

Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills

Chapter 421: Chapter 421: One Vs Hundred

A few days passed more, and only then did Aengus sense a powerful presences approaching: the embodiments of pure darkness.

Aengus grinned wildly, finally getting the chance to act personally.

The farming session had bored him to no end and finally the wait was over. Now, it was time for some serious action.

Now, as a Black Hole Dominator, he stepped forward, positioning himself as an impenetrable shield before his subordinates.

Seeing this, the Three Generals and higher powerhouses grew alert, but they dared not step in. They had been warned—this was not their fight.

This was their Emperor's fight.

They all understood that an unprecedented battle was about to begin.

The soldiers ceased their slaughter, their gazes fixed upon the deepest core of the Dark Region.

Then, like a storm of dark clouds consuming the empty void of space, they emerged.

A battalion of Dark Sovereign's cultists—beings of overwhelming, malicious aura—descended upon the battlefield.

Their presence radiated an instinctive fear. A fear of absolute power.

Yet, the corrosive darkness could not reach the Kievan warriors.

Aengus had already formed an invisible barrier—a barrier of Void that separated reality itself.

Gasps of surprise and amusement echoed from the darkness:

“Ohh... interesting! Very interesting!”

“I have never seen this before!”

From the abyss, a hundred monstrous lifeforms materialized. Their forms resembled humans—but they were far from it.

Some had multiple arms. Some had multiple heads. Some were so massive that even stars seemed small in comparison.

But one thing was clear—their power far surpassed Nebula Dominators.

With his Ultimate Eyes, Aengus analyzed their strength.

Every single one of them was a Black Hole-level powerhouse. A total hundred of them.

But Aengus wasn't afraid. His strength had already surpassed the Black Hole level.

Of course, to defeat all hundred of them, he would need to get serious and unleash his full power. He did not underestimate their combined might.

As the Black Hole powerhouses emerged from the Central Domains, the distant evil seekers crawled out from their hiding places, cheering.

"Kill that damned abomination, my lords!"

"Yes! Finish him off! He is more evil than us—he devoured in days what we took decades to build! Truly hateful!"

"Not just kill—torture him for eternity! How dare he be so atrocious against us, the believers of the Absolute Dark Sovereign?"

On the other hand, the Kievan warriors felt a rising unease.

"They look so powerful... Can His Majesty handle all of them?"

"Yeah... Look at their size and numbers. Our Emperor looks like a tiny ant before them," one soldier murmured.

Hearing this comparison, a sudden mocking laughter echoed across the battlefield.

"Haha..." Sen chuckled darkly, his expression turning unreadable.

"Shut your mouth!"

Sienna's usually enchanting voice boomed with authority.

"You Kievans have yet to witness the true strength of the Emperor. Those who have... would never utter such foolish words."

She stood in the void of space, her Medusa form fully revealed—her rage palpable. Even a mere comparison had infuriated her.

The Kievan soldiers immediately fell silent, trembling as they floated in space.

Why had this goddess suddenly become so enraged?

They were just expressing their worries, weren't they?

Still, they dared not to retort, as she was their superior.

Instead, they turned their attention back to Aengus, who now seemed to have garnered everyone's rage.

"Well, why are you alone? Shouldn't you be running like a pig after seeing us?" one of the Dark faction warriors sneered arrogantly.

"Looks like he actually thinks he can defeat us all by himself."

Another stepped forward, his mere footsteps shaking the galaxy itself.

"Should I call him brave... or just a fool? I'm confused."

Aengus smiled—a confident, almost amused smile.

"Alone?" His voice was calm yet carried the weight of undeniable power.

"I alone... am enough for all of you."

"Tsk... You're really arrogant, human. Enough talk, fellow devotees. Let's put an end to this pest once and for all."

The words came from a behemoth with twin horns, his massive form radiating an aura of pure darkness. His guttural voice rumbled like a beast ready to devour its prey as he stepped forward, aiming to crush the "tiny ant" before him.

In response, Aengus only smirked as his form began to expand, growing until he was nearly the size of a star.

Then, with a simple motion, he summoned Aegis, the divine greatsword, into his grasp. Its length extended until it was half the size of his body, radiating an overwhelming aura.

[Eclipse of the Celestial Blade]

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Buzzz!"

In one swift motion, Aengus activated his Ultimate Sword Skill and swung his blade at the Darkness Behemoth, intending to annihilate it completely.

A pure divine energy beam cut through the fabric of space, moving at a speed imperceptible to ordinary beings.

To the lower-level powerhouses, all they saw was a flash of white light. But in the next moment, their eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

Where the Darkness Behemoth, the size of a star, had stood just a moment ago—

There was nothing left.

A massive slash mark had opened in the Chaotic Void, buzzing ominously like an entity of destruction itself.

The Behemoth's head was gone.

It had been cleanly severed, completely severing its existential connection to the Law of Darkness. That means no revival.

A true death—without even getting the chance to defend itself.

Seeing this, everyone froze.

Some rubbed their eyes, refusing to believe what they had just witnessed.

“He... he's not just a human!”

One of the Black Hole powerhouses muttered with a grave expression, his gaze locked onto the black and white gigantic greatsword in Aengus' hand—its power far beyond comprehension.

“Kill!”

Without hesitation, the Dark Sovereign's worshippers unleashed their full might. A storm of corrosive darkness erupted, their combined activation of Darkness Law consuming everything in its path. Nearby planets withered and crumbled, their very existence erased in an instant.

They had no choice but to strike together.

Aengus had proven beyond doubt—in a one-on-one battle, none of them stood a chance.

“CRREEEEEEAAAAACCCCKKKK!”

The fabric of reality fractured under the weight of their attack. Space itself screamed as the devastating force crashed upon Aengus.

An all-consuming wave of annihilation engulfed him.

For a brief moment, silence reigned.

Then, the dust settled.

And what they saw shattered their expectations.

Chapter 422: Chapter 422: A War To Make History
From where Aengus had just stood; he was nowhere to be seen.

He had vanished without a trace.

This wasn't Space Law, nor was it some mere stealth technique. This was something far beyond their understanding.

"Where did he go?" one of the Black Hole Dominators muttered, scanning the void with narrowed eyes.

Despite their immense perception, despite their mastery over laws, they couldn't sense him.

"Hah! I told you—he's just a rat! He ran away like a coward!"

A monstrous figure grinned, his crimson eyes gleaming with malice as he turned his gaze toward the Kievan soldiers.

"No matter. If he's not here, we'll take our revenge on his pathetic subjects instead."

A dark, oppressive aura spread across the battlefield. Despair crept into the hearts of the Kievans.

Then—Suddenly

"RIPPLE."

The very fabric of space trembled. A strange, unnatural force distorted reality itself.

As the Black Hole Dominators turned their gazes upward, their souls froze.

Above them, staring down from the Void—

A single, massive eye had materialized.

An eye darker than the darkness itself.

Its sheer size rivaled entire star systems.

Slowly the full figure of the entity revealed itself.

As the monstrous void-shrouded figure fully emerged, the battlefield fell into an eerie silence.

For the weaker beings, it was nothing but a flickering shadow. A vague presence that existed beyond their comprehension.

But for the powerful ones—the Black Hole Dominators—they saw it clearly.

A vast, infinite like entity.

The Monarch of Void.

The suffocating confidence the Dark Cultists once carried shattered.

“He... He has the Primordial Law of Void!”

A scream of pure panic echoed among them.

“This is bad! This is extremely bad!”

“Impossible! How can anyone wield the Law of Void? That’s a power that predates even creation itself!”

“Just... Who is he?!”

The realization struck them harder than any battle ever could.

Even the Dark Sovereign’s origin paled in comparison to what they now faced.

“What should we do?”

“What else?! He’s coming for us! There’s no room for negotiations—if we hesitate, we die!”

A grim silence ensued.

Then a solemn voice warned, “But be careful! Do not touch him. The moment you do—your existence will be erased.”

The others nodded cautiously, their expressions turning grim.

But one of them refused to accept it.

“Nonsense! I’ll devour him myself!”

“ROOOOOOAAAAARRRR!”

A massive four-legged, star-sized Darkness Beast charged forward.

Like an unstoppable black hole, it tore through space itself, its overwhelming force distorting the battlefield.

“Darkness is supreme. I will prove it.”

With pure arrogance, it lunged at Aengus’ Void Form—

—completely unaware that it had just sealed its fate.

Just as the Darkness Beast neared the Monarch of Void, an unnatural tremor shook through its entire being.

It hadn’t even touched the Void yet—and still, something was wrong.

A dreadful, horrifying realization struck deep into its very essence.

Something was pulling it in. He hadn’t touched it yet, he could feel his very essence was started to being drawn in by the Monarch Of Void.

Not physically.

Not through force.

But at a level beyond existence itself.

It felt as though its very concept—its identity—was being erased.

A deep, guttural roar of defiance erupted from its massive frame.

“ROOOOAAAARRRR! YOU CAN’T KILL ME!”

Desperation surged through the beast.

It unleashed the full force of its Darkness Law, a surge so vast that entire constellations trembled.

The sheer weight of its power shook the galaxy itself.

But then—the Monarch of Void moved.

Reality itself collapsed in response.

After that the Darkness Beast was no more. He was devoured completely, without leaving a trace.

“What an idiot!” his companions muttered, shaking their heads.

“Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!”

Right after that, they disappeared from the battlefield without a second thought.

Even they weren’t sure if they had the courage to face him, even if they combined their strength.

They fled. Or at least, they tried to.

Aengus moved at light-year speed per second, slowly devouring them one by one.

Seeing this, the doubtful soldiers and evil seekers stood frozen in shock.

What just happened?

“Did the Mighty Black Hole Dominators—the known peak existence of the Primal Realm—just try to flee with their tails between their legs?”

The very thought was unthinkable.

The Kievan soldiers, who had once harbored doubts, stood speechless at the revelation of their Emperor’s true power.

How foolish they had been.

How blind.

To compare their mighty Emperor with those cowards.

He was not just an Emperor.

He was a God.

And from that moment on, they no longer followed him out of duty—They began to worship him.

As Aengus devoured his enemies, his strength and mana capacity soared, making him even more powerful.

At last, he stopped after devouring fifty or so Black Hole Dominators, while the others managed to escape by sheer luck.

Aengus wasn't satisfied for some this.

His level had risen to 9,000, bringing him one step closer to the next rank—if such a rank even existed.

From what he knew so far, Black Hole Powerhouses were the peak of the Primal Realm.

Beyond that, he had no knowledge yet.

Yet, something told him otherwise.

There was a possibility that beings beyond Black Hole still existed, hidden from the world of the living.

For powerhouses of their caliber, an ordinary life would become meaningless—boring.

Or perhaps, somewhere in the vast unknown, they were striving for power beyond their ranks.

Who knew?

That's why Aengus was not satisfied.

He needed more. More resources. More strength.

And where would he find such a rich, concentrated source of Darkness Essence other than the Dark Region.

The very domain where evil thrived.

Here, he could go on devour everything—without hesitation.

Without sympathy. Without remorse.

So he did.

In his human form, Aengus stood before the Primals and Kievans, his presence commanding absolute attention.

“Brave warriors of Kievan, today, they have fled. But we shall not stop here—not until we erase their traces completely.

Today, we will make history.

We shall erase the Dark Region from the face of the Primal Realm.

We will be heroes, and your names shall be etched in history.

So we must continue our march!”

Aengus declared, his voice echoing with unwavering authority, ignoring the fanatic, worshipful gazes of his soldiers.

“Your wish is our command, Emperor! We serve to please!”

Their resolute voices echoed with thunderous unison, their spirits soaring at the prospect of waging a historic war.

Chapter 423: Chapter 423: ARIA, The Creation Extremity

The news of the Supreme Devotees’ defeat spread like wildfire across all sectors and the Darkest Domains of the Dark Region, causing mass panic and disbelief.

It was unthinkable.

A single empire—a measly, insignificant force—had waged an Extinction War against the entire Dark Domain... and was winning.

The shock wasn’t limited to the Dark Region alone.

Nearby empires—from the Blue Moon Empire to the Xenia Domain—all caught wind of the unprecedented event.

For days, the news circulated, shaking the very foundations of the Primal Realm.

The Kievan Empire, once insignificant, had now become the topic of the century.

Just where did they find the courage?

And then, a name emerged—one that sent chills down the spines of all who heard it.

Emperor Zytherion.

A man of absolute power, a being whose might had shattered the heavens, a ruler who had slaughtered Black Hole Dominators as if they were mere insects.

Upon confirming the authenticity of the news, Emperor Kalix from the Blue Moon Empire rose from his throne, feeling all the air escape out of his lungs.

He, an insignificant Nebula Dominator, had been provoking the Kievan Empire all this time. How dare he?

Wasn't this just courting death?

"Your Majesty! Control yourself!" the Imperial adviser spoke, rising from his seat as well, though his face had paled with fear as well.

"Tell me, what should we do now? Wouldn't they take revenge on us for attacking their territory?" Emperor Kalix asked, trembling.

His eyes were desperate, trying to mediate the situation in any way possible. He didn't want to die—not now.

A man capable of slaughtering Black Hole Dominators from the Dark Region was no laughing matter.

He knew he wouldn't stand a chance against them—much less against this Zytherion.

"Maybe we should seek his forgiveness, Your Majesty? What do you say?" the old Imperial adviser suggested cautiously.

"But would he forgive us?" Emperor Kalix asked, uncertainty clouding his voice.

"I don't know for sure, Your Majesty. But from what we have gathered so far, he seems to be a kind and righteous person; someone willing to bet everything for his subjects. He is compassionate. Perhaps... he might be willing to forgive us."

Emperor Kalix's eyes regained their spirit.

"Yes, you're right. We will do as you suggest, but we must remain cautious as well," he muttered, settling back into his seat with a calmer mind.

—

In a faraway galaxy...

"Your Divine Excellency, news of the man you've been searching for has arrived."

A tall angel, wielding a Heaven-Grade sword, announced loudly in a grand hall filled with golden luminance.

Numerous figures of light and divinity stood within the hall, their postures respectful as they faced the woman seated upon the radiant throne.

Draped in a flowing white dress, adorned with golden accessories and armor, she exuded an aura of both grace and overwhelming power.

Her smirk was confident, her demeanor cold.

Upon hearing the news, her lips curled into an amused smile, though her subordinates could feel the hidden chill beneath it.

She was a Divine Goddess of Beauty and Power—one whose mere words were absolute decrees to stars, constellations, and all living beings.

“So... ZERO is causing havoc once again.”

Her voice was smooth, yet laced with a subtle edge of irritation.

“Where is he? Why can’t I sense him?”

The Divine Goddess, with the face of Aria, muttered, as if displeased by the fact.

The tall angel before her answered cautiously,

“He was last seen in the Dark Region. It is extremely far from here. We managed to trace him only because of the recent fractures in space caused by his Void form—thanks to the Will of the Realm.”

The Divine Goddess smiled strangely.

“The Dark Sovereign’s foolish believers... They still exist? How naive can they be? Do they truly wish to remain slaves to that wretched creature for eternity?”

She scoffed, her tone laced with disdain.

“It was I who generously bestowed enlightenment upon the Dark Realm, granting them a path to salvation. Yet they still search for his return... How disappointing.”

Her words carried an air of indifference, as if the fate of an entire civilization was nothing more than a trivial matter to her.

Hearing this, the expressions of her divine subordinates grew even more reverent.

For they stood in the presence of the Creation Goddess herself.

She was the Creator of all races, all beings, the universe itself—the very architect of life and matter.

She was the Creation Extremity.

Suddenly, the Divine Goddess felt a splitting headache pierce through her forehead.

Her golden eyes flickered, and a faint ripple of divine energy surged around her.

The hall trembled as if the universe itself was reacting to her distress.

Her subordinates tensed but dared not move without her command.

Clutching her temple, she let out a slow breath, her expression darkening.

“This... Again?” she muttered under her breath, her voice laced with irritation.

“How long are you going to struggle, little girl? Don’t you get tired of it?”

As she asked, a voice answered within her mind, “As long as you don’t let me out,” Aria responded coldly.

“Haha, that’s not possible currently. Wait till I get my full powers back. Then I will grant you your body, but in return—”

“In return, what?” Aria continued asked.

“In return, you have to tell me the whereabouts of your son. Don’t forget how desperately you fought back to give birth to him and hide that vile spawn away.”

“Never! Even if I die, I will never hand over my precious child to you. He is the living proof of our love,” Aria responded with cold resolve, determined to carry out her promise until the last moment of her consciousness.

“It’s really unfortunate, little girl. Why don’t you understand? For the greater good, there should be no traces of that evil entity. I am doing this for everyone’s sake.”

“No, you’re wrong. And stop calling me a little girl. You and I are one, and we both loved him wholeheartedly from the beginning. How can you forget? Without his Ruination Power, we wouldn’t be safe, and life wouldn’t exist. Infinite universes, realms, even us—none of it would have existed.

Why don't you realize you have been corrupted?" Aria asked, desperately trying to make her other self remember the truth.

"Hmph... You're wrong. He was stealing away my Creation Essence with his ugly clutches. He should be dead for trying to kill my precious child—my Creation. He is a true Fiend.

HE CANNOT EXIST. NEVER!"

Her voice rumbled, shaking the Primal Realm itself.

Chapter 424: Chapter 424: Alone
Days passed since the Black Hole Dominators fled.

But Aengus was on a relentless mission, devouring everything in the Dark Region.

His clones spread far and wide, consuming everything in their path—demons, devils, creatures of darkness, even the Dark Sovereign's Temple, ensuring there was no chance of his revival. Even the Skull they had sought for so long had been devoured right before their eyes.

By now, 4/10 of the Dark Region had been decimated.

Aengus' power had long surpassed the Black Hole level, bringing him close to the next rank.

He just needed one final push.

But before that—

"Generals, take the soldiers back with you. We must retreat for now!" Aengus ordered.

"Why, Your Majesty?" Leon asked, confused.

Everything was going well, wasn't it? Their army had become a top-tier force, boasting millions of World Dominators and hundreds of thousands of Star Dominator powerhouses. Such a force might not even exist in any of the neighboring empires close to theirs.

Aengus gazed into the distance before replying, "A true threat is coming for me. And this time, I might not be able to save you in time."

His voice was serious, making the three generals, Sen, Sienna, and Quin—who stood nearby atop a planet, turn solemn. Just what kind of threat could force their Emperor to take such drastic measures?

“But Your Majesty, will you be fine?” Quin asked, equally worried.

Aengus turned back and smiled.

“Of course. You don’t need to worry about me. Go and take care of the Empire in my absence.”

The others had no choice but to agree.

Leaving him alone might have felt heartless, a sign of neglect toward their Emperor, but as wise men, they knew when to follow orders and when not to.

And this time, they had to.

They were still too weak—a fact that disheartened them, knowing they couldn’t do much to help him yet.

“Alright, Your Majesty. We will do as you wish. But please come back soon. The Kievan Empire won’t be complete without your presence.”

Leon said before leading the way to command the whole army through Galactic Supernova 2.0.

The others followed reluctantly, their gazes lingering on Aengus for a brief moment.

As they departed, Aengus sat quietly on the hard floor, his sword resting beside him.

His gaze drifted into the empty darkness of space, feeling loneliness creeping in.

Sometimes, being too talented made one lonely—there were no allies who could keep up with him. No powerful enemies to stand against him long.

They were bound by limitations, but he was not.

“That’s right. I was all alone, until she arrived. She was the warmth, the spark of light that brought me warmth from Eternal coldness. But that happiness too had been snatched by it,” he muttered into the quiet environment, his gaze serene. But one could feel the primordial rage within him.

Memories from the distant past—from the Primordial Source—came rushing back as his strength grew over these past days.

Now, he knew his identity, his purpose, and the reason behind his endless reincarnations—to achieve what they couldn't in their timelines.

And at last, he had a clear purpose—a path that might break the shackles of fate and end the endless struggle.

But for now, he had to focus on one important task: To get Aria, his first love, back.

No matter what. He cannot fail—

For he was ZERO.

—

Very soon, the Divine Battleship roared to life, departing with a buzz, giving one last lingering glance at Aengus.

Afterward, more and more ships followed behind it, flying through space and darkness in synchronized formation.

Aengus waited on the planet for hours, anticipating his breakthrough to the next level, but just as it seemed within reach, it slipped away the next moment.

Perhaps it, too, was waiting for that person's arrival.

And so, he waited longer, his gaze never softening for even a blink.

His entire body screamed battle readiness, prepared to counter any surprise attack.

“Flash!”

Suddenly, a blinding flash of light erupted out of nowhere.

But this was no ordinary light.

It was like the Light of Eternity—spreading far and wide, disintegrating matter and particles across light-years scale.

Yet, the intensity with which it struck Aengus was unlike anything else.

Despite all his senses being on high alert, reinforced by the Laws of Time and Space, he still couldn't trace the incoming attack.

And so, before he could react, he was hit directly by the first and most devastating wave.

His flesh burned, his very soul trembled from the damage.

Fortunately, due to his immensely tough physique, nothing fatal occurred before he delved into the Void.

After the annihilating attack settled, a figure draped in divine radiance appeared on the spot, a taunting smile playing on her lips.

“Heh, Zytherion, back to your turtle shell once again?”

What else could you do? You’ve been running for so many lifetimes, after all. But you can’t escape—no matter where you go, I will always find you. Just like in this reincarnation.”

She smiled beautifully, her heavenly voice carrying a barely perceptible undertone of disdain and rage.

Moments later, Aengus emerged from the Void, his body visibly wounded, deep gashes marring his face and skin.

Though his wounds were healing through Eternal Conqueror Skill, the process was noticeably slower than ever before.

Her attack had done significant damage—not just to him, but to the Dark Region itself. Another portion of it had been completely erased from creation.

Aengus gazed at Aria, but there was no animosity in his eyes—only love.

Aria stood with a Divine Sword infused with the power of Creation. Her eyes, however, burned with wrath.

“Stop it.

I hate that look of yours, Zytherion. How dare you gaze at me with your vile eyes?

You disgust me!”

“Whoosh!”

Without hesitation, she launched another attack, swinging her sword with a force far beyond that of a Black Hole powerhouse.

“Boom!”

“Thwang!”

Aengus raised Aegis to defend himself, but the sheer impact sent him hurtling backward like a cannonball.

Chapter 425: Chapter 425: Facing Aria Once Again

“Why are you so weak? Oh right... You haven’t reclaimed your Source power yet.

Then isn’t this the perfect time to kill you once and for all, don’t you think?”

She smiled cruelly, taking great pleasure in his miserable state.

Aengus crashed onto a nearby star, causing it to explode upon impact.

Ignoring her disdainful words, he casually stood up and wiped the blood from his lips.

Aria continued, her voice laced with mockery. “Looks like that world you so carefully crafted with my essence has given you those incredible abilities.”

“But no matter, as You’re now, I would have no problem finish you off from existence.”

She walked toward him with confident strides, each step radiating overwhelming authority.

The annihilative radiation and remnants of the shattered star brushed past her harmlessly, as if bending to the will of Creation itself.

As his Eternal Cells regenerated and his torn muscles rejoined, Aengus finally spoke, his voice steady yet filled with urgency.

“Aria, it’s time for you to wake up. Look within yourself—there must be something unseen that has tainted your soul. Otherwise, you would never have joined our enemy to kill me.

They stole our happiness, our love, just because of our Source Power. That is the true enemy. We must reunite and reclaim what was lost.”

His gaze bore into hers.

“Why can’t you see the truth? You are being manipulated.”

Aria only chuckled in response, her laughter laced with scorn.

“You’re as cunning as ever, Zytherion. Do you really think I would fall for your tricks? We were the two Extremities of the Omniverse—so tell me, who could possibly be powerful enough to manipulate me, the Creation Extremity?”

Her voice turned ice-cold.

“There is only one enemy, and that is you, Zytherion.”

Without hesitation, she launched another attack, her divine power surging forward with devastating force.

“RUMBLE!”

This time, Aengus clashed head-on with Aegis, unleashing his full strength alongside his unique Mythical skill—Blessing of Chaos.

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!”

The collision of Void and Creation erupted into a singularity of nullification.

The sheer impact of their combined power unleashed devastating shockwaves, sending ripples of Annihilation Space Storms across galaxies, far and beyond.

Nearby galaxies disintegrated—erased as if they had never existed in reality.

The destruction was so vast that it reached all the way to Xenia Domain and even the Degaro Household’s dominion.

Watching from afar, an old man, his gaze fixed on the distant ethereal explosion of opposing forces, murmured in awe and terror:

“Something extraordinary has occurred... Something terrifying beyond our understanding!”

“Can you elaborate, Father? What’s happening there?” Augustus Degaro asked from his seat, his voice filled with concern.

The old man’s eyes flashed with dark power as he replied,

“I don’t know for certain. But today, it seems the end of the Dark Region is inevitable. Two entities are clashing, and their battle has caused this phenomenon.”

Augustus’ expression hardened, a deep sense of unease settling in his heart.

If these two powers alone were enough to bring ruin to the Dark Region, a place that had terrorized the universe for countless eras, then what was the Degaro Household before them?

The thought made him feel insignificant—like an ant in the grand scheme of existence.

His gaze drifted toward the beautiful woman, gracefully serving tea at the table.

She was Eleanora, his wife and Aengus' mother.

Upon hearing her Father-in-law's words, her hands trembled ever so slightly.

Despite her composed exterior, the worry in her eyes was unmistakable.

She was deeply concerned—for some reason, an unshakable feeling of dread filled her heart.

It was as if she could sense the truth...

Her eldest son was in danger.

"Eleanora, why are you so panicking for?" Augustus asked with a smirk. "Do you actually think your eldest son is involved in this somehow?"

He leaned back on the chair, crossing his arms.

"I get that you and your father managed to make him a little powerful, but that's where it stops.

Don't you remember how he had to flee last time? And now you think he would come to save you? How amusing!"

Augustus chuckled, his tone filled with mockery.

Eleanora's hands clenched into fists, her eyes burning with anger.

"He is your own son, Augustus. Don't forget that!" she snapped sharply.

But Augustus merely scoffed.

"Yes, indeed. But a useless one...He can never hope to reach the level of power I expected from him.

I don't know how my son could be born such a waste from your womb, Eleanora. He was a complete disappointment."

His words were ruthless, devoid of any fatherly affection.

He chuckled. “At least my other son, Aeon, is not as useless as him. He awakened the Darkness Law, fortunately. And you know what that means, right?”

Eleanora only scoffed.

“You’ll see, Augustus. One day, he will be more powerful than any of you.”

“In your dreams!” Augustus sneered.

Meanwhile, the old man showed no interest in their argument. His gaze remained fixed on the sky, silently calculating the possibilities of Eleanora’s suspicions.

A mother’s instinct could never be taken lightly.

“Could my wasted grandson somehow be involved in the chaos there?” he wondered.

But so far, he hadn’t heard of anything like that. From the information he had gathered, only one new rising powerhouse—Emperor Zytherion—was causing trouble in the Dark Region.

And yet, a chilling thought crossed his mind.

“Could this Emperor Zytherion possibly be... my grandson?”

“Hah, What am I even thinking?”

The old man shook his head, finding his assumption ridiculous.

How could that waste of a grandson possibly attain such a great legacy and power of that scale?

And as for courage—he had none of it. The mere thought of going against the entire Dark Region was terrifying.

His gaze remained fixed on the chaotic flashes of destruction in the starry sky, like a live projection of devastation.

“Will this ever end? If this continues, won’t the Xenia Domain collapse alongside us as well?”

His eyes flickered, uncertainty dawning on him and other top powerhouses of Xenia.