

## **Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills - Chapter 419 - Chapter 419: Chapter 419: Destruction In Dark Region**

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.

Chapter 420: Chapter 420: The Wrath of the Kievan Empire  
A scene of pure massacre unfolded in the boundless void.

Blood painted the darkness.

Laws surged with unrelenting force.

Weapons gleamed, cutting through space.

As a result heads fell—of the enemies, of course.

Planets cracked.

Constellations annihilated.

Entire sectors of space were reduced to nothingness.

It was a war beyond mortal comprehension—a symphony of destruction and vengeance.

The primals and Kievans, each a force of nature in their own right—fought with unparalleled ferocity, as if to prove themselves before their emperor, their God.

Their powers clashed against the dark legions of the Dark Sovereign's Cult, tearing through their ranks like unstoppable calamities.

The battlefield became a crucible of fire and death, where only the strongest could remain standing.

Amidst the carnage, Aengus stood unmoving, his gaze calm yet piercing.

Though he did not join the battle directly, his influence spread like an unseen storm.

As warriors fell, as darkness crumbled, he absorbed the very essence of death itself, steadily increasing his own strength—a silent predator amidst the chaos.

But he was not so selfish as to hoard all power for himself.

From time to time, his voice echoed across the battlefield—

“Universal Synthesis!”

A cosmic energy surged forth, weaving through his subordinates like a blessing from the divine.

Their bodies strengthened.

Their stamina replenished.

Their souls reinforced.

Almost 50 billion soldiers felt the mysterious increase of absolute power, their confusion momentary before their battle cries shook the void.

With renewed vigor, they charged forward, smashing through the enemy strongholds like a wave of annihilation.

Their blades did not tire.

Their rage did not wane.

For this was not just a war—

This was retribution.

And it would not end until their wrath was fully sated.

The scale of destruction grew by the hour.

What had begun as a planetary war soon escalated into a galactic catastrophe.

For five relentless days, the Kievan Empire's army carved a path of pure annihilation, leaving behind nothing but ruins and broken remnants of the Dark Sovereign's forces.

The Evil Seekers, growing desperate, called upon reinforcements in the hundreds of billions, attempting to surround the Kievan Empire from all directions.

Yet, despite their numbers, despite their strategies—They could not stop the march of destruction.

For the warriors of the Kievan Empire, there was no fear—only unstoppable momentum.

Their God stood with them. What was to fear?

Their strength grew with every battle.

Their very souls burned with divine fury.

Even when galaxies trembled under the weight of battle, their faith did not waver.

Their Emperor's blessings empowered them beyond their natural limits, and they shattered enemy reinforcements like an unstoppable cosmic storm with three Generals impeccable strategies.

Sen, Sienna, and the other captains ensured everything went smoothly without excessive losses.

Quin, the First Commandment, displayed his full might as an Ancient Titan, terrifying enemies with his planet-sized Titan form. With each slap, an entire planet was decimated in an instant.

However, the most significant improvement was shown by Drake. He fought like a Wargod, sweeping through masses of enemies with his blade, flashing like light itself. He had ascended to the rank of World Dominator, alongside Quin and the three Generals.

Sen and Sienna refused to be left behind. Their competitive spirits surged, eager to impress their Emperor even more.

From his throne aboard Galactic Supernova 2.0, Aengus watched coldly, his mere presence enough to shake the Evil Seekers' morale.

Then he unleashed his Legion. The Primal Feral Beasts from Monster Breeding Space.

Each one of them possessed limitless potential, evolving and adapting to the battlefield in real-time.

Aengus just watched seating silently though his strength increased with each Celestial Bodies fell.

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[ Name: Aengus Degaro ]

[ Age: 19 ]

[ Title: God Of Void ]

[ Race: Chaotic Fiend-Celestial ]

[ Power Level: Black Hole (Level 7000+ ]

[ 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: 250 Star ]

[ Agility: 260 Star ]

[ Defense: 256 Star ]

[ Origin Mana: 2,000,000,000 / 2,000,060,000 ]

<Skills:>

[ Special Skills: Monster Breeding (Level- 15)]

[ 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) ]

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Aengus looked at his stats with satisfaction and grinned cruelly toward the enemy faction.

The Evil Seekers, once confident in their sheer numbers, felt their hope crumble.

And when their greatest Nebula Dominators, those who controlled Darkness Law into the fray—They, too, were devoured mysteriously.

Aengus stretched out his hand.

The moment they appeared, they were consumed instantly by his Omni-Devour, leaving their enemies helpless and terrorized.

Their power became his power.

Their terror became his amusement.

The Evil Seekers, once the terrors of the Primal Realm, had never foreseen such an overwhelming force.

Not even in their darkest nightmares.

They had always thought themselves as predators...

But now, they realized—they were merely prey.

“What should we do? If this goes on wouldn’t the whole Dark Region would be annihilated eventually?” one of Evil seeker muttered worriedly from the distance.

“Hmph...”

His companion scoffed.

“The entire Dark Region? You must be frightened like a mouse. Do you even know how vast the Dark Region is? They’ve only taken down a fraction of it.”

“But that’s still unheard of. Absolutely no one from the other side has ever made it this far. So why now? Just who is this new Emperor of the Kievan Empire? It was nothing more than an ant-like force not long ago.” Another added while floating in the darkness.

“True... This new Emperor is surely something else. But he won’t stand a chance once the higher powers get involved. Just wait...” another said in anticipation.

“Right. For now, we can only place our hope on the higher powerhouses. As it stands, even Nebula-level beings like us are practically useless against them...” Another added with a sigh as they watched the scene of destruction from a cautious distance.