

REINCARNATED WITH THREE UNIQUE SKILLS

Chapter 431 Depart

However, before their departure, Aron wanted to visit his friends one last time.

So Aengus and Aria decided to accompany him, changing their clothing to match that of ordinary villagers while keeping their faces the same.

As they walked along the main village road, the villagers were surprised and awed by their presence. Find your next adventure on [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

They looked like a perfect family—Aron was seated on Aengus' shoulders, while Aria walked beside them, her hand intertwined with Aengus'.

A gentle smile graced Aria's face as she took in the peaceful countryside view. The pure natural energy thrived here, creating a healthy and serene environment for living.

Villagers glanced at them with admiration and curiosity, but there was no malice—only envy for having such a happy family.

When Aria had chosen this world for her son's safekeeping, it was because of its simplicity and friendliness.

But of course the world was not entirely without hardship, but compared to others, it was relatively peaceful, untouched by the chaos of galactic civilizations.

Soon, they arrived at an open ground resembling a playground, where a few children were sparring with wooden swords while others played on the other side.

As the trio stepped onto the yellow earth, everyone paused, their eyes involuntarily drawn to them.

Though not visible, the couple's presence was palpable. Somehow, the villagers could sense that these two were extraordinary beings.

Then their eyes fell on Aron's face, and some immediately recognized him.

Aron was well-known for his exceptional physical strength, making him the strongest among his peers.

His friends, along with a few other curious children, gathered around, intrigued by the unfamiliar yet strikingly majestic figures accompanying him.

Several adults who were supervising the sparring sessions also approached, curious about the unexpected visitors.

As Aron jumped down from Aengus' shoulder, his friends hesitantly stepped forward, gathering their courage.

They were a group of three boys and one girl, all dressed in simple tunics. One of the boys wore only short pants, his bare skin glistening under the hot sun.

Despite their sweat-drenched faces, their curiosity remained undiminished. They couldn't take their eyes off the two elegant yet simple figures standing tall beside Aron.

One of the boys, slightly taller than the rest, finally spoke,

"Aron, who are these people? They look somehow different."

Aron announced proudly, "They are my real parents, Ron. They have come to take me back to a faraway place. That's why I came to say goodbye to you all."

Ron and the other three were stunned by the news.

"Your parents? I heard they were dead. Where did they come from all of a sudden? What's going on, Aron?" the little girl asked, voicing what was on everyone's mind.

"There's a big story behind it, Tara. Maybe one day, I can tell you everything," Aron replied.

"For how long will you be gone, Aron?" she asked anxiously.

Aron looked at their faces and answered with uncertainty, "I... don't know... Maybe when we all grow up... Or maybe never..."

He looked at his father for support.

Aengus didn't disappoint.

He looked at his son's friends and said calmly, "Kids, don't worry. He will come back one day in the near future, I assure you." He patted their heads, finding their characters likable.

At the same time, he bestowed a small blessings upon them—one that would awaken gradually and help them to grow stronger. He wanted to make sure they stayed safe until the day they could meet his son again.

After all, he didn't want Aron to feel sad when he returned, only to find out his childhood friends were all gone.

In that situation Aron would blame him for sure.

Hearing Aengus' words, the children felt a strange warmth wash over them. They didn't understand what he had done.

Ron clenched his fists, his determination igniting. "Then, Aron, you better come back strong! We'll all train hard so that when you return, we can have a real fight!"

Tara, on the other hand, wiped her eyes quickly, trying to hide her sadness. "You better not forget us, Aron!" she pouted.

Aron felt a lump in his throat but forced a grin. "How could I forget you guys? You're my best friends after all."

The other two boys, who had been silent, finally nodded. "We'll be waiting," one of them said.

Aria watched the scene with warmth in her heart. Her son was truly loved here. She exchanged a glance with Aengus, who nodded slightly. This village had been good to their child.

"Greetings! HELLO! You must be Aron's parents," one of the adults introduced themselves while glancing at the duo.

Aria nodded. "Yes, we are. Thank you for taking care of our son all these years."

The adults felt embarrassed by the over compliment. "No, no. We don't deserve such praise. We haven't done much, actually.

But I must say,

Though Aron doesn't have any Law Cores, your boy has great potential for physical strength—just like his father," they said, glancing at Aengus's explosive muscles hidden beneath his robes.

Aengus smiled faintly.

"Hahaha..." Aria let out a chuckle at that.

Then she paused.

"Anyway, we must say goodbye to you all," she said gently. Her melodious laughter touched their hearts, as soothing as nature itself.

Aron took a deep breath and stepped forward, giving each of his friends a firm handshake—his way of saying goodbye.

Then, with a final wave, he turned back to his parents. It was time to leave.

His friends and fellow villagers watched their departing figures, unable to shake the feeling that they had stood beside someone truly extraordinary.

After their goodbyes, Aengus swiftly transported everyone to the Kievan Continent, millions of light-years away in an instant.

Aron and his grandparents saw a flash of chaotic light pass before their eyes.

Aron closed them instinctively, and when he was told to open them, he was greeted by a sight that left him in awe.

A massive structure made of stone, concrete, and other exalted materials he had never seen before.

A massive palace.

Aron, Mark, and Darcia was speechless as they experienced such grandeur for the first time.

"This is our home, Aron," Aria said with a smile. "Do you like it?"

Aron was in her arms, his gaze fixed on the massive golden palace as he mumbled naively, "I don't know, Mother. But it's a little too big for me."

Aengus said,

"You will get used to it, my son. You're the prince of this empire, so hold your head high. Don't feel inferior because you don't have Laws yet—once we remove the seal, you will become stronger than any ordinary person. But you must never be arrogant or disrespect your elders. A true prince always presents himself with honor and valor."

"A prince?"

His father's words echoed in Aron's mind.

"That's right, I am a prince. I can't cower away. I have to make everyone proud."

"You're right, Father. I will be an honorable prince," Aron said, clenching his little fists, his round eyes burning fiercely like his father's.

Then, Aria intervened.

"But of course, those who disrespect you or try to harm you should never be spared—just like your father," she added gently, glancing at Aengus.

Aron blinked.

"Like my father? What exactly did Father do, Mother?"

Aria chuckled at Aron's innocent curiosity and glanced at Aengus playfully.

"Well, your father was quite famous for handling his enemies... ruthlessly," she said with a smirk.

Aengus crossed his arms and smiled. "Your mother is exaggerating. I only did what was necessary to protect my family and empire. A ruler cannot be soft-hearted in the face of threats."

Aron's eyes sparkled with fascination. "So, father is really strong?"

Aengus ruffled his son's hair. "Of course. And soon, you will be strong too. But remember, true strength is not just about power—it's about knowing when to use it."

Aron nodded seriously, absorbing his father's words.

Aria smiled warmly, feeling proud of her son's determination. "Come, let's go inside. Your new life begins today, my little prince."

With that, they flew forward, entering the grand palace through the gate.

Mark, Darcia quietly followed, not wanting to ruin their reunion. Though they were genuinely happy to see Aron with such powerful parents, but they were a little worried about his safety as well.

As soon as they crossed the gate, greeted by the respectful bows of the guards, Aron and was met with an even more astonishing sight.

A long red carpet stretched all the way to the entrance, and people—both small and grand—stood on either side, eagerly awaiting the prince's arrival.

The moment they saw the trio's figures—

Cheers and laughter erupted, creating a grand symphony to welcome the new prince.

The five people landed on the red carpet.

"Can you walk on your own, Aron?" Aengus asked, as if testing his son's courage and bravery.

Aron blinked, his gaze sweeping over the thousands of people, all radiating powerful auras that felt overwhelming.

Then, at the very end of the carpet, his eyes landed on a woman standing with a gentle, happy expression. Her belly was slightly swollen.

She was breathtakingly beautiful—just like his mother.

For a brief moment, curiosity flickered in his mind about her identity.

But right now, she wasn't important. His father's words echoed in his ears.

For some reason, he didn't want to disappoint him.

So, he said resolutely, "Yes, Father. Mother. I can walk alone. I must be brave."

"Go on, Aron. We are right behind you." Mark said crouching down to cheer him up.

"Yes, Grandpa."

Clenching his little fists, he took a step forward, suppressing the fear in his small heart.

"Zytherion!" Aria glared at Aengus. "Is it really necessary to put so much pressure on him during his first homecoming? I could have accompanied him you know."

Aengus remained unfazed. "What? I didn't force him. But don't you see? He's going to make it for sure. He is my son, after all."

"Hmph..." Aria snorted in response, showing an angry look.

Then, in a blink, she disappeared from the spot, appearing before someone she was excited to meet.

Aengus followed her, appearing at the very end of the red carpet with Mark and Darcia by their side as well.

As Aron slowly walked forward, Aria embraced Bella, who now stood with a swollen belly.

"Sister Bella, it's so nice seeing you again. And I'm sorry for what I did to you two last time."

Bella smiled warmly, returning the hug. "Aria, you don't have to apologize. We always knew you had your reasons. What matters is that your son is alive and here with us today. We should all feel happy for that.."

She had already been informed of everything happened between Aria and Aengus.

As for Aron, their first son's arrival, she was not displeased at all. Rather she was relieved and happy.

For a long time it weighed down on her mind, feeling guilt and sympathy. But now seeing Aengus' firstborn alive and well, she Couldn't be more happy.

Meanwhile, Mark and Darcia's eyes remained fixed on Aron, worry flickering in them.

Aengus glanced at them, feeling a deep appreciation for the couple. Even after regaining their youth, their love and concern for his son had not lessened.

But there was nothing to worry about. His eyes—and those of his powerful subordinates—were always on the little prince.

His gaze then shifted to Bella, whose belly had grown since the last time he had seen her.

It had been five months since the battle that had shaken space and time.

He could go back in time, but then... he wouldn't have his son.

So there was nothing he could do at the moment.

Even beings as powerful as them had to accept certain realities.

They were merely catalysts.

Laws moved at their own rhythm and followed their own rules.

Sure, he could slow down or accelerate the baby's growth or her's. But what would be the point of living then?

They could just make a baby making factory if they continued to do as they wish.

So that's what life was: To live today, but not forgetting the past and future.

Aengus stepped forward and gently caressed Bella's belly.

"Bella, are you doing fine? How is the child?" he asked softly.

Bella glanced up at him, a knowing smile playing on her lips as if she could read his thoughts.

Your next chapter awaits on [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

But then she pouted.

"Look at you, acting all concerned now. Now that you have your own son, do you not want this one anymore?" she teased mischievously.

Aengus frowned, displeased. "Don't ever say that, Bella. I know you're joking, but even in jokes, don't speak as if I don't care about my children. There's no one else who cares about them more than I do."

Chapter 433 Imperial Prince Aron

Bella was shocked by the sudden seriousness in Aengus' tone.

She was being berated.

But instead of feeling angry or unwilling, she found herself appreciating Aengus even more.

Something had changed within him—something that made him more serious and protective. And yet, she wasn't sure what it was.

"Don't speak so loud, Zytherion. Look, you're startling Sister Bella, and it could affect the baby's health," Aria scolded sternly, her tone carrying the weight like of a protective elder sister.

Aengus paused, glancing at his two wives with speechlessness.

Were these two women going to stand united against him?

But he knew they weren't truly angry.

Smirking, he shot Aria a mischievous look—one that promised she wouldn't get away with this so easily tonight in bed.

Aria immediately sensed trouble.

Though she couldn't read his mind entirely like he could hers, she could read his facial expressions.

And right now, that smirk spelled danger.

Her face turned red, her body heating up slightly.

Meanwhile, Bella turned her attention toward the other couple standing nearby.

"So, you must be Mark and Darcia?" she said warmly.

"Oh, y-yes, yes, my lady," they turned back, slightly flustered.

"Don't be so nervous, elders." Bella smiled. "Anyway, thank you for taking care of Aron all these years. We truly appreciate it. Please, stay with us as long as you want. No one will dare say a thing," she declared, her third eye easily perceiving their true age.

"Ah, oh, okay," they stammered, trying to relax their stiff posture.

They had been feeling as if they were sitting on pins and needles this whole time. After all, they were just mortals.

Afterward, everyone's attention turned toward the little boy who was bravely making his way through thousands of powerful individuals.

Even though they weren't releasing their auras, their sheer presence alone was enough to intimidate any ordinary child.

Yet, Aron continued forward, his small figure unwavering.

"Welcome back!"

"Welcome home, Imperial Prince Aron!"

"Isn't the little prince so beautiful and handsome?"

"Yes, just like his father and mother."

Amid the excited murmurs, several figures stood out—Sen, Sienna, Quin, Drake, Yona, and even the three great generals were all present to welcome the little prince home.

Thud!

"Ouch!"

Suddenly, the little prince tripped due to nervousness.

But none dared to intervene—this was a test of courage for the boy who could one day become the next heir.

Aron quickly stood up, dusted off his clothes, and looked around with his big, curious eyes.

Feeling everyone's attention on him, he became a little embarrassed.

However, instead of laughter or ridicule, all he saw were expressions of encouragement.

"Come on, Aron! You can do it, my son!" Aria shouted, her voice filled with warmth and support.

Hearing his mother's encouragement, his little heart steadied. His steps became firmer, his posture more confident.

Aria smiled proudly as she watched her son cross the red carpet, passing the test with flying colors.

"Congratulations, my prince!"

"Well done, little highness!"

"You are a brave young man!"

The cheers of excitement and joy filled the air, reaching Aron's heart and filling it with a deep sense of accomplishment.

With innocent eyes, he turned to his parents and asked, "Did I make you proud, Father, Mother?"

"Huh?"

Aengus looked at the scene and felt a wave of nostalgia wash over him.

"What am I doing?"

He was reminded of his own biological father from this incarnation—the man who had done the same thing to him in the past.

And now, unknowingly, he was repeating history.

He was forcing his will upon his own child, just as Augustus had once done to him.

With this realization came a deep, gnawing guilt that weighed heavily on his heart.

Bang!

He instantly knelt down, shocking everyone.

The mighty Emperor—who had never bowed to any man, no matter how powerful—was now kneeling before a small child.

How astonishing was that?

A hushed silence fell over the crowd as they watched, disbelief written across their faces.

Aengus' voice was Heavy with emotion as he spoke, "I am sorry, my son. Truly sorry."

"For what, father?" Aron asked, confused.

Aengus' usually strong voice wavered as he answered,

"For forcing my will upon you, son... My own father did the same to me, and it broke my heart time and time again. His overwhelming expectations—just like mine now—strained our relationship beyond repair.

I don't want that to happen between us, Aron."

Aengus looked into his son's wide, innocent eyes, his own filled with sincerity and remorse.

"Can you forgive your father?

"You can be whatever you like. I won't force you into anything."

Aria and Bella's voices trembled, as if they could feel the weight of his guilt in their own hearts.

They realized just how much pain he had been hiding behind his strong, unshakable exterior.

Aron gazed into his father's dark, emotionless eyes—eyes that now radiated guilt and shame.

At first, he had been hesitant to fully accept this man as his father.

But now, seeing his sincerity, Aron's heart softened.

Yes, he had been a little forceful, but deep down, he was a good man.

A great man.

A father who truly cared.

So, without hesitation, Aron shook his tiny head.

"Please don't lower your head before me, Father. You didn't do anything wrong.

You're the best father I could ever have."

His small voice carried a surprising depth of maturity as he continued,

"I want to make you proud of me from now on."

His little hands clenched into fists, determination burning in his round eyes.

"Then, I am already proud, Aron," Aengus said.

Only then did he stood up, feeling gratified as he gently patted his son's head.

A wave of excited faces approached them—his most trusted subordinates.

Quin stepped forward first, outpacing the others in enthusiasm.

"Hello, my prince! I am Quin AxelCrest, your father's first commandment. It's truly an honor to meet you."

Aron blinked up at the tall, imposing man before him.

"H-Hello!" he replied, his tiny voice carrying a hint of nervousness.

He reached out and shook Quin's large hand with his small one, his grip firm despite his size. Read latest chapters at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

The others chuckled at his innocence and followed suit, each introducing themselves in turn.

Aron, unfamiliar with the fancy formalities of high nobility, simply greeted them all with a polite, "Hello!"

His simplicity and sincerity earned him fond smiles from those around him.

Chapter 434 New Allies Incoming

After the simple homecoming ceremony, Aron, Mark, and Darcia were settled down in the Imperial Palace.

The palace was vast, with many empty chambers, so finding a place for Mark and Darcia was not an issue. They planned to leave once they became familiar with this new world they had been brought into.

Meanwhile, Aria and Bella excitedly accompanied Aron.

Aron had already guessed the other woman's relationship with his father, but he still turned to his mother and asked quietly as they walked down the hallway,

"Mother, who is she?"

Though he spoke in a whisper, Bella heard him clearly.

She let out a soft chuckle and explained with a smile, "She is Bella Bellfrost, your second mother. You can call her 'Second Mother' or 'Aunty,' whichever you prefer."

Bella's ears perked up, anticipation running through her as she eagerly waited for Aron to address her.

"Oh, okay then. I will call her 'Second Mother,'" Aron said thoughtfully.

"Good, son! But why don't you start right away? Call her this instant," Aria encouraged, still holding him in her arms like a little baby.

"Right now?"

"Yes."

Aron hesitated for a moment, then looked at Bella with a bashful expression. Gathering his courage, he sweetly called out, "Second Mother, you look so beautiful."

His round eyes sparkled with innocence as he spoke.

Bella's heart melted instantly.

She gasped softly, then laughed, covering her mouth in delight. "Oh my, Aron! You really know how to make a woman happy."

She reached forward and gently pinched his chubby cheek. "You're such a sweet boy. Come here, let your second mother give you a hug!"

Aron giggled as Bella embraced him warmly.

Aria watched the scene unfold with a proud smile. "Well, well, it seems my son already knows how to charm the ladies. Unlike his father."

Aron pouted. "I was just being honest, Mother."

Bella chuckled and ruffled his hair. "Honesty is the best trait, my little prince."

"What is this, Second Mother? Am I going to have another sibling?" Aron asked, his attention turning to her belly.

Bella nodded. "Indeed, Aron. I see you are a smart boy."

"Hehe, it's nothing much. I've seen a lot in my village."

"Ohh, then you must tell us stories about your village. Your mother and I would love to hear them."

"Sure! But where is Father? Doesn't he want to listen to my stories?"

Aria answered calmly, "He is busy, Aron. He has a lot of work managing other territories and worlds. We should not disturb him. He will join us when he is free."

"Oh, yes! And don't forget, your seal will be broken today, and you will finally be able to start practicing Laws and other abilities."

Aron's eyes gleamed with excitement. "Yes! I've been waiting for this, Mother!"

"Okay, for now, let's find you your room," Aria said with a smile.

--

Aengus was currently in a meeting with higher officials.

Grand Commander Hog, the Imperial Protectors, three generals—Quin, Sen, and Sienna—along with Albert, Belial, and a few others were present alongside him.

Drake, Astrid, Ashter, and Yona were missing, probably on their way to reunite with Aria.

Aengus looked at them and asked, "So, is there any good news while I was away?"

General Leon answered respectfully, "Yes, Your Majesty. Emperor Kalix has proposed surrender after witnessing our growing army, which now consists of hundreds of thousands of Star Dominators.

Felix, Martin, Quin, Sen, Sienna, Drake, and I have all reached the peak of Star Dominator rank after waging war against the Blue Moon Empire. Sensing the overwhelming odds, Emperor Kalix and his army surrendered to us."

"Oh, that's good to hear. Call him at once. I would like to meet him once."

"Yes, your majesty. I have already informed him, he will be here shortly." Sen replied.

"Okay, Anything else?"

"Yes," Hog added. "We have successfully recreated five more Heaven-Class battleships in these past months, Your Majesty."

"Excellent! What about the other two Empires?" Aengus asked after giving his praise.

Hog continued,

"Unfortunately, they have joined forces, Your Majesty. We are now up against two of the most formidable Empires—Temporal Empire and Dark Ferals Empire. Their numbers exceed ours, and they possess a Divine-Class battleship as well. Experience more content on My Virtual Library Empire

However, we are confident we can win if we give our all. But that would mean an all-out war, which could endanger our own territories due to other nearby Domains. That is why we have been awaiting your return, Your Majesty."

"You have done a commendable job, Grand Commander. Attacking two Empires consisting of over 40,000 worlds would have burned you out at some point, which could have led to endangering the Empress' life. Your leadership is praiseworthy. And all of you as well." Aengus said, showing his appreciation to those present.

"For this, I will bestow you with some gifts!" he announced with a mysterious edge.

His subordinates were all excited at the mention of gifts.

Quin couldn't hide his excitement as he asked, "What kind of gifts, Your Majesty?"

"You will all know this evening at my son's awakening ceremony. It could be wealth, territories, titles, or even strength and talent—whatever you desire."

Everyone's eyes shone upon hearing this.

It was too tempting to ignore, especially coming straight from the Emperor.

They had no doubt about his claims, as they were somewhat aware of his mysterious capabilities.

Sienna suddenly interjected, raising her beautiful hand.

"That's all well and good, Your Majesty. But what are we going to do about those two empires? They seem to be getting more restless these days," she said, looking straight into his eyes.

Aengus smirked. "Don't worry about it, Sienna. They are just bugs. Very soon, you will see a force joining under our banner. With their participation, you will be able to crush them easily."

"New allies? Who are they?" she continued to ask.

The others were also curious.

Aengus answered simply, "The Celestial Empire."

"What?!"

Instantly, everyone rose from their seats, as if finding it unbelievable.

Chapter 435 Invitation To All Kings

"Your Majesty, by Celestial Empire, do you mean the one whose subjects worship the Creation Goddess and have hundreds of thousands of worlds as their territories?" Hog asked, trembling.

Aengus answered nonchalantly, "Yes, that's the one. They will join the Kievan Empire and form a unified new empire named: the Prime Empire."

The change of the empire's name was not what was on the protectors' minds right now.

They were in disbelief at the fact that the Celestial Empire—the highly advanced and developed Celestial Empire from the Central Domains of the Primal Realm—would join them.

The Celestial Empire, as its name suggested, was home to Angels, Devas, Fairies, Seraphs, and other holy lifeforms who had gathered to create an unstoppable empire. It had reigned for eons throughout the Primal Realm as one of the seven great empires in the vast Central Region.

Their legends and beliefs in the Creation Goddess had made their land powerfully blessed, where talents flourished and the Laws thrived. Extremely So.

And now, they heard that their Ruler was now the Emperor of that Empire as well.

How astonishing was that? Just what had happened in these past months?

Read the latest on [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

Moreover, wasn't it known that there was no absolute ruler of the Celestial Empire except the unseen Creation Goddess?

"Your Majesty... How? How did you make them surrender to you?" Protector Kirin asked, barely containing the excitement bubbling inside him.

Aengus looked at them and answered, "There's a big story involved. Your Empress Aria was the Empress of that Empire until she decided to hand it over to me. So yeah, you could say I received it as a dowry..." he chuckled at the end.

"Empress Aria was their ruler all this time?" Suddenly, recognition dawned on them, and they realized a mind-blowing revelation.

"She is the Creation Goddess." The protectors and others muttered, practically shaking to the core after learning the biggest secret of their vast primal realm.

General Leon and others, unaware of the secrets of the Celestial Empire, were confused.

They sought explanations from the protectors.

Upon learning everything from them, they too froze in realization.

So, Empress Aria was the incarnation of the Creation Goddess all along.

Though the Celestial Empire's beliefs in the Creation were not widely accepted, no one could deny that there was some truth to their beliefs.

How fortunate they were to have the chance to stay by the side of such an extraordinary figure.

What was even more astonishing was that their Emperor was the husband of the Creation Goddess herself.

Just what kind of force was capable of achieving that?

They were well aware of the recent scuffle between the couple.

They realized there were still some secrets between them that they were not yet aware of.

"That's... incredible."

Step, step, step...

Just then, hurried footsteps echoed, and a figure in blue robes entered the hall, worry etched across his handsome face.

"Greetings, Your Highness!"

He instantly knelt before Aengus, his head striking the hard, cold floor ruthlessly.

Aengus' eyes narrowed as he studied the man before him.

"Oh, so you're Emperor Kalix, the one who dared to intrude on my territory," he said darkly.

"Ah, I... I am sorry. I am really sorry, Your Excellency. My dog eyes couldn't see through your excellence and power. Please punish me," he said earnestly, never lifting his head.

"Very well, I see you're quite obedient. I like it," Aengus muttered with a faint smile.

"Lift your head!"

"Y-Yes, Your Excellency."

Kalix sighed in relief before standing up, his long blue hair falling straight down his back.

"You know what to do from now on, right?" Aengus asked.

Kalix's eyes were sincere as he realized the true depth of Aengus' power.

Just a single gesture from the man could kill him instantly.

He wanted to live for a purpose, so he surrendered wholeheartedly, knowing full well that showing fake royalty would only spell disaster for him.

"Yes, Your Excellency. I will kill anyone who stands in your way, and I will never yield to anyone else. Never."

"Those are some bold words from a man who surrendered before losing the war, Kalix," General Martin said mockingly.

Though Martin was not a Nebula Powerhouse like Kalix, he mocked without hesitation, knowing he had the backing of their Emperor.

Kalix dared not retort.

He lowered his head and answered, "My words cannot convey the depth of my loyalty, I know that. But trust me, from now on, I will serve you wholeheartedly and your generations to come—even in death," he said sincerely.

After staying in custody for a while, he had learned the absolute truth.

The man before him was a miracle among miracles.

He could grant him what he wished for the most in his life.

For that reason, he had decided to serve this man—to make sure his wish might come true one day.

He wanted to bring back his dead daughter, who had been killed by an assassin during his ascension.

Though he had punished the culprits, he could never forget the guilt and regret of losing his only, dearest daughter.

Aengus had already seen through his thoughts, and he didn't mind.

After all, desire and heartfelt wishes were the keys to absolute obedience.

As for punishment, stripping away his army and his rule over 15,000+ life worlds was enough.

From there, their meeting went on until evening fell.

The Imperial Palace was illuminated with bright, multicolored lights, spreading a festive atmosphere throughout the Kievan continent.

However, only the top powerhouses among his subordinates were invited to the awakening ceremony.

The influential aristocrats and kings of various worlds were also invited, but only those who could reach the palace in time would be granted the chance to attend the ceremony.

Thus, it became a race against time—a race to earn favor and strengthen ties with the Imperial family.

The nearest invitees would have no trouble arriving on time.

Now, it was only a matter of seeing what the others were capable of.