

# REINCARNATED WITH THREE UNIQUE SKILLS

## Chapter 446 Revival Order

The Adjudicator and Aengus swiftly arrived at a section of the Underworld where two black-and-white ghosts sat at a table atop a raised platform, diligently writing something.

The souls before them, bound by heavy chains, radiated immense power. Each had accumulated extreme Karma—either through unimaginable sins or extraordinary merits. Because of their exceptional deeds or transgressions, they were to be judged exclusively by the Supreme Adjudicator himself.

Sensing an arrival, the dead souls, along with the black-and-white ghosts, abruptly paused.

Their quills halted mid-air as they lifted their gazes toward the Supreme Adjudicator—and the mysterious human standing beside him, whose presence felt utterly unfathomable.

"Master!"

They called out in unison.

Aengus studied them, immediately recognizing them as perfect copies of the original Black and White.

"Yes, you are correct, Great One," the Adjudicator confirmed. "They are the same in form, but not in consciousness. These are merely separate manifestations of Black and White, fulfilling their duties while their true selves train your son."

"I know..." Aengus nodded, his eyes already having seen through the truth.

"Oh, right... Your eyes are near-omniscient. What is this small trick to you..." The Adjudicator chuckled awkwardly, a trace of embarrassment in his voice.

Without further delay, he turned to the ghostly duo and took his seat at the obsidian desk.

"Bring forth the Book of Life and Death!" the Adjudicator commanded.

"Ah, yes, right away!"

The black-and-white ghosts bowed deeply before retrieving a massive, ancient tome.

Its cover bore the Yin-Yang diagram—a symbol of balance, of life and death itself.

Aengus knew precisely what this book was, as well as the extent of its power.

Its weight surpassed that of an entire universe.

Even though Black and White were among the most powerful Universal-level powerhouses, they visibly struggled as they lifted it together, their spectral forms straining under its immense burden.

"The Adjudicator scoffed. "How useless..." he muttered, effortlessly lifting the colossal book with one hand and placing it on the table.

Black and White shrank back in fear, their ghostly forms trembling. They dared not utter a word.

The Adjudicator turned to Aengus. "Who do you wish to revive, Great One? Just Speak their names, and they will be revived instantly."

Aengus remained calm as he responded, "It's not just a few. An entire city."

The room fell silent.

"Search for the incident where a city was devoured by Beelzebub in the World of Mythrالدor—the world where I was reincarnated."

The Adjudicator paused, then nodded. "Oh... I see. But not all can be revived. Many may have already reincarnated."

"That's fine," Aengus replied. "If they've reincarnated, then there's no issue. But those still in hell—those with unresolved Karma connected to me—revive them or give me their reincarnation records."

His gaze flashed.

"This long-buried Karma must be settled."

The Adjudicator nodded and opened the Book of Life and Death, the Ultimate Artifact that recorded the complete history of every being's existence across the Omniverse.

With a single page turned, an unimaginable amount of information flowed to the Adjudicator—entire timelines, reincarnations, karmic debts, and destinies displayed in intricate detail.

For any ordinary being, even a Galactic-level powerhouse, merely touching the book would mean instant annihilation.

As for opening a single page? Impossible.

Even Aengus, with his Universal Filament-3 Strength, wasn't sure if he could lift one without consequences.

Of course, if he invoked his authority as an Extremity, the book would obey him, and its pages would turn on their own in absolute submission to his will.

After looking through the book, the Adjudicator's expression turned interesting, despite his faceless nature.

Aengus narrowed his eyes. "What's the matter? Care to share with me?" Continue reading stories on My Virtual Library Empire

The Adjudicator closed the Book of Life and Death and spoke, "Great One, you are connected to a girl named Emily, correct?"

Aengus nodded. "Yes. What about her?"

The Adjudicator chuckled. "And you have a daughter being born today."

Aengus instantly grasped the meaning behind those words. "Is it confirmed?"

"Yes," the Adjudicator affirmed. "That girl is fated to reincarnate as your daughter. Although her mother was reincarnated as a noble's daughter in Mythrالدor."

He waved his hand, revealing a projection of a lively young girl—her soul carrying a deep connection to Aengus.

The Adjudicator tilted his head. "Do you wish to change something? Perhaps you don't want that girl to be your daughter?"

Aengus pondered for a moment before shaking his head. "No need. She didn't take over my daughter—she was fated to be born as such. There's no need to alter anything."

The Adjudicator nodded. "As you wish, Great One. Shall I revive those who are currently in limbo or suffering in hell?"

Aengus's voice was firm. "Yes. Revive them and send them back to the same city, exactly where it once stood."

With that settled, Aengus was about to leave.

"Wait a moment, Great One."

Sensing his intent to depart, the Adjudicator called out.

Aengus turned back, his gaze calm. "Yes?"

The Adjudicator hesitated before speaking. "Should I continue with my plan to make your son, Aron, the next Heir? I feel the need for retirement and wish to explore the world of the living by reincarnating. May I have your permission?"

Aengus answered simply, "Let my son be the one to decide, Adjudicator. But you must not force him. I do not wish for him to spend his days in loneliness within this realm. However, if he chooses to bear the burden, I will not stop him either."

The Adjudicator bowed respectfully. "Then, I shall await his decision."

"Farewell."

With that, Aengus's form flickered and vanished from sight.

As the silence settled, Black turned toward the Adjudicator. "Who was that, Master?"

The Adjudicator's voice was solemn. "Our Creator and Protector."

At those words, the powerful souls present and even the Black and White clones trembled—realizing just how monumental the presence they had just witnessed truly was.

Regret settled deep within their souls. They hadn't even spoken a simple greeting to their Creator.

What if they had begged for a second chance—to redeem their sins, to right their wrongs, or even to fulfill a long-lost wish?

But alas, the moment had passed. Their chance was gone.

Now, they could only face the torment of hell, shackled by the weight of their past deeds, forever yearning for an opportunity that would never come.

## Chapter 447 Emily's Reincarnation

Prime Empire.



It had been two months since Aengus had left for the Realm of the Dead.

Today, an unusual silence and anticipation filled the Imperial Palace. Continue reading at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

Because today, their second Empress was giving birth.

All the higher officials stood vigilantly at their posts.

Inside the room where Bella lay, only Aria and Celeste were present.

Outside the room, however, a large crowd had gathered, eagerly awaiting the first cry of the child. Among them was Belial, pacing anxiously in the hallway.

He was about to become a grandfather, and his happiness and anticipation were palpable.

The others watched him and shook their heads in amusement.

What is there to worry about when the Creation Goddess, the Mother of all Life, is present inside?

Inside the room, Bella was breathing heavily. She was not just giving birth to an ordinary child, but to a Divine Child after all.

Sweat covered her forehead, yet a radiant smile remained on her face.

Celeste, her mother, gently wiped the sweat away.

"Stay calm, Bella," she said soothingly. Then, with a puzzled look, she added, "And why do you have a smile on your face? Usually, childbirth is painful, isn't it?"

Bella answered, still smiling, "Because he is coming, Mother. I can feel it."

"Isn't that right, Aria?"

"Yes, Sister Bella, you're right," Aria affirmed with a smile, holding Bella's hand.

"You mean our son-in-law? Then that's wonderful, my daughter. You wished to see him by your side, and it's coming true," Celeste said warmly.

"Yes, Bella. You should feel fortunate. I had to give birth alone, you know. It's really painful and lonely when your partner isn't by your side," Aria added, her expression turning sad.

Bella could feel Aria's pain but didn't know how to comfort her. Yet, their bond went beyond just being fellow wives. They were now best friends who treated each other with respect and care.

"Buzz!"

Suddenly, the room vibrated with fluctuating space, as if a being beyond comprehension was entering this reality at this very moment.

Then, Aengus' shadow flickered, shifting between dimensions before solidifying into his material form.

He stood tall and imposing, his expression cold—until his eyes landed on Bella lying in bed. Instantly, a gentle smile formed on his face.

"Son-in-law!"

"Husband, you're here."

Under their watchful gazes, he stepped forward and gently caressed Bella's hair, offering his silent support.

"You can do it, Bella. We are with you," he said softly.

Bella smiled, her eyes shining. "Yes, husband. Our little baby girl is coming."

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"Waaah! Waaah!"

Very soon, a child's sharp cries echoed throughout the vast Imperial Palace like a grand symphony from the heavens.

"Waaah! Waaah!"

Belial's eyes shone with excitement, as did the others'.

Aron blinked, his heart swelling with an unfamiliar yet profound emotion—realizing that he now had a younger sibling.

Overcome with anticipation, they all rushed inside to see the newest member of their family.

"Your Majesty?"

"Father?"

But to their surprise, they found Aengus already inside, cradling the newborn baby in his arms with remarkable gentleness.

"Welcome back, Emily—my daughter," he whispered, gazing into the child's small, pearl-like eyes.

The baby girl blinked in confusion before breaking into cries once again.

Seeing this, the three women broke into giggles.

Aria was already aware of Emily's reincarnation as their new family member, and now Bella knew as well.

At first, Bella was taken aback, but that didn't diminish her love for her newborn daughter in the slightest.

After all, Emily had not regained memories of her past life yet. She was still just an innocent, lovely baby of their's.

Bella held her child close, embracing her with all the warmth and love of a devoted mother.

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A lake, so vast it seemed as if an entire city could fit within its depths.

Its crystal-clear waters shimmered under the sunlight, teeming with life as fish swam in harmonious rhythm.

Yet, the true allure of this lake wasn't just its beauty—it was its history.

Gathered along the shores were adventurers, clad in gear fit for exploration, drawn by the legend of the once-proud Arcadia City, a bastion of hunters that had long since vanished.

Many among them weren't just here for curiosity's sake. They sought traces of their revered deity, the God of Ruination, believing this very place to be the sacred beginning of his journey.

But the city of hunters was no more, swallowed by time and fate.

And the lake itself was so unfathomably deep that it carried an eerie presence, one that made even the bravest hesitate before venturing too far into its silent embrace.

There stood a towering statue of a man, his presence exuding an aura of unshakable dominance and power. In his hand, he wielded a divine sword, its intricate carvings radiating an almost ethereal glow, as if the very essence of authority and might had been forged into its blade.

"Mommy, is this our Emperor's statue?" a young boy asked, his wide eyes filled with curiosity.

Beside him, a woman dressed in a tight-fitting combat outfit chuckled softly, ruffling his hair.

"Indeed, my son," she replied with pride. "He is the Sovereign of the Prime Empire."

The boy's eyes sparkled with admiration, his small hands clenching into fists as if grasping an unseen dream. One day, he too wished to stand with such strength and majesty.

The boy continued to stare up at the statue, his youthful imagination running wild. He envisioned the great Emperor standing atop a battlefield, his sword raised high as legions of warriors followed his command. The air around the statue seemed to hum with invisible energy, as if the very essence of the legend it represented had not yet faded with time.

"Mommy," he whispered, "do you think he can still see us from wherever he is?"

The woman smiled, crouching down to meet her son's gaze. "Perhaps," she said gently. "Legends say that he ascended beyond the mortal realms, but even if he no longer walks among us, his will is ever-present. His strength built this empire, and his legacy guides us still."

"Can I become like him in the future? I want to go to the Dual Continent to grow stronger."

"Haha... Of course, You will be great as him, Son. But first become a S-Rank hunter first. Then, I would let you go outside."

"Rumble! Rumble!"



Just then, the clear Sky suddenly darkened and thunder Cracked, surprising everyone.

"What now?"

Everyone was alarmed.

#### Chapter 448 Revival Of Arcadia City

The towering statue of God Ruination also began to vibrate, sending ripples across the vast lake.

With each ripple, the intensity of the vibrations increased.

As the gathered crowd instinctively stepped back, an awe-inspiring miracle unfolded before their eyes.

The lake waters receded, drying up completely, revealing the structures of buildings beneath. The ruins of a city—once lost to time—began reshaping

themselves, as if reality itself was reversing to the moment when the legendary Arcadia City once stood in all its glory.

"Oh my god!"

"The ruined city... it's coming back to life!"

"A miracle! A miracle!"

"No, this must be the work of a god!"

Disbelief and astonishment filled the air as the spectators bore witness to a heaven-defying sight—the complete restoration of Arcadia City.

Then, something even more astonishing happened.

"Look! There are people over there!" someone pointed toward the newly revived city. Explore more adventures at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

Gasps echoed through the crowd as they spotted figures moving in the distance.

"By the heavens... there are actual people! Those long-dead hunters... they've been revived!"

Without wasting a moment, the adventurers and spectators surged forward, rushing into Arcadia City like a tide of awestruck devotees.

They had just witnessed divine power at work. It was an event beyond comprehension—one that would be passed down as legend for generations to come.

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"Haha, let me hold my granddaughter... Give her to me, Celeste," Belial said with a hearty smile, extending his arms.

"Oh, just wait a second, will you? Our little Princess needs to be properly wrapped first," Celeste replied with a gentle smile as she carefully wrapped the baby in clothes as soft as nature itself.

"Ah, Grandma, I want to hold my sister too," Aron pouted, lowering his sword.

Celeste looked at Aron with warmth in her eyes and said, "Here, take a look at your younger sister, Aron. From now on, you must protect her. As her big brother, it's your duty."

Hearing this, Aron's small face turned serious with determination.

He watched his sister's small face and declared,

"Yes, I will protect her, Grandma. I will be stronger than Father."

"Hahaha..."

The others chuckled at Aron's declaration, finding it amusing.

Aengus and Aria looked at the scene with warm smiles on their faces. They felt complete—except for the matter of Aengus' parents.

But that didn't ruin their moment.

His state of mind was far too vast to let it bother him. When the time was right, he would meet them and settle everything once and for all.

But something urgent was happening.

Aengus looked into Aria's eyes and said, "Tell your family to be ready, Aria."

Aria understood, but the others were puzzled.

"What are you two talking about?" Bella asked curiously.

The others also wore expressions of curiosity, especially Aria's father and uncle.

Aria answered, "It's nothing to worry about, everyone. You all know about Arcadia City, right?"

"Yes, what about it, Aria?" her father asked.

Aria smiled faintly as she continued, "That city has been revived alongside its citizens, Father. That means our clan members, who died due to the unexpected accident caused by Beelzebub, have been brought back to life."

"What? Are you telling the truth?" Aria's father, Ashter, asked in disbelief.

"Why would I lie? It's true. Get ready, Father, Uncle. We are going to visit them soon."

Astrid was speechless as well.

The generals, along with Drake and Yona, were equally stunned by the news.

Were they hearing things correctly? Their family and comrades had all been brought back from the afterlife?

It should have been impossible, but considering Aengus and Aria's power, they had no choice but to believe.

It was joyous news.

"Your Majesty," Yona addressed Aengus. "Is everyone back? Or just some of them?"

Aengus replied, "Not everyone. Those who have already reincarnated—I chose not to interfere in their new lives. They should live as they are."

"Oh, I understand. What about Cedric, Marcus, Iris, and Lenora? Are they back too?"

Yona was curious about their past party members and friends from Arcadia City.

"Yes, Cedric and Iris are back, but not Marcus and Lenora. As fate had it, Marcus reunited with his lover in another world. As for Lenora, she was also reincarnated, unfortunately," Aengus replied calmly.

"I see..."

Yona nodded in understanding. She also realized that her former comrades must still be at a young age.



But she was excited to meet them again.

"Please take me along, Lady Aria. I would like to visit my friends," she requested sincerely.

Aria agreed without hesitation, "No problem, Yona, you can come with us."

"I want to go as well, Mother," Aron stated, looking at Aria.

Aria smiled. "Of course you will, my son."

Afterward, Aengus, Aria, her clan members, Drake, Yona, the generals, and lastly Quin, departed from the palace quickly.

Meanwhile, the others stayed behind to accompany Bella, except for one of Aengus's clones, who remained by her side.

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Arcadia City, a bustling city of adventurers and hunters, was now filled with confusion.

Its citizens found themselves in disarray.

Hadn't they just been devoured by that demonic creature? How were they still alive?

Was it all just an illusion?

But their assumptions were shattered when they heard the unbelievable news from the hunters who had swarmed into the city.

They had been dead—gone for nearly seven years—only to be brought back by some unknown force.

The realization hit them hard, yet they couldn't comprehend who could have performed such a godly feat.

Then, they heard a name: God of Ruination.

As the whispers spread, they learned of what had transpired in the past seven years.

Their once-small world had become part of a vast galactic civilization, a force to be reckoned with.

And at the center of it all was a single man—Aengus Degaro, the God of Ruination.

Aengus Degaro?" a young man with a spear in his hand echoed.

"Do you know who he is, Iris? Why did he bring us back? Where are Marcus and the others?"

The young girl with a gentle temperament shook her head. "I don't know, Cedric. I'm confused too. I haven't found Ethan anywhere either."

#### **Chapter 449 Reunion With Old Party**

On the main street of Arcadia City, not only Cedric and Iris but also many others had gathered.

They joined in excited chatter with the natives of nearby lands.

It quickly became a hub of chaotic gathering.

City Lord Longus and various other officials were absent from the city, leaving no one to maintain order.

Some people were lost, unable to find their loved ones, who hadn't been revived like they had.

So what's the point of reviving them if their loved ones are gone? To rot alone?

They were sad, but there was no one to provide proper explanations.

Cedric and Iris were alone, searching for their family members amidst this chaos.

Very soon, Iris spotted a small girl looking around curiously amidst the crowd of people.

"Luna!" Iris called out immediately.

Iris' little sister's ears perked up upon hearing the call.

She turned around, and her eyes brightened upon seeing her big sister.

"Iris sister!"

"Luna, thank God, you're here with me."

"Me too, Iris sister. But where is father, mother?" the little girl asked tearfully.

Iris sighed sadly and hugged Luna, "I don't know. I haven't found them yet. Hopefully we see them soon."

The two of them hugged each other, feeling a sense of relief and comfort, while Cedric stood alone, unable to find his brother or parents.

But seeing them together made him smile.

He was smart, so he could put some things together.

Maybe his family wasn't fortunate enough to get a second chance, or maybe something else was the reason.

That meant he was all alone.

"Hm..." Just then, Cedric noticed a figure who felt both familiar and unfamiliar at the same time.

It was a man wearing an imperial robe, his ethereal presence making each step feel like a hammer striking Cedric's heart.

Behind him, a few more noble figures followed.

Among them was a woman so breathtakingly beautiful that she seemed like a radiant goddess, holding a boy in her arms with a motherly grace. Then there were the men—figures with an aura beyond comprehension.

The crowd involuntarily cleared a path for them, as if guided by a mysterious force.

"Heavens! So powerful! Who are they?" an old woman muttered in astonishment.

"Some kind of nobility, maybe?" one person guessed.

"Nah, they are definitely far more special," an old man answered with pure solemnity.

As the man in the imperial robe came closer and his ethereal visage became clearer, some people suddenly felt an overwhelming urge to kneel.

It was not forced. It came from their very essence, as if it was only natural.

Thud!



"What's going on?"

"Why am I kneeling?"

"Me too..."

Panic spread. Some knelt instinctively, while others struggled to stand, gazing at the approaching figures with incredulity.

Just who were these people?

Why did the man ahead feel so familiar?

"Mommy, look... that man and the statue look alike," a boy suddenly pointed at the large statue in the distance.

Hearing the boy's remark, everyone gasped in astonishment.

"It's true... they look so much alike."

"Indeed—same build, same clothes, same temperament, and the same grace..."

"He is our Emperor, the God of Ruination!"

Realization dawned upon them as they recognized the other figures as well.

The three guardians—Ice, Fire, and Earth—Aria, the First Empress, Wargod Drake, the First Commandment Quin... the very figures whose legends they had read about in books and recent texts on warfare.

"If everything is true, then that boy must be the First Prince, Aron, whose homecoming and Awakening Ceremony was held before thousands of Star Dominators. Incredible!"

"Yes, how fortunate we are to witness their divine presence among us. We never could have hoped to see them in our lifetime."

"Indeed, it feels like I'm in a dream."

On the other hand, Cedric and Iris' eyes went wide as saucers as they noticed the resemblance between the Emperor and someone from their past.

"Am I seeing things right, Cedric? Why does this Emperor look so much like Ethan?" Iris asked suspiciously, gripping Luna's hand tightly.

"Yeah, I think so too, Iris. But his name is said to be Aengus Degaro, isn't it?" Cedric replied in confusion.

But then—

To their shock, the group of exalted figures suddenly changed direction.

They were heading straight toward Cedric and Iris.

Cedric and Iris flinched, feeling the pressure and attention from the crowd.

Cedric's eyes met the man's, and somehow, he felt a deep sense of familiarity. The man's lips slowly curved into a soft smile, as did Aria's.

"Welcome back, Cedric, Iris," Aengus said, pulling both of them into a small hug.

His broad shoulders, coupled with his increased height and mature appearance, made their suspicions clearer.

"Yes, that's right. I am Ethan. It's nice to see you two after so long."

Iris trembled as she stuttered, "Ethan? You're Ethan? Unbelievable!" She covered her mouth in disbelief.

"Cedric! Iris!"

Suddenly, Yona's excited voice rang from behind them.

Yona rushed forward and embraced Iris with enthusiasm, though she was careful not to hurt her.

"I missed you both," she said sincerely, looking straight into Iris's eyes.

"Yona?" Iris echoed. "You've grown so much."

Yona chuckled, regaining her composure. "Yes, Iris. It's been seven years, after all."

"Seven years..." Cedric repeated, his gaze fixed on Ethan, who had grown remarkably over the years.

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His mood dimmed as he realized he would never have the chance to catch up with Aengus.

"You brought everyone back, Etha—Your Majesty. But where are my family... and the others?" Cedric questioned in a blaming tone.

Aengus met Cedric's gaze, his expression calm yet filled with warmth.

"I did bring back many, but not all," he admitted. "Some have already reincarnated, their souls moving on to new lives. I chose not to interfere with their fate."

Cedric's fists clenched slightly. "So... my family..."

Aengus placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "I'm sorry, Cedric. But not everyone was meant to return."

Cedric's heart ached at the confirmation. He had hoped, just maybe, his family would be among those revived. But now, he had to accept the truth.

Iris, standing beside him, sensed his turmoil and gently took his hand in hers. "At least we're together again, Cedric. That counts for something, doesn't it?"

Cedric took a deep breath before nodding. "Yeah... it does."

Aengus smiled slightly, glancing at Yona, who was beaming with happiness at the reunion.

"We should talk somewhere else."

"Yes, we should."

The others nodded, feeling the need to disappear from the fanatical crowd.

# Chapter 450 Reunion

As the group moved through the city, the crowd gradually parted, their awe-struck gazes following Aengus and his companions. The reverence in their eyes was unmistakable, but Aengus paid no mind to it. His focus remained on Cedric and Iris, who walked beside him, still overwhelmed by everything that had transpired.

The streets of Arcadia hadn't changed in the slightest. It was still a bustling city of adventurers, though less crowded than before.

They headed toward the Noble District, where the Silvermoon family estate lay.

The nearby buildings stood taller, their refined architecture exuding an aura of power and prosperity. The people, though dazed, were slowly coming to terms of their miraculous return.

Aengus led the group toward the Silvermoon estate, away from the chaos of the central square. The manor was secluded, surrounded by lush gardens.

The revived clan members watched Aria, Astrid, and Ashter with astonishment and surprise.

"Clan leader?"



Then, recognition dawned on them. Their leader was present among them in this chaotic time.

Despite their excitement, here they could speak without prying eyes or distractions.

Once inside, Ashter assumed the role of host, just as he had in the past.

He gestured for them to sit and stood before them, his expression calm yet carrying an air of authority.

Aengus chuckled, taking a seat beside Aria. "Your father certainly looks happy."

Aria replied with a smile, "Indeed. You have done a great job. The others will gradually understand everything."

Aron sat among them, observing his grandfather's house curiously. It was much smaller than theirs, yet it still held a feeling of home and warmth, especially with his parents beside him.

Others, including the generals—Drake, Yona, and Quin—also took their seats.

Cedric and Iris, still processing the shocking revelation of their old friend's identity, exchanged glances before focusing on him.

He now had a family and looked truly happy, unlike in the past. Not to mention, he had grown far more powerful—beyond their understanding.

A tense silence settled in the room as the reality of the situation sank in. The Silvermoon clan members, still overwhelmed by their revival, stole glances at Aria, their clan leader, who now sat among the most powerful figures in the universe.

The warmth of the estate provided some comfort, but nothing could erase the strangeness of the moment.

Aengus leaned back in his chair, his sharp gaze scanning the room. "I assume you all have many questions."

"That would be an understatement, Your Majesty. We understand the situation on the surface, but not the details. How exactly did this happen? We were gone. Dead. Yet here we are," one noble-looking official from the Silvermoon family asked.

Cedric and Iris wanted to ask the same thing but didn't find the courage in such a powerful gathering.

Aengus looked at Cedric and Iris and spoke gently,

"There is no need for hesitation or fear, Cedric, Iris, and little Luna. Just speak as you used to."

Luna blinked, then a smile spread across her small face. The big brother who had saved them from a monster siege was still the kind brother she remembered.

Aengus continued,

"You were taken from the cycle of death and brought back by my authority as the God of Ruination. But not everyone was revived. Many had already moved on, their souls reborn into new lives. I chose not to disrupt their destinies."

Iris hesitated before asking, "Then, my parents... Cedric's family... they're not here because they've reincarnated elsewhere?"

Aengus met her gaze with calm certainty. "Yes. I'm sorry."

Cedric, who had remained silent for most of the exchange, exhaled sharply. He had braced himself for the confirmation, yet it still felt like a blow. "I see." He forced a small smile. "At least Iris and Luna are here. And some of our old comrades."

Yona, sensing the heavy mood, clapped her hands together, drawing attention. "Come on, you two! Look at it from another perspective! We're together again! Isn't that worth celebrating?"

Iris chuckled softly. "You have changed, Yona. You weren't this talkative in the past."

Yona smiled. "Time changes everything, Iris. I am now a married woman and carrying a baby in my belly."

Iris and Cedric looked astonished. "Married? With him?" Iris asked, indicating Drake beside Yona.

Drake, who had been listening quietly, finally spoke. "Yes, I am her husband. We were in love and finally married. You all should try to move on as well. There's no use dwelling on what we can't change. What we can do is make the most of this second chance. You both have the opportunity to forge new paths."

Cedric nodded, slowly accepting his new reality. "You're right. The past is the past. But... I want to know what happened to the outside world while we were gone. Seven years is a long time, after all."

Aria took a deep breath. "Much has changed. Mythrالدor is no longer a small world. It has been integrated into a galactic empire. The wars we fought... the enemies we faced... the scale is far beyond anything you can imagine."

Astrid added, "Laws, technology, System —everything has advanced. The power hierarchy has shifted, and Aengus now stands at the pinnacle."

Cedric and Iris exchanged stunned looks. "Galactic empire? Just how strong is Ethan now?" Cedric muttered under his breath, unable to wrap his head around it.

Aengus replied nonchalantly, "Cedric, there is no need to overthink. You can still pursue the path of adventuring and learn everything gradually."

"Yes, you're right..." Cedric said, imagining the new adventurous life that awaited them.

Their conversation continued late into the evening. They spoke of battles fought, victories won, and the new world they now inhabited.

As the night deepened, the exhaustion from the day's revelations settled in. Ashter ordered the servants to prepare rooms for the guests. "We can continue discussions tomorrow. You all need rest."

Iris, holding Luna's hand, stood up. "Yes. Today has been overwhelming. Thank you, Lord Ashter."

Cedric followed suit. "Agreed. I'll need time to process all of this."

Yona grinned. "Sleep well, you two! Tomorrow, we'll spar!"

Cedric groaned. "You're bully... Of course, you'd say that."

Aengus chuckled as he watched them leave for their rooms.

Then he turned to Aria. "It went better than expected."

She nodded. "They just need time."

Then, she shifted the topic.

"You want to go to the Xenia Domain for your mother, right?"

"Yes." Aengus nodded, touching his son's warm palms.

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"Then go. Don't waste time here. Meet her once before you start the Synthesis process. Or do you want to bring Aron there too?"

Aengus just looked at his Son for confirmation.

Aron looked excited. "Ah, I want to go and meet my grandmother too. Please let me go, Mother," he protested in her arms.

"Alright, alright. You can go too. But don't be disrespectful to your grandparents or uncles," she warned strictly.

"I won't, Mother."