After Aengus stepped down from the Heaven-Class Battleship, Bella joined him gracefully by his side. The five Ancient Protectors followed closely, their presence exuding an unshakable authority. Behind them, King Ronin and the other faction members, numbering in a billion, descended in a synchronized, awe-inspiring display. Once on the ground, they stood respectfully behind Aengus, forming a mass, battle-ready formation.

Across the field, the ruling faction’s members also swelled in numbers, surpassing the billion mark, forming an equally intimidating display of power. The sheer scale of the two factions gathering in one place was unprecedented, a clear indication that something monumental had been orchestrated.

“Ah... Is he the True Emperor? But he looks so young,” one man murmured skeptically, peering at Aengus from the crowd.

“Hmph. So what? Do you think the Emperor’s Mark holder would be some senile old man like you?” a younger man retorted with a scoff.

“Hey! Where’s the respect in your tone, young man?” the older man barked back, clearly offended.

“Tch... That’s why I don’t trust kids like you. Who knows? Maybe the Heir is just as rude as you are.”

“Shut your mouth, old man! You think the New Emperor would waste time respecting people like you? He’s the Chosen Emperor—don’t forget that!”

“Enough!” another voice hissed, cutting through their bickering. “The both of you, quiet. Let us focus. These devices are already acting up; we can’t even hear them clearly.”

Faraway, the spectators, a sea of subjects from the empire who had come to witness the unfolding events, watched in stunned silence. They could feel the invisible tension in the air—a storm of power and anticipation brewing between the two factions.

Chapter 391: Chapter 391: Not Worthy?

“Fiona, I hope you’re not trying to stop the ascension of the Rightful Heir,” Faction Leader Hog said, his tone icy as his piercing glare bore into her.

Fiona responded with a gracious smile, though her displeasure simmered beneath the surface.

“Ah, why would I do that, Protector? We’re simply here to verify and address any doubts about our Emperor. After all, the position of Emperor is not a place for... children,” she said, her words laced with veiled mockery, clearly targeting Aengus’s youth.

Bella, unable to hold back, snorted derisively. “Hmph hmph, Are you calling my husband a kid? Speak plainly, old woman. Your pretty words can’t hide your ugly nature from us.”

Her voice, loud and fiery, resonated through the gathering, drawing immediate displeasure from the members of the Ruling Faction.

However, as their eyes fell on Bella’s enchanting face and striking figure, their expressions shifted. Fascination and lust flickered across their gazes, their disdain temporarily replaced by unbridled admiration.

Aengus’s voice rang out sharply, filled with commanding authority: “Shut Your Eyes!”

The effect was instantaneous. Even the most powerful individuals present instinctively obeyed, their eyes snapping shut as though their very will had been stripped from them.

Myria’s brows furrowed in disbelief. Even World Dominators had succumbed to his order without a trace of resistance. But No energy, no aura of a known Law was behind his command. And yet, its effect was undeniable.

“Just what mysterious power had he used?”

She couldn’t help but feel a growing sense of curiosity—and unease. How was he capable of such effortless control of domination? What power lay hidden within this so-called Heir?

Fiona and Vansing grew increasingly displeased as they tried and failed to break the mysterious hold Aengus had over the crowd. Even the five Nebula Dominators standing behind Fiona, renowned for their mastery of Laws, were unable to undo what they suspected to be a “curse.”

The were shocked. This power was unlike anything they had encountered before. It was complex, foreign, and seemingly outside the known Laws of existence.

Aengus's voice cut through the tense atmosphere, firm and commanding. "Leave it. You won't be able to undo their condition unless I allow it. Now tell me—what must I do to take command of the Empire? Shall I wage war, or will you surrender peacefully?"

His bluntness made Vansing, Fiona, and their allies bristle with indignation. Their faces betrayed their growing frustration at the lack of honorifics and respect shown by the so-called Heir.

"Were all the previous chosen Emperors as unruly and disrespectful as this one?" they thought darkly.

Myria stepped forward, her voice icy. "There will be no war in this Empire. It's already vulnerable as it is. An internal war would only make things worse."

Bella smirked, her gaze lingering on Myria's cold expression. "Smart girl," she remarked, her tone playful.

Myria ignored the jab, continued, "First, show us the Emperor's Mark. Then, we can discuss the next steps."

Aengus turned his attention to Myria, intrigued by her calm yet assertive demeanor. "Is that so?" He raised his left hand, revealing the Emperor's Mark—a radiant and undeniable symbol of his rightful claim. "Here, take a look. My claim is backed by none other than your Grandfather, Emperor Dimitri himself. He personally chose me for this position and also entrusted me with a message for his wife, Fiona, and her child."

The room fell silent as Aengus's words lingered in the air, heavy with unspoken meaning.

"But sadly," Aengus added, his tone turning icy toward Fiona, "I am late. And now, I am greatly disappointed by what I see—especially by his beloved wife."

Vansing's eyes narrowed, feeling faint curiosity about his cheap father.

Fiona's eyes flickered briefly, betraying a moment of panic. "You spout too much nonsense, young man. My husband has been dead for centuries. When and where did you supposedly meet him? Did you converse with his ghost?"

She spoke calmly, but her fingers moved in subtle gestures, secretly communicating with the five men behind her.

Meanwhile, Myria and others examined the Emperor's Mark, verifying its authenticity. They found no flaw, no indication of deceit.

Yet the mention of Emperor Dimitri stirred a mix of emotions—curiosity, suspicion, and unease. His mysterious disappearance centuries ago remained one of the Empire's greatest enigmas.

And now Aengus's claim threatened to unravel secrets they had long buried.

"Did you really meet my grandfather in person? Where and how? Is he still alive?" Myria asked earnestly.

"No, he's dead. But he was alive when I met him—barely. He was on death's door, actually. Do you want to hear how I met him and what he told me?" Aengus asked in a devilish tone.

Fiona stepped between them just in time.

"Stop listening to him, Myria. Your grandfather died at the hands of his enemies and was lost in the Chaotic Spacetime Flow. His very friends confirmed it. There's nothing more to it," she stated firmly.

Myria became suspicious at her grandmother's sudden loss of composure. The same was true for Vansing.

"Why is she not even a little curious about her own husband?"

The questions gnawed at Myria. "What really caused Emperor Dimitri's disappearance? Was he truly that cruel and uncaring toward his family?"

Aengus shrugged, unwilling to interfere in their internal affairs too much at that moment.

"Fiona, if you're finished, can we now get to the real point? How do you intend to hand over power to the rightful heir? We simply need to ensure the rightful heir ascends the Imperial Throne. That is our duty as the Five Protectors," Faction Leader Hog demanded.

"Yes, yes. Tell us. Do you think he is unworthy of the throne because of his young age?" another protector asked.

Fiona regained her composure and nodded.

"Yes, Protector Kirin, your guess is correct. We think he is not yet worthy of the throne. While we have no issue with the legitimacy of his claim, we believe his ascension should be delayed. A while longer would benefit the empire, we think," she stated calmly.

“Oh? Is that what the heads of Law Enforcers Authority think as well?” Hog asked, glancing at the Five Nebula Dominators standing behind Empress Fiona.

The Five Law Enforcers nodded lightly.

“Yes. We, the heads of the Law Enforcer Authority, believe the heir is currently weak,” one of them said nonchalantly. “He cannot handle the pressure right now. He needs time to grow. Perhaps, one day, when he is truly worthy and strong, he can claim the throne. Surely, he can wait till then, can’t he?”

Chapter 392: Chapter 392: Competition of Brain and Brawns

“Hahaha....”

Bella laughed loudly beside Aengus, clutching her stomach as if she had just heard the most amusing joke.

“So, you think I’m weak?” Aengus muttered with a faint smile, his sharp gaze falling on Fiona and the others.

“Of course. You look so young, Heir of Kievan,” one of the Head Law Enforcers, Gilberto, said calmly. “You can’t possibly compare to Emperor Vansing in terms of power and intelligence. Why not consider waiting for your own sake, Heir?”

Despite his calm tone, Gilberto’s words were patronizing, meant to undermine Aengus’ authority.

Aengus chuckled lightly but didn’t respond immediately. As a man capable of sensing the intricate web of conspiracies forming before him, he knew better than to reveal his true strength too soon. However, he couldn’t afford to show any weakness either.

“Keep your advice to yourself, Gilberto,” Hog said angrily. “We, the Five Protectors, believe the Heir is worthy and capable. The Empire cannot afford to delay his ascension any longer. It needs a true ruler.”

Emperor Vansing’s expression soured at the remark. To have his competence questioned right in front of him—wasn’t it the same as calling him an incapable ruler?

Even so, as a Star Dominator, he refrained from responding directly to the Five Ancient Protectors. Their authority and legacy as the enforcers of the Empire’s will left him with no choice but to endure their criticism in silence.

Bella, however, leaned toward Aengus, her voice dripping with mockery. “I suppose they think a little delay will change destiny. How amusing.”

“Then, what do you propose, Protector Hog?” Gilberto asked with a smile. Though his tone was composed, he concealed the wariness he felt toward the Ancient Protectors. Despite being a High-Level Dominator himself, even he couldn’t underestimate their unparalleled strength.

Hog didn’t answer immediately. Instead, he turned to Fiona with a stern expression.

“What do you propose, Fiona? Just remember, we wish to settle this peacefully. Make an agreement before all the subjects of this Empire for credibility.”

Fiona’s lips curled into a small, satisfied smile, as if her ploy had unfolded exactly as she intended.

“I wish for peace and prosperity too, Protector,” Fiona said graciously. “So, I propose a compromise. If you truly believe the Heir has proven himself worthy, then let us hold a competition. A contest between my son, the current Emperor Vansing, and the True Heir of Kievan, Zytherion, to determine who is best suited to lead this age more efficiently.”

“A competition?” Aengus muttered, a smile forming on his lips as the golden sun illuminated his face. “Interesting. And how exactly do you wish to arrange it?”

“Yes, how would you judge this competition, Fiona?” Hog inquired, raising an eyebrow.

Fiona clasped her hands together as if she had already prepared an answer. “Simple. We will design two rounds. One for Intelligent Leadership and another for individual Strength.”

Everyone in open field fell silent as the weight of her proposal sank in.

“And who will judge these trials?” Bella interjected sharply, her piercing gaze locked onto Fiona, daring her to answer.

Fiona didn’t flinch, maintaining her regal composure. “Of course, the subjects of the Empire will bear witness to the trials. Their eyes will judge, and their hearts will decide. To ensure fairness, we will draft and sign a treaty among us, if that’s what is required.”

Aengus chuckled softly, the sound carrying an undertone of mockery. He had already seen through their little ploy.

“A treaty? Witnesses? You expect me to believe this competition will be fair and impartial?”

Fiona smiled faintly, refusing to rise to the bait.

He shook his head, clearly unimpressed. Still, a smirk played at the corners of his lips. He wasn't the least bit worried about their attempts to rig the competition. If anything, he welcomed the challenge.

"Oh You wish to turn this into a public spectacle? Very well. Let the entire world see. Let them witness who the rightful Emperor is."

Hog leaned closer and whispered, "My Emperor, do you really want to participate in this? Vansing is a Star Dominator with mastery over the Fire Law. Your age difference is significant. Do you still think you can win?"

"Yes, I can," Aengus replied calmly.

Hog, slightly stunned, looked at Aengus with an incredulous expression. Judging by his confident body language, Hog understood that the Emperor must still be hiding something terrifying beneath the surface.

However, this realization made Hog feel reassured. He hoped that their trust and efforts would not be in vain.

"Very well," Hog said, stepping forward. "Fiona, we agree to the competition, even though it isn't completely fair. But do not mistake this as a sign of weakness on our part. If you attempt to use any illegal tricks or tamper with the judgment, there will be no worse adversary than our faction. We will bring the Empire down along with your so-called superior reign." he declared thunderously.

Fiona's eyes narrowed slightly, but she maintained her calm facade.

"Of course. We both want what's best for this Empire, don't we? Even if he is my son, I won't show any favoritism toward him," she replied smoothly, her voice steady despite the tension in the air.

The members of both factions keenly recognized that the moment of truth had been decided.

There would be a competition—a decisive battle that would determine the future ruler of the empire.

News of the upcoming contest quickly spread among the onlookers, igniting a heated debate.

"So...we'll actually see the new Emperor and the current Emperor face off in battle? This is going to be something worth watching!"

“Yes, but don’t you think the rightful heir is too young for this? Just look at Emperor Vansing—he’s over 60 years old, and the true Emperor can’t be more than 20. How is this fair?”

“Heh, the true Emperor might just be a fool in disguise. Who knows?”

“Hey, don’t underestimate the rightful heir. If he’s truly the chosen one, there must be something special about him.”

“Haha, I doubt it. Let’s see how this so-called ‘true Emperor’ holds up.”

“Hmph...you’ll see soon enough.”

Chapter 393: Chapter 393: Signing The Treaty
Next.

Aengus and Emperor Vansing signed the treaty, though the agreement existing solely in written text.

The Grand Competition was scheduled for three days hence, to be conducted publicly under the watchful eyes of ordinary citizens, as stipulated in the settlement.

With the terms finalized, Emperor Vansing, his mother Fiona, Myria, and the other members of the ruling factions gradually departed from the scene.

Myria paused for a moment, casting a fleeting glance at Aengus. His calm and composed demeanor remained inscrutable, though her mind churned with unanswered questions.

As the dignitaries disappeared, Aengus turned to face his subordinates.

Bella stood silently by his side, the air heavy with anticipation.

Breaking the tension, Hog stepped forward. His voice rang out with authority, cutting through the murmurs of the billion-strong crowd and the distant onlookers.

“Subjects of the Kievan Empire,” he declared, “three days from now, bear witness to the Grand Competition for the Imperial Throne. For now, Disperse!”

The distant crowd erupted into excited cheers upon hearing the announcement. The upcoming competition between the legitimate heir and the current Emperor sparked immense interest among the masses.

It wasn’t often that such an unprecedented spectacle unfolded before their eyes.

The majority of the onlookers expressed their support for the legitimate heir, rallying behind the mark of the true Emperor. However, there were still factions and individuals who remained loyal to Emperor Vansing's lineage, unwilling to abandon the status quo.

"This is going to be legendary!" one onlooker exclaimed, their voice brimming with anticipation.

"Finally, a chance to see who truly deserves the throne. Of course the true Heir would be victorious. The true Emperor's mark can't be faked!" another shouted, earning murmurs of agreement.

Still, disagreement voices persisted.

"Hmph...Don't be so quick to dismiss Emperor Vansing. He's ruled for decades; experience counts for something, right?," a supporter argued.

"Bullshit! He's led us to decline! He is a failure! The true Emperor might finally restore our Empire to its former glory," came a sharp retort.

The crowd buzzed with heated debates, their opinions reflecting the deep divide within the Empire.

Yet, amidst the clamor, one sentiment remained unanimous—this competition would be an event etched into the annals of Kievan history.

"Follow me, my Emperor. We must settle you within the Grand Imperial Palace. Though you haven't ascended to the throne yet, as the bearer of the Emperor's Mark, no one would dare to obstruct you," Protector Hog said, his tone filled with reverence and authority.

Amused, Aengus and Bella exchanged a glance before following the Five Ancient Protectors toward the imposing gates of the Grand Palace.

The faction members, cautious and ever-watchful, chose to remain nearby, setting up their temporary base while maintaining vigilance for any potential dangers or betrayals.

After a short walk through grand halls lined with towering columns and golden radiance, Aengus and Bella were led into the guest hall—a grand chamber reserved for royalty and honored guests.

The guards stationed at the palace entrance watched their departure with a mixture of respect and uncertainty.

"Did we do the right thing by letting them inside?" one guard muttered hesitantly, his voice low but laced with unease.

“Don’t worry. If he truly bears the Emperor’s Mark, he might soon become our ruler. It’s no crime to show him the respect he deserves,” another replied with a confident smile.

The first guard furrowed his brow, still troubled. “But... there’s talk that the heir has little chance of winning. What if he loses? Wouldn’t that put us in a difficult position?”

“Hah!” The second guard let out a bitter chuckle. “What else could we have done? With the Five Ancient Protectors by his side, even if we wanted to stop him, we couldn’t. It’s out of our hands now.”

—

“Take your rest here, my Emperor. We’ll remain nearby to ensure your safety. If you need anything, don’t hesitate to call on us,” Protector Hog said respectfully.

“Thank you, Protector Hog,” Aengus replied sincerely.

Hog smiled, the wrinkles on his aged face deepening.

“It’s my honor to serve you, my Emperor. We exist to protect the bearer of the Emperor’s Mark, after all.”

With that, the five protectors bowed and headed outside, leaving Bella and Aengus alone.

Aengus moved to the window, gazing out as the sky began to shift hues, the evening drawing near.

“Why don’t you take some rest, husband? What are you looking at so intently outside?” Bella asked, sitting cross-legged on the large bed, her presence exuding casual elegance and allure.

Aengus turned his head, a gentle smile forming on his lips as he approached her. “I’m just waiting for someone, Bella,” he replied softly.

As he came closer, his hand reached out to caress her belly with utmost tenderness, as if it were the most delicate treasure in the world.

“Oh? Who are you waiting for? Is it that Cold Princess? Did she catch your eye?” Bella teased, her voice playful, though her fingers slipped through his hair with a care that betrayed her deep affection.

Aengus met her gaze and shook his head lightly. “You know I wouldn’t do that, Bella. That girl is special... she holds the Ultimate Law of Death. And it’s a top secret.”

Bella's eyes widened in astonishment. "An Ultimate Law? Like your mother's? That's incredible! Are you perhaps thinking of stealing it as well?"

She inquired casually.

"Perhaps," Aengus admitted, his voice thoughtful as he rested his head lazily on her lap. "But only if she chooses to remain on my enemy's side. You know I'm not that cruel. Last time I took the Time Law and Gravity Law from those two boys because they were cruel and unkind. They brought it upon themselves."

Bella chuckled softly, her fingers continued running gently through his hair, bringing him comfort. "You're still a mystery to me sometimes, my husband. I trust you'll do what's right."

"Knock! Knock!"

After some time there was finally knock on the door.

Aengus smirked sensing his expected guest had arrived.

Chapter 394: Chapter 394: Secret Meet

With a faint gesture, the door swung open, revealing Myria's cold, expressionless face.

"Oh my, oh my, we have a guest already. Come in, Princess!" Bella greeted with a faintly teasing smile.

Myria frowned but ignored Bella's jab, much like she had done the last time. Without a word, she strode into the room, her hand gripping the hilt of her sword tightly.

Her eyes betrayed a mixture of hesitation and wariness, yet it was clear that her growing curiosity had driven her to this moment.

"What can I do for you, Princess?" Aengus asked calmly, seated comfortably on the bed. Though his tone was inquiring, it was clear he already knew why she had come.

Myria's gaze flickered between Bella and Aengus before she spoke, "Zytherion, right?"

Aengus's expression didn't waver, but his tone grew firm as he replied, "No. It should be 'Your Highness' to you."

"Hmph, don't be so proud of yourself, Zytherion. You just got lucky," Myria said calmly, her tone laced with disdain. "You will never be able to take the Emperor's Throne anyway. My father will be victorious."

“Oh, is my husband so much incompetent than your father, Princess?” Bella teased.

Myria’s expression darkened slightly. For some reason, Bella’s smile irritated her. It wasn’t mocking—it was worse. It was the smile of someone who saw her as a naive child trying to play an adult’s game.

Suppressing her annoyance, Myria turned her attention to Aengus. “Can I ask you something?” she asked.

Aengus met her gaze evenly, a faint smile playing on his lips. “Sure, Princess. You can ask anything you want, but I’ll only answer what I like. Though I have a feeling you’re here to ask about your grandfather, aren’t you?”

Aengus exchanged a glance with Bella, who gave a slight nod of approval, her teasing demeanor fading into seriousness.

“Alright, Princess, I’ll tell you about your grandfather, Emperor Dimitri. But be warned, what I’m about to share may change how you see your family forever.”

Myria’s brows furrowed, her grip tightening on her sword’s hilt. “Just tell me Everything.”

Aengus leaned back slightly, his eyes distant as if recalling a memory.

“By an accident I met Emperor Dimitri when I was much younger—barely a teenager. It was on the far reaches of the Void Zone, a chaotic and unstable region where even the most powerful Dominators rarely dare to tread. He was alive, but only barely. Wounded, betrayed, and running out of time.”

“Betrayed?” Myria interrupted sharply.

“Yes,” Aengus confirmed, his gaze locking with hers. “He didn’t go down fighting external enemies as the official records claim. He thought he was betrayed by those closest to him—his allies, his trusted council. But now I’ve found the truth to be far more terrifying to handle. Among the betrayers was none other than his beloved… wife.”

“Nonsense!” Myria snapped, her voice echoing as the environment around them grew chilly. “My grandmother would never do such a thing.”

Aengus and Bella remained unfazed.

“I told you, Princess,” Aengus said calmly. “The truth is often something we struggle to handle. But the truth remains the truth. Your grandmother colluded with his so-called allies to kill him and take the throne for herself. Though, I still don’t know the exact reason.”

He paused, sighing sadly. “And yet, I remember your grandfather’s final request—to protect his wife and child. Knowing what I know now, I pity the man. He was betrayed by the woman he loved most.”

Bella, who had been watching silently, finally spoke. “You wanted the truth, didn’t you, Princess? Sometimes it’s far from noble. It can be cruel and ugly you know.”

Myria’s fists clenched tightly as her mind wavered, torn between loyalty to her grandmother and the image of her grandfather’s betrayal. Her heart ached at the thought of his suffering, but her mind refused to accept Aengus’s claim.

“You still don’t believe me? Or do you just not care about your grandfather?”

Myria scoffed, turning her back on him. “Why should I? Should I simply take your word for it?”

A faint smirk played on Aengus’s lips.

“No, Princess. I don’t expect you to believe me. I expect you to find the truth for yourself. And when you do, I hope you’ll be ready to join me by my side. You don’t want to let your grandfather’s legacy to plummeted at least, right?”

Myria huffed. “We’ll see about that after I uncover the truth.”

With that, she left as swiftly as she had come.

However, her mood was low, and her suspicions about her grandmother grew stronger.

“Did Grandmother really do that? If so, why? What was the reason?”

“And as for Father... is he aware of it? I need to talk to him,” Myria thought, her mind heavy as she walked aimlessly.

Seeing her leave, Bella chuckled.

“Well, aren’t you giving her too much attention, husband? You could’ve just made her your slave like the others, couldn’t you?” she asked curiously.

“I could,” Aengus replied calmly. “But it limits one’s potential to grow—both physically and spiritually. To reach their true potential, people need the freedom to act according to their will. As for her, she’s simply a gem. If she joins us willingly, she could shine even brighter. If not... well, I have other ways.”

Bella's jealousy flared despite herself. "If she's a gem, then what about me?" she asked, trying to keep her tone casual but unable to hide the jealousy in her voice.

Aengus smiled, reaching for her hand. "You, my dear wife, are the mother of my child, and half of my crown that holds every precious gem. Without you and Aria, there's no brilliance, no balance."

Bella's pout softened slightly, but she still narrowed her eyes. "Hmph. You always know what to say to calm us down. But I still don't like how you talk about her. You can't have anyone else but me and Aria. "

Aengus chuckled, pulling her close. "You have no reason to worry. Myria's potential is worth recognizing, but she doesn't hold my heart. You and Aria do. She's merely a piece in this game. If she chooses to stand against us, I'll deal with her as I must."

Bella leaned into him, her protectiveness surfacing. "Good. Because if she tries anything, I'll make her regret it. She may be talented, but no one comes between us three."

Aengus stroked her hair, his gaze distant, thinking about Aria.

"Don't worry, my Wife. Let her uncover her truth. Whether it destroys her or brings her to our side, the outcome won't change. The throne will be ours."

Chapter 395: Chapter 395: Morgana

That night, a secret conversation between Emperor Vansing and his daughter shook him to his core.

After hearing Myria's revelations, Vansing marched directly to his mother's chambers.

Standing just outside the grand doors, he paused as faint whispers reached his ears. The language was unfamiliar, a strange cadence that made his skin crawl. He couldn't decipher the words, nor did he care to; his purpose here was far more pressing.

He took a deep breath, his heart heavy with suspicion and anger. He needed answers—truths that could ease the turmoil in his soul.

Bang!

The doors swung open violently as Vansing stormed into the room, his rage barely restrained. The lavishly adorned chamber gleamed with jewels, treasures, and artifacts collected over centuries—a room befitting a former Empress.

But none of it mattered to him. His focus was on the lone figure seated quietly on the plush bed: his mother, Fiona. Her aged face bore a faint, serene smile, as if she had been expecting him.

“Vansing, my son, What brings you here at this hour?” she said gently.

He took a step forward, his fists clenched tightly at his back. “Mother, I have questions... and I want to know the truth.”

Fiona’s eyes narrowed briefly before softening into a tender expression.

“My son, what is troubling you? Speak your mind,” she said gently.

Vansing’s tense demeanor relaxed slightly at her warm tone and kind face.

“Mother, Is it true... ah, how should I put this? Actually I didn’t want to ask, but Myria told me that the Heir claimed you betrayed Father. That you allied with his friends and ambushed him to... to kill him.” He looked at her with desperate hope, silently begging for her to deny it.

Simply In his heart, he couldn’t bear to accept such an accusation.

Fiona’s eyes widened, and tears instantly welled up, streaming down her face. She covered her mouth, her voice trembling.

“Sniff... What are you saying, my son? Why would I ever kill my own husband?” Her voice cracked, heavy with emotion. “We loved each other so deeply, more than words can express. Sniff... How could you even think I would do such a thing?”

Her sobs filled the room as she clutched her chest, as though the accusation itself had physically wounded her. “Do you truly think so little of me, Van? Am I such a monster in your eyes?”

Vansing’s heart sank, guilt and confusion washing over him. “No, Mother, I—I don’t think that at all! You know Myria can see through lies. That’s why he believed him.”

Fiona’s expression softened as she wiped away her tears, her voice steady but filled with subtle conviction.

“My son, Myria is still just a young girl. Her judgment isn’t absolute. With how enigmatic and cunning the Heir is, it’s clear he’s already trying to sow discord among us. Surely, she must have misunderstood or been manipulated. You cannot trust him.”

Vansing stammered, his face flushed with guilt as he rubbed his trimmed beard nervously. “I’m so sorry, Mother. I’m such a fool. Please forgive me for doubting you!”

Fiona's smile returned, warm and comforting as she reached out to caress his hair with maternal affection.

"It's okay, my dear son," she murmured soothingly. "We all make mistakes. But what matters is that we learn from them and never repeat them."

"Yes, Mother. I understand now." Vansing stood taller, regaining her fierce demeanour. "I won't let him manipulate us any further. I will not show him any mercy in the Competition!"

With that he headed outside the room, leaving Fiona alone.

Instantly, Fiona's eyes sharpened with malice. The kind, maternal demeanor from a moment ago twisted into something vile and menacing.

"That vile brat!" she hissed venomously.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

As her frustration boiled over, her youthful and elegant visage melted away, revealing an old, scarred face, grotesque and terrifying to behold. Her true, sinister appearance was finally unmasked.

Moments later, several shadowy figures emerged from the corners of the room, their presence suffused with malevolence.

One of the figures stepped forward, his voice low and ominous. "Lady Morgana, it seems Emperor Dimitri had survived the attack. And the True Heir had met Dimitri somewhere unknown. This means he has begun suspecting both you and the other lords. What are your orders?"

"Should we strike tonight?" another figure suggested, their tone dripping with eagerness for bloodshed.

Fiona—now revealed as Morgana—calmed herself, a sinister smile stretching across her ugly evil features.

"No. The Protectors are with him right now. Attacking now would be suicide. Instead, wait for the perfect opportunity. Observe them closely, and when those two are alone and vulnerable—eliminate them," she said coldly.

Her eyes gleamed with ruthless intent as she continued, "They are becoming a far greater threat than I anticipated. We cannot afford to let him ascend the throne. At any cost."

The shadowy figures bowed their heads, disappearing as swiftly as they had arrived, leaving Morgana alone in the dimly lit room, her malicious grin lingering in the darkness.

Try all as you might, but you can't stop us..."

—

Night passed with hidden motives and schemes, and dawn ushered in a new day.

Aengus opened his eyes from his meditation, having spent the night attempting to naturally comprehend his Laws. While such an endeavor without Law Stones is a grueling process for most, for Aengus, it felt as if he were in harmony with the very essence of the universe.

Though his progress was modest, with his Law comprehension increasing by 0.3% at most, it was an astonishing feat considering he had no external aids.

Beside him, Bella lay sleeping soundly, her soft breaths filling the quiet room. She had meditated alongside him until midnight but had made only negligible progress. Following that, their nightly activities had left her thoroughly exhausted, and she drifted into a deep slumber.

Aengus turned his head and spoke gently, "You're awake, Bella."

"Mmm hmm," Bella murmured sleepily, sitting up as she rubbed her eyes. The blanket slipped down, revealing her enchanting figure in full glory.

She blushed faintly, quickly adjusting the blanket, while Aengus respectfully turned his gaze away to grant her privacy.

"Go and freshen up quickly," he said curtly. "We need to step outside and meet the protectors."

Bella nodded, yawning lazily as she rose from the bed, her eyes flashed in anticipation for the day ahead.

Chapter 396: Chapter 396: Meeting With The Kings

"Your Highness, did you sleep well?" Protector Kirin, a tall, elderly man with a composed demeanor, inquired respectfully.

"Protector, you know sleep is hardly a necessity for us anymore," Aengus replied with a faint smile. "Still, thank you for asking. It was a good night."

Protector Kirin beamed with pride. “Ah, Your Highness must have been practicing the Laws all night. That’s commendable.”

Aengus nodded briefly, then shifted his focus. “So, what’s the news?” he asked as they began strolling through the grand halls of the palace.

From one of the higher windows of the Imperial Palace, Aengus caught a glimpse of Myria’s expressionless face. Her gaze was fixed on him, but he walked on, unfazed, as if her presence mattered little.

Protector Kirin leaned closer and spoke in a low tone. “Your Highness, there are some kings who wish to meet you in secret. They want to align themselves with you.”

Aengus raised an eyebrow. “How many?”

“Close to one hundred.”

“Only a hundred?” Aengus remarked with disappointment. “And why secretly? Are they afraid? Do they think I can’t win?”

Protector Kirin hesitated for a moment, then replied, “Perhaps, but alliances, even small ones, can be valuable. Besides, they might have offerings that could benefit you—like Law Stones, which you seek.”

Aengus paused, considering Kirin’s words. “Hmm. Very well. Let’s meet them. If they bring something worthwhile, I may entertain their loyalty.”

“As you wish, Your Highness,” Protector Kirin said with a bow, his face lighting up with satisfaction.

Bella, on the other hand, gazed at the sky, her eyes following the numerous ships descending onto the Kievan Continent each minute. The skies were bustling with vessels arriving from different worlds, all bearing a single purpose: to witness the legendary battle. Such a grand event was a once-in-a-lifetime spectacle, and no one wanted to miss it.

After some time, they departed from the palace and made their way to the campsite of the opposing faction—or, as it was now called, the True Emperor’s Faction. The sheer scale of the encampment was staggering, accommodating over a billion people.

The “tents,” however, were far from ordinary. They were masterpieces crafted by top-tier Seekers of Earth Law, forged from raw, dense Earth Element. They were sturdy and imposing, they resembled miniature fortresses rather than temporary shelters.

As Aengus and Bella walked through the encampment, they noticed the common citizens in the distance. They watched the New Emperor with awe and curiosity, their faces alight with hope for the future. The weight of their expectations was palpable.

Eventually, they arrived at a grand hall, a structure built with similar Earth Law craftsmanship but on a much grander scale. Inside, four of the Ancient Protectors sat in quiet anticipation. Alongside them were a hundred individuals clad in royal attire, each exuding authority as they contemplated their future in silence.

“Step, step, step!”

As the trio entered, the room filled with an immediate sense of tension. Every individual present, whether out of fear, flattery, or genuine respect, rose from their seats.

Under the watchful eyes of the gathered assembly, Aengus and Bella strode confidently to their designated seats at the very front, as directed by a graceful maid. They moved with an air of authority, commanding the room effortlessly.

The five protectors sat just ahead of the couple, their presence reinforcing his rule.

The kings, each ruling their respective worlds, scrutinized the young heir from head to toe. They observed his every detail, weighing his demeanor, strength, and potential. But their gazes inevitably strayed to Bella—the Divine Enchantress by his side. Her beauty captivated them, igniting barely concealed admiration and unspeakable desires.

However, a quick glance at King Ronin’s hardened expression, full of warning reminded them of the consequences of entertaining such thoughts. They swiftly redirected their attention to Aengus—the man who might very well become the new Emperor in two days.

“So, why have you all come to visit me so urgently?” Aengus asked, his voice resonating with a commanding force that sent a wave of intimidation through the hall.

One of the kings, an elder with a crown adorned in emerald jewels, stood and bowed deeply.

“My Emperor, we are here to wish you well in the upcoming battle and to pledge our allegiance to your cause before your glory spreads across the empire in its full splendor. Please accept our loyalty,” he declared with reverence.

Following his lead, the other kings stood and bowed in unison, as though they had coordinated their declaration beforehand. The hall reverberated with their collective voices, each swearing fealty to Aengus.

Aengus was silent as he scanned the crowd, assessing whether the kings had any hidden intentions or motives. His penetrating gaze caused tension to rise among the

group. They were well aware of his dominating reputation—how he had easily subdued thousands of World Dominators in an instant. Understanding their standing before him, they remained humble and respectful, awaiting his response.

After several moments of quiet contemplation, Aengus finally spoke:

“Very well. I accept your loyalty. But do not expect any preferential treatment because of it. Your contributions and genuine loyalty to the Empire will be the only deciding factors for whether your rule continues or not. Weakness that drags the Empire down will not be tolerated.”

Among the kings, some were displeased but chose to suppress their feelings. Under Emperor Vansing, they were in a weak position and knew their current rule could be snatched anytime.

They had hoped the Heir would be more generous, granting favors or protection for a century at least. But they were mistaken—this heir was cold, merciless, and highly intellectual.

Meanwhile, the kings who were genuinely loyal to True Emperor felt a sense of pride. Though no promises of rewards or ranks were given, they believed the true Emperor would lead them to glory. Some even hoped that their loyalty might one day bring them closer to the Emperor himself.

Following this, the kings presented their offerings. Some offered Earth or Sky-grade weapons, while others gifted Law Stones or specialized treasures unique to their worlds.

With the meeting concluded, including discussions of potential counterattacks against the ruling faction, the kings dispersed.

Aengus and Bella stood outside, watching the kings disappear into the crowd.

“What now, hubby?” Bella asked, stretching her arms lazily. “We still have two and a half days before the competition, and I can’t just sit idly by.” She yawned, her enchanting figure catching the attention of a few nearby onlookers.

Aengus pondered for a moment, considering a way to keep Bella entertained, who is in a sensitive period of pregnancy.

Chapter 397: Chapter 397: Clash Between Nebulas

“My Emperor, I can show you around,” Prince Albert offered, flashing a confident smile.

“Hmm, sure. But have you really been to this place before?” Aengus asked, raising a curious brow.

Albert nodded. “Yes, I’ve accompanied my father here a few times in the past.”

“Okay, then. What are we waiting for?” Bella chimed in, her eagerness for sightseeing evident.

However, just as they took their first step, the five Protectors appeared before them, their expressions serious.

“Apologies, My Emperor,” Protector Hog said earnestly. “It could be dangerous for you to venture out alone. Allow us to accompany you.”

Aengus glanced at the Protectors, then replied calmly, “No need to worry. I can handle any threats myself. But if you insist on ensuring our safety, you may do so under certain distance. Only two of you may follow us. The rest of you should remain here and take care of other matters.”

The Protectors exchanged glances before nodding in agreement.

“As you command, My Emperor. Kirin and I will accompany you,” Hog said, stepping aside to let them proceed.

From there, Aengus and Bella followed Albert on a small tour around the continent. And of course, they stayed in disguise to avoid drawing attention from the ordinary citizens.

As they wandered, they observed various establishments, from noble estates to humble homes of commoners.

Being the heart of the Kievan Empire, this place was a central attraction for many. People from thousands of worlds visited frequently—mostly the wealthy, as the poor could hardly afford to travel within their own worlds, let alone to the magical continent of Kievan.

The continent was divided into two main regions: Plane 1 and Plane 2.

They were currently in Plane 1, where the Imperial Palace resided and most of the empire’s territories were concentrated.

People Often called Kievan continent as Dual Continent Because of this.

Outside the vast palace, The streets were bustling with life. Merchants sold weapons, delicacies, treasures, and other goods in the lively market. The air was filled with the clinking of coins, the hum of bartering voices, and the aroma of exotic spices and roasted meats.

Aengus's sharp eyes swept through the crowd, noting the diversity of people—Seekers, merchants, and mystical lifeforms from countless worlds mingling in one place.

Bella, on the other hand, seemed more interested in the unique treasures displayed in the market stalls.

"This place truly is the beating heart of the empire," Bella remarked, admiring the sights.

Albert nodded respectfully. "Indeed, Your Highness. The best craftsmen, cooks, and traders from all worlds come here. It's a melting pot of cultures and power."

Aengus remained thoughtful. "It's impressive. But such a place must also attract its fair share of threats. It's no wonder security here is tight."

"That's true, My Emperor," Kirin replied. "The Imperial Law Enforcers ensures peace here. That's why it's so peaceful."

"I see. It's impressive," Aengus mused. "So, what about the conditions on the borders? Are they as peaceful as here?" he inquired casually, though his tone carried a subtle edge.

Albert sighed deeply before replying. "No, My Emperor. The borders are nothing like the Kievan Continent. There are constant wars and massacres due to the ambitions of our enemy empires."

Bella tilted her head curiously. "Oh? And who are these enemies?"

Albert's expression darkened. "The Blue Moon Empire, boasting over 15,000 life worlds. The Temporals Empire, with 18,000 life worlds. And the Dark Ferals Empire, ruling over a staggering 25,000 life worlds."

He paused before continuing, his voice tinged with frustration. "Ever since Emperor Dimitri disappeared, the Kievan Empire has been in decline. Their overwhelming numbers and our lack of exceptional talents have resulted in many setbacks. We've lost countless territories to them. And under Emperor Vansing's rule, things have only worsened. While he is a Star Dominator, his strength is far from the might Emperor Dimitri wielded."

Aengus absorbed the information in silence, his sharp gaze fixed ahead. After a moment, he muttered thoughtfully, "If Emperor Dimitri was as strong as you say, how could he have been defeated so easily? And so miserably?"

Albert hesitated, glancing at the ground. "That... I don't know, My Emperor. But the circumstances surrounding his fall were suspicious. Perhaps you should remain cautious as well," he said kindly.

Aengus nodded subtly, deep in thought.

Bella, however, smirked playfully. "Careful? Do you think anyone could take my husband down so easily?"

Albert managed a faint smile but said nothing, knowing full well the dangers that still lurked in the shadows.

But he wasn't aware that Aengus was the Monarch of Void, where shadows and darkness were like infants to him.

As they were busy on their tour, several ominous dark entities were following them. They wanted to kill them in one swift strike, taking advantage of the opportunity.

"Hmph!"

Just as the darkness entities began to reveal themselves in reality, a disdainful snort echoed.

"You dare to attack the Heir? Die!"

Hog growled and attacked one of the darkness entities with all his might.

Protector Kirin was also not left behind. He unleashed his Earth Law to the maximum.

As Nebula Dominators, their power was capable of crushing the Kievan continent within seconds. So They attacked while trying to suppress the destructive effects of their Laws within their Domains. When a Seeker reaches 100% law comprehension, they can manifest a domain of their respective Laws.

Using their domains they could control everything in certain range.

Instantly, the darkness entities were surrounded by annihilating fire and a sturdy earth cage that trapped them within.

"Rumble!"

However, even with two Domains of Fire and Earth cast simultaneously, the confrontation shook the entire Kievan continent to its core.

The powers of Nebula Dominators are never to be underestimated. They could destroy stars as easily as plucking cherries.

The earthquake that shook the Dual Continent from its position alarmed everyone, including Aengus's group.

With his eyes closed, Aengus could see what was happening clearly, even though the domains were separated from reality. Qargath displayed everything like a live projection of the Nebulas' battle.

Chapter 398: Chapter 398: The Protectors Might

Everyone on the Kievan Continent panicked momentarily due to the sudden earthquake.

But they weren't aware that the earthquake originated from the clash of Nebula Dominators.

"Do you know what's happening, husband?" Bella asked worriedly, clutching Aengus' clothes.

Beside them, Albert also looked terrified by the tremors.

Aengus remained the only calm figure in the chaos. "The protectors seem to be in a small battle. They're fighting off those who wanted to attack us," he said with a faint smile.

Bella and Albert instantly understood and regained their composure.

"Can they win, Your Highness?" Albert asked hesitantly.

"Oh, don't worry, Albert. They've already won."

As if on cue, the Dual Continent became peaceful once again, as though the terrifying earthquakes had never occurred.

However, a glance at the surroundings told a different story. Goods were scattered, and weaker building structures lay flattened in the market. It was clear the earthquakes had been very real.

Fortunately, they hadn't been too intense. Otherwise, the damage could have been catastrophic.

"Let's continue, Albert. We shouldn't worry about them," Aengus said, resuming their tour.

Meanwhile, the five head Law Enforcers quickly arrived at the site of the battle, only to find Protector Hog and Protector Kirin standing calmly amidst the faint remnants of chaos.

“What just happened, Protector Hog, protector Kirin?” the leader of the group, Lars, asked. His tone was neutral, but his eyes scanned the area, searching for evidence of what had occurred.

Hog smiled faintly. “Oh, nothing much, Law Enforcer Lars. We were just taking care of some bugs that were about to disturb His Majesty’s peace.”

The expressions of the five Enforcers hardened, though they remained unreadable. Within, however, they burned with rage against the protectors.

“Is that so, Protector Hog?” Lars said slowly. “But do take care when using your full strength. For us Nebula Dominators, this continent is far too small to withstand recklessness after all.” His words carried a subtle warning, reminding them that they, too, were Nebula Dominators and not to be underestimated.

Hog nodded, his smirk unshaken. “I know it’s your duty, Lars. But it’s ours to protect the Heir at all costs. He is very important for the future of this Empire.” Without waiting for a reply, he turned and began walking away, following Aengus’ group.

“Old coohts!” Lars cursed under his breath, his frustration boiling over.

“This is all your fault, Lars,” one of the others snapped. “Why did you use those expensive Dark Puppets? They cost thousands of Law Stones each! Lady Morgana is going to kill us for this!”

Lars snorted angrily. “How was I supposed to know the protectors were secretly following him? The loss of the puppets isn’t even the main problem. If this continuing protecting him this way, how are we supposed to kill him?” His voice dripped with frustration.

“Sigh, we understand. But We’ll have to think of something else...” another Enforcer muttered with a defeated sigh.

After a day of touring, Aengus and Bella had learned everything they needed to understand about the Kievan Empire: its inhabitants, their living conditions, the bordering planets, and the miserable state of affairs in those regions.

By evening, the Kievan Continent was swarmed with tourists across both planes to watch the Competition. To manage the overexcited influx, strict precautionary measures were implemented for granting entry. The fees collected from these visitors were staggering—enough to fund the empire’s operations for an entire month with ease.

As the sun set, Aengus and Bella returned to their chambers, still captivated by the sights they had seen. Despite the long day, they weren't tired at all. Instead, they were filled with awe at the diverse lifestyles and unique cultures of the different lifeforms they had encountered while traveling between the two surfaces.

"Wait, someone is inside!"

Aengus's warning startled everyone, even the seasoned Protectors.

Protector Hog and Kirin exchanged glances, their expressions taut with confusion. While their abilities as Nebula Dominators allowed them to sense presences, how had Aengus, supposedly far below their level, detected it first?

"Could he also be a Nebula Dominator? But that's impossible!" they thought, feeling incredulous by the notion.

Before their questions could find answers, the door opened, revealing Emperor Vansing standing in the middle of the guest hall. His gaze was fixed on a grand painting of Emperor Dimitri, his posture stiff, as though lost in thought.

"What are you doing here, Vansing?" Protector Hog growled, his voice suspicious.

Vansing turned slowly, his expression serious and unwelcoming. His brows furrowed when his eyes landed on Aengus, a visible sneer forming on his lips.

"I have something important to discuss, Protectors. I hope your pampered heir won't mind," Vansing said with disdain, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "He's been busy enjoying his life, after all."

Aengus didn't react to the his nonsense.

Instead, he strode forward confidently until he stood directly in front of Vansing, their heights nearly equal. The tension in the room was heated as the two men locked eyes.

Vansing flinched slightly, startled by the abyssal depth of Aengus's black eyes. For a brief moment, it felt like he was being swallowed by a void.

"So, you still don't believe my words spoken by your own daughter? How foolish can you be?"

Vansing's face contorted with anger, his fists clenching tightly.

"What—why should I? You're a greedy, manipulative bastard who'll stop at nothing to seize the throne. Even if it means turning a happy family against one another!" Vansing

shot back, his voice rising. "Because of you, I had to suspect my own mother. That, in itself, is a sin!"

Aengus smirked faintly, his composure unshaken. "Questioning the truth is not a sin, Vansing. Blindly clinging to lies, however, is. Have you thought about your father? Did you ever care about him?"

"Come, let me show you the truth!"

With that, Aengus's hand shot toward Vansing's forehead.

Vansing assumed this as an attack and tried to block it.

But to his surprise, the hand he was trying to block felt like the hand of a god. It was strong, indestructible, forged by chaos and numerous battles.

Aengus's hand connected directly to his forehead, showing him some images of a man that felt very familiar to him.

Chapter 399: Chapter 399: Truth Revealed; New Allies

The moment Aengus's fingers connected with his skin, Vansing's vision blurred. A flood of images surged into his mind, vivid and overwhelming. They depicted a man whose face felt achingly familiar, yet distant, like a half-remembered dream.

Slowly, the man's face became clear—it was his father, the very man whose painting he had been gazing at just moments ago.

The man appeared lonely, wounded, and helpless, betrayed by the very allies he had trusted. He had been brutally ambushed, yet he managed to survive in a lower world. There, he met Aengus, whom he chose as his heir in the final moments of his life. However, the vision did not reveal how he had died—especially not by Aengus's own hand.

Everything was playing out exactly as Aengus intended.

Aengus could have killed Vansing right then and there, but he had made a promise to Emperor Dimitri—to protect his wife and child.

But for that to happen, Vansing needed to know the truth.

The next vision shattered his reality. His so-called mother was not who she claimed to be. Her true form was revealed—a completely different person, an old, hideous hag with bloodstained teeth. Morgana.

His real mother was somewhere else... or perhaps, she had been killed long ago.

The scenes unfolded with such clarity that Vansing's breath caught in his throat. His eyes became bloodshot with madness as he gradually realized the truth.

Aengus retracted his fingers, watching Vansing with satisfaction.

"This is... How did this happen? Father died due to betrayal, and my mother... Where is she? Is she also dead?" Vansing asked in a desperate tone.

"That, I don't know. But it's true—your mother has been impersonated by the very people who murdered your father."

Aengus's words sent shockwaves through the room. Even the protectors, who had been by the Emperor's side for years, were stunned.

"My Emperor, is everything you said true? Empress Fiona was impersonated all along? And we weren't even aware?" Hog asked, his voice trembling.

"Yes. It's all true. There is a massive conspiracy at play."

"What!?"

The revelation left them utterly speechless. The impersonation had been executed so flawlessly that even they, the Empire's Ancient protectors, had been fooled for ages too.

Just what level of dedication and power was required to pull off such a feat?

The thought alone was mind-blowing.

Bang!

Just then, Myria burst through the door with a loud bang, her face cold and expressionless as usual.

From the looks of it, she had already heard the truth from her father.

She walked straight up to Aengus and demanded bluntly, "SHOW ME!"

"Sure..."

Aengus complied, but this time, his eyes glowed with a mythical red light, projecting everything he had previously shown to Vansing.

Now, everyone in the room saw the truth with their own eyes.

The desperate, regret-filled gaze of Emperor Dimitri replayed over and over in Myria's mind. For the first time in her life, a single tear escaped her eye—something she had been forbidden to shed by her grandmother long ago. The coldness in her heart began to crack, emotions surfacing for the first time.

"Is this why that witch forced me to abandon my mother as well? Because of her, I was deprived of my mother's love. Just what does she want from us!?" Myria's voice trembled with fury, her entire body shaking as an overwhelming rage coursed through her.

Along with her anger, a deathly aura manifested around her, coiling with malicious intent.

"Yes, I get it now. But we must calm down, Myria," Vansing said, his voice heavy with sorrow. "We have to tread carefully from now on. We are no longer under her manipulation, but if we act recklessly, we'll only fall into greater danger. We need to find a way to get our revenge... and end this once and for all."

Vansing turned to Aengus and the Ancient Protectors.

"Thank you for revealing the truth, young man. And don't worry, I will relinquish my throne and give it to you. I am a failure, after all."

With that, he turned to leave, unwilling to ask for help after everything that had happened. He still wanted to keep some dignity for himself.

This made Myria anxious. How could she and her father face the enemies alone? They had no trustworthy allies left after learning the truth.

Even the Five Heads of Law Enforcement were now on the enemy's side.

She turned to the one man who could be their only hope—the rightful Heir of Kievan.

To her relief, Aengus stopped her father just in time.

"Wait!" Aengus' voice boomed, halting Vansing in his tracks.

He continued, his tone filled with disdain, "Do you think it's that simple? You think you can face them all by yourself? You should know by now that no one will willingly join your side the moment they realize they'd be going against her. She has likely seized control of everything, while you were merely a puppet to maintain appearances."

Aengus' eyes gleamed coldly as he declared, "We need to work together and take them all down in a single, decisive surprise attack."

“Yes, Vansing. The Heir is right,” Hog added earnestly. “You can’t face them alone. But if we work together, we can uproot them completely. The enemy maybe vast in number, but together, we can bring them all down.”

Myria also pleaded, “Yes, Father. If we face them so recklessly, we will gain nothing. We need their help,” she said, glancing at Aengus. “Otherwise, we won’t accomplish anything. Please...”

Hearing his daughter’s plea, Vansing finally turned around with resignation.

He faced Aengus, the young man he had deemed his enemy until now.

Never in his life had he imagined they would be working together to bring down their mutual enemy.

Taking a deep breath, Vansing lowered his head and spoke with solemnity.

“Alright... Please help us this time, My Emperor. For this, we will be eternally loyal to your lineage.” He bowed deeply, leaving everyone speechless for a moment because of the Vow.

Aengus studied him for a second before nodding.

“Very well. We accept your allegiance. And I will bring justice to those under my care,” he declared, his face resolute with unyielding determination.

Myria, usually uncaring of opposite genders, looked at Aengus in a new light. Her heart felt a strange tingling Sensation.

Chapter 400: Chapter 400: Plan

“So, what’s the plan?” Bella asked as everyone took their seats to strategize.

Aengus opened his mouth, “The plan is simple. We need to call upon strong allies and move the competition forward as a surprise. That way, we can catch them off guard during the event.”

Hog furrowed his brows and asked respectfully, “But what about the ordinary citizens there, My Emperor? Aren’t we putting them at risk?”

His concern was justified, and the others grew visibly worried.

Aengus, however, reassured them with a confident smile. “Don’t worry. I will transport them using my Space Law.”

“What?! Teleport them?” Vansing exclaimed in disbelief. “I am sorry to interrupt, but there are at least billions of people, my Emperor! How would you achieve such a thing so quickly? And wouldn’t it require an astronomical amount of energy? Please, think twice.”

“Hey, you don’t need to doubt my husband’s capabilities. If he says he can do it, then he can do it,” Bella snapped, fuming. Her third eye flickered with annihilative energy.

Vansing and Myria flinched, feeling the overwhelming pressure from the Empress. They realized she was no mere ornament at the Emperor’s side.

“Okay, calm down, Vansing. We don’t need to question His Highness’ authority. Surely, he wouldn’t risk billions of subjects so carelessly,” Kirin interjected calmly, trying to mediate the tension.

Vansing sighed. “Perhaps I was using my own scale to judge the True Emperor’s power, comparing it to my ordinary strength.”

As he realized his mistake, a wave of shame washed over him. “Sorry, everyone. I have been such a fool.”

Myria’s heart ached as she saw her father’s slumped shoulders, weighed down by self-doubt and lost pride.

Just then, Aengus spoke. “There’s no need to feel down, Vansing. I understand that you haven’t yet seen the full extent of my capabilities. But from now on, I hope you will never question my power. That said, you are always welcome to suggest better ways.”

His voice was calm yet commanding, carrying the weight of true authority.

Vansing raised his head, seeing the young man in a new light.

Myria’s usually cold and emotionless face softened. A faint smile appeared on her lips as warmth filled her icy blue eyes. For the first time, her heart beat erratically, bringing a strange sense of joy, purpose, and... admiration?

Bella, watching this unfold, sighed silently. She could see the cold princess was slowly falling in love with her own.

She could recognise those eyes as she herself used to look at Aengus that way.

She was jealous, and amused.

But didn’t said anything at that important moment.

She hesitated, unsure whether she should stop it or let it happen.

Glancing at Aengus, she noticed he seemed completely unbothered, either oblivious or simply indifferent.

The secret meeting continued until midnight. They decided to bring forward the competition to the very next day, ensuring that Morgana and the imposter would be caught off guard. Meanwhile, Aengus' team would seek out higher-level Dominators to aid them, ensuring their overwhelming advantage against the enemy faction.

Every detail of the plan was meticulously crafted—from the positioning of their allies, ranging from low-level warriors to the highest-ranking Dominators. By the end of the night, they were fully prepared for an attack that would shake the very foundations of the Kievan Empire.

The night passed peacefully—for some, at least.

During the night, the Protectors extended their influence, reaching out to old slumbering friends for external aid. These allies were secluded in a hidden corner of the Polaris Domain, far from mortal conflicts. They spent their days deep in deep Comprehension, striving to surpass Nebula Domination by refining their Law comprehension. At their level, Law Stones had long since lost their value.

With their lifespans ending soon, they now only seek Immortality. They were seekers of Immortality.

The five Protectors were confident that these powerful allies would not betray them. Revealing the plan to them was a necessary risk, but one they were certain would not result in any leaks. The battle for the future of the empire was about to begin.

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During the day, as the Kievan Continent continued to be flooded with spectators, a secret storm was set in motion.

Every high-ranking powerhouse from True Emperor faction was slowly informed about the plan of attack for tomorrow. Some were excited at the prospect of making history, while others were fearful of the outcome.

Strict precautions were taken to ensure that the plan remained a secret.

Albert and his father, King Ronin, were left speechless after hearing the daring plan directly from their Emperor's mouth.

"Father, can we win?" Albert asked, trembling beside King Ronin.

King Ronin's expression remained strict and grave.

"Be brave, Albert. This is not the time for hesitation. It is the time to show your loyalty to the Emperor. Show His Highness what you are capable of. It is not about whether we can win or not—it is about absolute obedience. The rest, we shall leave on His Highness' shoulders. He will bring us victory."

King Ronin's eyes burned with fanaticism as he gazed in the direction Aengus had left.

Albert instantly straightened his posture and gripped his sword, infused with the power of the Wind Law.

"You're right, Father. The Emperor has placed his faith in me, and I must not let him down. I must eliminate the parasites from this Empire."

Albert's terrifyingly determined voice echoed, sending shivers through anyone in range.

Meanwhile, Bella and Aengus strolled through the streets once again, acting as if they were still on a tour.

The spies watched them closely and relayed the information to Morgana, but none dared to attack after what had happened last time.

Inside a dark, secret location, Morgana smirked upon hearing the news.

"Ehehehe... That little bas*tard is so naïve, or perhaps just an overconfident fledgling. Enjoy while you can, because the day after tomorrow will be your last day—alongside those old fools."

She leaned back, her sinister eyes gleaming in the dim light.

"But where did that damn Dimitri hide the Skull? Why can't I find it even after all these years? Is the secret treasury connected to the Emperor's Mark? Hehehe... If so, I have no reason to worry. I will claim that Mark as well... even if I have to peel off that brat's skin and wear it myself."