

REINCARNATED WITH THREE UNIQUE SKILLS

Chapter 441 Arrival Of the Celestials!

Late at night.

Aengus found himself in a dilemma about whom should he accompany tonight?

On one hand, bonding between Aria and Aron was important, but on the other hand, Bella was in a sensitive period of pregnancy. She was equally needed attention.

As a solution, Aengus first accompanied Aria and Aron until their son fell asleep. Then, he went to the room next door to spend the rest of the night with Bella.

"So, hubby, you're going to the Realm of the Dead? Can you tell me what that realm is like? Does reincarnation truly exist for other souls?"

Aengus caressed her hair gently.

"There's nothing special, actually. You would be absolutely bored to death. But of course, reincarnation exists for others as well. However, finding a specific soul amidst infinity is difficult—though not for your husband," he replied with a chuckle.

"Bella, do you have someone you want to bring back to life?"

Bella answered,

"No, I have no one. I'm just curious about how the Underworld works. Don't brush me off with a casual answer. Tell me in detail. You wouldn't take me there anyway, so I deserve at least this much, for now," she demanded, her curiosity burning inside her.

Aengus sighed with a soft chuckle.

"Alright, alright, since my wife insists, I'll tell you," he said indulgently.

"The Realm of the Dead, or as some call it, the Underworld, is a vast, endless domain filled with different layers and sections. It's not just one place. It's a system, an entire plane of existence where the souls of the deceased gather from not just our primal realm, but others as well."

Bella's eyes sparkled with curiosity. "Ohh, It's hard to imagine, but go on, husband."

Aengus continued with a voice that carried ancient wisdom.

"At the lowest level, there are the Lost Souls; those who wander aimlessly, unable to reincarnate due to unresolved karma or being trapped by powerful beings. Then, there are the Judicators, who assess the worth of a soul, deciding its next fate—whether to be reborn, sent to paradise, or cast into eternal suffering."

Bella shivered ever so slightly. "Ohh..That sounds really terrifying. And what about reincarnation? Is it occurs randomly?"

In reponse, Aengus shook his head.

"Not entirely. Reincarnation follows a balance. Strong souls have a higher chance of returning with their past talents and memories, while weaker ones dissolve and start anew. But powerful figures like the Adjudicator can manipulate this process, choosing where and how a soul is reborn."

Bella frowned. "That means... some people could be prevented from ever returning? That's unexpected."

Aengus nodded solemnly. "Exactly. That's how it works, My wife. Some souls are sealed away, never to return to the cycle of life. And some... well, they're erased entirely."

"Gulp!"

"And you're going there to meet the Adjudicator? Are you sure it's not a trap? You said your strength had not returned yet."

Aengus smirked. "Even if it is, who else but me could confront him? Besides, he wouldn't dare. We have past history after all."

Bella just sighed in praying motion. "I hope everything goes fine, husband. You and Aria had suffered too much already."

Aengus just chuckled as pulled her into his warm embrace.

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The next morning, Aron joined his newly appointed teachers in an open field to begin his Law practice.

He started from the most fundamental basics, yet even those teachings felt profound, far beyond the grasp of ordinary people.

Meanwhile, the Kievan Imperial Army was making preparations for the grand merger with the Celestial Empire. This union would give birth to a new, unified empire: The Prime Empire, with Aengus as its sole sovereign at the helm.

Amid these historic changes, Aengus busied himself with various trivial tasks, tying up loose ends before his imminent departure to the Underworld.

Back in the Underground Crafting City, Aengus synthesized two more Divine-Class Battleships for his army.

Not only that, but he secretly created two additional battleships using his Creation Power, expending billions of mana in the process.

The existence of these two hidden battleships was known only to the highest-ranking officials. They were meant to be deployed only in dire circumstances—a final trump card.

In total, the empire now possessed five Divine-Class Battleships, enough to sweep through entire galaxies one after another. Continue reading at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

And this was just one part of their strength.

The Celestial Empire had Divine-Class ships of their own. Once their forces were combined, the Temporals and Dark Ferals Empire wouldn't stand a chance.

Yet, despite his power, Aengus knew he couldn't give his subjects too much of an advantage.

All creations were equal in his eyes, much like his own children. They should not be treated unfairly.

He wasn't empowering them for his conquest, not anymore.

Because very soon, he would transcend this universe and beyond.

At that point, the game of conquering would hold no meaning to him; unless there was something beyond the Omniverse left to explore.

In his infinite years of existence, he wasn't sure if such a place even existed.

But if it did...He would like to explore it.

However before that, he would kill that entity. It wasn't just a matter of resolve, it was an absolute fact.

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Hours passed under the watchful eyes of many, filled with anticipation.

Finally, the moment had arrived.

As Aron practiced with his sword after drilling through the basics of Laws, suddenly, his gaze was drawn to the sky.

Beside him, Black and White also looked up, their expressions filled with a deep longing as if they truly missed the world of the living for long.

Above the Kievan continent, multiple planets appeared—almost five dozen—living, breathing planets in their visage.

They stationed in orbit, anchored through invisible chains amidst empty space.

They were filled with lifeforms, and they were extremely strong.

"They are here!" Aria muttered, with the bearing of a ruler.

Aengus, Aria, and Bella stood on the ground as they were waiting for their descent alongside his subordinates.

Chapter 442 The First Hell

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Very soon, hundreds of battleships descended upon the Kievan Continent, among which ten were Heaven-Class battleships and two were Divine-Class battleships.

The Divine-Class battleships were significantly heavier, but this posed no problem for the Dual Continent, as its mass had been strengthened by Aengus.

From the battleships emerged thousands upon thousands of radiant holy lifeforms. Some were as small as fairies, others resembled angels and holy spirits, while some were massive Devas with multiple arms.

They all quickly knelt before Aria and Aengus, their eyes gleaming with fanatical devotion as they found themselves in the presence of their creator—their God.

Aengus gazed at the kneeling celestial beings domineeringly.

Aria stood beside him, her presence radiating equal authority.

Bella, watching from the side, just remained silent.

A golden-armored figure stepped forward, his six wings folded behind Aria.

"Your Excellency, Creation Goddess, is this the man to whom you wish to hand over the Celestial Empire?" he asked respectfully, his tone half-doubtful.

"Yes. Is there a problem? He is the God of Creation now. Treat him as you treated me," Aria ordered strictly, her authority absolute. Her command was not to be defied.

The golden-armored Archangel flinched upon receiving confirmation.

He looked at the tall man with black hair, clad in an imperial robe, his presence palpable, as if he held galaxy-level power within his grasp.

Feeling the growing pressure from Aengus, every Celestial gasped.

"So, it's true. We have a new God of Creation..."

"Indeed, and he is incredibly powerful. I can sense all laws within him."

"He is the God of Creation."

"Your Excellency, Supreme Creator, we have arrived as commanded. The Celestial Empire stands ready for unification."

Aengus nodded. "Rise, Celestials."

The Golden armoured Archangel named Seraphis rose and spoke, "The Celestial Empire has mobilized some of its forces. The 48 planetary strongholds are secured. The army consists of 12 billion Apostles, 5 million Elite Apostles, 300 thousands Divine Ascendants, and 500 Overlords. We await further orders."

He spoke about the ranks within the Celestial Empire. In essence, their forces comprised 12 billion Sky Dominators, 5 million World Dominators, 300,000 Star Dominators, and 500 Nebula Dominators.

Hearing this, the generals and Kievans were shocked by the sheer numbers. The Celestial Empire's forces were already twice their own, yet this was not even the full strength of the empire.

The Celestial Empire was truly a dominant force in the Primal Realm. And why wouldn't it be, when it controlled hundreds of thousands of lifeworlds?

However, the selection of higher officials was strictly based on their unwavering faith in the Creation Goddess.

Aria spoke next. "Seraphis, Michael, Have the integration process begin immediately. Ensure smooth governance between both empires. And was there any resistance?"

"Minimal, your excellency," Michael, an Archangel like Seraphis, replied. "But all the nobles will submit soon. They understand resistance is futile before your divine will."

Aengus turned to his generals. "Leon, Martin, Felix oversee the merger. Ensure efficiency and no internal conflicts. Keep watch on the rude children."

General Leon bowed. "It will be done, Your Majesty."

Quin cracked his knuckles. "Leave it to us, you majesty. If anyone dares disrupt the order, they'll regret it."

From the distant, Black and White observed silently. Aron, standing beside them, absorbed everything with curiosity and awe.

Aengus turned to look at Black and White.

Now that the merging of the Prime Empire had begun, it was finally time for him to leave for the Underworld.

Time passed, and evening fell.

Aengus stood in a hallway, but he was not alone.

Aria, Bella, Black, and White stood before him.

"Stay safe, and come back quickly, husband," Bella said softly.

"Don't worry, Bella. Aria is with you—she will know my whereabouts even in the Underworld," Aengus reassured her gently.

Bella looked at Aria for confirmation.

Aria nodded in affirmation. "It's true, Sister Bella. We are now connected as one."

Her tone was calm, but Bella couldn't shake the feeling that there was a hint of flaunting in her words.

However, all of her thoughts vanished as Aengus placed a light kiss on her cheek.

Turning to Aria, he spoke, "Aria, take care of Aron and the Empire, will you?"

"Yes, I will. But be back quickly—Aron will miss you," Aria replied, accepting the responsibility while savoring his touch, even if it was only for a second.

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"I will miss you all. Hopefully, this ends quickly," Aengus said with a hint of apology in his voice.

"Your Excellency, should we accompany you?" Black and White asked.

"No, I can go alone. Stay here and keep my son company. Teach him everything he needs to know."

"As you wish, Your Excellency," they replied in unison.

Buzz, buzz!

Aengus' form started to fluctuate, as if he were disappearing from reality completely.

This was no simple travel from one place to another. He was about to enter the Infinite Dimension of the Dead Realm—a place far beyond the Universes, the Multiverse, and all realities.

To go there, there was only one way: by dying.

But that absolute rule did not apply to Aengus.

With the authority of Creation Extremity, he could bring his physical body into the Realm of the Dead—a feat not even achievable by the Adjudicator himself.

Plop!

With a smile Aengus disappeared from everyone's eyes.

The Realm of the Dead.

A place where Heaven and Hell coexisted—an endless domain of suffering and happiness intertwined.

In a particular section, a vast blackened land stretched endlessly under a blood-red moon.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Countless chains sprawled across the land, each one shackling hollow-eyed souls like ancient slaves. The chains extended endlessly into the void, as if fishing for both the wicked and the virtuous alike.

Each line of chains led to an obsidian throne, where ghostly figures, formed from an unknown black energy, sat. They meticulously inscribed names onto parchment, recording the history of every arriving soul.

The place resembled the afterlife's judgment—a section where sins and virtues were weighed. The First Hell—The Day of Judgment.

Chapter 443 A Journey Accross Realms and Beyond

Plop!

A suffocating silence loomed over the land as Aengus materialized in the Realm of the Dead.

His form flickered momentarily before solidifying completely. His presence rippled through the space like an unstoppable force.

His dark irises scanned the desolate landscape before him.

The first thing he noticed was the sheer weight of the place—an oppressive atmosphere woven with the despair of countless souls bound in chains. The air itself felt heavy, saturated with lingering wails of the tormented and the silent whispers of the judged.

"The First Hell." Aengus murmured.

Before him stretched an infinite land of darkened soil, cracked and lifeless. The red moon above cast eerie shadows across the endless field of bound souls, all tethered by chains that extended into the void.

Above him, monstrous, shifting figures weaved in and out of existence, their watchful gazes locked upon him.

But Aengus felt no fear.

He took a step forward, and immediately, the realm seemed to react.

Clang, clang, clang!

The chains rattled violently, and the souls trembled as an unseen force shifted in response to his presence. The very fabric of this dimension recognized his power and authority.

The junior adjudicators, who were busy judging the karma of dead souls, all raised their heads, looking at Aengus through their abyss-like eyes.

They paused, clear astonishment flashing through their entire beings.

"A living being... here? How?"

"Impossible! What kind of nonsense is this?"

The adjudicators rose from their seats, gathering before Aengus with curiosity and disbelief.

"Who are you, human? How did you arrive here?" they demanded forcefully.

"Do you even know what place this is?"

Aengus was in no mood to explain. He was expecting someone's arrival.

"Are you deaf, human? This isn't a place for you to flaunt your puny human supremacy!"

"You must answer us!" they demanded sternly.

Just then, a booming voice thundered from the heavens above.

"WHO DARES TO QUESTION THE EXTREMITY?"

BOOM!

A deafening tremor shook the entire realm as an enormous obsidian gate materialized before him. Towering beyond the hell, it exuded an immeasurable authority, radiating the laws of judgment itself.

Slowly, the massive doors groaned open, revealing an endless hall lined with ethereal flames that burned without heat.

"So, the mighty Adjudicator finally shows himself," Aengus said with a half-hearted smile.

From the darkness beyond the gate, a figure emerged. Clad in robes darker than the abyss, his face remained concealed beneath a hood, yet his presence alone was enough to make even the most ancient beings tremble.

The Supreme Adjudicator.

Unlike the others who served judgment, this entity did not simply record the sins and virtues of souls—he was the embodiment of balance, the ruler of the afterlife's grand mechanism. His mere existence dictated the eternal fates of all who entered this realm.

The chains that once rattled violently now lay still, as if bowing to his authority.

"It's the Supreme Adjudicator!"

"Why is he here?"

The junior adjudicators exclaimed in surprise.

Regardless of their shock, they all bowed immediately, making it clear that his authority as the supreme ruler of the Realm of the Dead was absolute.

To everyone's astonishment, the Supreme Adjudicator ignored them and walked straight toward the human standing in the flesh.

Not only that; he knelt on one knee, bowing in deep respect.

The souls of the dead, the adjudicators, and even the unseen observers from above were shaken to their very core.

Just what was going on?

"Why is the Supreme Adjudicator bowing before a human?"

"I don't know. But he mentioned something about this human being an Extremity. Do you know what that means?"

"Me neither. But there are definitely deep and mysterious secrets involved."

"Silence!"

The Adjudicator's monstrous growl echoed through the realm, freezing everyone in place.

After silencing the murmurs, the Adjudicator spoke,

"Oh, Great Protector of Infinite Realms and the Infinite Verse, thank you for gracing us with your presence. It is truly an honor."

Aengus smirked. "I see you're so humble now, Adjudicator. In the past, you were so arrogant, proclaiming, 'The Realm of the Dead is my domain—no one can interfere.' What happened to that confidence?"

Though the Adjudicator was faceless, Aengus could sense the shame and embarrassment coming from him.

"Please do not hold onto the past, Great One," the Adjudicator said solemnly. "I now realize how truly great the Ruination Extremity is. You have shielded us from the unknown for eons and eras. Without you, even the Underworld is now in danger."

Aengus' brows furrowed. He did not like the sound of that. "Why? What is happening to the Underworld?"

The Adjudicator, though towering and giant-like, radiated an unusual sense of vulnerability. Aengus could feel it—weakness from a being that should have been beyond universal levels of power.

"It's not just about the Underworld, Great One," the Adjudicator admitted. "It concerns all of Creation. Perhaps you are unaware because you have yet to regain your full power."

Aengus' eyes narrowed. "What do you mean?"

The Adjudicator sighed heavily. "Please do not resist, Great One. Let me show you."

Though still vigilant, Aengus nodded.

With a mere gesture from the Adjudicator, reality itself seemed to fold. In an instant, they crossed realms and dimensions, traversing through existence with impossible ease.

Aengus found himself amidst an endless, empty void. Tiny specks of light stretched in all directions, each representing a universe with its own laws—some were parallel, some entirely unique.

They now stood amidst a vast Multiversal Domain, at the very boundary of the Multiverse.

But they did not stop there. The problem lay far beyond.

Whoosh! Discover hidden content at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

Another shift, and they arrived in the Megaverse Domain, a realm of countless multiverses, each with its own governing rules.

Then, they leaped again, entering the Hyperverse, where infinite realities stretched beyond comprehension.

Past the Hyperverse, they finally reached the ultimate boundary of Ruination, the great protective force that shielded the Omniverse. Within the Omniverse lay all of creation: infinite realities, infinite dimensions, and the sum of everything that ever existed.

Beyond the Omniverse, however, there was nothing—absolute blankness.

Until that entity showed.

Chapter 444 Infinite Realities

"Look there, Great One," the Adjudicator said, pointing at the Ultimate Barrier of Ruination.

Aengus followed his gaze, his expression turning solemn.

"The shield that has protected us from the unknown for eons is showing signs of cracking. And some kind of ominous aura is already seeping through, affecting the Creation. Multiple worlds have already been targeted by the corruption. They have all turned into red, decaying planets, their essence crumbling away."

As the Adjudicator spoke, visions appeared like projections before Aengus, showing the devastation.

The cracks were incredibly small, almost microscopic, yet the damage they caused was really immense.

It was a matter of grave concern.

If nothing was done, eventually, everything would collapse.

And to repair the Ultimate Shield of the Omniverse, no ordinary power would be enough.

Because it was forged from pure, potent Ruination Energy at its source.

In his previous reincarnations nothing had happened this sort of thing. It was something new—a Deviation.

However, the Solution for this problem do exist.

To fix this, Aengus would need to obtain his Ruination Source Power.

So he turned to the Adjudicator, the keeper of balance.

"The only way to fix this... You know what I need, right?" Aengus asked.

The Adjudicator dispelled the projections and nodded respectfully.

"Yes, I am aware, Great One. That is why I called you. I know a place where you might find the Ruination Source Power."

"Okay, then why waste time? Lead me there," Aengus said casually, though his eyes scanned everything—including the Adjudicator—seeking any hint of deception or betrayal.

"You don't need to suspect me, Great One. I can feel your penetrating gaze," the Adjudicator remarked nonchalantly.

Cough!

Aengus cleared his throat, slightly embarrassed.

"Anyway..."

He coughed lightly before motioning for the Adjudicator to lead the way.

With a swift motion of the Adjudicator's sleeves, they vanished and reappeared in an empty void.

All around them, an infinite number of realities were arranged like an enormous bookshelf, each section holding countless mirrored glass slates. Every glass slate was a reality unto itself.

It felt as if they could shatter the fragile-looking mirrors with just a touch, but Aengus knew better. Even with his galaxy-level power, he wouldn't be able to leave so much as a scratch on them.

"The last I observed, it was hiding in one of these realities, Great One. I will send you through each of them—let me know when you find it. That is, I will come to pick you up, because these realities can be dangerous if one of them breaks," the Adjudicator said, correcting himself.

"Proceed..." Aengus agreed without hesitation, as he too could sense the Source Power nearby.

With a mere gesture of the Adjudicator's sleeve, Aengus was instantly teleported—appearing in a vast world filled with greenery and untouched nature.

"Manas, quick, use your Universal power to search for it," Aengus instructed urgently.

"Search complete. It's not here, Master," Manas replied in her matured heavenly voice.

Aengus couldn't find anything either. He scanned through the past, present, and future across the vast universe, stretching his sight as far as possible—yet, there was no trace of the Ruination Source Power.

However, Aengus could sense the prying eyes of the Adjudicator.

"You're taking a great gamble, Master. You know he isn't real, right?" Manas' worried voice echoed in his mind.

Aengus sighed.

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"I know... But to trace back the Source Power quickly, I have to use that imposter's help. Once I get my hands on my Source, he won't be a concern. Trust me," Aengus reassured.

The first time Aengus laid eyes on the Adjudicator, his divine vision revealed the truth about the being before him. The Adjudicator had tried to conceal it, of course, but he couldn't deceive the Eyes of Qargath—eyes that could see through his entire existence down to the tiniest essence.

It was true that the real Adjudicator had been watching over him through Black and White, ensuring his safe reincarnation. But at some point, something had changed. The true Adjudicator had been replaced—or more precisely, he had been corrupted by another entity.

Just like what had happened with Aria.

Perhaps that unknown entity was already near the Omniverse, slowly revealing its fangs.

"I hope it goes as you planned. Your power level has increased to Firmament 8, Master. You will reach Universal-level power very soon," Manas informed.

Aengus nodded internally, maintaining his composure as he signaled the Adjudicator to transport him from this reality.

He was no fool—cunning and opportunistic, he would use his enemy's strength to locate his Source Power. Otherwise, finding it alone could take months, or even years, given the slow pace of his current strength recovery.

Suddenly, his surroundings shifted.

He found himself standing in the middle of a bustling street. Humans walked past him, dressed in ancient robes. Some wore disciple garments, akin to martial artists from a sect.

He quickly realized—this was a universe where Martial and Immortal Cultivation thrived, a world where power was pursued relentlessly.

But he didn't linger.

Aengus soared into the sky, his figure vanishing in an instant as he began scanning the universe at extreme speed.

He observed countless worlds, stars, and galaxies, searching for any sign of the Ruination Source Power.

The strongest cultivators in this realm—those who had lived for millennia—barely caught a glimpse of flashing lights in the distant skies. Yet, despite their immense lifespans and profound insights, they had no clue what they had just witnessed.

"Great Ancestor, what are you looking at? Do you wish to defy the heavens once again?"

"No... something beyond that," the old man replied, his ancient gaze filled with longing, as if he wished to unravel a profound secret hidden within their realm.

Meanwhile, after thoroughly surveying the Cultivation Realm, Aengus finally paused.

"It's not here," he muttered in disappointment.

And just like that—his surroundings shifted once more.

This time, he appeared on a grand battlefield where humans engaged in fierce battles, not alone, but alongside with their powerful beast companions.

Aengus quickly realized—he was now in a Summoners' Realm, a universe where strength was cultivated not only through personal power but through the taming and training of mystical beasts.

"Whoosh!"

Without wasting time, he moved again.

His figure flickered across the Summoners realm at unimaginable speed, scouring every nook and cranny.

Chapter 445 Just a Seed

Unsurprisingly, he didn't find the Source in this realm either.

If it had been that easy, that entity would have already claimed it for itself.

Thus, he continued searching through realm after realm, his strength increasing as his connection to the Creation Source grew stronger with each venture.

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[Name: Aengus Degaro]

[Age: 20 (Infinite)]

[Title: God Of Creation]

[Race: Prime Extremity]

[Power Level: Universal Filament-1(99,000+]

[Occupation: Ruler Of Worlds]

[Class: Chaos Creator]

[Special Trait: Infinite Mana Regeneration

[Soul: ZERO- ARIA]

[Source Power: Absolute Creation]

[Laws: Void-56%, Space- 100%, Time: 100%, Gravity: 100%, Darkness- 100%, Fire- 100%, Water- 100%, Earth-100%, Wind-100%, Wood- 100%, Metal-100%, Light-100%, Thunder-100%, Life-100%, Death- 100%, Fate-10%, Karma-11%]

Physical Stats: >

[Strength: 1,008,800 Star]

[Agility: 1,008,800 Star]

[Defense: 1,008,800 Star]

[Origin Mana: 10,000,000,000,000 / 10,000,000,000,000]

<Skills:>

[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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After achieving 9 firmament of Galatic Strength, he became a Universe level Powerhouse.

As his strength grew, he retook the experience of Infinite realities had to offer.

Science-based realms, advanced Mecha civilizations, Spirit civilizations, Astral civilizations, and post-apocalyptic universes—he had visited them all on his journey through the realities.

Each reality presented a unique perspective on life, with mysteries beyond the comprehension of ordinary beings.

His countless clones spread throughout the realities, searching for the Source, which was unattainable by anyone other than him.

Each time he traced its presence, it vanished from each reality like a master evading capture. It acted as though it couldn't recognize him, its defensive mechanism working with precision.

The Source power Ruination was the master of Illusion Manipulation, deceit, and treachery in this state.

Its destructive power was also unimaginable. Even the slightest touch, whether intentional or accidental—would lead to complete annihilation, erasing its target from Creation entirely.

After who knows how long, Aengus finally paused, realizing that continuing down this path would never lead him to the Source.

He would have to summon it.

And so, in the midst of the empty void, he sat cross-legged, preparing to call out to the Source.

He opened his Universal-sized Soul completely, exposing it for the summoning.

In this state, he was at his most vulnerable. This was why he had avoided using this method in the past.

But he knew all too well that he wasn't at the top of that entity's priority list.

The entity was here to acquire the Source power of Ruination first, likely because the Ultimate Barrier prevented it from entering the Omniverse.

The Adjudicator's hollow eyes focused on the scene where Aengus was in the most vulnerable position to summon the Source.

Seeing this, a disdainful grin spread across his face.

"So many eons, so many struggles, just to die once again like this. How pitiful!"

He spoke with the tone of an all-knowing entity, one fully aware of the past encounters between them.

Unfortunately, with each reset, he too had to return to where he came from.

A different set of rules applied to the two of them—rules that could not be defied. Otherwise, there would be no second chance for Aengus.

He smirked. "But this time, you will die before you can get your hands on the Source. There will be no rebirth for you. You will witness how I torture you, how I snatch your happiness. Everything will belong to me..."

"Because there can only be one Supreme."

"And it will be none other than me..."

"Hm..."

Suddenly, a spine-chilling sensation spread throughout his entire being.

Pooh!

"Not again..."

He muttered, his expression one of bafflement and pained as he saw a black and white sword piercing his back so suddenly.

He had been far more cautious this time, determined not to be deceived as he had been before—with ARIA's case.

And yet, he had been deceived again.

All the credit went to the Overlord of Aether skill, which had grown immensely stronger due to the Creation Source's power.

Long ago, Aengus had acquired the Ruination Source power. Until now, the Adjudicator had only seen a newly created universe, unaware that the previous one—where Aengus had been stationed—had already been replaced.

Using the newly harnessed Ruination Source power, Aengus tore through realities and charged directly at the culprit, without mercy. His Aegis was wrapped in pure Ruination energy to broke all invincible defenses.

But the Adjudicator's strength was still far beyond Aengus.

"Universal Synthesis!"

Without wasting even a fraction of a second, he activated the skill, purging the corruption.

Blinding blue energy, unknown and unfathomable, surrounded the Adjudicator, illuminating the void itself. A painful howl escaped his lips.

"I... will... be... back.. Zytherion!"

With those final words, everything came to a standstill.

Silence followed as the Adjudicator's eyes flickered as he regained control over his body.

His faceless mask showed no emotion, yet he conveyed his gratitude with a respectful bow.

"Truly, thank you for freeing me from that abomination, Great One."

Aengus observed him carefully, finding no trace of corruption left.

With that, he retracted his sword, and the Adjudicator instantly healed—his body restored by the Control of Life energy.

"Take me to the Underworld, Adjudicator. I have business there," Aengus commanded.

The Adjudicator inclined his head in full submission.

"Your wish is my command."

As they made their way to the Realm of the Dead, the Ultimate Barrier of Ruination slowly mended itself—healing through an unseen intervention from far, far away. Find adventures at My Virtual Library Empire

However, Aengus knew all too well that this would eventually crumble.

Because when that entity arrived in its full physical form, everything would be undone.

What he had just defeated was merely a seed of its existence.

For now, however, he had gained a brief moment of respite, some time to devise a countermeasure and fully assimilate his strength, surpassing even his former peak.

And for that, he had conceived an excellent plan—one that would shake the very foundations of the Omniverse.