

REINCARNATED WITH THREE UNIQUE SKILLS

Chapter 427 Unified As One

"Or so to say, someone extended their hand. An intelligent yet Inferior entity. A Seraphine named Melania Ava Norah Arabella—MANAS

She was extremely weak compared to him, but her intelligence was unmatched. She could somehow remember all his past cycles, struggles, and moments of helplessness. Almost everything.

As a kind and sympathetic lifeform, she eventually decided to help him. She became one of his trusted companions and suggested the idea of creating a unique world where Creation and Ruination would reincarnate.

But there would be another factor involved.

A skill.

A unique skill like no other: Synthesis.

This skill could help him synthesize the two together and become one—something that opposing forces could never achieve.

But to his surprise, Universal Synthesis had managed to achieve the impossible.

She created it by herself—a technique that even baffled him.

But with it came one last hope to escape from this eternal torment.

He knew that alone he could never face that higher entity; only by uniting with ARIA could he have a chance to defeat it.

With Universal Synthesis, it became a possibility, as Universal Synthesis offered new avenues of strength beyond the boundaries of the Omniverse.

Universal Synthesis, a mere skill, became a beacon of hope for an unachievable dream.

And now, he was about to do the unthinkable.

Still connected with their lips, Aengus activated the skill: Universal Synthesis.

The ferocity of the skill's effects surpassed anything before.

A blinding blue radiance formed at the spot and spread throughout the Primal Realm in an instant.

Every lifeform rubbed their eyes, losing their ability to see due to the brilliance.

They were confused, speechless at the phenomenon. Continue your saga on My Virtual Library Empire

"What is happening to our realm?

So many unthinkable things have happened recently.

Is our doom near?

Is this a sign of the Primal Realm's Apocalypse?"

Their worries and concerns did not stop the divine process.

ZERO and ARIA's souls were currently being synthesized together.

The fate of their realm and beyond depended on the success of the synthesis.

As the radiant blue light engulfed the entire Primal Realm, an otherworldly hum resonated through the very fabric of existence. The air itself seemed to ripple with the force of a cosmic convergence, as if the universe itself was holding its breath.

Aengus and ARIA were at the center of it all, locked in an embrace that transcended time and space. Their souls, once destined to be enemies, now began to merge through the might of Universal Synthesis.

The process was not easy. It was not quick.

Aengus felt the tremendous weight of what he was attempting, his entire being straining against the gravity of the decision. But this was the only path. The only hope to break the cycle. The only way to end the torment, to redeem what had been lost, and to stand a chance against the higher entity that had controlled their fate.

The light grew brighter, and the very stars in the sky flickered as if in response to the tremendous surge of power.

In the moment of their synthesis, Aengus could feel the vastness of ARIA's soul, a reflection of Creation itself—pure, boundless, and full of potential. Yet beneath that, there was the dark thread of corruption, a twisted shard that had pervaded her being for eons.

For a brief instant, he could see it all: their past lives, their battles, their love, their fall.

But now, something was different. This time, the corruption was breaking.

"SHHHHHIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNG!"

In the next instant, the collision of Creation and Ruination reached its zenith. The powers of both forces collided with a force so immense that the very structure of reality seemed to quake. The boundaries between life and death, between light and darkness, blurred into a chaotic vortex. The fabric of time itself began to tear.

And then, as if the very essence of the universe itself had made a decision, the storm ceased.

Aengus and ARIA stood at the center, their forms shifting and coalescing. They were no longer two beings, but one. A fusion of Creation and Ruination, something that had never been done before. Neither fully one nor the other, but a new force entirely.

The ground beneath them cracked and fractured, reality itself trembling as their combined presence reached out and began to reshape the surrounding world.

In that moment, Aengus understood. Universal Synthesis had not only merged their souls—it had created something entirely new.

Something beyond the comprehension their current understanding.

Where they once stood, now stood a singular entity—formless, faceless, and without any clear identity. A ball of pure energy, its surface etched with streaks of white and black, intertwining in perfect harmony like the Yin-Yang symbol.

Yet, inside this ball of harmony remained five distinct personalities: Ethan, Aengus, Zytherion, Aria, and ARIA.

Each personality existed within this unified form, their individual essences combined, yet still retaining their own will, thoughts, and emotions. Together, they were something new, a singular being made from the amalgamation of their once separate selves, bound by the forces of creation and ruination.

A while later, two human forms materialized where the ball of energy had been.

One was Aengus—a fusion of Ethan and Zytherion.

The other was Aria—merged with ARIA.

Their presence was both divine and ethereal.

He embodied absolute strength and dominion, the pinnacle of power. She radiated the gentle beauty of a divine goddess, yet within her resided the same unyielding will, now tempered by ARIA's personality. Once ARIA surfaced, she would become the merciless battle goddess she was destined to be.

"Sob... Zytherion, I missed you so much. I... I'm really sorry for putting you through all of that. I really am!"

Aria's voice trembled as she suddenly broke into tears, her face buried in his chest, guilt shattering her heart.

Aengus looked down at her, his expression softening. He brushed a hand through her hair, holding her close.

"It was never your fault, nor mine, Aria," he murmured. "It was someone else's."

As he wrapped his arms around her, comforting her, a silent promise burned within his soul.

This time, they would not fail.

This was no mere declaration.

It was an unbreakable vow—etched into his very existence.

Chapter 428 Aron

[Name: Aengus Degaro]

[Age: 19]

[Title: God Of Void]

[Race: Prime Extremity]

[Power Level: Galactic Firmament-2 (15,000+)

[Occupation: Conqueror]

[Class: Chaos Creator]

[Special Trait: Infinite Mana Regeneration

[Soul: ZERO-ARIA]

[Source Power: Absolute Creation]

[Laws: Void-13%, Space- 100%, Time: 100%, Gravity: 100%, Darkness- 88%, Fire- 100%, Water- 100%, Earth-100%, Wind-100%, Wood- 100%, Metal-100%, Light-100%, Thunder-100%, Life-100%, Death- 100%]

Physical Stats: >

[Strength: 10,000 Star]

[Agility: 10,220 Star]

[Defense: 10,206 Star]

[Origin Mana: 200,000,000,000 / 200,000,060,000]

<Skills:> Stay updated via My Virtual Library Empire

[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)]

After merging with ARIA, Aengus's strength had increased exponentially.

He had gained mastery over all fundamental laws, but above all else, he now wielded the Source Power of Creation—the ultimate force capable of bringing anything into existence.

In return, Aria received immense benefits as well. She could now fully wield all of his power—every last ounce of it—because she was now one with him.

The Authority of Creation was slowly returning to them. Their strength would continue to rise automatically, though full assimilation would take some time.

However, there was one missing piece.

Aengus had yet to find any trace of his Source Power: Ruination.

"Let's go, Aria. We need to get our son back," Aengus said as he stood up, his presence alone enough to shake galaxies.

"Yes, Ethan, let's bring him back at once," Aria agreed, her excitement evident. She hadn't seen her son since giving birth, and her love for him was clear in her gentle expression.

Aengus held her hand, and in the blink of an eye, they disappeared from the spot.

A planet far away from Xenia and the Polaris Domain.

In an open field of golden wheat, bathed in the warm radiance of the summer sun, several people worked tirelessly, harvesting their crops.

Among them, an elderly couple in their fifties carefully cut the wheat, their aged faces wrinkled and glistening with sweat from the hard labor. Though their movements were slow, their resolve was unwavering.

Beside them, a young boy, no older than five or six, worked at an astonishing speed, his small but sturdy frame displaying a strength far beyond that of an ordinary child.

Suddenly, he paused, turning toward the elderly couple with concern in his bright eyes.

"Grandpa, Grandma, I told you not to push yourselves so hard. I can do this alone," the boy said in a sweet yet mature tone.

The elderly couple paused, glancing at the young boy with warmth in their eyes.

"Nonsense," the old man chuckled, wiping the sweat off his forehead. "Aron, This is our land, and it is our duty to work it."

The old woman smiled gently. "You may be strong, but hard work builds character, my dear. Besides, if we don't do anything, how will we pass the time?"

The boy frowned slightly, his bright eyes filled with concern. Though small in stature, his body radiated unusual strength—his speed, endurance, and stamina far exceeded that of an ordinary child.

"But..." Aron hesitated. "You're not as young as before. I don't want you both to get sick."

The elderly man laughed heartily and ruffled the boy's hair. "You're a good child, but don't worry about us. Just having you here makes our days brighter."

The boy smiled faintly, still not entirely convinced.

"Sigh If only I had awakened as a Law Master, then you wouldn't have to work so hard, Grandpa, Grandma," Aron said with a heavy heart. "But unfortunately, I failed to awaken. They said I can't wield Mana or awaken Law Cores."

"Ah, Aron, our sweet grandchild," the elderly couple murmured warmly.

Despite his inability to awaken as a Law Master like others, Aron had brought them more happiness than they could have ever imagined.

But alas...

They were not his biological grandparents, a fact Aron was still unaware of. One fateful day, they had found him outside their home—alone and abandoned.

At the time, he was barely more than a baby, with nothing but a single clue to his identity: a name—Aron.

Initially, they had hesitated. But compassion and sympathy won over as they heard the baby's cry, and they chose to raise the boy as their own.

As he grew, Aron showed no extraordinary talent, except for his exceptional physical strength. He couldn't awaken any Laws and was deemed defective, much like them—ordinary people in a world ruled by the strong.

Yet, the elderly couple wholeheartedly believed that Aron was special.

The mystery surrounding the boy was vast, and they doubted they would ever uncover the truth in their lifetime.

They just hoped to see him settle down somewhere before they passed away—because, in this vast world, he was truly alone.

As if seeing through their thoughts Aron said,

"Don't worry, Grandpa, Grandma. Once I grow up, I will become a knight with the advantage of my physical strength. Just give me some time."

Suddenly, a faint ripple passed through the air.

A feeling, something foreign yet strangely familiar touched his soul. His small body stiffened.

His gaze shot toward the sky, his heart pounding for reasons he couldn't understand.

The elderly couple followed closely, their eyes widening in shock.

Crack, crack

Right before their very eyes, the sky cracked like fragile glass, revealing two divine figures descending from above.

One was a tall man with jet-black hair, clad in majestic imperial robes, his presence exuding absolute dominance.

Beside him stood a woman of unparalleled beauty, draped in golden and white flowing dress. She wore earrings and intricate ornaments and her long hair as radiant as divine light itself.

The extraordinary couple gazed at Aron with tenderness and love.

At that moment, the elderly couple exchanged glances between Aron and the two divine beings. Their eyes widened as they noticed subtle similarities in appearance—the shape of his eyes, the contours of his face, the aura that now seemed almost familiar.

A sinking feeling settled in their hearts.

Was this child they had raised, their source of happiness, about to be taken away from them?

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Chapter 429 Aron (2)

Aengus and Aria landed on the golden field, and without hesitation, Aria ran toward Aron.

She knelt down and embraced him gently, careful not to hurt him. A warmth unlike anything he had ever felt before radiated from her—a soothing, protective presence that made Aron freeze in shock for a moment.

Aengus approached as well, his gaze soft yet filled with depth. He studied the boy's face, taking in every detail, every resemblance. This was his son—their son.

After countless cycles of loss and separation, he was finally a father again.

A profound sense of fulfillment washed over him, but with it came a solemn vow.

No matter what, this time, he would protect their family. No more losses. No more tragedies.

Aron gasped for air, letting out a soft squeal as he tried to wiggle free from the woman's embrace.

"Who are you, miss?" he asked, stepping back cautiously.

She was breathtakingly beautiful—unlike anyone he had ever seen. But more than that, there was something oddly familiar about her. A strange warmth coursed through him, something that whispered of kinship.

His gaze then shifted to the man standing nearby, smiling at him like he had been waiting for this moment forever.

Was the man mad?

Despite his confusion, Aron knew one thing—these two were powerful beyond comprehension. He had to tread carefully.

Aria chuckled, amused by her son's sharp instincts.

"Look, Zytherion, how clever our child is. He definitely inherited his mother's wits," she said proudly.

Aengus—Zytherion—smirked. "Are you calling me a fool, Aria? But hey, look at my son, he's got my hair and my physique."

The elderly couple trembled as they finally found their voices.

"S-Son? What do you mean, my lord and lady?"

Beside them, Aron blinked in shock.

Son?

Had these powerful strangers mistaken him for someone else?

His whole life, he had been told his parents were dead. Yet now, here they were—claiming to be his real parents?

His mind raced. If they were truly his parents, why didn't his grandparents recognize them?

Or... was it possible?

Could he not be their real grandchild after all?

His little head spun with possibilities, but in the end, he turned to the elderly couple.

He had lived with them all his life. He trusted them first.

Yet deep inside, no matter how much he tried to deny it...

He couldn't ignore the strange, undeniable pull toward the divine couple before him.

Aria's voice was warm yet firm as she declared, "I am your real mother, Aron. And he is your father. We have come to take you back."

She wasn't just speaking to Aron—her words were also directed at the elderly couple who had raised him.

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The old couple stiffened, their hands trembling slightly.

They had always known Aron was special. But never in their wildest dreams did they imagine he was the son of gods.

As they glanced between the boy and the divine figures before them, they couldn't deny the resemblance.

He belonged to them.

And with that realization came a deep sadness—the sorrow of impending separation.

The old man cleared his throat, forcing a smile. "Oh, oh... is that so? Why don't we head to our humble abode, my lord, my lady? We can talk there."

Then, as if afraid they might offend, he quickly added, "Don't get us wrong. We just... need to verify some things."

Aron, who had been silent until now, suddenly clenched his fists.

His chest felt heavy. His little heart pounded.

He turned to his grandparents, his voice trembling.

"Grandpa, Grandma... am I really not your real grandchild?"

His big, round eyes were already filled with unshed tears.

After a heavy sigh, they nodded in affirmation.

"Yes, we lied to you, Aron," the old man admitted regrettably.

His wife gently squeezed Aron's small hands, her eyes misty. "You were never our grandchild. We... never had children of our own, unfortunately. But when we found you that day, we decided to raise you as our own."

The old man continued, his voice trembling slightly. "We tried to give you everything you deserved. But our old age and this tiny village... they held us back. We could never give you the life you truly deserved."

Aron's lips trembled, his vision blurring with tears.

"But know this, Aron," his grandmother whispered, pulling him close, her frail hands stroking his black hair. "You were never a stranger to us. You became our light in the darkest days. We couldn't have asked for anything more when you arrived in our lives."

Their voices cracked with raw emotion as they embraced him tightly, as if afraid he would slip away forever.

"No, no! I don't want to go back!" Aron protested, shaking his head. His small fists clenched, his heart unwilling to accept the truth so suddenly.

Aria's expression softened, filled with heartache. "My son, I'm truly sorry for abandoning you... but we had no choice." Her voice wavered, her sorrow evident.

With heavy hearts, they all stepped inside the small wooden house. The room was humble, filled with the scent of aged wood and home-cooked meals. Aengus and Aria sat down, and slowly, they began to explain everything—the reasons behind their choices, the dangers that surrounded Aron's birth, and the sacrifices they had made to keep him safe.

As the elderly couple and Aron listened, their expressions shifted from disbelief to awe. It all sounded like a grand fairytale, something beyond their imagination.

Aron stared at his supposed parents with wide eyes. "You're saying... you rule over thousands of worlds? You're that powerful?" His young mind struggled to grasp the concept.

"Hehe... " Aria chuckled sweetly.

The elderly couple, meanwhile, sat in stunned silence, realizing just how insignificant they were compared to the beings in front of them. No matter what, they wouldn't be able to stop them if they wanted to take Aron back by force.

After a moment of silence, Aron's eyes suddenly lit up with curiosity. "If you're really telling the truth, can you show me some magic?" he asked with childish innocence.

He had always dreamed of becoming a Law Master, but he had never even seen one before. He had only heard stories from the villagers.

Aengus chuckled, ruffling his son's hair. "Why don't you demonstrate for our son, Aria?"

He glanced toward the elderly couple as indicating something.

Aria's lips curled into a mischievous smile. "Oh? You want to see some magic, my dear son? Then watch closely...!"

She lifted her hand, her golden aura flaring with divine brilliance as she prepared to show off before her son.

Chapter 430 Lifespan Increased

Aron's gaze remained fixed on Aria, his mother, anticipation shining in his young eyes. He wanted to witness their power for himself.

This had nothing to do with verifying whether they were truly his parents—deep down, he already knew. He could feel it in his blood, in the warmth of their presence.

If he was honest with himself, he didn't mind having his parents by his side.

His grandfather and grandmother had never neglected him in love; they had given him everything they could. But even so, a part of him had always longed for the love of his real parents.

Every time he saw children his age playing, getting scolded, or held in their parents' arms, he had secretly wished for the same.

And now, that lost wish was finally being fulfilled.

How could he not be happy?

Bzzzzz...

Suddenly, Aria's hand glowed with a radiant green light, stunning Aron.

And in the next moment, he witnessed a miracle.

The luminous energy enveloped the elderly couple, and before his astonished eyes, visible changes took form.

Their once wrinkled, aging faces began regaining a healthy color, their skin smoothing out, their bodies growing stronger. It was as if time itself was reversing.

The effect of the Ultimate Law of Life was in full force—extending their lifespan, restoring them to their youthful prime, back to when they were newly married.

But that wasn't all. It also corrected the defect that had prevented them from having children.

A few seconds later, when the process was complete, the elderly couple was no more.

Instead, a handsome young man with striking white hair and a radiant young woman with long, flowing blue hair stood before them, their features filled with disbelief.

Their once frail bodies now brimmed with vitality, their astonished expressions reflecting the sheer impossibility of what had just happened.

"That's incredible! What kind of Law is that? Can I learn it?" Aron asked eagerly, his small hands already reaching out to touch Aria's glowing arm.

Aria felt the warmth of his touch, and an overwhelming surge of motherly affection filled her heart.

There was nothing more satisfying than hearing her child's admiration and feeling him grow closer to her.

"Of course, my son. If you want to learn, who can stop you?" she said softly, her voice full of warmth.

"Really?" Aron's round eyes sparkled with disbelief, as if it was too good to be true.

"Mm-hm, really," Aria affirmed, gently pulling him onto her lap.

Aron didn't resist, his small frame sinking into his mother's embrace. The warmth and security he felt were unlike anything he had ever known.

"But... Mother, they said I can't wield any Law. What about that?" he asked hesitantly, his voice laced with uncertainty.

Aengus smiled and reached out, his fingers brushing against Aron's soft cheeks.

"They know nothing, my son," he assured him. "Your bloodline was sealed by your mother to keep you safe and hidden from danger. But once we remove it, you'll be able to start practicing anytime."

Aron looked at his father, a man who emanated an aura of mystery and dominance ever since he arrived.

Oh, now I understand. Everything makes more sense now," Aron said in realisation.

"Indeed."

Aengus spoke little, but his love for Aron was evident in his every action.

Aria, on the other hand, was on cloud nine after hearing her son call her "mother" for the first time. The sheer joy of that moment overwhelmed her.

"My son, can you call me mother once more?" she asked, almost pleading.

Aron blinked in confusion but obliged. "Mother... What happened? Why are you crying?"

"No, I'm not crying. I'm just happy," Aria said, quickly wiping away her tears.

"Huh, why am I being left out?" Aengus interjected, a playful smile on his face. "Call me father too."

Aron hesitated for a moment.

To Aengus, that brief pause felt like an eternity. But then, after what seemed like a lifetime, Aron finally looked at him and said sweetly, "I'm sorry... Father!"

His tone was unsure, as if he was still trying to process everything the best way possible.

"No need for sorry, Aron."

Aengus, however, seemed satisfied. A gentle smile spread across his face as he reached out and patted Aron's head.

The elderly couple, now young again, snapped out of their stupor and looked at the warm scene before them. A mix of happiness and lingering sadness filled their hearts.

The boy they had raised for five years would soon be gone. Just like that.

"Thank you for your divine grace, Your Majesty. We cannot express our gratitude enough," the old man—now in his prime—said, trying to keep his emotions in check.

The fair woman with white hair nodded vigorously. "Yes, you can take him away now. And please, take good care of him. He can be really mischievous sometimes."

Aengus observed their expressions, noticing the sadness they were trying to hide.

With a soft smile, he offered, "Mark, Darcia, You two are young and healthy now. If you'd like, you can come with us. Venture outside, explore the realm, and experience life in a new way. Like this, you can visit Aron whenever you want. I'm sure my son would miss you if you stayed here forever."

Aron was so excited by the proposal that he leaped off his mother's lap and exclaimed,

"That would be really great, Father! I'd be able to see Grandpa and Grandma more often!"

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The elderly couple initially wanted to reject the offer. Wandering around in a completely unfamiliar world seemed overwhelming for them.

But seeing the excitement on Aron's face, they hesitated.

Sensing their hesitation, Aron faked a cry. "Why, Grandpa, Grandma... do you not want to see me anymore? Have I already become a stranger to you?"

"Ah..."

The couple was immediately struck with guilt and exchanged glances before sighing in defeat.

"No, of course not, Aron. We love you dearly," the old ma said sincerely.

His wife nodded. "Don't be sad, dear. We'll go with you and spend time together time to time."

Aengus and Aria smiled, pleased with their response.

And now, the time for their departure was near.