

# Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills

Chapter 401: Chapter 401: Stage Is Set

At night, Vansing entered Morgana's room, suppressing his fear.

"Huh? Van, what do you mean by holding the competition earlier—tomorrow?" Morgana, still disguised as Fiona, asked while scrutinizing his face.

Vansing calmly replied,

"Mother, that Heir is crossing the line. I want to take revenge as soon as possible for your sake. So, I decided to move the competition forward a little. I will kill him in battle. Why? Is there any problem, Mother?"

Morgana's face twitched in suppressed rage. The sheer audacity of this foolish Emperor—her pawn for so long—daring to interfere with her plans enraged her. She wanted to kill him on the spot.

But for the sake of their grand goal, she forced herself to remain composed.

Suppressing her anger, her expression softened, her previous fury vanishing as if it had never existed.

"No problem, my son. You're doing this for my sake, after all. Tomorrow, don't forget to kill him, okay?"

"Yes, Mother. Just watch... I.. will.. have... my revenge..."

The last part of his words came out as a low growl, sending an unexpected shiver down Morgana's spine. She quickly shook her head, dismissing it as mere imagination.

When Vansing left, Morgana pondered, "Looks like I have to bring the plan forward to tomorrow. But will they be able to come at such short notice? Damn... They should have been here for such an important moment." She fumed, shattering the mirror in frustration.

Meanwhile,

Aengus and Bella spent the night refining their Laws using the two hundred Law Stones gifted to them by the kings.

However, Supreme Law Stones were scarce—only a dozen or so—with Bella receiving the majority of Fire Law Stones, allowing her to synthesize them into her body.

Her progress was remarkable, pushing her Fire Law Mastery from 16% to 28% overnight.

Aengus, on the other hand, saw an even greater leap—his Space Law had now reached 55.03% Mastery, moving him over halfway toward the peak.

As the night passed, several ancient figures arrived on Kievan Continent in secrecy. Their purpose remained unknown.

The Next Day – The Imperial Planet was in Uproar

By morning, chaos erupted across the entire planet—both in the Upper and Lower Planes.

All transportation hubs and Teleportation Circles, usually reserved for the wealthy, were overwhelmed by eager crowds. Most were young men and women, their eyes filled with anticipation.

“Hey, move quickly! The battle is today! I just got the news!” one person shouted while climbing onto a flying vehicle.

“Oh, right! I heard that too! The competition was suddenly moved forward! I’m heading there now—let’s go together!” another replied, excitement in his voice.

“Me too! Let’s hurry—I don’t want to miss the battle between Emperors! This is going to be amazing!” a young girl said, her eyes gleaming with innocent anticipation.

“Excuse me! Can anyone take me to the Imperial Coliseum?” a boy waved his hand frantically at the bustling transportation platform.

Amidst the chaos, a middle-aged man furrowed his brows, glancing around in confusion.

“Huh? Where is everyone going? Wasn’t the competition supposed to be tomorrow?” he muttered, perplexed by the sudden change.

“Yes, it was supposed to be. But it had been brought forward. Anyway, would you like to come with us? We are one person short.”

“Ohhh, Of course. How could I miss this?”

—

Grand Imperial Colosseum – A Stage Set for History

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz...

The air buzzed with anticipation inside the Grand Imperial Colosseum—a circular marvel of magical technology, capable of holding an astounding five billion spectators.

Even now, it was almost completely full, with more and more people flooding in to witness an event that would be etched into the annals of history.

With such an overwhelming crowd, chaos and conflicts were inevitable. To maintain order, Legions of Law Enforcers stood vigilant, dressed in red uniforms, gripping their weapons with precision.

Their sheer presence alone was enough to deter troublemakers—after all, their numbers exceeded hundreds of thousands.

At one side, high above the masses, the Imperial Seats were reserved for the Imperial Lineage and select powerful figures of the empire.

Nearby, the VIP Hall was filled with nobles, esteemed kings, and dignitaries from across the Polaris Domain, eager to witness the grand spectacle.

At the very center of the Imperial Seats, Retired Empress Fiona sat with an air of elegance.

Beside her, the Five Head Law Enforcers were seated, along with three unfamiliar elderly men, their presence an enigma to the spectators.

But something was oddly missing—

Myria and her two younger brothers were nowhere to be seen.

Morgana, still disguised as Fiona, was displeased by the absence of her “ugly spawns,” though her face remained as kind and beautiful as ever.

However, deep within, a sinister grin curled on her lips.

Soon, very soon...

She would show all these people what true despair looked like.

Suppressing her excitement, Morgana turned her attention to the three unfamiliar elders, whose origins remained a mystery.

“Everything is ready, right, Drago, Sulman, Eshter? We don’t want anyone escaping like last time with Emperor Dimitri, do we?” she asked cruelly.

The three elderly men nodded, their expressions calm.

“Don’t worry, Morgana. This time, no one will be able to escape. Dimitri was a nuisance, that’s all. But because of him, we had to wait so long for the skull. If only we had known earlier that the Emperor’s Mark was the key, we could have succeeded long ago,” replied the elder named Eshter, his tone sophisticated.

“But where are the others? They aren’t here yet... Can we handle them by ourselves?” Drago, another elder, asked with a hint of concern.

“Haha... We don’t need them. They only have five Nebula Dominators, while we have nine. They don’t stand a chance,” Sulma sneered.

“Hmph... Don’t forget, we have the Imperial Forces under our control. The Law Enforcers will attack the rebel faction members with just a single command,” Drago added confidently.

“Very well. I don’t want any mishaps this time,” Morgana affirmed, her eyes gleaming with anticipation.

Chapter 402: Chapter 402: Moment Of Truth

“It’s them!”

Seeing Sulman, Drago, and Eshter seated in the Imperial Spectator Hall, Myria clenched her delicate yet powerful hands into fists.

She stood in a secret corner of the stage, completely untraceable among the massive crowd.

Rage burned in her chest as she stared at the imposter and the supposed “friends” of her grandfather. Until yesterday, she had believed them to be kind and generous elders who had helped her grandfather ascend to the throne. But now, everything made sense—they were the ones who had ambushed him, murdered her grandmother, and stolen everything from her family.

They had taken away her emotions, her familial love, and manipulated them like mere pawns.

“Excuse me, lady. Are you okay?”

A young boy’s voice suddenly broke through her thoughts. His bright, innocent eyes looked up at her with concern.

Myria quickly tried to suppress her anger and forced a smile as she looked down at him.

“I’m fine... Thank you, little one,” she replied, attempting to sound gentle.

But her voice came out hoarse, and her expression, still twisted with suppressed fury, failed to match her words.

As a result, the boy’s eyes widened in fear, and he immediately turned and ran into his mother’s arms.

Seeing this, Myria sighed. “Hopefully, he is right. Otherwise, all these people could cease to exist...”

She gripped the hilt of the sword hidden at her waist, her expression turning serious. “It should be time by now. Everything is in place,” she muttered internally, as she waited for the order to attack.

Her eyes were already locked onto the Law Enforcers guarding the nearby area.

“You are all mine to kill.” Myria muttered coldly, her grip tightening around her sword.

“Wooo!”

“Yeahhh!

Just then, the deafening cheers of the crowd erupted, growing wilder with anticipation. Myria turned her gaze toward the battlefield.

Inside the arena, her father, Emperor Vansing, made his entrance, stepping onto the grand stage. In his hand, he held the only Heaven-Grade weapon—the very one Morgana had entrusted to him, believing it would ensure the Heir’s death.

But she was oblivious to the fact that this very weapon would soon be turned against her.

Myria’s expression softened for a brief moment as she watched her father stand tall amidst the roaring spectators.

“Stay safe, Father,” she whispered, her voice barely audible as it escaped her soft lips.

Emperor Vansing stood tall, gripping the Golden Sword for support.

His sharp eyes were serious, occasionally drifting toward Morgana’s group. He struggled to contain his rage, though to the onlookers, it merely seemed like battle readiness.

“Go for victory, Your Highness! Show the Heir what Emperors are made of!”

“Haha! Teach that brat to respect his seniors! Does he really think a mere mark is enough to make him an Emperor?”

“Hmph... he’s just a naive little kid.”

Vansing didn’t react to the foolish nobles barking their ignorance.

The Heir is a naive kid? The very thought was laughable.

He knew the truth.

The moment he tried to block Aengus’ hand, he realized something terrifying—this young man wasn’t just a prodigy. He was a monster in human clothing.

The memory still haunted him.

Even now, he wasn’t sure if Nebula Dominators could match Aengus’ sheer physical strength. Just how had he attained such a godly physique?

From what Vansing understood, such power shouldn’t be possible for any Seeker of the Primal Realm.

But he wasn’t worried in the slightest. In fact, this would only work in their favor.

Now that Aengus was on their side, he felt a newfound confidence in their ability to win.

Step!

Suddenly, everyone’s heart shook.

A wave of absolute silence swept over the billions gathered, as the sound of footsteps filled the air, each step resonating with authority—beating against their very souls.

Step. Step. Step.

Their hearts pounded in sync with the footsteps, echoing through the deafening quiet.

All eyes turned toward a single corner.

Zytherion—the True Emperor—had finally made his appearance.

He was tall, his black hair fluttering in raging wind, and his eyes were cold and detached. His very presence exuding an untouchable supremacy. At his waist hung a

peculiar black-and-white spear, its aura flickering with chaotic energy, as if it carried the primordial essence of creation and destruction.

It was the God-Weapon Aegis, which was now a Divine Grade Weapon after synthesizing with other weapons and materials from Primal Realm.

It wasn't just about his weapon.

The sheer scale of his presence made even the strongest Seekers breathless.

Their hearts pounded in awe and fear, overwhelmed by his regal and domineering aura.

The supporters of Emperor Vansing were completely silenced.

Those who had been mocking Aengus moments ago now found their throats dry, their words caught in their chests.

Even the most arrogant of nobles dared not utter another insult.

The sheer scale of his presence made even high-level Dominators tremble.

Awe.

Fear.

It didn't matter if one was friend or foe—his very existence commanded absolute submission.

Vansing, who had once seen Aengus' strength firsthand, felt a strange relief settle over him.

With this man leading them... victory might truly be possible.

With nonchalance, Aengus held the newly upgraded black-and-white spear in his hand.

Standing opposite Vansing, his gaze wasn't even on his opponent. Instead, his piercing eyes locked onto the Imperial Seats.

Morgana flinched slightly, feeling the weight of his sharp gaze.

"This brat..." she spat under her breath, but her eyes were soon drawn to the spear in his hands. A strange feeling washed over her as she sensed its raw radiance.

Turning to her allies, she asked, "Do any of you know what grade that weapon is?"

The Five Head Law Enforcers and the three unfamiliar elders inspected it carefully, but none could decipher its true nature.

“I don’t know, Lady Morgana... Maybe a Heaven-Grade weapon?” Lars muttered, jealousy flickering in his eyes. “Surely, those old protectors gave it to him. Why else would he have something so precious?”

Even they didn’t possess Heaven-Grade weapons, so the idea that it could be something even higher never crossed their minds.

It was said that even the mighty Blue Moon Empire and other ancient factions only had one or two such weapons.

Morgana scoffed. “Whatever. A Heaven-Grade weapon won’t save him.” Her eyes gleamed with malice as she gave her final command.

“Be prepared. Attack at my signal. The Heir and his allies... shouldn’t be left alive today.”

Chapter 403: Chapter 403: One Strike One Down  
“True Emperor will be victorious!”

“Long live Emperor Zytharion! Long live Kievan Empire!”

The fanatical crowd erupted into thunderous cheers, their voices drowning out those who still supported the current regime. The Imperial Colosseum trembled under their excitement.

On the battlefield, Aengus and Vansing both raised their weapons, their bodies tensed, ready to strike at any moment.

But then—

“HAHAHAHA!”

A sudden, maniacal laughter echoed from the sky.

“Who are they?!”

All eyes turned upward.

Descending from the heavens, three old men with ancient, unfathomable auras hovered in mid-air, their faces filled with amusement.



Morgana and the other eight Nebula Dominators instinctively raised their gazes, their minds racing as they assessed the new arrivals.

For a split second—They were distracted.

And that was enough to decide everything.

“Buzzz!”

A sharp, annihilative sound crackled through the air.

“Blurgh!”

Morgana’s head snapped back toward her side, instantly her eyes widened in disbelief.

Head Law Enforcer Lars spat blood, his eyes filled with disbelief.

A black-and-white spear had pierced straight through his chest, its ominous black spearhead devouring his very essence like a void of destruction.

The wielder of that spear?

The same young man who had been standing in the arena, facing Emperor Vansing just moments ago—Aengus.

His aura surged violently, his level skyrocketing to 5300.

With a devilish smirk, he yanked the spear out, letting Lars’ lifeless husk crumble into ashes.

“HOW DARE YOU?!”

Morgana’s furious scream ripped through the air.

Her Darkness Law exploded to its maximum output, her overwhelming rage mirrored by the seven other Nebula Dominators beside her.

Their combined Law Manifestation shook the very fabric of reality.

The sky twisted. Space cracked. Annihilative multicolored energies surged with 100% mastery, converging into a single, devastating strike aimed at Aengus.

A moment later—

**BOOM!**

A blinding explosion erupted, its force strong enough to vaporize anything in its path.

Silence followed.

Then screams of confusion and fear.

“What’s happening?”

“Why did the True Emperor attack Ex-Empress Fiona?”

“Is he dead?”

“No, look! He hasn’t even moved a muscle since!”

“Huh?! Yes That’s true! But how is this possible? Two figures exactly alike? Is there some kind of Law that can do that?”

Morgana and the other Nebula Dominators, who had just been celebrating what they thought was Aengus’ death, suddenly froze.

A creeping sense of dread slithered into their hearts.

“What are they talking about? Didn’t we just kill that brat?!”

Their eyes darted toward the center of the colosseum.

And what they saw made their blood run cold.

There he stood. Completely unharmed.

His presence remained unchanged, his eyes carrying a cold finality.

Then he spoke—

“Kill everyone!”

His voice was calm, yet absolute.

And the moment his words echoed across the colosseum Chaos erupted.

From the audience seats, Aengus’ hidden subordinates suddenly sprang into action.

Like reapers, they descended upon the Law Enforcers, slaughtering them with merciless precision.

The colosseum, once filled with deafening cheers, was now drowned in screams and bloodshed.

The three ancient figures stood ahead of Aengus, their eyes gleaming with a mix of surprise and appreciation as they observed the young man.

He was brave, decisive, and mysteriously powerful—a rare talent unlike any they had seen before.

Behind them, the five Protectors stepped forward, their expressions warm as they greeted the elders.

“Haha... Welcome, old friends Elmer, Spark, Gimbel. Hope we didn’t disturb your peaceful slumber.” Hog laughed heartily, his massive frame exuding confidence.

The three elders snorted.

“Tch... We didn’t come for you, bastards,” Gimbel scoffed, stroking his long gray beard. “Thought we’d do one last favor for this domain. Maybe then, we might gain some enlightenment.”

Elmer, the tallest of the three, nodded thoughtfully.

“But heh, looks like we got to see a promising young man because of you.” His sharp, ancient gaze fell on Aengus, filled with intrigue.

“Haha... Calling him promising would be an understatement.” Spark smirked, his deep voice filled with amusement. “He is capable of killing a Nebula Dominator, even though he is weaker than all of us. But still, it is surprising.”

Aengus, ever respectful, stepped forward and gave a half-bow.

“Greetings, Elders! Thank you for coming here to assist us.”

The short old man, Gimbel let out a chuckle, gripping the handle of his massive battle-axe.

“Nice to meet you too, Your Highness.” His smirk widened. “Though we are not part of the Empire, our descendants are. We are ready to help anytime for your honorable cause.”

“Heh heh... You sly old fools... You are already trying to owe a favor to the Emperor. We know what’s on your mind.” Kirin said, smirking

The three elders chuckled embarrassedly.

“Haha... You must be joking,” Spark replied, shaking his head.

Meanwhile, Aengus’ gaze swept across the battlefield, searching for Bella. He found her fighting alongside Myria, like a bloodthirsty Enchantress in combat.

His brows furrowed slightly.

He never wanted her to join the battle—he wanted her safe as she was pregnant. But her insistence had won out, and she had thrown herself into the fight for his sake.

And so, Aengus always kept an eye on her.

As Morgana and her allies charged toward them, Hog stepped forward and reminded,

“My Emperor, I think it’s time.”

Aengus nodded firmly, his expression serious.

Raising his sword, he activated his Supreme Law of Space.

“Buzz, buzz, buzz!”

Instantly, massive teleportation circles formed above the ordinary spectators in the Grand Imperial Colosseum.

“Huh! Why are we being teleported out?”

Gasps of bewilderment and shock filled the air as millions of people vanished in waves of radiant light.

For a moment, confusion reigned—but then, understanding dawned on them.

The True Emperor had acted to protect them, moving them far away from the battlefield.

Had he not done so, they would have been nothing more than cannon fodder, wiped out in the chaos of war.

“Old rats, why have you come to interfere in the competition?” Morgana, still disguised as Fiona, spat in annoyance. Her gaze swept over the three ancient elders, her patience thinning.

Then, she turned to Vansing, her expression a mix of feigned confusion and subtle anger.

“Van, what’s going on? Why are you colluding with the enemy?” Her voice was sharp, demanding, still desperately clinging to her act of innocence.

Chapter 404: Chapter 404: Queen Of Darkness?  
Vansing didn't even spare her a glance.

Instead, he tightened his grip on his golden sword, his expression turning colder than ever.

"Colluding?" He finally spoke, his filled with disgust. "The only traitor here is you, Morgana."

His words struck like a hammer.

The entire colosseum—at least those still present—stilled in stunned silence.

For the first time, Morgana's mask cracked. Her eyes darkened, lips twisting as rage boiled beneath her skin.

But she couldn't lose control just yet.

"Van... what are you saying?!" She gasped dramatically, placing a hand over her chest as if wounded. "You've known me for decades. I raised you. I supported you! And now you accuse me of treason?!"

Her voice trembled, but her fingers twitched ever so slightly—a silent signal to her allies.

Very soon the rest of Law Enforcers and Ruling Faction members who were supposed to be Emperor Vansing's command swarmed inside the grand Imperial Colosseum like ants.

Vansing sneered. "If that's so mother, stop them them at once. That's my order!" he said indigating the Imperial army. He still had the faintest hope everything would turned our false. He could belong his kind mother still.

But all destroyed in the next moment.

Vansing's final shred of hope shattered.

Morgana's cold laughter echoed through the battlefield, her malice unveiled for all to see.

"Hahaha..." She laughed darkly, pausing to let the weight of her words settle.

Her gaze gleamed with cruel amusement.

"So, you've all figured it out. Tell me, who should I give the credit to? The Heir?"

Before anyone could react—

“WHOOSH!”

Morgana struck first, unleashing her Darkness Law Domain.

A black abyss swallowed the battlefield, and in an instant—she and her allies disappeared.

Aengus and the others were trapped.

“Boom! Boom!”

Their combined attacks struck the shadowy barrier, but—

“Huh?! Why aren’t our attacks breaking her domain?!”

“It’s absorbing everything, like cotton candy dissolving in water!”

Eshter’s expression darkened. “No... it’s worse than that. She’s taken that step in Law Mastery somehow, which we are seeking all our life.”

A terrifying realization sank in. Morgana was stronger than them all.

“Let’s counter with our own Domains!” Sulman barked.

Hog and the others nodded, preparing to unleash their full strength—

But then—

“GRRROOOAAARR!”

From the depths of the Darkness Domain, creatures began to emerge.

Twisted, monstrous beings of pure shadow, their aura suffocating—almost equal to their own.

“Die!”

Hog roared, his Fire Law vaporizing one of the creatures into a gooey black sludge—

Only for it to reform.

Kirin and the others fought fiercely, shaking the Dual Continent with their power, but—

The dark creatures were endless.

Morgana's laughter rang out again.

"Hahaha... Brat... You think you can defeat me with these old fools? How naive."

Her voice dripped with mockery.

"Did you forget how Emperor Dimitri died, despite being So Strong?"

A deadly pause.

"It wasn't his strength that failed him. It was my Invincible Domain.

She sneered.

"Soon, you will all tire yourselves out—fighting my creatures endlessly. And when you do... you'll die. Just. Like. Him.

"Hehehe..."

A cruel witch—that was what she was.

Vansing, eyes burning with rage, struck at the shadowy barrier with reckless fury. "Die, die, die... You witch!"

Morgana only laughed mockingly.

"Haha! Try all you like, you can't break it. No one ca—"

Then—she froze.

Her mockery died in her throat, her eyes widening in horror.

Outside the domain, something impossible was happening.

"No... Don't!"

Panic seized her as she ran desperately, but—

"Crack! Crack! Shatter!"

Before she could reach him her "Invincible" Domain shattered like fragile glass.

A dead silence fell.

Her allies stood frozen, their expressions a mix of shock and disbelief.

“How is that possible?! How did that brat break your barrier, Lady Morgana?” One of the Head Law Enforcers demanded.

For the first time ever, Morgana stuttered.

“I-I don’t know either... Somehow he was able to find out the core of my Domain and shattered it. But this should have been impossible!”

Her voice trembled as she struggled to comprehend the impossible.

Then, her gaze locked onto Aengus. More importantly—onto his spear.

It was wrapped in Nullifying Void Energy—an abyss darker than darkness itself.

The energy was not wild, not uncontrollable.

It coiled around the blade in obedience.

A Law beyond any Law.

And for the first time in centuries—Morgana felt fear.

The five protectors and their three old friends stood stunned, their eyes locked onto the unfamiliar energy radiating from Aengus’ spear.

“My Emperor, what is that?” Hog asked, his voice trembling.

Aengus swung his spear in an elegant, effortless motion and replied,

“It’s nothingness.”

A simple answer.

Yet, that non-answer only horrified them more.

The spear didn’t just cut—it erased.

Anything it touched ceased to exist.

A weapon beyond comprehension.

A moment of uneasy silence passed before Aengus sighed.



“Alright... We'll have enough time to talk later. For now, how about we focus on the present?”

“Ah, yes! Yes!”

And with that, the eight warriors lunged, attacking Morgana's group with wild grins and battle hunger.

Aengus' eyes sharpened as he locked onto Morgana—the trickiest nut to crack of all.

“Boom!”

In an instant, Aengus disappeared.

Before Morgana could even react—

“Bang!”

A ruthless strike landed straight into her body with the spear.

Her eyes widened in shock as she was sent hurtling through the air, her defensive barriers crumbling like paper.

Mid-air, the illusory beauty of her face melted away, revealing—An old, hideous hag.

A twisted, monstrous, wrinkled crone.

“Bang!”

She crashed onto the stone floor, her body cracking like brittle wood.

Black, viscous blood splattered across the ground.

Aengus approached slowly, gazing at the mangled pile of blood, flesh, and shattered bones.

“How hideous.” A smirk tugged at his lips.

But then his eyes sharpened, sensing Danger.

“Whoosh!”

Before his very eyes, the pile of broken flesh and bones twitched.

Then—It gathered together, as if reforming Morgana's body stitched itself back, piece by piece, as if she had never died.

“Hahahaha...”

She grinned sinisterly, her eyes filled with malice..

“You can’t kill me unless you are able kill the Law of Darkness. I am one with the Darkness, The Queen Of Darkness.”

Chapter 405: Chapter 405: Darkness Is Unkillable?

The sky shook, and the earth trembled beneath the sheer might of the Nebula Dominators.

Despite their efforts to restrain their power, the Kievan Continent was still on the brink of catastrophe.

Mountains cracked.

Rivers changed course.

The very land twisted under the force of battle.

In the distance, ordinary people could only stare in terror toward the source of this unimaginable destruction.

Some fell to their knees, unable to stand against the shaking ground.

Others clung desperately to trees, rocks, or whatever they could grasp—

As if holding onto the world itself.

Their hearts pounded in their chests.

Would their homes survive?

Would they survive?

None of them knew.

And that fear of the unknown was the most terrifying of all.

—

Morgana stood tall, her form shifting between her beautiful illusion and the grotesque, withered hag beneath. The darkness coiled around her like a living entity, its tendrils coiling into the air, corrupting everything they touched.

She grinned wickedly at Aengus, her eerie laughter echoing through the battlefield.

“You truly don’t understand, do you?” she taunted. “Your strikes are meaningless. As long as darkness exists, I exist. You can kill my body, but my essence... my Law is eternal!”

Her words slithered through the air like a curse.

Vansing, still gripping his golden sword, gritted his teeth in fury. “Damn witch!” he spat. “If what she says is true... she really is unkillable?”

The other Nebula Dominators engaged with their own enemies exchanged uneasy glances. They had fought for centuries, mastering their Laws to the highest level, but still couldn’t reach the state Morgana had reached.

“She’s merged with the Law of Darkness itself...” Sulman muttered grimly. “If she’s telling the truth, then no matter how many times we kill her, she’ll just keep coming back. And it will not before long she becomes a higher powerhouse. Then we Won’t be able to do anything to her.”

Morgana sneered. “That’s right,” she glared. “But since I’m in a good mood, I’ll make you all a deal—”

**BOOM!**

Aengus vanished.

In the same instant—

**“BANG!”**

His spear pierced straight through her chest, the black and white energy seething around the blade like a devouring abyss.

Morgana gasped, staggering backward.

But her shock lasted only a moment before she chuckled. “Foolish brat,” she whispered, gripping the spear with a deathly grin.

Darkness surged around the wound, sealing it within seconds. The black liquid pulsed as her body restored itself as if nothing had happened.

Aengus didn’t flinch, as he had something planned beforehand.

“Null Domain,” he murmured, creating his own artificial domain using Monarch Of Void.

The domain however is not as effective and wide like others.

But it was enough for to turn the tide of the battle.

Instantly, a formless wave of energy expanded outward.

Everything within the range trembled. Even the darkness Law around them shuddered.

And then the darkness entities began to fade, as if never existed.

Morgana’s expression twisted into one of shock.

“WHAT?!” she shrieked. “What is this Creature?!”

The five protectors and the three old men who had come to aid Aengus all gasped in realization.

“That energy... It’s not being devoured the darkness. Instead, It’s nullifying it!” Gimbel muttered, eyes wide.

The Law of Darkness—something abnormal, something unchallenged for centuries—was being erased right before their eyes.

Morgana trembled, stepping back for the first time.

“N-No...” she stuttered. “This isn’t possible. No one can destroy a Law! Laws are the very foundation of reality!”

Aengus’ dark eyes burned coldly as he took a step forward.

“You said that as long as darkness exists, you will exist?” he repeated.

Morgana bared her teeth. “Yes! The world will always have darkness, and I am that darkness! You cannot erase what is eternal!”

Aengus’ grip on his spear tightened, his eyes undeterred.

“Then I’ll erase that eternity.”

He lifted his spear, and the Void energy around the spearhead pulsated once more

The spear descended onto the ground.

And the moment it struck—

“CRACK!”

A great, deafening shatter echoed through the battlefield.

Morgana let out a piercing scream as the Law of Darkness itself began to collapse around her because of the Void energy.

The shadows around her twisted violently, their essence devouring like thread being pulled from a fabric.

“NO! THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!” she screeched, her body flickering in and out of existence.

The sky, once covered in dark clouds, brightened.

The suffocating aura of despair—vanished.

Her Nebula Dominator allies—The Head Law Enforcers and the betrayers, all collapsed, their connection to the Law shattered, their power plummeting.

Morgana clawed at the air desperately, her once-beautiful illusion crumbling completely. The hag’s true form, grotesque and deformed, was all that remained.

“HOW?!” she screeched, eyes burning with hatred. “WHAT KIND OF MONSTER ARE YOU?!”

Aengus stared down at her, without symbol of pity.

“I don’t follow the rules, as I am the... MONARCH OF VOID!” he said simply.

Then he plunged his spear through her skull.

Then there was nothing. Morgana was being Devoured.

Her body.

Her soul.

Her Law.

All of it her was Devoured.

With that silence fell upon the battlefield.

The Protectors, however, didn’t want to miss this chance.

The four Head Law Enforcers and the three traitors lay weakly nearby.

They needed to finish them before It's too late.

But none of the Protectors wanted to step into the terrifying domain set up their Emperor, where laws were rendered useless.

Aengus, sensing their hesitation, spoke calmly from a distance.

“Don't worry, I'll finish them off.”

The Protectors nodded.

“That would be for the best, Your Majesty,” one of them agreed.

Aengus was about to devour them all.

“No! Please!”

Vansing suddenly stepped forward and knelt.

“Let me take their lives with my own hands, Your Majesty,” Vansing pleaded, his voice firm. “I want to personally kill the traitors who betrayed my father.”

Before Aengus could respond, Myria arrived.

Her figure was drenched in blood from the battles she had fought, yet she still carried the aura of a Queen of Death.

Bella followed closely behind. Unlike Myria, she was untouched by the battle—her figure serene and pristine, without a speck of dust.

Aengus glanced at Vansing and Myria, then grinned.

“Sure,” he said with a grin. “You can kill them... but don't waste my meal.”

Vansing swallowed hard. “Ah, of course,” he replied quickly.

Aengus then bound the traitors with restrictions and dragged them to his feet.

Then, Vansing held the Heaven-grade sword and began slicing off their heads, as if venting years of resentment from his heart.

“Slice!”

“This is for my father!” He roared.

“Slash!”

“This is for my mother!”

“Bang! Splash!”

“And this is for the torment you inflicted on us through your deception!”

One of the three traitors, his eyes etched with despair, muttered resentfully, “We are not alone. They will avenge us.”

He spoke like a cornered beast, especially while glaring at Aengus.

Aengus grinned. “I know. Thank you for telling me, though!”

“Buzz!”

With that, Aengus devoured them from reality, while Vansing and Myria broke into tears.

Chapter 406: Chapter 406: Taboo: Law Of Void!

After devouring them, Aengus’s level increased to 5500, and he gained a new Law—the Law of Darkness.

The very same Law for which, in the past, the Degaro family had branded him a useless young master.

But now, not only did he wield the Law of Darkness—he possessed Supreme Laws as well.

He was no longer a disgraced young master.

He was now the True Emperor of Kievan.

The sky brightened as the golden sun shone down upon the bloodstained battlefield.

“We’ve won!”

“We are victorious!”

“Long live the True Emperor! Long live the Kievan Empire!”

“Long live Emperor Zytherion!”

Around the Grand Imperial Colosseum, the army of the True Emperor’s faction erupted into cheers and mad excitement.

The colosseum, once grand and majestic, now lay in ruins—bloodstained and reduced to rubble.

Yet, amidst the destruction, a joyous atmosphere filled the air.

They stood among the debris, celebrating their victory, while the lifeless bodies of their fallen allies lay at their feet.

Tears fell.

Their trust in the Heir had not been in vain.

Their losses were significant, but the merciless slaughter of their enemies—executed by Bella and Myria—numbered in the millions.

The remaining enemies stood defeated, their shoulders slumped, their eyes devoid of light.

Their fate was sealed.

Likely, they would either be enslaved or executed by Imperial Decree for treason.

Some, realizing this, took their own lives.

Others, lacking the courage, clung to the fragile hope that they might be spared and imprisoned instead.

But Aengus wouldn't let things end so easily.

He stepped forward, his domineering presence drawing the eyes of all.

His aura was undeniable. Absolute.

Then, in a voice filled with authority and finality, he declared:

“To the traitors who willingly joined the evil side of Witch Morgana...

To those who have slaughtered my people—both today and in the past...

I deem you guilty.

Justice will be served.



From this moment forth, all of you shall become eternal Slave Warriors of the Kievan Empire—

You and your descendants, for generations to come.

I PLACE UPON YOU THE CURSE OF ETERNAL SLAVERY!”

At his decree, an invisible energy surged across the battlefield—dark, oppressive, inescapable.

The very air trembled with ominous curse energy throughout the battlefield.

But It only targeted the guilty—billions of warriors from the enemy faction.

Yet, strangely, it didn't harm them.

Their bodies remained intact.

Their faces unchanged.

But something essential was stripped away.

Their wills. Their freedom.

The very light in their eyes dimmed, stolen by the curse of eternal servitude.

Then—

Thud!

Billions of Slave Warriors dropped to their knees in unison.

As one, their voices rose in unwavering commitment.

They belonged to Aengus now.

And so it would be—for generations to come.

After witnessing this, the entire battlefield fell into stunned silence.

The sheer scale of absurdity left everyone speechless.

How could such a curse—one that bound billions—be possible?

Bella smiled knowingly, while Myria stood frozen in astonishment.

Then—realization struck Myria and Vansing like a lightning bolt.

If Aengus could place a curse on billions, then surely enslaving her and her father would have been effortless.

A chilling thought settled in their minds—

He had gone easy on them.

Not because he couldn't dominate them...

But because he chose not to.

Was it because of their familial ties to Emperor Dimitri?

Or was it simply mercy?

Kirin broke the silence first, his voice filled with disbelief. "Does His Highness also possess the Curse Law?"

His incredulous expression mirrored the thoughts of many.

Hog, standing nearby, let out a low sigh.

"And here I thought I had finally grasped the depths of the Emperor's strength." He paused, his expression defeated.

"Perhaps... we will never be able to see just how deep his power goes. That's what my instinct tells me."

Their old friend Spark furrowed his brows in curiosity. "So, tell me then—how many Laws does he possess now?"

Hog exchanged glances with the others before answering. "Probably three... or more."

Silence.

The three old men were left speechless.

"Three Laws?"

No, if Hog suspected more, it could be an even higher number.

That was unheard of. Unimaginable.

Eshter finally grinned, shaking his head in awe. “Incredible... His Highness possesses the highest talent among us. His unmatched physical strength and his ability to wield multiple Laws... That is what sets him apart from the rest of the universe.”

He chuckled, his eyes gleaming with admiration. “We were right to place our bet on him.”

Sulman interrupted, placing his sword in its sheath.

“But aren’t you guys forgetting something about his domain that he cast earlier? It practically rendered the enemies’ Laws useless. What about that? I don’t think such a Law exists.”

Hearing this, the Nebula Dominators fell into stunned silence.

They had no answers—no explanation for it.

They simply gazed at their new Emperor with admiration... and some fear.

Aengus turned toward Bella, but suddenly, his eyes narrowed as he felt an inescapable change within his Origin Law Tree.

The Origin Law Tree, now the size of a big tree, had sprawling branches holding five different colorful fruits.

Each fruit was a different size and color:

The largest—a grey fruit—represented Space Law.

A blue fruit signified Water Law.

An emerald green fruit embodied Time Law.

A dusty ash-colored fruit held Gravity Law.

And the smallest, a black fruit, represented Darkness Law.

However—on one of the branches—a new fruit was slowly taking form.

Tiny. Unassuming.

But unlike the others, it had no color.

It was colorless, imperceptible to all but Aengus.

A formless, colorless fruit... a mystery yet to unfold.

## MANAS NOTIFICATION:

- Congratulations! You have awakened a Unique Law— Law of Void (Taboo) ]

Description: The Law of Void is the pinnacle of all laws in the Universe. As the monarch of Void, you have been chosen to hold the seed within you. Void signifies Nothingness, a platform, the Universe itself built upon in this Dimension. It devours existence itself, rendering all things null. Time, Space, Matter, and other Laws are meaningless before its absolute might.

Law Of Void: 6%

Aengus' pupils contracted slightly.

“Law of Void? This make things interesting!”

### Chapter 407: Chapter 407: Reformation

While Aengus, Bella, and the others were busy cleansing the Imperial Palace for the upcoming takeover, the shocking events of the battle spread among the masses like wildfire.

Those who had gathered to spectate the Grand Competition now realized just how close they had been to annihilation.

Not only that—

The entire Kievan Continent had been on the brink of extinction, teetering on the edge like a giant supernova ready to consume everything.

Had anything gone wrong in the battle between Nebula Dominators, they all would have perished.

This chilling realization shook the common folk to their core.

For the first time, they truly understood how insignificant and powerless their lives were in the face of these supreme beings.

But there was nothing they could do—

Unless they chose to rise up and take on the challenge of strength themselves.

On the ruined streets of the capital, amidst the rubble and debris, murmurs of conversation echoed among the shaken citizens.

A wrinkled old man, his voice heavy with disbelief, muttered,

“Sigh... I can’t believe she was an imposter of Empress Fiona all along. That witch Morgana really hid herself very well for so long...”

His cloudy eyes gleamed with curiosity and unease. “What was her true purpose, I wonder?”

Nearby, another elderly man, shoveling through the destroyed streets, grunted in response.

“Hah... whatever her goals were, old men like us could do nothing about it—even if we knew.”

He wiped the sweat from his forehead, glancing at the people rebuilding their homes with quiet determination.

“But at least, thanks to the Young Emperor, our descendants will get to see another day, right.”

A middle aged man, standing nearby, sighed.

“That’s true... but can we really hope to see real change within our Empire?”

His eyes held a glimmer of doubt. “Will ordinary folks like us finally find some peace and safety?”

Silence followed.

The old man exhaled deeply, gripping his shovel tightly.

“Maybe...”

“Maybe not...”

His gaze drifted toward the Imperial Palace, where the new era was being forged.

“Only time will tell.”

—

Blue Moon Empire.

On the grand terrace of the High-Rise Palace in the Sky, a cold wind howled, carrying the scent of distant rain.

An elderly man—his long beard flowing like silver silk—stood behind a towering figure, his face solemn.

“Your Excellency, the Kievan Empire has changed its ruler.”

The man leaning against the railing raised a brow, his sharp eyes filled with intrigue.

“Oh? So that witch Morgana is finally dead?”

His lips curled into a smirk. “Who’s the new ruler?”

The old advisor, his expression unreadable, responded,

“A young man named Zytherion. He was chosen as Emperor according to their sacred custom.”

For a moment, silence reigned.

Then—low laughter rumbled from the man’s chest.

“Heh heh... so that wretched witch is finally gone.”

His fingers tapped the railing rhythmically.

“That means we can attack now, right?”

The old advisor shook his head gravely.

“That would be unwise, Your Excellency.”

His voice carried a hint of warning. “We failed to defeat Morgana all these years... yet a young man managed to do it.”

His brows furrowed. “And we still don’t know how.”

A flicker of hesitation crossed the Emperor’s face.

But it was soon replaced by restless greed.

“Hmph... How long must we wait?”

He clenched his fist, glaring at the distant horizon.

“Our rivals keep growing stronger while we’re stuck playing hide and seek with the Kievan Empire.”

His voice grew darker. “No... I won’t wait any longer.”

His golden eyes burned with ambition.

“Before the Temporals and Dark Ferals make their move, we will strike first.”

The old advisor sighed inwardly, knowing his words would not change his ruler’s mind.

“As you wish, Your Excellency.”

....

The Blue Moon Empire wasn’t the only one to receive the news.

The other two rival factions—the Temporal Dominion and the Dark Feral Clan—also learned of the Kievan Empire’s sudden shift in power.

And with that knowledge, a storm began to brew.

For years, the mere presence of Witch Morgana had been enough to keep the other emperors at bay.

She was evil, treacherous, and feared.

But her influence was undeniable—a deterrent against full-scale invasions.

Now, with her gone, the power balance was shattered.

And yet...What they failed to realize was that the new emperor was far more terrifying than the old one.

Aengus stood at the heart of the Imperial Palace, his expression unreadable.

He knew what was coming.

The death of Morgana would send ripples across the Polaris Domain.

The enemy wouldn’t wait.

So neither would he.

Without hesitation, he gave his first Imperial Command: to Strengthen surveillance on all invisible borders.

The Imperial Army immediately moved. They informed stationed troops to set up barriers, scouts, and advanced detection formations to monitor any sign of intrusion.

Then more powerful Army was sent for the aid through high class battleships.

Next, Aengus restructured the entire military hierarchy.

He reinstated Hog as Grand Commander of all troops, while other four took the role for Imperial Protectors, from the Sacred Custom's protectors.

They were old, but welcomed this change for now. Because of the lack proper manpower.

The Kievan Army will no longer be weak—it would become an unstoppable war machine.

Enemies may come. But this time, they would not find a weakened empire.

They would find a Nuclei of power.

Aengus' gaze was cold and ruthless as he sat on his throne.

"Your Highness, we are leaving for the borders. Please grant us your permission," Vansing said, kneeling down.

Myria also knelt, though her eyes remained fixed on Aengus.

"Why would you need to leave for the borders? Can't you settle down here? Who would dare to question you in my presence?" Aengus asked calmly.

"No, we shouldn't. But we thank you for your grace, Your Highness. If we stay here, we would feel uncomfortable. Maybe one day, we will be able to strengthen our will to serve you here. For now, please allow us to look after the borders," Myria said, locking eyes with him.

Aengus glanced at her and understood everything. The sudden events and the stripping of imperial power must have caused quite the trauma in their minds.

"Alright, then. But be careful, Myria. I don't want to lose someone as talented as you, after all."

Myria's ears turned red. "Thank you. May we see you again, Your Highness."

With that two left, leaving a rustle of cold howling wind.



Chapter 408: Chapter 408: Future Plans; Power Up!

Just after Myria and her father left, the old friends of the Protectors stepped in.

“Your Highness, we think we should take our leave as well,” Sulman said respectfully.

Aengus sighed. “I wish you would’ve stayed a few days longer to ensure everything goes well after the reform. But I don’t want to force you either. And I’m sorry for not being able to offer any rewards for your needs.”

“Haha... Don’t be so humble, Your Highness. With your strength, I believe you would’ve won even without our help. The only reward we need is to look after our descendants,” Spark stated with a lighthearted smile.

“No, without your assistance, victory would’ve been difficult. We could have suffered more losses. I thank you,” Aengus said sincerely.

“As for the true reward you seek, maybe one day I can find it too and share it with my three old friends.”

“Of course, you will be able to. With your luck and destiny, you will surely find the way to go beyond 100% comprehension of the Laws and become a higher powerhouse. We await that day,” Esther said with full belief.

“Alright, then. Be careful on your way,” Aengus said nothing more, as his words were enough to keep his promise.

“We will... And next time we meet, may we see our little prince by your side, your highness. Good luck!”

After that, with genuine smiles on their old faces, the trio vanished as swiftly as they had come.

Aengus, once again alone in the massive hall, began to ponder his future plans.

His first priority would be to not lose their new home. The second would be to retrieve his mother from the Degaro Family, and the third would be to gather his old allies from Mythraldor by his side soon.

Before that, he would need to increase his strength as much as possible.

He had acquired thousands upon thousands of Law Stones, which would be enough to push his comprehension of some laws to 100%.

Aengus jumped off his throne, heading outside to meet Bella.

Along the way, he could see workers busy rebuilding the palace, restoring it to its former spotless and shiny state.

As he passed through the hallway, the maids and knights bowed deeply—it could be out of respect or fear.

Aengus gave them a curt nod as he continued on his way with steady, long strides, his expression cold and aloof.

The beautiful women in maid's attire glanced at his strong back with admiration and respect in their eyes.

Where could they find such strong and domineering man. But alas, the man however didn't give them a single glance at their beauty.

They sighed and got back to their own work.

Albert and King Ronin were also practising their Swords in an open training stage, and seeing their Emperor they showed their respect by bowing.

—

“Bang!”

“Darling husband, what are you doing here?” Bella asked in surprise, her hands on her hips as she stood in a secret cooking chamber. She was in a disheveled and unruly state while trying to cook for the first time.

Seeing her like this, Aengus couldn't help but smile. “My dear wife, what are you doing here? Were you preparing to surprise me with your own handmade food?” he asked with a chuckle.

Bella felt embarrassed but answered honestly. “Mm-hm... but you ruined it.”

“Okay, why don't I help with that?”

“You? Have you ever cooked before?”

“Don't underestimate your husband. There's nothing I can't do,” Aengus replied confidently.

With that, the couple started cooking together, enjoying their time alone. Their laughter and noise echoed in the surroundings, but none dared to interfere between the Emperor and Empress unless ordered to do so.

After that small merrymaking, Aengus and Bella headed to their room to begin their seclusion.

With thousands upon thousands of Law Stones, it would surely take some time to synthesize them and increase their Law Comprehension to the maximum.

Old Man Hog was informed telepathically beforehand to handle the responsibilities in his stead. And if any emergency arises, his clone would be there to handle the situation.

Hours passed, days passed.

When they emerged, Bella had a huge smile on her beautiful face.

And why wouldn't she? Her Fire Law Comprehension had reached 100%, and her Charm Law had risen to 67%.

She was now a Nebula Dominator, though the weakest among them due to a lack of real practice.

With Bella's talent alone, she wouldn't have been able to achieve this, but Aengus had transferred his own Soul Essence to her, strengthening her physique and mind to handle such an immense level of comprehension at once.

However, this was no significant loss to Aengus. If one were to compare the size of his soul to Bella's on a grand scale, her's would be like tiny star in the Infinite Universe. The difference was simply that vast.

But— Aengus' progress was even greater than hers.

[ Name: Aengus Degaro ]

[ Age: 19 ]

[ Title: God Of Void ]

[ Race: Chaotic Fiend-Celestial ]

[ Level: 5600 ]

[ Occupation: Conqueror Of Worlds ]

[ Class: Chaos Creator ]

[ Bloodline: Chaotic Fiend-Celestial ]

[ Special Trait: Infinite Mana Regeneration ]

[ Soul: ZERO ]

[ Laws: Void-9%, Space- 100%, Water- 100%, Time: 78%, Gravity: 67%, Darkness- 87% ]

Physical Stats: >

[ Strength: 110 Star ]

[ Agility: 116 Star ]

[ Defense: 115 Star ]

[ Origin Mana: 500,060,000 / 500,060,000 ]

<Skills:>

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

[ 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) ]

With one big push, all of his Laws had surged like there was no tomorrow.

Now, the couple needed to put them to practical use.

“Husband, why don’t we spar together?” Bella asked, pointing toward the empty training ground outside the palace.

Aengus shook his head. “You’re still underestimating your power, my wife. If you accidentally unleash your full strength here, the whole palace might collapse again.”

Bella was speechless.

“Then where should we train?” she asked, her hands itching to try out her Law powers.

Chapter 409: Chapter 409:A Storm On the Rise.

“Above!” Aengus commanded, pointing toward the vast expanse of space.

Bella smiled, her dark angelic wings unfurling, wrapped in the fiery essence of Fire Law.

“Okay then, let’s go, hubby!” she said playfully.

Aengus took her hand, and in an instant—

Whoosh!

They vanished, leaving behind a blazing streak of fiery light.

It wasn't teleportation via Space Law. It was their sheer speed, so fast it defied mortal perception.

Within moments, they were already several light-years away from the Dual Continent.

There, Aengus and Bella floated in the vast emptiness of space, facing each other with confident smiles.

“BOOOM!”

A blinding explosion of energy and power erupted as they clashed!

Aengus wielded the Water Law, while Bella unleashed the Fire Law, pushing it to its absolute limits.

Even though Aengus was holding back, their collision was akin to a supernova, where opposing elements met in a violent reaction, spreading their essence across the cosmos.

Despite the immense force, Aengus remained unscathed earning a look of relief and admiration from Bella.

“You can't even make me tickle with that, my wife,” Aengus teased, his confident smile unwavering. “You should try harder.”

Bella giggled melodiously.

“Hehe... Alright then... let's see just how strong you are, husband!”

With that, she attacked again, fiercer than before.

Her strikes were destructive, relentless. And Her charm as an Enchantress enough to drive even the strongest warriors to madness.

Yet—Aengus countered each of her attacks effortlessly.

One moment, he used Time Law to pause, rewind, and foresee her movements.

The next, he manipulated Gravity Law, altering the force of existence around him.

As for Space Law, he was no longer just a master.

With every breath, he could feel his connection to the very fabrics of space itself growing stronger.

Booom, boom, boom!

—

Like this hours passed.

Their clash continued, fiercer than ever, reducing the nearby lifeless planets to mere ashes and debris floating in the vastness of space.

When they finally stopped, silence returned, as if nothing had ever happened.

Aengus and Bella knelt together, gasping for breath, staring at each other.

“Let’s go, Bella. That old man is getting restless,” Aengus said, extending his hand.

Bella took it, flashing a gentle smile as she wiped the sweat from her brow.

With that, Aengus used Space Law, and in the blink of an eye, they appeared on the Kievan Imperial Continent.

“Whoosh!”

“Ah, Your Highnesses! You’re here—I was just about to look for you myself.”

Grand Commander Hog let out a breath of relief upon seeing them.

He was seated at a desk, exhaustion clear on his face, with stacks of paperwork lying before him.

“I know. That’s why I came.” Aengus took a seat at the table beside Bella.

“Now, tell me—what is so urgent? And where is Albert? Wasn’t he supposed to help you?”

“Albert? That boy went to run some errands for me. He has been very helpful while you were away in seclusion,” Hog said with a sigh. “But that’s not the main issue. We’ve discovered signs of unrest along the borders with the Blue Moon Empire. They might be preparing for an attack on our empire. This could be disastrous in your absence.”

“Blue Moon Empire? Such audacity.” Bella’s eyes flashed coldly as she sat gracefully, exuding a domineering presence. “What’s the Emperor’s name again?”

“Your Empress,” Hog addressed her respectfully, “his name is Kalix Yvon—commonly known as Emperor Kalix. He’s a Nebula Dominator who wields both Water and Earth Laws. His dual talent makes him a formidable opponent. And we shouldn’t underestimate his army fleet either. We are at a disadvantage in terms of battleships and military numbers.”

“Oh? Then why don’t we build some battleships ourselves? Are we short on funds?” Aengus frowned. “That shouldn’t be the case—I haven’t even touched the development funds.”

Hog let out a weary sigh. “That’s not the issue. We simply lack the technology and skilled manpower to construct Heaven-Class battleships. As of Divine-Class battleships? That’s completely out of the question.”

“Divine-Class battleship?” Aengus leaned forward, intrigued. “What do they look like? And does the Blue Moon Empire have one?”

“No. Fortunately not.

A single Divine Class battleship is easily comparable to a powerhouse beyond the Nebula level, reaching the fabled Black Hole power level in terms of destruction. It can erase constellations with a single strike. It’s truly terrifying. I heard only the Dark Ferals Empire possesses one, but I haven’t seen it in person,” Hog replied solemnly.

“I see... Do we have blueprints for making Heaven Class battleships then?” Aengus asked, his mind forming a daring plan.

Hog paused, watching the Emperor curiously. What was he planning to do with the blueprints? He wondered.

Still, he answered, “Yes, I have two blueprints, but they aren’t very advanced. What plan do you have in mind, Your Highness?”

Aengus smiled. “Nothing much. I’d like to try building a ship myself.”

Hog’s eyes widened. “By yourself? Don’t get me wrong, I’m not doubting your intelligence. But can you really handle such an intricate task? And alone on top of that?”

“Who said I’m alone?”

“Who said I’m alone?”

“Who said I’m alone?”

Suddenly, multiple clones of Aengus appeared seamlessly, their voice echoing in the room.

Hog was utterly astonished, his heart pounding erratically.

He could see it clearly—these clones were no mere illusions.

They were all real.

Their power was real.

“This... this is...” Hog’s voice trembled slightly, unable to hide his astonishment.

Bella had no reaction whatsoever. She had seen them before after all.

Aengus chuckled, his clones smirking in unison. “I don’t plan to build the battleship alone, Grand Commander. My clones will assist me. And I will soon get some more experienced allies for the task.”

“So, are we enough to build a battleship now?”

“Ah, of course, of course. There’s no harm in trying. Maybe with your help, we might even be able to build one more Heaven Class battleship,” Hog replied, though he still found it hard to believe.

Building a Heaven Class battleship required months of effort, exhausting amounts of resources, and unmatched intelligence in manpower, after all.

But Aengus didn’t care about Hog’s disbelief.

Once he made up his mind, no one could stop him.

“Very well. We will start this project at once,” he declared.

## **Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills - Chapter 410 - Chapter 410: Chapter 410: To Craft A Battleship**

Chapter 410: Chapter 410: To Craft A Battleship

From there, accompanied by Hog, Aengus headed straight for the secret underground military harbor, while one of his clones traveled directly to the location where the world of Mythraldor was placed.



With his mastery of Space Law at 100%, he could now traverse hundreds of light-years in a single jump. It wouldn't take long to reach his destination.

Meanwhile, Bella remained behind at the Grand Imperial Palace, temporarily taking over Hog's duties of management and signing official documents.

As she elegantly signed a parchment with a quill, she suddenly sensed someone outside the door.

Her third eye—the Eye of the Enchantress—glowed faintly, revealing the identity of the visitor.

“Come in!” she said, granting permission for them to enter.

The door creaked open, revealing Albert's figure.

“Ah, Your Empress... Why are you here? I mean, shouldn't Commander Hog be here?”

Seeing the Empress alone in the room, he suddenly became flustered and panicked. He muttered his words, his gaze fixed on the floor, not daring to meet Bella's eyes.

Bella's expression darkened slightly in displeasure.

“Why? Can't I be here?” she asked, her voice carrying a hint of exasperation. “And you don't have to look down like the others. No one will harm you. Lift your head, Albert.”

“Uhm... As you command, Your Highness!”

He hesitantly lifted his head, but still, he dared not look her in the eyes.

Bella sighed inwardly. There was nothing more she could do about it.

“So, what's the news?” she asked, shifting the topic. “Your Emperor and Commander Hog have gone on a secret mission together. They will be away for a while. I will be in charge in their absence.” She stated this calmly.

Albert hesitated before replying, “Your Highness, some of the kings are causing unrest and making unacceptable demands of the Emperor.”

“For example...” Bella signaled for him to continue.

“They are no longer willing to send troops at our call. They have stated that they no longer wish to remain part of the Kievan Empire. They are demanding freedom. But I believe some unknown force is trying to stir a rebellion among them... Why else would they suddenly have the courage to oppose us?” Albert clenched his fists in frustration and rage.

Bella absorbed the news and smiled. But her smile was more chilling than a devil's. Her eyes squinted with cold detachment.

"How many are there?"

"Nearly a hundred, Your Highness."

"Only a hundred?" Bella scoffed, then ordered, "Hmm... Send the 11 Dark Executioners to eliminate those kings and any opposing parties at once!" Her voice was cruel and unwavering. "We cannot allow the rebellion to grow. Traitors deserve no mercy!"

Albert felt a chill crawl down his spine at the Empress' order. He realized that Bella was not the gentle and kind woman she appeared to be on the surface. She was as determined and ruthless as His Highness.

"I will relay the order at once, Your Highness," Albert said, bowing in relief before hurrying away as quickly as he had come.

Bella watched his retreating figure, her expression thoughtful.

"Is it Blue Moon Empire? Or someone else? Do they think we are so weak? Let them come. Once they get taste of his prowess, they will know the true meaning of fear."

—

Underground Crafting City.

"These two are the only Heaven-Class blueprints we have, Your Majesty!" A sturdy, towering giant announced respectfully, standing behind Aengus and Hog.

They were currently inside the underground harbor—a small city in itself. The only difference was that everywhere the eye could see, there were massive assemblies of machinery and metal ores.

The craftsmen here were no ordinary people. They were giants, nearly twenty times the size of a human. Their unimaginable physical strength stemmed from their mastery of the Law of Body Strengthening.

Among the tens of thousands of them, most were Sky Dominators, while hundreds had reached the level of World Dominators.

Some carried massive steel ores, while others transported heavy parts toward battleships that were in the process of being built.

Aengus and Hog examined the blueprints with equal attention.

Behind them, the Grandmaster Craftsman of the Harbor watched curiously, wondering if the Emperor and his commander could even understand such intricate designs. He stroked his long brown beard in deep thought.

“Huff...”

Hog sighed, rubbing his temples. He had given up, tired of staring at the overwhelming technical jargon on the blueprint.

He turned to the Grandmaster Craftsman with an embarrassed look and said, “I’m growing old, you know.”

The Grandmaster nodded respectfully. “I understand, Protector.” He chose his words carefully, not wanting to embarrass the revered commander any further.

Inside, however, he couldn’t help but feel a sense of pride. His craft was not something just anyone could master. It took decades—centuries even—to truly grasp. As an experienced master, he was proud of his work.

But then... his gaze shifted to the New Emperor.

Unlike Hog, Aengus had not given up.

His eyes remained locked onto the blueprints, his expression as if understanding everything as he flipped through page by page.

“Come on, how long are you going to pretend?” Grandmaster Baldor muttered under his breath, gloating inwardly.

Even he—after years of experience—had struggled to fully comprehend the Heaven Class Battleship Blueprint.

Despite his efforts, he had failed miserably.

Failed to replicate the masterpiece his master once created.

Failed to live up to his master’s expectations.

And for that... he carried deep shame.

As a Grandmaster Craftsman, it was the most humiliating thing imaginable.

And now, before him, a fledgling Emperor—one with no prior experience in engineering—was pretending to be an expert?

How infuriating.

The only reason he held back his anger was the Emperor's power and status.

He had already been informed about the events outside—about how this man had risen to the throne.

That alone made Baldor restrain himself.

But only barely.

After a while, Aengus closed the Blueprint neatly.

Then he muttered, "Alright, I think I am ready to give it a try. I will make this battleship by myself."

"What? Ridiculous!" Grandmaster Baldor snorted in response.

Chapter 411: Chapter 411: The Heart

"Why, Grandmaster Baldor? Do you have any problem that I am not aware of?" Aengus asked, narrowing his eyes at the giant behind him.

Baldor flinched momentarily before regaining his composure.

"Ah, no, no, Your Highness. You may do as you wish. But don't you think it's an overstatement to claim you can build a Heaven-Class Battleship by yourself?"

Aengus didn't seem offended. Instead, he smiled and turned to Hog.

"Oh? Was that an overestimation of myself, Elder Hog?"

Hog shook his head firmly.

"No, My Emperor. I believe you to be both wise and brilliant."

Then, his gaze shifted to Baldor, his voice turning strict.

"Grandmaster, why don't you follow the Emperor's wishes? Whether he succeeds or fails is for him to decide."

Hog's expression hardened.

"And if you are worried about any losses—please don't be. Everything here belongs to His Majesty, after all. Even your very own little life."

Baldor's giant frame shook, trembling with fear.

Without hesitation, he knelt, the impact of his massive body creating a loud thud that echoed through the underground harbor.

"I—I... Please forgive me, Your Majesty!" he stammered. "This will not happen again. We will assist you in every way possible!"

The other craftsmen nearby were stunned.

The haughty and domineering Grandmaster, who never bowed to anyone, was now kneeling before two humans.

It was unheard of.

Since many of them had remained within the underground city for a long time, the lower-ranked workers and craftsmen were not fully aware of the outside events.

They knew a new Emperor had risen, but they had never seen his face.

Suddenly, a few among them whispered to those nearby, revealing the identities of the two individuals standing before them.

One was Protector Hog, a legendary figure.

And the other one... Was the newly ascended Emperor himself.

After hearing this, the craftsmen exchanged speechless glances, then instinctively bowed, even though the Emperor was not looking at them.

Grandmaster Baldor quickly regained his strict demeanor and announced loudly,

"Listen, men! This is Emperor Zytherion himself, gracing us with his presence! He has come with a grand goal—to build another Heaven-Class Battleship for our army. You must all assist in any way you can!"

The underground harbor erupted with murmurs of shock and excitement.

"What?! A Heaven-Class Battleship? Is the Grandmaster trying again?"

"Damn, it's been ages since the last attempt... Will we succeed this time?"

"But what will His Majesty do here if that's the case?"

"Maybe he's just here to spectate?" one craftsman guessed.

Their questions were answered soon enough when Aengus and his hundreds of clones immediately got to work.

With Manas' guidance, Aengus was not only equipped with the necessary knowledge but also received precise assistance. His Divine Eyes enhanced his perception, allowing him to work with a level of efficiency and intelligence that far surpassed even the most skilled craftsmen.

The craftsmen stood in stunned silence. Seeing hundreds of powerful clones moving in perfect synchronization was already astonishing, but what left them truly speechless was the realization that their Emperor possessed genuine expertise in battleship construction.

It was one thing to command an army or rule an empire—it was another entirely to have firsthand mastery over something as complex as Starship building.

Any lingering doubts they might have harbored—that Aengus was merely improvising or wasting time—were shattered the moment he began constructing the core of the Heaven-Class Battleship: the Heart.

Intricate formations of glowing runes and energy circuits took shape as he wove together advanced materials, each piece aligning with precision.

The Heart was the power source, the very essence of the ship, a fusion of Laws and technology that would determine its strength, resilience, and speed.

With every movement, Aengus worked as if he had built a thousand of these before, his hands steady, his mind sharp as he built the Mountain Sized heart.

The craftsmen exchanged uneasy glances. They had always believed themselves to be the best at their craft, yet now they stood as mere spectators before a ruler whose skill defied expectations.

Seeing the near completion of the Heart, Grandmaster Baldor couldn't contain his excitement. His heart pounded as he observed every intricate detail of the process.

In that moment, he realized he had been completely wrong. The Emperor wasn't just powerful—he was a true genius all along.

The challenges Baldor had faced in the past while attempting to construct the Heart—problems that had seemed insurmountable—were now being solved before his very eyes, little by little, as if the answers had always been there, just beyond his grasp.

Compelled by curiosity and admiration, he stepped closer, though not close enough to disturb the Emperor's work.

Time passed—Minutes, hours

The air buzzed with raw energy as the final structure of the Heart neared completion.

Aengus, unfazed by the overwhelming power radiating from it, continued shaping the divine construct with his own hands.

“Buzz, Buzzzz, BUZZZZZZ!”

With the final rune for energy flow inscribed, the Heart was completed. It hummed with power, sending out shockwaves of energy—even though it hadn't been activated yet.

“Success!”

Aengus put down the rune-maker like an experienced Runemaster, gazing at his creation with satisfaction. The Heart was finally ready—powerful enough to lift a Small World by itself. Though, thousands of Law Stones would be needed to fuel it each minute.

Despite the overwhelming aura it radiated, Aengus stood firm—like an immovable mountain.

The others with weak constitutions stumbled backward, kneeling on the ground as if the pressure was too much to handle for them. Hog and Baldor were the two exceptional figures other than him.

“Fabulous! Marvelous! Excellent!”

Baldor exclaimed, his big eyes shining with awe and admiration. He couldn't hide his fascination—the Emperor had accomplished something he himself had failed to do for ages.

Then, without hesitation, Baldor fell to one knee.

“Please, let me be your apprentice, My Emperor! I will be eternally grateful!”

Aengus gazed at him calmly, his expression unreadable.

“Sure... I will teach you. But I cannot be your master.”

Baldor looked disappointed for a brief moment, but then nodded resolutely.

“As you wish, My Emperor. I accept.”

Hog, meanwhile, was grinning as visions of the future filled his mind.

“This is excellent news, My Emperor! With your guidance, our Empire might finally become the Holy Home of battleship creation!”

His aged eyes shone with hope and ambition as he continued excitedly:

“We could earn vast resources, develop our Empire into a powerhouse, rivaling even the Mechanical Empire and Celestial Empire in the future!”

Aengus smiled wryly at Hog’s enthusiasm.

“Maybe...”

Chapter 412: Chapter 412: The Return of the Emperor  
World of Mythraldor.

A decade had passed since the Emperor of Salvation and Liberation disappeared on an unknown journey. Though his absence weighed heavily on many, time had not stood still. The world had developed immensely in his absence.

The Primals, once bound by their struggles between two races, now thrived in a harmonious yet competitive society. Friendly competition hubs encouraged growth and strength, preparing them for what was to come.

Their unity proved crucial when outer creatures from space began invading. With unique abilities and skills, they defended their homeland, standing strong against the unknown forces.

At the heart of their resistance stood the Three Generals and other powerful figures of the Central United Liberation Empire. Under their leadership, victory was within reach.

Yet, as time passed, stronger and more terrifying creatures emerged, pushing them to their limits. But something equally extraordinary was happening—the Primals began awakening a strange, mysterious power within themselves.

This newfound force was called The Laws.

Many Primals discovered within them a Law Tree, an enigmatic source of cosmic power beyond mortal comprehension.

Adding to their strength, the discovery of Law Stones revolutionized their understanding of the Laws, granting them unparalleled opportunities for growth and comprehension.

With these newfound powers, the Primals became a force to be reckoned with—a power so great that even conscious space-faring civilizations dared not cross their path.



Newage Heroes emerged: During this time, legends arose—warriors whose might and wisdom shaped the era.

The Three Generals – Supreme strategists and warriors who led the Central Liberation Empire's forces.

The Naga Siblings: Sen and Sienna – Twin serpentine warriors whose combined strength struck fear into any invader.

Drake Silvermoon & Yona Silvermoon – A formidable couple, their synergy in battle unmatched.

First Commandment Quin AxelCrest – A divine enforcer of order and justice, title given upon by the Ruination Emperor himself.

Vespera, the Vampire Queen – A ruler of the night, whose charm and ferocity dominated battlefields.

Gabi & Maru, Lords of the Hydras – Two warlords commanding legendary, multi-headed serpents.

Butler Yu – A shadowy figure of unfathomable skill and loyalty.

The Wolf King & Queen – Sovereigns of the beasts, their primal strength unrivaled.

These heroes and many more ensured that the World of Mythraldor would never bow—not to time, not to war, and not even to the endless void of space.

In the imperial City of the United Liberation Empire – The Gathering of these was ongoing.

It was the yearly gathering—a time when all the top officials, commanders, and Guardians of the empire came together to discuss their territories, the future, and the ever-changing state of the universe.

At the very forefront of the long table sat the Three Generals, now taken upon the role of Guardians.

The rest sat quietly, lost in their own thoughts.

At one side of the table, Belial, once a man of boundless energy, now looked slightly aged. He sat beside his beloved wife, Celeste, her radiant presence unable to mask the sorrow in their hearts.

They both wore the same melancholic expressions, their thoughts lingering on the two people they had lost—their beloved daughter and son-in-law.

Would they ever see them again?

Across from them, Drake and Yona Silvermoon, now fully matured, sat together as a couple. Their strength and wisdom had grown over the years, yet deep inside, they still longed for the old days—the days of battles, adventures, and the unwavering presence of their Emperor.

The mood in the hall was heavy.

Sitting further down, Sen and Sienna, the powerful Naga siblings, exchanged glances, their usually fierce and confident eyes clouded with emotion.

Beside them, Quin AxelCrest, Vespera the Vampire Queen, Gabi and Maru, and many other legendary figures shared the same sentiment.

The entire hall, lit by golden chandeliers, felt unusually silent.

A feeling of emptiness loomed over them all.

The Three Generals sighed. They knew exactly what was on everyone's mind. They were not mourning the past. They were waiting for their lost ruler to return.

But after a decade of silence, could they still hold on to hope?

“Buzz!”

Suddenly, faint ripples started to take form inside the room.

Everyone immediately became alert, their sharp senses detecting the anomaly.

Space-time cracked, revealing a man—a being whose mere presence was so overwhelming that even the faintest release of his aura could destroy the world in an instant.

Yet, he wasn't unleashing any pressure.

And still... they felt it.

An existential crisis gripped their hearts as they gazed upon this extraordinary figure.

Their hearts shook while looking at the man's figure clearly.

He wore simple robes, black in color, yet they seemed to blend into the abyss itself. His eyes were as deep and unfathomable as the void, and his physique radiated divinity itself.

His handsomeness and aura were beyond mortal limits.

Each cell in his body carried more power than the combined strength of everyone in the room.

A moment of silence fell over them.

Then, someone finally spoke—his voice trembling, “Emperor!”

“Y-Your Majesty...” The Guardians uttered in disbelief, their voices shaking.

Even though a decade had passed, how could they ever forget this man?

The man of legends.

The man of everyone’s dreams.

The Progenitor of the Primals.

The Founding Emperor—

Aengus Degaro.

The Ruination Emperor.

The one whose legend and deeds were still spoken of by the elders to their children.

“Generals, the time has come.”

Aengus addressed the generals before turning his gaze toward the others.

“I am here to take you beyond—to the stars—where you can shine like the others.”

A stunned silence filled the room.

“Your Majesty... You have returned? Am I dreaming?” Quin asked in disbelief.

Aengus smiled slightly.

“No, you’re not. But I see you’ve grown well, Quin.” His gaze lingered on Quin, now a fully grown man.

Belial and Celeste, ignoring the others, instantly rose from their seats, their eyes filled with desperation.

“Son-in-law, where is my daughter? Is she fine?” Belial asked anxiously.

Aengus nodded reassuringly.

“Yes, she is fine and well. You can see for yourself soon.”

Drake, his expression tense, took a step forward.

“What about Sister Aria, Brother-in-law? Is she fine as well?”

Aengus’s expression darkened slightly.

“Aria... She is not fine... We encountered some problems.”

A heavy silence followed his words.

“Please, Your Majesty, take your seat while you speak,” one of the officials offered, sensing the tension.

Aengus nodded and took his place at the very front of the hall.

While the conversation continued, a monumental event began to unfold—without Aengus even lifting a finger.

The entire world of Mythraldor began to move.

A silent yet unstoppable force wrapped around the planet, propelling it across the vast starry sky toward an unknown destination.

The people in the room could feel it—the shift, the movement, the unimaginable power at work.

And all of it... came from the man before them.

Their Emperor.

Their God of Ruination.

Chapter 413: Chapter 413: The Arrival of the Primals

As their conversations continued within the grand hall, the entire world of Mythraldor was thrown into chaos.

People felt their planet itself moving at an unfathomable speed. Stars and constellations flashed past like shooting stars, streaking across the sky—though only those with enhanced perception could truly comprehend the spectacle.

Despite moving at speeds far beyond the limits of the known universe, no one was thrown off balance. Some mysterious force held them firmly in place, as if an invisible gravity bound them to their world.

The sensation was both awe-inspiring and terrifying.

The streets erupted into panic.

“We’re dead! We’re dead!”

“No one can save us now! We’re going to be swallowed by the Void!”

“Where is God Ruination? He swore to protect us from extinction!”

An old man fell to his knees, desperately staring up at the sky, where celestial bodies flared and vanished in an endless dance.

Some were breathtaking.

Others were terrifying, their unfathomable presence sending chills down the spines of those who gazed upon them.

For the primals, who had only recently begun to explore the vastness of universe, this was beyond comprehension.

It was too much.

“God, please save us!”

Their voices rose as one, a desperate plea from an entire civilization.

Knees hit the ground.

Heads bowed.

They begged for salvation, hoping their God of Ruination would hear their cries.

Despite their desperate cries and frantic pleas, the world of Mythraldor continued its unstoppable march through the unknown.

But then, a message arrived.

A divine proclamation.

A voice echoed across the kingdoms, cities, and towns, carried by messengers appointed to spread the truth.

“Calm down, everyone!”

“Our God has finally heard our prayers!”

“He is taking us to his side, to show us the worlds beyond—endless civilizations among the stars!”

“From now on, we will fight alongside him, conquering the boundless universe together!”

“This is not a catastrophe—this is a blessing!”

At first, the people hesitated.

Could it be true?

But as the message spread across every kingdom, every city, and every town, doubt turned to understanding.

Understanding turned to excitement.

Excitement turned to celebration.

“We are chosen!”

“Our God has called us!”

“Let’s rejoice!”

What was once a world drowning in fear became a world filled with festivity.

The people of Mythraldor embraced their destiny, eager to step into the unknown and carve their names among the stars.

—

Time passed.

Deep within the Underground Crafting City of Dual Continent, a wave of excitement and relief washed over the craftsmen.

The Heaven-Class Battleship—the masterpiece forged by their Emperor—was about to come to life.

Aengus stood before it, his hundreds of clones seamlessly merging back into his main body.

With that he let out a long sigh. Finally, It was done.

And what a sight it was.

Supernova 1 stood tall and radiant, its brilliant white exterior gleaming under the artificial light.

Its colossal frame, the size of a small planet, loomed over them—a monument to power, precision, and technological mastery.

The sheer scale of its construction had forced them to open the ceiling of the Underground City, allowing the behemoth to take its final form.

Situated within a vast barren desert, the underground city itself was a hidden titan, its massive cavernous structure stretching as wide as a mountain range across the Dual Continent.

Now, standing at its heart, was a war machine that could erase stars with a single strike.

Aengus named it Supernova 1—a name that held profound meaning.

Once it unleashes its might, its attack will erupt like a Supernova, born of two opposing forces.

“RUMBLE!”

“BUZZ, BUZZZZ, BUZZZZZZ!”

As soon as the Battleship came to life with buzzing vibrations, the craftsmen roared in cheers and celebration.

Their Emperor had done the impossible.

“Congratulations!”

“Congratulations, My Emperor!”

Hog’s voice boomed with genuine admiration, his face beaming with pride as he gazed at the third Heaven-Class Battleship under the Kievan Empire’s banner.

The Supernova stood as a monument of power, marking a new era for their civilization.

But Aengus only smiled, his tone carried mysterious edge.

“This is just the beginning, Elder Hog. Just wait...”

Hog frowned slightly, sensing something unspoken in those words.

“What do you mean by that? What else—”

Suddenly—

“RUMBLE, RUMBLE!!!”

The ground trembled violently, sending shockwaves through the Dual Continent.

Even the giant craftsmen lost their footing, some barely managing to stabilize themselves.

Hog’s sharp gaze snapped toward the horizon, searching for the source of the earth-shaking disturbance.

And then he saw it.

At the very end of the Dual Continent, a new planet, significantly smaller in size, descended from the void—merging effortlessly with the land below.

It was as if the fabric of reality itself had shifted, synchronizing the two celestial bodies through some divine intervention.

A miracle.

Hog’s breath hitched.

Slowly, he turned to face the only person capable of such a phenomenon: The Emperor.

“Did you... did you do this, Your Majesty?” he asked.

Aengus nodded lightly, as if this was merely a trivial matter.

“Yes, I did.”

Then, with a calm but authoritative tone, he added, “Let’s go outside. We have some new subjects to introduce to this Empire.”



Aengus stepped outside, his presence commanding yet calm, as the vast desert stretched endlessly before him.

Behind him, Hog, Baldor, and the craftsmen stood in disciplined silence.

And further beyond them—

The colossal Heaven-Class Battleship, White Dwarf Star, hovered with an almost sentient curiosity, its glossy white structure gleaming under the sun.

Then—Space rippled.

Like a curtain being pulled back, reality itself trembled—revealing a legion of figures emerging from the distortion.

They came in billions.

Primals.

A civilization of diverse beings, each exuding an aura unlike any species known before.

Their appearances were as varied as the stars—some with beast-like features, others with ethereal, elemental bodies, and some resembling ancient warlords from forgotten ages.

Yet—despite their uniqueness—one thing was certain:

They were weak.

At least, in comparison to the powerhouses of the Kievan Empire.

Some of the Primals stood in awe, their gazes fixated on the Heaven-Class Battleship, their minds struggling to comprehend its sheer size and grandeur.

Others, more cautious, whispered among themselves, trying to grasp what had just occurred.

Hog, however, remained unimpressed.

His sharp eyes scanned the newcomers, his arms crossed over his broad chest.

“What was so important about them?” he wondered.

He glanced sideways at Aengus, his tone bordering on disappointment.

“Who are they, My Emperor? They look certainly unique... but weak.”

His voice carried no hostility—just blunt indifference.

To him, strength dictated importance, and at first glance, these beings seemed far beneath their notice.

Chapter 414: Chapter 414: A Promise

“Oh? Is that what you think, Elder Hog? Why don’t you take another closer look?” Aengus said mysteriously.

“Huh?”

Hog narrowed his eyes but did as he was told. The next moment, disbelief flashed across his aged face.

“This... so many Supreme Talents? But how?” Hog muttered in shock.

Baldor was equally astonished. “Not only that, Grand Commander. Their physical strength is also far above average, despite not being awakened as Seekers. Where did these people come from?”

Leon, Felix, Martin, Sen, Sienna, Quin, and the others stepped forward, introducing themselves.

“Greetings, Elder Hog! We’ve heard about you and everything that happened in the Kievan Empire. Thank you for aiding our Emperor in achieving such a feat,” Leon said on behalf of everyone, offering a respectful greeting.

The old man felt slightly embarrassed by all the praise. “No problem. We haven’t done anything significant enough to be remembered. It was His Majesty who was wise and powerful.”

He paused for a moment, a sudden realization dawning on him. “Wait a minute... do you mean to say he originated from your world?” Hog asked, his eyes widening.

Leon and Quin exchanged proud smiles.

“Unfortunately, no. But technically, yes. His rise began in our world, Mythraldor. He is also the Emperor of our United Liberation Empire.”

“Ohh...” Hog and the others looked intrigued, sensing there was a story to be told. “Please, do share the story with us in lone time! Ah, but first, I haven’t even asked your names yet. What are they?”

Leon and the others stepped forward to introduce themselves.

“I am Leon, this is Felix, and he is Martin,” Leon said. “We are the three Generals of the United Liberation Empire.”

“I am Quin, His Majesty’s First Commandment,” Quin announced with a proud smile, while the other high-ranking officials like Sen, Sienna introduced themselves with excitement.

Hog could barely contain his anticipation. He recognized a few of their names, recalling stories of their past exploits. He was eager to hear the full tale of their Emperor from these people who had witnessed his journey firsthand.

At that moment, Aengus suddenly spoke addressing Baldor. “Grandmaster Baldor, let me introduce you to some of the finest craftsmen of intelligence and skill.”

He gestured toward a small group of Ancient Dwarves—Sirgrid and nine others—whom he had met in Ancient Dwarvania.

The sight of them shocked everyone. The Ancient Dwarves were nearly equal in size to the Giants, a revelation that astonished even the seasoned craftsmen.

Grandmaster Baldor’s eyes gleamed with curiosity. “Are these the Intelligent Craftsmen you spoke of, Your Majesty?” he asked. For once, his usual doubt and arrogance were nowhere to be seen.

Aengus nodded. “Yes, indeed. I believe their talent and skills will impress you. Train them well and work together to construct another Heaven-Class Battleship on your own.”

Sirgrid and the other Ancient Dwarves were already on the verge of tears, overwhelmed with excitement. Their gazes locked onto the massive, white, shining behemoth before them—a true marvel of magical engineering.

“Your Eminence, thank you for granting us this opportunity. We will not let you down,” Sirgrid declared with unwavering determination. “With our combined skills and the guidance of these experienced master craftsmen, we will surely build one of these marvelous creations ourselves! We will make proud.”

As the winds of the barren desert whispered alongside the new guests across the land, Belial and Celeste—along with Belial’s other wives and children—stepped forward, their eyes filled with anticipation and longing.

Celeste’s voice trembled slightly with anxiety. “Son-in-law, where is Bella? I don’t see her here yet. Does she... not want to meet us?”

Aengus turned back to her, his expression calm yet reassuring.

“Don’t worry, Mother-in-law. She is just a little busy. And... I forgot to tell you—” He paused, a small but genuine smile forming on his lips. “She is going to be a mother very soon. Wait a little while, and I will take you all to meet her.”

A moment of silence followed.

“Huh? Really?!”

Belial and Celeste gasped in shock.

“I... I’m going to be a grandfather?!” Belial exclaimed, his eyes widening in disbelief before joy overtook his features. “That’s great news!”

Celeste clasped her hands over her mouth, tears welling up in her eyes.

“My Bella... is going to be a mother...!”

Their overwhelming joy radiated into the air, lightening the once heavy atmosphere.

However—On the other side, another family stood in stark contrast to this moment of celebration.

Ashter, Astrid, Drake, and Yona stood quietly—watching but not celebrating.

Their heads were slightly lowered, their faces dark with worry and sorrow.

Because they already been informed about the happenings of between Aria and Aengus.

They knew of the uncertainty surrounding Aria.

Their girl who once stood strong and fearless was now missing, lost to the unknown.

Ashter, her father, clenched his fists.

“Why did it have to be her?”

“Why did his daughter, of all people, have to face such a cruel fate? What did she do wrong?”

The pain in his heart was unbearable.

Aengus, sensing their emotions, stepped forward. His presence was steady and comforting.

He reached out, placing a firm yet comforting hand on Ashter's shoulder.

His dark eyes met the older man's sorrowful ones. The old man waited for a decade and now he had to hear such a disappointing news. It was heartbreaking.

"Please, don't be so worried, Father-in-law," Aengus said, his voice carrying both conviction and warmth.

"I am sure she's fine... and that she hasn't done anything against her own will. I still love her just as I always have."

A breath of silence passed.

Then, Aengus firmly declared,

"One day I will find her. And I promise I will bring her back."

His words carried the weight of an oath—one that could shake the heavens if necessary.

Ashter, despite his sorrow, looked into Aengus' eyes and saw something unyielding.

A man who would cross the ends of existence itself for the one he loved.

With a deep sigh, Ashter slowly nodded.

"I will hold you to that promise, Aengus."

Chapter 415: Chapter 415: A Piece Of Bad News

Bella, who had been busy working at her desk, suddenly sensed several presences outside.

"Is it Albert again?" she wondered.

However, when she looked through her Third Eye, she froze in disbelief.

"Surprise!" Belial said with a wide grin as he pushed open the door.

Following behind him were Celeste, Vienna, and Bianca—and lastly, Aengus.

Bella rose from her seat, her hand covering her mouth as if struggling to believe what she was seeing.

"Father... Mother! When did you—?"

Belial chuckled lightly. “Your husband brought us here, of course. How have you been, my dear daughter?”

“I’m fine, Father. I’m really happy to see you all!” Bella answered stepping forward.

Before she could say more, Celeste quickly stepped forward, wrapping her arms around Bella in a gentle embrace, her eyes clouded with unshed tears.

“It’s been so long, sweetheart. I’ve waited for years... I thought I would never see you again,” Celeste said, her voice trembling with raw emotion.

“Years?”

Only then did Bella notice the subtle yet undeniable changes. Her mother now had faint wrinkles—barely visible, due to her Eternal Phoenix bloodline in her .

But her father, looked aged.

And then there was Bianca—no longer the young girl Bella remembered. She had grown into a mature woman, her demeanor poised yet tinged with nostalgia.

Bella took a slow breath, understanding that what had been lost to time could not be undone.

“How much time has passed, Mother?” she asked, her tone calm despite the ache in her heart.

It was Bianca who answered, her voice steady but filled with suppressed emotion.

“A decade, Sister Bella... Time is truly heartless you know. I’ve missed our days together so much.”

Her eyes were cloudy, trying to hold back the tears threatening to fall.

Bella looked at Aengus, confusion flickering in her eyes.

In response, Aengus simply shook his head, a hint of helplessness in his expression. He had no idea something like this could happen—but what could he do? What was in the past was done. There was no use dwelling on it.

Perhaps he was simply too indifferent to such matters. Too heartless to care too much.

But Bella’s heart clenched with worry.

“What if he had gone to fetch them too late?”

“Wouldn’t they have died—without me ever getting to say goodbye?”

Thankfully, that nightmare hadn’t come to pass.

Taking a steadying breath, Bella turned back to Aengus, suspicion creeping into her voice.

“Husband... did you bring everyone from Mythrالدor here?” she asked, recalling the recent tremors that had shaken the Dual Continent.

Aengus nodded, his tone calm and matter-of-fact. “Yes. Practically everyone.”

“Then... have you told Aria’s family about what happened?” Bella asked.

“Yes, I did.”

“How did they react?”

“They were saddened,” Aengus replied calmly, his composure unshaken. “But they understood—at least, some of it. And I promised them I would bring her back.”

Bella sighed in relief. “That’s good... but I still don’t know how to face them. They might see me as a selfish woman, trying to take everything for myself. I can’t help but feel guilty.”

Aengus reached out and gently took her hand.

“You don’t need to. It’s not your fault,” he said firmly. “Just take care of yourself, my wife. I’ll handle everything else.”

Celeste nodded in agreement, her gaze lowering to Bella’s belly.

“Your husband is right, dear. You’re going to be a mother now—you need to take extra care of yourself.”

Bianca beamed, her excitement barely contained.

“Yes! I’m going to be an aunt! It’s still hard to believe.”

Belial let out a hearty laugh. “Haha, what’s so hard to imagine? I’m going to be the grandfather of a genius boy!”

“Ehh.. And how do you know it’s a boy, Father? It could just as easily be a girl, right?” Bianca said as if protesting.

At her remark, everyone chuckled, smiles spreading across their faces. The warmth in the room grew, filling the air with laughter and love.

—

In the Kievan Continent, those primals who aspired to grow stronger and conquer new heights were granted residence in an unoccupied land.

Cities were being built almost overnight, stunning the original inhabitants. Yet, rather than resisting, they welcomed the newcomers with open arms—not out of obligation or fear, but out of respect for their Emperor, who had already demonstrated remarkable promise and a vision for development.

Just as everything seemed to be settling peacefully, a shocking piece of news sent waves of unease across the land.

The Kievan Empire's territories had been attacked.

And it had happened in the most mysterious way.

"Is it true, Sir?" a young soldier in military uniform whispered, his voice laced with anxiety as he turned to his superior.

The officer's expression was grim.

"Yes, it's true," he confirmed. "Seven small-sized Life Worlds have vanished from their axis... completely erased. Some malevolent force must have devoured them for its own dark purposes."

A heavy silence followed.

Beside him, his fellow sergeants stood frozen, their faces etched with sorrow and grief.

"What should we do now, Sir?" a young soldier demanded, his voice trembling with emotion. "My family was in one of those worlds... How can I accept this? No—I won't accept this! I must find them and have my revenge!"

Consumed by grief and fury, he turned to storm off.

But before he could take another step, a stern man stopped him, placing a firm hand on his shoulder.

"Calm yourself, junior Officer," the man said, his tone commanding yet steady. "You are a proud warrior of this empire. Your loss... is one we can never truly repay. But vengeance is not a path to walk alone. Trust in the army, in your comrades. And above



all—believe in our new Emperor. I have no doubt he will show no mercy to those responsible.”

The young soldier’s breath hitched. His hands clenched into fists at his sides, his shoulders trembling under the weight of his sorrow.

“Y-Yes, Sir...” he finally responded, his voice barely above a whisper.

The tragic news spread like wildfire, reaching not only the military but the common people as well.

Panic.

Despair.

A sorrowful silence settled over the continent, heavier than any storm.

This wasn’t just a loss of territories. This time, they had lost their loved ones—nearly tens of billions of innocent lives, wiped away in an instant.

They were in grievance, and enraged.

Chapter 416: Chapter 416: A Call For War

Aengus stood on the balcony, his gaze locked onto the horizon, where millions of lives thrived—yet the weight of sorrow hung in the air like an invisible storm cloud.

His expression was grave, his eyes unblinking, lost in deep contemplation.

The brutality of the Dark Faction’s retaliation had far surpassed his expectations.

He had known Morgana’s group would strike back, but never with such merciless force.

“Had he underestimated them?”

Or had he been so lost in his own world that he failed to properly protect those under his care?

A question echoed in his mind, sharp and relentless.

“Had he failed them?”

His hands clenched tightly, frustration welling up.

“But what else could I have done? I am not omnipotent.” Aengus muttered under his breath, as if consoling himself with silent calm.

Behind him, Albert stood in silent tension.

His sharp instincts screamed at him—he could feel it. The Emperor was terrifyingly angry.

The air around Aengus trembled with a terrifying force, a barely restrained fury that threatened to erupt at any moment.

A storm was brewing within the Emperor.

Albert swallowed hard, a bead of cold sweat forming on his forehead.

He felt a deep sympathy—not for his Emperor, but for the enemies who would soon experience his wrath.

Aengus stood firm, his ruthless determination as unshakable as the mountains.

“Tell everyone to be ready, Albert. We will be heading toward the Dark Region to settle some scores.”

His voice was calm—terrifyingly so.

The Dark Region was a part of the Primal Realm where the most vile and depraved beings gathered. A land where evil seekers thrived, untouched by mercy or law.

Few dared to speak its name, let alone cross its borders.

Albert hesitated, concern flickering in his eyes.

“But, Your Majesty... wouldn’t that be too hasty?” he asked cautiously. “Stepping into the Dark Region with our current forces could be disastrous. We might as well paint a target on our backs and attract even more of them. You should know how vast their numbers are. Why not reconsider?”

Aengus shook his head.

His eyes were cold, merciless, like an emperor gazing down upon insects.

“Numbers don’t frighten me anymore, Albert,” Aengus replied, his tone laced with absolute certainty. “What frightens me is seeing the disappointment in my people’s eyes. How can I sit idly by after such an atrocity?”

His hand reached into his robes, and when he pulled it out, he revealed a skull—one that seethed with pure malice and darkness, as if it still harbored a lingering will of its own.

A dark artifact of unfathomable power. An Artifact which can resurrect the Dark Sovereign, an Ancient Devil Warlord who was once known for Cruelty and obsession for Slaughter.

Albert's breath hitched.

The Ancient Dark Sovereign's Skull...

The very relic that Morgana's cult had searched for centuries.

Aengus had found it hidden in the secret vault of Emperor Dimitri, a vault that only one bearing the Emperor's Mark could open.

For this very skull, Emperor Dimitri had sacrificed his life.

He had refused to yield, knowing that if the Dark Sovereign's Cult ever laid their hands on it, the consequences would be disastrous—not just for his legacy and family, but for the entire Primal Realm.

And now, Aengus held the key to his enemies' greatest desire. And now it will be the reason their downfall.

A smirk played on Aengus' lips.

"They wanted this, didn't they?" he mused darkly.

His grip on the cursed skull tightened.

"Then let's show them what happens when they cross our path."

Albert shivered. "Y-yes, your majesty. I will do it right away."

.....

The order of mass mobilization sent shockwaves across the empire, filling many with unease and hesitation.

Yet, among them, there were those who did not falter—warriors who would lay down their lives without a second thought, simply because their Emperor commanded it.

For the rest, hesitation was meaningless. The choice was an illusion—they could either march to war or be left behind in disgrace.

But in truth, it wasn't just about obedience.

Their fury burned.

Their losses weighed on them like iron chains, and their thirst for vengeance outweighed their fear of death.

Soon, billions of soldiers assembled before the colossal battleships docked across the Dual Continent, forming a force so vast it seemed to drown the land itself.

And it wasn't just the Imperial Army.

From every subordinate kingdom, warriors were summoned. World Kings bent the knee, compelled by the Emperor's decree. They knew well the fate of those who defied him—the kings who had been executed in terrifying fashion by the Imperial Executioners.

Refusal was not an option.

From thousands of worlds, fleets of battleships emerged, cutting through space like a swarm of celestial beasts, converging upon the Imperial Warfront.

Victory was uncertain.

But they had to stand.

Either die with pride, or suffer the same fate as those who had been devoured before they ever had the chance to fight back.

—

A barren desert stretched endlessly, its golden sands glittering under the merciless sun. Heatwaves danced like storms, distorting the horizon where colossal battleships of the Kievan Imperial Army stood in formation.

There were hundreds of ships—some small, some mid-sized, and others massive, each belonging to different classifications of war vessels.

But at the very forefront, standing like towering mountains, were the Three Heaven-Class Battleships, the pride of the empire.

Imperial soldiers with weapons and ammunitions moved with military precision, boarding their designated ships. Yet, the Heaven-Class Battleships remained untouched, as if awaiting something far greater..

The highest-ranking officials had gathered, their eyes locked onto the scene. Among them were the Primals, eager for a battle that would shake the heavens—an opportunity to fight alongside their Emperor after so long.

Everyone was waiting as Aengus had promised them all a miracle today.

A hushed silence fell upon the gathering as Aengus appeared.

Draped in Black Imperial Robes, his presence alone sent ripples through the air, as if the very atmosphere buzzed with suppressed power. His twin swords—one black, one white—hung at his waist, symbols of his unparalleled might.

Beside him walked Bella, her presence graceful yet strong.

Their slow, deliberate steps echoed across the desert, and those watching felt their hearts pound in anticipation.

Some, like his closest subordinates, held their breath, knowing his incredible ability to merged and upgrade things. They were ready to witness another spectacle.

Others, like the Imperial Protectors, stood confused yet intrigued, awaiting whatever legendary feat their Emperor would unveil.

Chapter 417: Chapter 417: The Synthesis of Heaven-Class Battleships  
Aengus came to a halt, standing at a measured distance from the three Heaven-Class Battleships towering before him.

His gaze locked onto the behemoth warships, his expression unreadable, yet his intent clear.

Behind him, Imperial Protector Kirin narrowed his eyes, stepping forward.

“What do you plan to do with them, Your Majesty?” Kirin asked, his voice filled with curiosity and caution.

Aengus didn’t turn.

“You will know in a bit,” he replied calmly before taking a single step forward.

Across the vast desert, from the decks of countless battleships to the waiting soldiers below, millions of eyes fixed upon their Emperor.

He raised his hand.

And then, in a voice that shook the very air, he uttered a single word—

“SYNTHESIZE!”

His decree echoed like a law of the universe, an absolute command that not even the heavens could deny.

The moment the word left his lips—

“BOOM!”

A dazzling ethereal blue energy erupted from his palm, swirling around the three Heaven-Class Battleships like an all-consuming celestial storm.

“RUMBLE!”

The earth trembled.

The sky cracked with thunder.

And before the awe-struck eyes of millions, the three behemoths slowly rose into the sky, their massive metallic bodies shifting and twisting, as if breaking apart at a molecular level.

The individual warships began to merge, their particles fusing, drawn together by an unseen, omnipotent force.

It was not just a fusion of metal—it was a divine transformation, guided by Aengus’ will on Universal Synthesis.

The Imperial Protectors, Giant Craftsmen, Dwarves, and every soul present stood frozen, their eyes shining with awe.

A sacred transformation was unfolding before them—something beyond mortal comprehension.

None dared to blink, fearing they might miss even the smallest detail of this divine creation.

Minutes passed. Ten long minutes.

The sky remained alight with swirling celestial energy, crackling like the birth of a new cosmic entity.

And then—

“BOOM!”

A final pulse of pure power surged outward, shaking the very fabric of space-time.

The fusion was complete.

Where once stood three Heaven-Class battleships...

Now stood ONE.

A colossal, celestial warship, far larger than the combined size of its predecessors.

Its outer exterior gleamed with Black and Gold plating, radiating a presence that seemed to bend the laws of reality themselves.

Even from outer space, its divine silhouette was clearly visible, as though it existed just within their reach even from such a distance.

The people of the Dual Continent, along with those from neighboring worlds, gazed upon this miracle of war and divinity with disbelief and reverence.

Its sheer weight alone should have crushed the continent beneath it—should have torn through the ground like an asteroid.

Yet, it did not.

It hovered, anchored not to the land but to the void itself. It's all because of his absolute mastery over Gravity Law.

The age of Heaven-Class Battleships was over.

The era of Divine Titan Warships had begun.

No explanations were needed.

They could tell what it was.

It was a Divine Battleship, a rarity among rarities, the absolute pinnacle of magical technology and warfare.

Aengus turned to his people and declared,

“From this moment forth, this war machine shall be known as—

Galactic Supernova 2.0.”

A battleship forged to dominate an entire galaxy.

...

The warriors—each fierce and battle-hardened—finally snapped out of their stunned silence.

With thunderous formation and unwavering resolve, they boarded the Galactic Supernova 2.0, their footsteps echoing like a war drum.

They now believed wholeheartedly that with this war machine by their side, victory was no longer a distant dream—

It was within reach.

And even if absolute victory could not be secured...The enemy would pay dearly.

And the entire Primal Realm would bear witness.

As Aengus turned to leave, Bella couldn't hold back anymore.

She grabbed his hand, her grip tight with worry.

“Aengus!”

Her voice trembled, filled with raw emotion.

“Please... be safe. Even if you don't want to think about me, think about your child! I want you by my side when I give birth.

Please, promise me that you will be there!”

Aengus didn't hesitate.

He pulled her into a gentle embrace, holding her close.

His voice was firm yet soft—a vow carved in stone.

“I promise, Bella. I will be back. Don't worry, and take care of yourself and our child.”

With one last lingering gaze, Aengus finally stepped away, disappearing toward the battleship.



Bella stood there, watching his back until he was gone—a feeling of sudden emptiness tightening around her heart.

She wanted to go with him too.

But he didn't allow it.

Not now.

Not when she carried the future of their empire within her.

“Buzz!”

A deep, resonant hum filled the air as the shutters sealed shut, and the Divine Battleship roared to life.

This was no ordinary machine. It was not some lifeless construct—it had an independent life mechanism of its own.

But its “Life Program” had been commandeered by MANAS, who was now controlling Galactic Supernova 2.0.

Galactic Supernova 2.0 was under her absolute control.

A soft chime echoed through the command center.

Then, a voice—gentle yet powerful, filled with both warmth and wisdom.

“Hello, Master! Ready for another adventure with your loyal assistant?”

Before anyone could react, a luminous figure materialized midair—an ethereal woman, her seraphic wings shimmering like celestial light, her form sculpted from a higher-dimensional essence beyond mortal comprehension.

Her presence illuminated the entire control room, her image projected across the Frontal Energy Shield like a divine apparition.

For a moment, silence reigned.

The Imperial Protectors stood frozen, their eyes locked on yet another celestial beauty in their Emperor's presence.

Even Leon and the other Primals exchanged glances, their expressions filled with both admiration and disbelief.

“Is he capable of creating intelligent life on his own now?”

The thought alone sent chills through them.

And with it, their reverence for Aengus only deepened.

“Yes... Let’s teach those bas\*tards the consequences of laying their dirty hands on Kievan Empire.”

“Aa you command, Master!”

Afterwards, with a World-shaking thrust of laws, it departed before the fascinated eyes of Bella and many.

Chapter 418: Chapter 418: Dark Sovereign’s Cult

A man cloaked in shadows stood before a massive altar, its surface carved with the twisted symbol of the Dark Sovereign—a skull with twin demonic horns, exuding an ominous aura.

His bloodshot eyes burned with fanaticism as he gazed upon the sea of Dark Seekers kneeling in devotion.

Their bodies were shrouded in corruption, their souls long since lost to their insatiable hunger for power and immortality.

The planet they stood on was a realm of eternal darkness.

No sun.

No warmth.

Only the cold, unyielding abyss where evil thrived.

And in this forsaken place, the fanatical elder’s voice thundered through the void.

“Excellent work, young devotees!”

His words echoed like a decree of doom, filling the gathered horde with fervor.

“By teaching that arrogant Emperor a lesson, you have made the Dark Sovereign proud! You have made our fallen companion Morgana’s death worthwhile!”

The Dark Seekers roared in agreement, their cries merging into a chorus of malice and hatred.

But the elder was not finished.

His glare darkened, his voice turning into a whisper filled with venomous promise.

“But this won’t be the end, Morgana...”

A sinister grin curled his cracked lips, his hands raised toward the accursed altar as though communing with something far beyond mortal comprehension.

“We will erase that insolent Emperor’s reign from this realm. We will watch his death with our own eyes.”

The crowd trembled with dark excitement, their breaths ragged with anticipation.

“Be prepared, my devoted brethren! The Dark Sovereign will rise once more, and He will fulfill our every wish!”

The darkness itself seemed to pulse, responding to his declaration.

The cultists, lost in their fanatic devotion, howled in unison:

“ALL HAIL THE DARK SOVEREIGN!”

Their cries shook the blackened land, a demonic hymn reverberating through the endless abyss.

In the Primordial Era, at the dawn of all things, there was only one absolute ruler of the Primal Realm.

The Dark Sovereign.

For millions of years, his unparalleled dominion had stretched across the stars.

Every living being born under his reign was nothing more than a slave—an offering to his insatiable hunger.

With his supreme control over darkness, none could oppose him.

None could escape him.

None could even dare to hope for salvation.

All life suffered under his merciless rule.

Until the day when a defiance long thought impossible finally emerged—a rebellion that shattered his unbreakable grasp on the universe.

At the height of his unrivaled dominion, when all of existence trembled beneath his will, a single event changed everything.

A spark of Extremity.

A mere flash of light—a concept beyond power, beyond fate, beyond even the Dark Sovereign’s comprehension—ignited the Era of Laws Awakening.

Like an unstoppable tide, it swept across the Primal Realm, shattering the chains that had enslaved countless souls for millions of years.

His once mindless slaves, endless in number, suddenly gained sentience.

Awareness.

And above all else—power.

Power unlike any the Dark Sovereign had ever foreseen.

Power that rivaled even his own.

The Dark Sovereign, in all his infinite arrogance, fought desperately to extinguish the flames of rebellion.

He wielded his darkness, a force that had ruled supreme since the beginning of time itself.

But the laws had awakened.

The very fabric of reality, once bent to his will, now rejected him.

It was as though the universe itself had decreed his end.

His empire—once eternal—began to crumble.

His enemies—once helpless—began to rise.

A rebellion started where countless brave Heroes became united and fought the Dark Sovereign to end his tyranny.

The battle shook the Primal Realm to its core.

Reality itself seemed to fracture under the sheer magnitude of their clash.

The Dark Sovereign fought with all his might, unleashing his darkest terrors, his deadliest weapons, his most forbidden arts—

But nothing could stop the tide.

The Spark of Extremity had forever changed fate.

And in the end, under the combined might of countless liberated worlds, the Dark Sovereign's reign was shattered—his era of tyranny brought to an end.

His fall marked the birth of a new age—

The Age of Seekers.

An era where power no longer belonged to one, but to many.

However—

The Dark Sovereign was dead, but his devoted followers never died out completely.

Even now, they plot in the shadows, awaiting the day their Supreme Master returns.

And with their newfound determination, they would stop at nothing to see his reign restored.

Because of this, many Darkness Law users are still seen in a bad light today. The Degaro Family, for example, is deemed a Devil family, though their situation is far more complicated than that. They are not as cruel and evil as the Dark Sovereign's devotees.

The Dark Region is vast, and this was just one of the many temples situated across it.

Suddenly, a frantic warning spread among the devotees as someone announced,

“Attack!”

“We're being attacked! Someone has breached the Darkness Boundary!”

“What? How did it break? Isn't the Darkness Wall supposed to be unbreakable?”

“I don't know, but it has happened!”

The elder devotees at the top of the temple frowned.

“Who are they? How dare they barge into the Dark Region so atrociously? Who is courting death?” they barked, their faces growing more malicious.

“Witch Nerezza, let us see who these insolent beings are!” one of them ordered a beautiful woman dressed in black.

The witch turned around and snorted at being ordered around.

But a moment later, the third eye on her forehead opened, radiating a deadly intent.

“A battleship, no a lot of them, and a... ah,” As the witch began to elay what she was seeing suddenly her words caught in her throat as if in disbelief.

“Ah, what? Speak clearly, ” Said one of them with annoyance.

“This.... there is Divine Class battleship among them. And they are directly heading toward us?” The witch answered stutteringly.

The elder devotees frowns deepened with worry and panic. A Divine Class Battleship from the other side was no laughing matter.

“A Divine Class Battleship? Who is it from? Look closely.”

“Y-Yes...He is....”

Chapter 419: Chapter 419: Destruction In Dark Region

“He is...”

Just as the witch laid eyes on the man, her heart trembled violently. Every fiber of her being screamed in terror.

The man turned around, his gaze piercing straight into her soul.

“Plop!”

In the next moment, the witch’s lifeless body collapsed onto the ground.

The elders and other devotees witnessing the scene were stunned.

“What happened?” one asked, confused.

“She’s dead,” another answered after examining her, his voice grim.

A solemn silence hung over them as they grasped the gravity of the situation.

A powerful force, far beyond their comprehension, was coming for their heads.

“What should we do?”

“What else? We have to call for more allies! Do they think we’re pushovers? We’ll show them what we’re made of when we stand united. If one Nebula Dominator isn’t enough, we’ll summon a hundred!” one of them muttered, fuming with rage.

And he wasn't wrong.

A hundred Nebula Dominators were more than enough to obliterate the Polaris Domain—or any other.

“Yes, call them quickly! We're in a state of emergency!”

Just as they were about to contact their allies in the Dark Region, a sudden voice, like the whisper of a Primordial Devil, echoed through the temple.

“Unfortunately, you won't get the chance.”

“Who?!”

Panic spread among them as their eyes darted around, searching for the source of the voice. But no matter where they looked, they found nothing.

Even the six elder devotees—Nebula Powerhouses of Darkness Law—failed to detect the intruder's presence.

Then, without warning, space itself rippled.

A figure emerged.

A man clad in Imperial dark robes, exuding an extraordinarily powerful aura—one unlike anything they had ever encountered.

His eyes were cold and expressionless, yet his regal, imperial demeanor was unmistakable.

“So, you're the new Emperor of the Kievan Empire?” One of the elder Cultists recognized Aengus immediately, his voice laced with both curiosity and wariness.

“Yes.” Aengus affirmed without hesitation. “And you must be the ones who dared lay your hands on my territories. I should thank you, actually—your actions saved me the trouble of searching for you. Bad luck for you, I suppose.” His voice was calm, almost indifferent, as if their fate had already been sealed.

The elder sneered. “Clever words, but foolish arrogance. You won't leave here alive.”

Aengus merely shrugged. “Maybe, maybe not... Regardless, I see no need to waste time on dead men.”

With that, he summoned his divine weapon, Aegis, its form manifesting as a colossal greatsword radiating overwhelming energy.

The elder cultists stepped forward, their expressions grim. They knew full well the power Aengus possessed—the man who had slain Witch Morgana.

And yet, they had no choice but to fight.

Seeing them prepare for battle, Aengus let out an amused chuckle.

“What are you bracing yourselves for? Like I said, I have no time to waste on you. You are not worthy.”

“Arrogant child!”

They roared in fury, rushing toward Aengus while unleashing their Darkness Laws, forming massive dark spears that streaked toward him with the intent to annihilate.

But Aengus had already begun his transformation. His body grew in size, his very presence towering like a primordial force. In his grasp, Aegis, his colossal greatsword, expanded to a size rivaling mountains.

With a single, unyielding motion, he raised his blade high—and then, with annihilative resolve, buried it deep into the planet beneath him with his full might.

“Begone.”

At his command, the very fabric of the planet trembled. Fissures split open like the cracks of a dying world, and devastating energy surged downward, consuming the planet from within.

The cultists’ hearts froze in sheer terror, a primal instinct warning them of impending doom.

Then, before they could even react—

“KA-BOOOOOOOM!”

A catastrophic explosion unlike any other erupted from the planet’s core.

The dark world, once a bastion of evil, was obliterated in a matter of seconds.

Hundreds of millions of evil seekers perished instantly, their bodies reduced to nothing in an apocalyptic detonation akin to a dying star.



Flames and magma intertwined with blood and ash, painting a scene of absolute destruction. The once-mighty dark stronghold had been reduced to a smoldering wasteland, the very essence of its existence erased in mere moments.

From within the swirling inferno, Aengus emerged, his colossal form towering over the ruins like an unstoppable force of nature. His gaze, cold and indifferent, swept across the desolation.

Yet, even in the face of such devastation, six figures rose from the wreckage.

The six elder cultists, their bodies broken and crumbling, stitched themselves back together using the Darkness Law. Their twisted forms reassembled, barely holding together, their very existence now an abomination of dark energy.

Aengus, unmoved, observed them for a moment before speaking.

“So you’ve survived. It’s no surprise. Darkness Law truly is powerful after all.”

His voice carried no praise—only cold certainty.

“But it will not save you forever.”

His words seeped into their very souls like the whispers of death itself.

The elders, once proud and confident in their power, now trembled in silent terror. Their spirits—though still bound to the Darkness—were already crushed as they looked up at the colossal being before them, one whose presence felt more like a deity than a mere man.

“Spare—”

Before they could complete their sentence, their forms were suddenly sucked into a massive black hole that appeared above their heads.

Even in their final moments, they seemed confused by the sudden appearance of an Eater.

But it was not only them who were devoured—the planet’s rich raw essence was consumed as well.

Aengus’ power surged, pushing him significantly closer to the next step beyond Nebula Dominator, at least physically and in terms of innate abilities.

However, to reach the Black Hole level in terms Laws, he would need to surpass the limit of 100% comprehension—a secret yet to be unveiled.

Still, Laws were not the main source of his strength. His Unique Skills were more than enough—for now.

Aengus turned his gaze upon his subordinates, who were engaged in battles across multiple worlds at once.

The Divine-Class battleship was proving to be an Annihilator, causing mayhem and chaos for the evil seekers. It destroyed entire dark star systems in a single annihilative shot—like a Supernova.

The battle spread far and wide, and the Kievan Empire was avenging their loved ones.