

# REINCARNATED WITH THREE UNIQUE SKILLS

## Chapter 451 Identity Revealed

With the defeat of the Temporals and the Dark Ferals Empire, the entire Polaris Domain had now fallen under the rule of the Prime Empire.

Yet, they didn't stop there.

For some reason, the Prime Empire's massive forces waged war on the Xenia Domain.

While it could have been coincidental—given their expansion into other nearby galaxies—the sheer intensity of their assault on Xenia was overwhelming.

It seemed almost deliberate, as if someone had orchestrated this campaign with a calculated purpose. After all, Xenia was the very domain that had once driven their Emperor away with force.

Regardless of the reasons, all eleven Empires had united, continuing the war against this rising force, which now joined by the Celestials from the central region of the Primal Realm surprisingly.

Explore more at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

So the odds are clearly against them.

Even Tiamat Academy wasn't spared from the conflict. As an institution under the Xenon Empire, it held high-level powerhouses.

The teachers, though reluctant, were ordered to join the war by the Emperor, while students were granted leave during this chaotic time. A handful of senior students volunteered to fight on behalf of their academy, but their numbers remained few, as most lacked the experience of true life-and-death combat.

The Degaro Family, too, couldn't remain idle. With the war escalating at such a rapid pace, it was only a matter of time before they were inevitably drawn into the conflict.

They had no choice but to send some of their brethren to show their presence on the battlefield.

But today, news so shocking arrived that a tense silence spread throughout the High-Rise Manor atop the mountain peak.

Today, they learned the true name of Emperor Zytherion—the mastermind behind the assault on the Xenia Domain.

Aengus Degaro.

The name echoed through the halls, accompanied by an artistic painting brought in secret from the Prime Empire.

The man in the painting was none other than Aengus Degaro, the first son of Augustus Degaro, the current head of their household.

Outside, the mountain top remained serene—a bright sun cast its golden glow, and soft, colorful petals drifted lazily in the wind.

Yet, despite the peaceful scenery, their minds were in turmoil, unable to quell the chaos stirring within them.

In one of the hall:

Augustus Degaro, his old father Adamus Degaro, and few more middle men and women stood in solemn silence.

Aeon and Irina, the two talented heirs, stood beside their mother, Eleanora.

Their expressions were difficult to decipher. While Aeon remained silent, and Irina's gaze was unreadable, Eleanora's emotions were unmistakable. Tears welled in her eyes, overflowing with pride as she gazed at the image of her son—a strong, authoritative ruler of worlds.

The second child of Augustus, an 16-year-old young man, with black hair, sat in stunned silence. He could hardly believe that his once-useless elder brother had risen to such an unfathomable height, far beyond his reach.

The youngest of the three, Aengus' little sister, stared at the painting with admiration, her heart swelling with both pride and longing.

She was a strikingly beautiful girl, her golden-blond hair cascading over her shoulders, her gentle temperament shining through her bright, thoughtful eyes.

"Maybe we got the wrong news?"

A middle-aged man finally broke the silence, though his tone lacked confidence.

Augustus turned to his younger brother, his gaze filled with disbelief, as if questioning his intelligence.

"No, it's all true, big brother," a woman interjected, her voice brimming with certainty.

She was Aengus' aunt, a master of Darkness Law, an expert in illusions and mind manipulation.

"If that's the case, shouldn't we be celebrating?" another member of the household spoke up. "One of our own has ascended to such heights. It's a matter of great pride for our family."

Aengus' aunt chuckled coldly. "Indeed, it would have been—if only the great men of this house had treated him well." Her words dripped with mockery. "Otherwise, why would one of our own wage war against us?"

"Watch your tone, little sister," Augustus warned, his voice dangerously low.

"Hmph..." His sister sneered but chose not to press further.

"Calm down, all of you."

Adamus Degaro spoke with authority, his strict tone demanding silence. "What has happened is unfortunate, but regardless, he is one of our own. Blood is thicker than water. We will send him an apology and invite him to return to the family. If he still holds even a sliver of familial love, he will have no reason to refuse."

His voice echoed throughout the grand hall, filling the minds of those present with vivid imaginings of the future.

"Well said, Grandfather. Big Brother should come back to us and fulfill his filial duty," Aeon added as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Indeed. We share the same blood, after all," his uncle chimed in. "The boy is still young at heart, holding onto such petty grudges. Just let his mother speak to him—he will surely return."

The gathered family members murmured in agreement, excitement bubbling in their expressions.

With Aengus' power backing them, their household could rise to imperial status, free to do as they pleased.

Riding on Aengus' coattails, they would no longer need to bow before other Emperors.

At that time, those so-called rulers would kneel at their feet, begging for mercy.

How satisfying that would be?

"Sister-in-law, why are you silent?" Aengus' aunt asked.

Augustus and everyone else turned their gaze to Eleanora, expecting her to comply with their wishes.

Eleanora replied sharply, "I will do no such thing, Augustus. After all those years of suffering, how could I show my face in front of him? And that too, just to beg for all of you shameless people? Impossible."

"Eleanora!" Augustus was enraged at her blatant defiance.

Irina clutched her mother's clothes, afraid.

But their uncle smirked. "Why? Do you want to leave this house, Sister-in-law?" he threatened.

Ignoring his taunts, Augustus was already on his way to teach Eleanora a lesson.

Eleanora closed her eyes, expecting a slap across her face.

But surprisingly, the expected slap never came.

Bzzzzzzz...

## Chapter 452 Family Meeting

"Someone's coming!"

"Yes, but who is strong enough to break our Space Restriction Barrier?"

"Could it be him?"

The Degaros exchanged solemn glances.

Buzz!

The hall vibrated briefly before revealing a figure clad in imperial black robes, exuding an undeniable regal presence.

The face was familiar—yet different. He was taller, more mature, and carried an aura of immeasurable power.



No longer the weak boy they once knew.

He was Aengus Degaro.

"Big Brother!" Irina screamed in excitement and immediately rushed to his side, expecting a gentle pat on the head like in the past.

Aeon, however, remained still, his expression difficult to read.

Under everyone's stunned gaze, Aengus looked at his little sister but didn't stop her.  
Experience tales with My Virtual Library Empire

Instead, he gently caressed her hair, just as he had in the past.

Despite now being a grown woman, Irina still seemed to enjoy the gesture. She snuggled against his right arm, her voice filled with warmth.

"Oh, how I missed you, Big Brother."

Aengus smiled, his gaze soft. "Is that so? You've grown so much."

Irina pouted. "That doesn't matter. It can't stop me from taking my place."

"Huh?"

Just then, everyone's attention shifted to the small boy standing hesitantly behind Aengus.

Irina stepped away, approaching the child curiously.

"Who is this boy, Big Brother?" she asked, her eyes scanning the child, who bore an uncanny resemblance to her big brother.

The age gap didn't add up.

The boy looked around 4-5 years old, yet Aengus had only been gone for at most two years.

However, they all knew that Time was a mysterious Law, difficult to comprehend.

Their suspicions were confirmed when Aengus announced,

"His name is Aron, your nephew."

Irina looked surprised, while Eleanor's eyes filled with tears.

"Hmph, bother, you got married already? I wanted to witness your wedding ceremony! And where is my sister-in-law? I want to meet her!"

Aengus replied calmly. "She's busy. And this is not the right place to bring her."

"Hmph hmph.. bad brother."

Irina pouted, then turned her attention to Aron.

"Welcome, Aron. I am your aunt. Don't be afraid."

"Hello, Aunt," Aron said cutely, hesitation flickering his eyes.

Hearing this, Irina's heart was instantly melted.

She crouched down, pressing her cheek against his. "Ah... You're so cute, Aron."

Aengus's eyes shifted to his mother, Eleanora, who was approaching him, her hands slightly trembling.

Eleanora's eyes were brimming with unshed tears as she slowly approached Aengus, her hands trembling slightly. She stopped just a step away, as if unsure whether she was allowed to touch him.

"Aengus..." Her voice cracked with emotion. "My son... You've returned."

Aengus gazed at his mother, his expression unreadable for a moment. Then, with a small sigh, he nodded.

"I'm here, Mother."

That was all it took.

Eleanora threw her arms around him, holding him as if afraid he would disappear again.

"My child... My precious child," she murmured, her hands gently running over his back, as if reassuring herself that he was truly there.

Aengus stiffened slightly but didn't pull away. He let her embrace him, a flicker of warmth flashing in his eyes.

Meanwhile, Aron observed quietly, his young mind processing the unfamiliar yet tender reunion between his father and grandmother.

Irina, still holding Aron, smiled gently. "Mother missed you so much, Big Brother. She never stopped praying for your safety."

Eleanora finally pulled back, cupping Aengus' face with trembling hands. "You've grown so much... so powerful. And... you have a son as well." Her gaze turned to Aron, softening even further.

"Aron, come here, child."

Aron hesitated, glancing at Aengus.

Aengus gave him a small nod, and Aron stepped forward.

Eleanora knelt down and opened her arms. "Come, let Grandmother see you."

The little boy hesitated just a moment before stepping into her embrace. Eleanor held him tightly, tears streaming down her face.

"You're just like your father when he was little," she whispered, stroking his dark hair.

The moment was tender, but the rest of the family watched with complex emotions.

Aeon, who had been silent this whole time, finally spoke. "Big Brother... Now that you're back, does that mean you'll return to our family?"

Aengus looked at him, his eyes cold and distant.

"Return?" He scoffed lightly. "I was never truly part of this family to begin with."

Aengus' words sent a chill through the air. The once-excited expressions of his relatives stiffened.

Aeon's brows furrowed. "Big Brother... What do you mean?"

Aengus' gaze swept across the hall, his regal presence pressing down on everyone. "You all know exactly what I mean," he said coldly. "For years, I was treated as nothing—mocked, humiliated, cast aside like a useless stray. And now, suddenly, I have worth?"

Augustus Degaro, their father, stepped forward. "Aengus, that is not how it was. We—"

"Spare me the excuses, Father," Aengus interrupted, his voice sharp. "I have no interest in hearing the justifications of a man who never once acknowledged me when I needed him the most."

Augustus face stiffened, but said nothing. His fists clenched in helplessness.

He couldn't just go and beat him, right? Like how he did in the past?

Is this how a father feels when their son outshined them.

Aunt Ariana, who had been the only one to speak on his behalf before, sighed. "Nephew, I won't deny the truth of your words, but... we are still family. Blood ties us together."

"Blood?" Aengus let out a dry chuckle. "If blood was all that mattered, I wouldn't have had to fight my way out of this house." His darj eyes turned sharp. "You all only see value in me now because I hold power."

Eleanora, who was still holding Aron, looked distressed. "Aengus, my son, please..."

Aengus' expression softened slightly as he looked at his mother. "Mother, you are the only one I respect here. I am just here for you. I want to know if you want to go back with me. You have suffered too much in this family, mother."

Eleanora looked more distressed. How should she answer?

"Aengus, I know they have disappointed you. But me, Irina and Aeon still cared about you."

Irina nodded vigorously. "Big Brother, I don't care what anyone else thinks! You are my brother, and that will never change!"

Aeon, however, looked conflicted. His pride held him back.

All this while, he thought himself as the best heir. He thought his big brother far beneath him to notice.



But now—

He couldn't deny that seeing Aengus rise so far beyond him was an overwhelming reality.

Before he could speak, another voice broke the silence.

"Hmph. So arrogant."

It was Adamus Degaro, Aengus' grandfather. The elderly man sat with his walking stick, staring at Aengus with unreadable eyes. "Now that you've gained power, you think that alone makes you worthy to defy the Degaro family?"

Aengus turned to him and answered nonchalantly,

"I don't need to defy anything, old man. I've already surpass the level to care about this family. Whether you accept it or not is irrelevant to me."

Some of the elders murmured amongst themselves, uneasy.

Adamus' eyes darkened. "A boy like you, ungrateful and rebellious, could never be fit to inherit the true legacy of the Degaro clan."

"And yet, here I stand, ruling empires, while you sit in your chair, dreaming of what-ifs."

The tension in the hall thickened.

## Chapter 453 Leaving The Degaro Family

"How disrespectful and arrogant."

"Yeah, he's just a self-conceited brat now." Find more to read at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

"Just because he's strong, he dares to disrespect his elders. So hateful."

His uncles and relatives whispered in hushed tones, their expressions turning angry.

"So, why are you here, Aengus?" Augustus asked. "For your mother?"

Aengus didn't deny it as he replied firmly, "Yes."

Augustus smirked. "Then you're here for bad news. Your mother won't be going anywhere."

Aengus frowned. "What do you mean?" His expression darkened, sending a palpable chill through everyone in the room.

Augustus smirked again. "Ask your mother, Aengus. I am not forcing her to stay. If she wants to go with you, I won't stop her."

He was confident that Eleanora wouldn't leave him.

Aengus turned to his mother, Eleanora.

She had a difficult expression on her face, as if torn between two choices.

She couldn't simply leave the Degaros now—not after spending her entire life here, building her own family.

Her other two children and her husband were still here.

Though their relationship had been forced and full of struggles, he was still her husband. That fact couldn't be changed.

And to a faithful woman with morals, leaving her husband for selfish reasons was akin to betrayal.

But the other choice was equally important. There would be freedom, a happy family with her son, daughter-in-law, and grandchildren. But to have that, she would have to abandon her current life and children.

It was a difficult choice.

"Big Brother, I am going wherever Mother goes."

Just then, Irina stated her stance clearly. Of course, she preferred to stay with her beloved brother rather than in this suffocating house full of strict rules and restrictions.

Her words made Eleanora's heart waver slightly.

Sensing this, Augustus' face stiffened. How could he forget to calculate this? If their children sided with her, wouldn't he have to just sit and watch them go?

He looked sharply at Aeon, gauging his stance. But his eyes, however, warned Aeon not to join them.

Aeon felt the pressure. After a while, as if making up his mind, he spoke to Irina,

"Irina, what are you doing? Don't you want to stay with us? How can you forget all of us just because of one person? Do we mean nothing to you? Why are you so ungrateful?"

He wasn't just speaking to her. Indirectly, he was addressing his mother as well.

He wanted to use guilt to make Irina and their mother stay. And like this, maybe—just maybe—their big brother would stay in the Degaro house too. So that their house grows more powerful.

But Irina was unbothered. "I am an adult, Aeon. I have my right to choose. If Mother goes, I am going too. So stop bullshitting already," she spat disdainfully.

Aeon's face flushed with embarrassment.

Meanwhile, Aengus gave his little sister a look of praise.

He didn't care about his little brother in the slightest. Aeon's heart was full of hatred, malice, and envy toward him. So why would he care?

Whatever his stance was didn't matter to Aengus. He would take his mother home, and that was final. But he didn't want to force her either. He would let her make her choice.

And he was confident that, eventually, she wouldn't refuse. He had seen the future after all.

Just when Eleanora's heart was in turmoil, hesitating on what she should choose, Aron felt the need to step in.

"Grandmother, don't you want to play with my little sister? She was just born yesterday from my second mother. If you don't come, she'll feel bad," he said, his tone carrying a hint of sadness.

And that was enough.

The news of another grandchild shocked her. Immediately, her motherly instincts took over, and she felt an overwhelming urge to hold her granddaughter as soon as possible. For a moment, she even forgot that her son had another wife.

"Aron, are you telling the truth? You have a little sister?" she asked, gently holding his shoulders, wanting to confirm.

Aron blinked. "Why would I lie, Grandma? Come with us, and you can see for yourself. My second mother is very beautiful and nice as well," he added with a hint of pride.

Irina smirked mischievously. "Wow, Big Brother. You have two wives, and I haven't met either of them. I really want to meet them! Let's go, Mother, we are going to meet them." She excitedly grabbed Eleanora's arm, pulling her toward Aengus' side.

Eleanora's heart wavered, and this time, she didn't resist.

Seeing this, Aengus shot a confident smirk at Augustus, this reincarnation's own biological father.

"Eleanora, what are you doing? Are you going to shame me like this?" Augustus barked thunderously.

Eleanora flinched, not daring to look at him.

Aengus stepped in between them and said,

"My mother has done nothing wrong. She has endured for too long. She will leave with me, and no one can stop us—unless you want House Degaro to be wiped away." His tone was low but carried an undeniable sense of danger.

"Unfilial child, unfilial child," the old man, Adamus, muttered, seething with anger.

But they all knew the truth—Aengus was too strong, both individually and in terms of the forces he commanded.

"Old man, don't be too frustrated. I promise I'll tell my men to spare your territory. Consider it my grace," Aengus said, his voice laced with mocking indifference.

Then, turning to Augustus, he continued, "And my dear father, if you ever truly regret what you've done and sincerely apologize to my mother, I might reconsider our family ties. For that reason I am still keeping your family name."

With that, Aengus, Eleanora, Irina, and Aron turned to leave.

Augustus snickered. "Boy, don't teach your father how the world works. My approach was never wrong. Look at how powerful you've become—it's all because of our family's strict teachings. But alas, an ungrateful child would never understand."

He spoke as if he was greatly disappointed and he was the reason behind Aengus' rise to power, as if without their contribution, Aengus would have amounted to nothing.



Without the pain and suffering inflicted on Aengus, he would just have been another useless young master. His mother wouldn't have sent him to the Trial Wolrd Mythrالدor, nor he would gotten his hand on such incredible abilities.

Aengus found his reasoning ridiculous.

His destiny and fate had been shaped by his own power. The Degaro family had nothing to do with it.

If not for Aengus, Ethan's (Zytherion's) soul would have simply reincarnated into another body and grew to this stage the same. The selection had been entirely random.

Without wasting another moment bickering, Aengus and the others disappeared from the Degaro household.

The Degaros could only watch in silence, a lingering sense of regret filling the air.

They had just lost a chance at something great.

## Chapter 454 Wedding Ceremony

Bella had just finished breastfeeding her baby while standing on the high-rise balcony, gazing at the sprawling cityscape on the horizon, with her baby still craddled in her arms.

Beside her, Aria was sipping a highly fragrant tea, leaning casually against the railing as she enjoyed the quiet moment.

They occasionally engaged in light conversation, passing the time in peaceful harmony.

Just then, space rippled.

The duo paused, their eyes filled with anticipation rather than fear.

Who else would dare to teleport directly before the two Empresses?

Aengus stepped out of the spatial door, followed closely by the others.

Aron, Eleanora, and Irina clung to his robes, their nerves evident as they took in their surroundings.

When they opened their eyes fully, they were met with the breathtaking sight of a vast balcony atop a grand palace. Beyond it stretched the advanced Imperial City of the Kievan Continent, a masterpiece of towering structures and shimmering lights.

But soon, their gazes fell upon the two women before them—two ethereal beauties whose appearances seemed almost divine.

Both had flawless skin and radiant complexions. But one possessed long, wavy white hair, exuding a gentle and serene aura. The other had fiery red looks, as striking as a phoenix, her presence enchanting for both male and female alike.

"Husband, you're back so soon?"

Aengus shrugged. "What else is there to do? I have brought my mother and sister."

Aria and Bella exchanged a glance before smiling warmly.

"Welcome home, Mother-in-Law!" they said in unison, their voices filled with warmth and respect, putting Eleanora at ease.

Irina, on the other hand, had no hesitation whatsoever. She stepped forward eagerly.

"Hello, my sisters-in-law! You both look so beautiful," she said sincerely, her admiration evident.

Bella chuckled. "Irina, right? It's nice to finally meet you. Come here, take a look at your niece."

"Ah, I would love to!" Irina said excitedly, her gaze falling on little Emily as Bella lowered her gently to let her see more clearly.

Continue your adventure at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

"Mother-in-Law, why don't you come closer and have a look as well?"

Sensing Eleanora's hesitation, Aria gently took her arm and guided her forward with a graceful touch.

Meanwhile, Aron pouted as he stood by his father's side, feeling momentarily ignored.

Seeing this, Aengus chuckled and placed his hand on Aron's shoulder.

While their reunion continued, Aengus' mind remained restless, his thoughts racing with unwavering determination to protect them at all costs.

His strength had already reached Universal Filament-9, just one step away from the next level

He needed to begin his plan as soon as possible—because it would take decades, if not centuries, to complete.

He was going to synthesize his Divine Body with the whole of Creation—merging with almost everything that existed.

But unlike others who had perished attempting such feats, he had a precise plan to prevent that outcome.

In about a century, that monster would arrive on their Omniverse to claim for Itself. And to stop him, this was the only viable path Aengus could see of.

Through this synthesis, combined with the power of both Creation and Ruination, their strength would reach a level far beyond what had ever been achieved, even at their peak.

But before that grand task, there was one more important thing to settle.

"Their wedding ceremony?"

That evening, Aengus formally proposed a proper wedding to Aria and Bella—something they had nearly forgotten after all this time.

But hearing it directly from Aengus, they couldn't have been happier.

However, there was something solemn in Aengus' expression.

Aria was already aware of the imminent parting, while Bella, lost in the happiness of their upcoming ceremony, remained oblivious—until she noticed his expression.

"For how long will you be away this time, Aengus?" Aria asked.

Aengus sighed. "This time, it could be for decades. I'm sorry, Bella, Aria."

"I understand..."

Aria, having known about his departure long before, had steeled her heart to accept it.

But Bella struggled to come to terms with it. Decade was incredibly long time after all.

It meant he wouldn't be there to stay with their family or watch their daughter Emily grow.

The thought alone was heartbreaking.

She sobbed into his chest. "Why? Why does it have to be that long, Aengus? Can't you just do your work from here, like the omnipotent Extremity you are?"

Aengus gently caressed her head and said, "We were not omnipotent, Bella. Some things are still beyond our control. But don't worry—you all will always be in my heart once the Synthesis process begins. You will always feel my presence. Tell our daughter that her father is always with her. That he never left because he didn't love her. He had no choice. Will you do that for me, Bella?"

His voice carried deep emotion, making Bella's heart waver.

She stepped back, her trembling hands reaching for his cheek, as if understanding the guilt and sorrow he carried within him.

"I understand now, husband. It must be equally painful for you too. I was really inconsiderate toward you. Forgive me, will you?"

"There's no need for that. You understand, and that's enough for me. Now I can leave in peace," Aengus said, holding her hand.

With that, their wedding ceremony was set to take place three days from now.

It didn't take long for the news to spread across domains near and far.

All the Kings and Emperors under Prime Sovereignty were invited to the Sovereign's wedding ceremony.

A festive mood spread throughout the tens of empires that had recently been conquered.

Except for the Degaros.

Meanwhile, Tiamat Academy, already exhausted from the relentless onslaught of the Prime Army, had finally fallen. The remaining personnel, unable to resist any longer, surrendered to the enemy.

Upon hearing the news of his daughter Eleanora's return and his grandson's wedding, Hexagon couldn't sit still.

He immediately set out for the Kievan Continent, where the wedding was scheduled to take place in three days.



Not just him—everyone who had once been associated with Aengus and his wives was invited to witness the grand event.

Of course, security had to be tight. No rats would be allowed to spoil the grandeur and sacred atmosphere of the ceremony.

## Chapter 455 Wedding Ceremony (2)

Three days later...

Above Sovereign City—Dual Continent, an awe-inspiring sight unfolded. A colossal floating platform, suspended effortlessly through ancient magical forces. It hovered high in the skies, casting an immense shadow over the lands below.

This was no ordinary construct. The platform stretched vast, spanning an entire surface of the Dual Continent, an engineering marvel capable of accommodating billions of lifeforms with ease. A testament to the peak of magical craftsmanship, it was a gathering ground befitting kings, emperors, and entities beyond mortal comprehension.

The view from this divine structure was nothing short of breathtaking. The skies, a perfect blend of azure and golden hues, stretched endlessly, with drifting celestial clouds weaving an eternal dance across the horizon. Beneath the floating marvel, the sprawling Sovereign City stood like an ant in comparison, its grand towers and magnificent palaces reduced to mere specks in the distance.

The platform itself was a paradise sculpted by the finest artisans of the world. Dwarven craftsmen, known for their unparalleled mastery in stone and metal, had meticulously designed intricate pathways, embedding mystical runes into the very ground. These runes shimmered faintly, resonating with the raw mana that kept the platform aloft.

Alongside them, Giant craftsmen, wielding their brute strength and artistic touch, had erected towering decorative pillars, each one a masterpiece of celestial engravings. They depicted scenes of their god, goddesses, and their legendary battles—etched so vividly that they seemed to come alive under the radiant glow of the floating orbs that served as the platform's eternal light source.

The very air carried an enchanting fragrance, courtesy of the endless gardens spread across the platform. Exotic flowers, their petals imbued with magical energy, bloomed in dazzling arrays of color—violet, gold, crimson, and even shades unseen by mortal eyes. Their bioluminescence pulsed rhythmically, creating a dreamlike atmosphere.

Rows upon rows of seats, crafted from rare and sturdy wood, were arranged meticulously across the platform. Each seat, enchanted to maintain its pristine condition, gleamed under the soft magical glow, ensuring that no dust, dirt, or imperfection marred its splendor.

Every chair was adorned with personalized insignias, reserved for esteemed guests, their placements determined by status, power, and influence.

At the very heart of the floating platform, an elevated ceremonial stage stretched across the center—a sacred space where the grand wedding of Aengus, Bella, and Aria would soon take place.

As the momentous occasion neared, guests began to arrive, each making an entrance more awe-inspiring than the last.

The sky above the platform rippled with waves of mana as legendary figures made their grand arrival, each riding atop creatures of myth and legend.

Majestic dragons, their scales glimmering like molten gold and abyssal night, flapped their colossal wings, stirring the winds with their sheer presence.

The air buzzed with power as phoenixes descended in bursts of divine flames, their fiery tails leaving trails of embers across the heavens. Flying whales, their massive bodies carrying entire delegations, glided through the clouds with an elegance that defied logic, their songs resonating in the skies.

Celestial eagles, larger than warships, soared with their riders clad in regal robes, their piercing eyes surveying the gathering below. Some guests even arrived on thunder wyverns, their wings crackling with storm energy, sending arcs of lightning through the atmosphere.

Each arrival was a statement, a silent declaration of power, status, and respect.

There was an unspoken competition between the assembled kings, emperors, and powerhouses, each striving to outshine the other, proving just how much they valued the union of Aengus, Bella, and Aria. The stronger the entrance, the deeper their loyalty—or their desire to be noticed by the Supreme Sovereign himself.

Despite the overwhelming display of grandeur, the ceremony was not exclusive to the elite.

Amidst the spectacle, ordinary people made their way through shimmering portal gates scattered across the platform. These portals, glowing softly with stable spatial energy, allowed the common folk—merchants, scholars, warriors, and civilians—to witness history firsthand. They stepped forward steadily, their faces filled with wonder and reverence, humbled to be present at such a monumental occasion.

Even King Araknis and Princess Delilah were wide-eyed at the grandeur of the wedding ceremony.

King Araknis felt a deep sense of regret.

But alas, his daughter wasn't fortunate enough to be part of this ceremony.

Surprisingly, Aengus' former party members—Sofia, Nate, Alisha, and Hank—had also made their way to the wedding.

They looked older, more mature with time.

Even so, they couldn't hide their astonishment at the sheer magnificence of the wedding preparations.

"I can't believe Brother Zero has become such a powerful figure in such a short time," Hank said in disbelief.

He was still the same chubby man but had now grown a beard on his face.

Alisha chuckled. "True. When I first received the invitation, I couldn't believe it either. But now, Emperor Zero and Zytherion... it all makes sense. They're the same person."

Sofia remained as expressionless as ever, while Nate held her soft hand, signaling that they had been a couple for some time now.

From the looks of it, Alisha and Hank were a couple as well.

They had come to witness the event only because of Aengus' personal letter. Otherwise, they wouldn't have presented themselves in such a powerful gathering.

Now, they were content with their small adventuring life.

But the only reason they could live happily, free from outside invasion, was because of their Sole Sovereign.

Showing him respect was the least they could do—despite their past conflicts, which now seemed childish in retrospect. Find more chapters on [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

"HAHAHAHA..."

Suddenly a booming laughter echoed from the outer sky, like thunder descending from the heavens.

All eyes turned toward the figure of an old man adorned with unusual geometric patterns.

It was Hexagon, Aengus' maternal grandfather.

Some among the crowd recognized him and wisely kept their mouths shut, while others trembled at the overwhelming aura of a Nebula Dominator.

Without hesitation, he made his way directly to the very front, where Aengus' closest subordinates and relatives sat in silence.

Aron, seated in Eleanora's arms, waited patiently in the front row.

Despite how unusual it sounded, he was about to witness his own father and mother's wedding.