

# Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills

## - Chapter 61 – 80

Chapter 60: Chapter 61: The Battle Of Survival (2)

As the sun dipped below the horizon, the once warm glow of the evening gave way to the cold embrace of the approaching night. Nearly 10,000-15,000 combatants stood in formation outside the temporary walls of Arcadia City, their expressions a mix of emotions.

For many, this was a moment of truth—a battle that would determine not just the fate of the city but also the destiny of countless lives.

The tension in the air was discernible. Some soldiers gripped their weapons tightly, knuckles white, nerves fraying at the edges. Others stood tall, their faces set with grim determination, eager to unleash their skills in battle any moment.

Among them, Marcus's eyes were a storm of rage and sorrow, his teeth clenched as he struggled to contain the tempest of emotions roiling within him. Ethan noticed his friend's barely contained fury and couldn't help but worry. What if Marcus's grief drove him to reckless action? The last thing they needed was for one of their own to fall because of unchecked rage.

Cedric and Yona, standing close by, exchanged uneasy glances. This was their first time participating in such a large-scale war, and the sheer magnitude of the moment weighed heavily on them. The promise of 200 gold coins for their participation was a tantalizing reward, but it did little to soothe their nerves.

They knew that no spoils could be claimed, as the city government had made it clear that all loot belonged to them—a necessary measure to ensure the city's financial stability after the war. The cost of compensating the combatants was already staggering; the thought of tens of millions of gold coins exchanging hands was mind-boggling.

“Rumble..!”

Suddenly. The sky, which had been clear just moments before, suddenly darkened as thick clouds rolled in, blotting out the last vestiges of sunlight. A low rumble of thunder echoed across the battlefield, sending a shiver down the spine of every soldier present. The evening, already dim, was now plunged into near-total darkness.

Cedric's voice broke the tense silence, filled with unease. “They're here, but how are we supposed to fight in the dark? I can't see anything—can you guys?” He looked around, but all he saw were the shadowy outlines of his allies, their faces barely visible in the gloom. Nearby soldiers echoed his concern, their voices tinged with fear.

As if in response to their anxiety, a powerful voice rang out from the front, booming like a clap of thunder. It was City Lord Longus, his commanding presence unmistakable even in the dark.

“Sunfire Crow (S)!” he bellowed, his voice carrying over the ranks of soldiers.

In an instant, the sky was ablaze with light. A massive, fiery crow appeared above them, its wings outstretched as it soared through the air. The creature radiated an intense heat, turning the battlefield into a scene bathed in the warm, golden glow of a second sun.

The darkness was banished, replaced by a light so bright it cast sharp shadows across the ground. Every detail of the landscape was now visible, and the soldiers felt the warmth on their skin, a stark contrast to the chill that had gripped them moments before.

Ethan gazed up at the fiery crow, its presence both awe-inspiring and frightening. “So powerful,” he muttered to himself, his voice barely above a whisper. There was something about the sight that stirred a mix of emotions within him—admiration, fear, and a deep yearning to be a S-Rank hunter.

The ground beneath them began to tremble, a rhythmic, ominous rumble that grew louder with each passing second. It was the unmistakable sound of the enemy approaching, their numbers vast and their intentions deadly.

“Archers, into your positions!” The Knight Commander’s voice boomed once more, cutting through the noise and chaos. His authority was absolute, and the archers responded immediately, moving with practiced precision. Yona and the other archers quickly took their places, forming a tightly-knit formation.

Their bows were drawn, arrows notched and ready, each one tipped with a different skill. Some glowed with elemental energy, while others shimmered with magical enhancements. The archers’ eyes were locked on the horizon, where dark shapes began to emerge.

Massive beasts, larger and more terrifying than anything they had faced before, appeared at the edge of the battlefield. Their forms were hulking and exoskeleton type, covered in thick, armored hides that glinted in the light of the Sunfire Crow.

These were not ordinary creatures. They were Obsidian Terrors, a type of nightmare creature, born from the demon land, Abyss. They were nearly hundreds of meters tall with exoskeleton, monsters born from nightmares, with claws like scythes and eyes that glowed with malevolent intelligence.

Following in the wake of the mighty Obsidian Terrors were hordes of different kind of beasts, each from different races and regions, yet unified in their purpose. These

beasts, though varied in size, shape, and form, moved with a coordinated precision, as if driven by a single, malevolent will.

Among them were massive, Tusked War Boars with hides as tough as iron, their red eyes burning with an unnatural fury. They snorted and pawed at the ground, their breath coming out in huffs of steam as they readied themselves for the carnage ahead.

Flanking them were packs of swift, Sinewy Wolves, their fur bristling and dark as night, with elongated fangs that gleamed under the Sunfire Crow's light. These predators moved silently, their eyes locked on the battlefield, awaiting the moment to pounce and tear through the ranks of the enemy.

Lumbering behind were towering, ape-like brutes, their muscles rippling beneath thick, leathery skin. These beasts carried crude, stone weapons in their massive fists, ready to crush anything that stood in their way. Their roars echoed like thunder, a terrifying chorus that added to the cacophony of the approaching horde.

In the sky, dark-winged creatures circled, their shadows flitting across the ground like ominous harbingers of doom. These airborne predators, with talons sharp as razors and beaks that could pierce armor, screeched and swooped down to strike fear into the hearts of their enemies.

Amidst this chaotic gathering were serpentine creatures with scales that shimmered like oil on water, their eyes cold and calculating as they slithered forward.

Their forked tongues flicked out, tasting the air for the scent of blood. Even the more ordinary beasts, such as Great Horned Elk, Hulking Bears, and Swift-Footed Stags seemed to have lost their natural instincts, their eyes glazed over with a shared, terrifying focus.

Despite their differences, these creatures were united, driven by a dark, commanding force that bent them to its will. They moved in perfect unison, their individual instincts overridden by a collective, relentless drive to follow the Obsidian Terrors into battle.

It was as if they were drawn to the towering behemoths, compelled to march alongside them as extensions of the Terrors' wrath. This unnatural alliance of beasts, each more fearsome than the last, created a tidal wave of destruction that threatened to overwhelm anything in its path.

As the beasts drew closer, their numbers became more apparent—thousands, no perhaps 30 thousands or so, of them, all converging on the city with a single purpose: destruction.

The ground shook with the force of their approach, and a primal fear gripped the hearts of even the bravest soldiers. Yet, despite the terror that these creatures invoked, the archers held their ground, fingers steady on their bowstrings.

Ethan felt the weight of the moment pressing down on him. This was the battle that would decide everything. There was no turning back now. He glanced at Cedric, Yona, and Marcus, who stood by his side, their faces set with determination.

“Fire!” The Knight Commander bellowed from the front.

“Swish...Swoosh..”

Instantly thousands of arrows flew through the air, a deadly rain aimed straight at the advancing horde. The skills embedded in the arrows activated mid-flight, creating a dazzling display of light and energy. Arrows of lightning struck down beasts, electricity coursing through their bodies and causing them to collapse in convulsions.

Others were pierced by arrows imbued with explosive force, detonating on impact and sending fragments of the creatures scattering across the battlefield. Flames roared as fire-tipped arrows ignited the air, turning the front lines into a blazing inferno.

One by one the smaller beasts began to fall, their bodies lifeless.

Then, driven by instinct, or maybe some unknown command, the Obsidian Terrors stepped forward and repelled the attacks with their sheer bodies defense alone. Their defenses were really tough. The arrows couldn't even connect to their bodies, as if repelled by some kind of invisible aura.

Chapter 61: Chapter 60: The Battle Of Survival (3)

As the archers' arrows proved useless due to sudden interference, they retreated as per the commander's orders. But their work was far from over; they quickly reformed their party formations.

Yona returned to Ethan's side, her favorite bow in hand.

“Zzzzz...” The moment she arrived, Ethan felt a sudden chill crawl across his skin—a sensation that only occurred when his Predator's Instinct kicked in.

“Yona...!” Ethan shouted immediately after understanding the threat.

Reacting on instinct, Ethan swiftly pulled her away from her position.

A split second later, a thin beam of condensed dark energy silently pierced the spot where Yona had just stood. It was so fine and quiet that no one had noticed—a deadly, life-draining attack.

Yona, still in shock from the sudden pull, looked at Ethan with wide eyes. “What was that?”

Before Ethan could respond, a chilling sight caught their attention. The archers who had been raining arrows on the enemy now stood frozen, their eyes vacant and their bodies lifeless. The dark, needle-like beams had struck them down with terrifying precision, draining the very life from their bodies.

Screams of horror echoed across the battlefield as the realization set in—the needle-like dark energy rays had specifically targeted not only Yona but all the archers.

Ethan’s heart turned cold as he took in the horrifying scene. The battlefield had turned into a graveyard, with the once valiant archers now lying lifeless.

Cedric and Marcus were wide eyed, not expecting to be in threat so soon.

Yona, still trembling from the close call, gripped her bow tightly, her knuckles white. Her wide eyes reflected the horror she felt, unable to tear her gaze away from the fallen soldiers.

“Ethan, what... what just happened?” she stammered, her voice quivering.

Ethan’s sharp eyes scanned the area, his mind racing to make sense of the sudden attack. “Those rays... they were targeting you and the other archers specifically,” he said, his voice low but steady.

“They are trying cripple us slowly. Looks like someone is commanding them remotely.”

With just a single attack, the Obsidian Terrors had claimed over 400 human lives. The battlefield was littered with the lifeless bodies of archers who had been struck down by the deadly rays. Fortunately, some powerful hunters at the front lines managed to save a few of the archers in the nick of time, pulling them to safety. However, those stationed at the rear were not so fortunate. Their cries of pain and terror echoed through the air before being abruptly silenced, their lives snuffed out in an instant.

At The Frontline...

“My Lord, these Obsidian Terrors seem to be using another of their strange abilities. We need to step in,” Zephyr Stormclaw, the leader of the Phantom Wolf clan, whispered urgently. His voice was calm, but the tension in his eyes revealed his concern.

The other clan leaders gathered around him nodded in agreement, realizing the situation had become critical. Each of them was a experienced hunter, and they understood the danger that these new abilities posed. If they allowed them to do this again, more and more hunters would die needlessly.

Among the leaders were Aria's father and his brother, their expressions grim as they exchanged glances. They had recognized a few members of their clan among the victims of the recent assault. The weight of the loss settled heavily on their shoulders, but they steeled themselves, determined to avenge their fallen comrades.

"Let's Go.."

City Lord Longus, a towering figure radiating authority, took a deep breath and stepped forward. His presence commanded respect as he prepared to confront the threat head-on. He was accompanied by the clan leaders and esteemed elders, each of them a force to be reckoned with. Together, they would face the Obsidian Terrors, who had already claimed so many lives.

On the other side of the battlefield, nearly 500 Obsidian Terrors loomed, their massive dark forms exuding an aura of menace.

Their black, crystalline exoskeletons shimmered ominously, and their eyes glowed with an unnatural, eerie light.

Behind them, thousands of ordinary beasts of varying ranks surged forward, driven by primal instincts and bloodlust. The ground trembled under their combined weight, and the air was thick with the scent of battle.

"Roar...!" The Obsidian Terrors bellowed in unison, their deafening cries shaking the very earth. It was a signal, a call to war that sent shivers down the spines of even the most battle-maniac hunters.

Without hesitation, the Obsidian Terrors charged, their movements swift and deadly. The ground beneath them cracked and smoldered as they advanced, their crystalline claws like scythes cutting through the earth like a hot knife through butter.

On the human side, nearly a hundred A-Rank powerhouses prepared to meet the onslaught. They were the best of the best, each one capable of taking on a small army by themselves. But even they knew that this battle would push them to their limits.

"Sunfire Crow (S)!" City Lord Longus's voice boomed across the battlefield as he activated the same skill once again. This time, however, the ferocity and destructiveness of the fire crow were amplified several times over. The air around him crackled with intense heat, and the ground beneath his feet scorched from the sheer power he unleashed.

With a commanding wave of his hand, the Fire Crow—a massive, ethereal creature composed of searing flames—lunged forward into the heart of the nightmare creatures. Its wings spread wide, casting an ominous, fiery glow across the battlefield.

“Boom!”

As it descended upon the Obsidian Terrors, the very air sizzled with heat, and the ground beneath the creatures turned to molten slag. In mere seconds, several of the Terrors were reduced to nothing but cinders, their menacing forms disintegrating in the inferno.

Inspired by this display of power, the A-Rank powerhouses charged forward, their confidence renewed. They knew that with City Lord Longus leading the charge, they stood a fighting chance against these monstrous foes.

The moment the two forces collided, the battlefield erupted into utter chaos. Flames danced across the sky, lightning crackled and arced between combatants, and torrents of energy clashed with devastating force. The A-Rank hunters unleashed their might with practiced precision, each strike a proof their years of training and battle experience.

But the Obsidian Terrors were far from ordinary foes; their strange, darkness abilities granted them an unnatural advantage. They moved with eerie fluidity, their attacks bypassing conventional defenses and striking with lethal accuracy. Even the veteran hunters found themselves struggling to keep up with the relentless assault.

Amidst this intense battle, the ordinary beasts and giant birds, driven by primal fury and bloodlust, managed to break through the first line of defense. Their sheer numbers and ferocity overwhelmed the initial ranks, creating a breach that threatened to spill chaos into the heart of the defenders.

“Second Formation! Charge!” The command rang out, cutting through the atmosphere of the battleground.

As if on cue, the B and C-Rank hunters sprang into action. They moved with coordinated precision, their movements a clear proof of their discipline and training. These hunters, though not as powerful as their A-Rank powerhouses, were no less determined.

They engaged the higher-level beasts head-on, their weapons flashing as they cut through the horde. They fought with a brutal efficiency, focusing their efforts on the more dangerous foes while avoiding the low-level beasts to conserve their strength.

Aria, alongside her fellow clan members and cousins, charged into the fray with daggers in hand, their movements a blur of speed and precision. The battlefield around them was a chaotic storm of claws, teeth, and steel, but they navigated it with astonishing agility.

Their Void Step skill allowed them to vanish and reappear in an instant, making them nearly impossible for the beasts to track them. One by one, they cut through their enemies, each strike swift and lethal, leaving a trail of fallen foes in their wake.

Aria, however, stood out even amongst her clan members and cousins. She was in a league of her own, her movements a dazzling display of speed and skill. She moved like a silvery flash, her dagger glinting in the light as she struck down beast after beast with incredible proficiency...

Each of her strikes was precise, clean, and devastating, slicing through the toughest beasts as if they were paper. Her agility was unmatched, allowing her to weave through the battlefield with an almost ethereal grace, her presence more akin to a deadly specter than a human warrior.

“Amazing!”

Ethan watched her from afar, his eyes following her every movement. Despite the chaos around him, he couldn't help but feel a deep sense of admiration for Aria. Her valiant profile as she fought, her unwavering determination, and her flawless techniques left him impressed. She was the exact combination of both beauty and brawn.

Chapter 62: Chapter 62: Turning The Tide?

“Ethan, focus!” Cedric's voice cut through the chaos, snapping Ethan back to the present.

Their battlefield was swarmed with a variety of formidable beasts—hulking bears, brute apes, serpentine creatures, Shadowfang Wolves, and several giant flying birds. Their roars and shrieks filled the air, mingling with the sounds of clashing steel and explosive magic.

Swish... Swish... The sharp, rhythmic sounds of arcane arrows whizzed through the air as Yona unleashed a barrage of explosive projectiles. Each arrow erupted in a burst of energy upon impact, scattering the enemy forces and leaving scorched ground in its wake.

Cedric, spear in hand, surged forward with a powerful thrust. His spear skills triggered a series of precise, deadly strikes, each one aimed to pierce through the ranks of the approaching beasts. The spear danced in his hands, a blur of motion as he carved through the enemy lines.

On the other hand, Marcus, with his greatsword raised, charged against a horde of giant apes alone.

Seeing Marcus's madness, Ethan shook his head and followed behind him to ensure his safety if needed.



With a swift, fluid motion, Ethan swung his Dragonian Blade, effortlessly decapitating a few of the brute apes that charged at him. Their massive bodies crumpled to the ground as their severed heads rolled away, leaving a trail of blood in the dirt.

“Screech!” Suddenly, a giant raven, its feathers as dark as night, lunged at him from the sky. Its eyes glinted with a terrifying, predatory gleam, promising death.

Reacting quickly, Ethan extended his hand, channeling his power into the ground.

“Earth Manipulation!” he commanded, and thick, multilayered walls of solid earth erupted from the ground, forming a protective barrier between him and the raven. The enormous bird collided with the wall at full speed, the impact reducing the barrier to rubble. The force of the crash left the Raven dazed, its head wobbling as it tried to regain its focus.

Shaking off its dizziness, the Raven opened its beak, and a dark, ominous energy began to gather within its mouth. Ethan’s eyes widened—whatever it was preparing to unleash would be devastating.

“Shadow Step!” he muttered, and in an instant, he melted into the shadows cast by the crumbling walls, reappearing five meters away from the raven. He knew he couldn’t match the beast in raw physical strength, but he didn’t need to. He had other ways to outmaneuver it.

“Inferno Leap!” With a burst of fiery energy, Ethan launched himself into the air, leaving a trail of flames in his wake. His target was clear: the raven’s vulnerable head, while its still preparing to unleash its breath ability.

“Slice!” His blade cut through the air with deadly precision, and in one clean strike, the raven’s head was severed from its body. The massive, blood-soaked head thudded to the ground, its once menacing eyes now lifeless.

But as Ethan descended back to the ground, he noticed something disturbing. A demonic aura, dark and malevolent, began to seep from the Raven’s decapitated body, attempting to flee into the shadows.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Ethan grinned wickedly, his eyes narrowing to slits.

“Holy Purge!” he shouted, channeling holy energy from his sword. A brilliant burst of light erupted from the blade, washing over the demonic aura. The dark energy writhed and twisted in agony before it was completely purged, disintegrated by the holy power.

“Bang!”

Suddenly, before he could have a moment to rest, Ethan was directly hit by a Serpentine creature’s tail, sending him flying away, before falling onto the ground.

“Damn it all..” Frustrated, Ethan stood up, blood covering his lips. His body was also feeling the pain, but he focused to finish the creature off.

“Come!” He grinned, before charging forward while activating Azula Sword Strike.

The giant serpent, sensing the growing threat from Ethan, widened its jaws and exhaled a thick, eerie white mist. The mist quickly enveloped the area around Ethan, its chilling touch creeping along his skin. His instincts flared, recognizing the dangerous nature of the mist-it was trying to petrify him, to turn his body into cold, lifeless stone.

Ethan’s eyes narrowed, and he let out a low, disdainful scoff. “Hmph, trying to petrify me? You’re too slow for that.”

Before the mist could take full effect, Ethan moved with blinding speed, disappearing from within the fog like a shadow slipping through the cracks of light. In an instant, he reappeared beside the serpentine creature, his sword poised for a strike.

“Slash!” With a swift and powerful motion, Ethan’s blade cut through the serpent’s thick scales and flesh as if it were nothing more than butter. The massive serpent’s head was severed cleanly from its body, crashing heavily onto the ground with a dull thud, its lifeless eyes still open in shock.

Ethan wiped the blade clean, taking a quick survey of the battlefield. “Guys, are you handling things alright?” he called out, his voice carrying over the noise of the ongoing battle.

But there was no response. The clash of weapons, roars of beasts, and the shouts of his comrades filled the air, drowning out his words. It was clear they were too preoccupied with their own battles to reply.

Scanning the area, Ethan’s gaze fell on Marcus, who was locked in a fierce struggle with two giant apes. Marcus’s movements were frantic, his greatsword swinging wildly as he tried to fend off the powerful blows of the towering beasts. Sweat dripped from his brow, and there was a desperate, almost reckless determination in his eyes-one that concerned Ethan deeply.

“This guy...” Ethan muttered as he stepped forward, concerned about what Marcus might do in his heartbroken state during these difficult times.

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Meanwhile, at the first line of defense, City Lord Longus and his allies had slain nearly 300 Obsidian Terrors, working in perfect coordination. Only a few of the nightmarish creatures remained on the battlefield, and victory seemed within their grasp. Smiles

spread across their faces as they surveyed the piles of monster remains in blood soaked ground—each creature’s body a treasure trove of valuable materials.

“Brother, allow me, you should rest for a moment.” Aria’s uncle said to his brother.

“Alright... ” Aria’s father nodded and let Astrid take charge of his position.

The battlefield, now littered with the remains of slain beasts, felt as if it were on the verge of calm. The overwhelming presence of the Obsidian Terrors had been significantly diminished, thanks in large part to the relentless efforts of City Lord Longus and the other A-Rank powerhouses.

A few minutes passed, and the beasts’ numbers dwindled rapidly, far outpacing the human casualties.

[ Congratulations! You have leveled up.]

[ You have received 5 attribute points to distribute freely. ]

[ Current level: 18 ]

As Ethan received the familiar notification, he allowed himself a moment to rest. He had slain so many beasts that their corpses now formed a small mountain around him.

Despite that, it was frustrating that he couldn’t use Skill Absorption because of all the prying eyes nearby.

Clap, clap!

“Haha, well done, young man. You young people are the real hope of humanity,” a group of elderly veteran hunters cheered, clearly impressed by Ethan’s party’s performance.

Cedric scratched his head, a bit embarrassed. “Don’t exaggerate, seniors. It’s you who did most of the work.”

“Hahaha, is that so? It’s good to see you’re modest. The world is unpredictable, so always stay true to your nature,” an old man said, patting Cedric’s shoulder warmly.

“Young man, are you married? What do you think about my granddaughters?” An elderly woman proposed, eyeing towards two beautiful girls.

The girls blushed and took glances at Cedric from the corner of their eyes.

Cedric blushed at proposal, and replied, “Sorry madam, I have a girlfriend already.”

Ethan looked dumbfounded at the site. “Man, I did all the work. Where’s my praise?”

Chapter 63: Chapter 63: Dreadnaught Colossus

“We’re almost finished,” City Lord Longus murmured, wiping the sweat from his brow as he surveyed the battlefield with relief. The once-formidable Obsidian Terrors, towering beasts of shadow and steel, were now reduced to a scattered, disoriented few. The relentless onslaught led by his forces, coupled with the loss of their keens had broken their ranks, leaving them vulnerable and aimless.

“Congratulations, Lord Longus!” Mirrel Nortel’s voice cut through the atmosphere of the battlefield, his tone a blend of sincere admiration and calculated flattery. He stepped forward from the sidelines, his regal armor gleaming despite the grime of battle. “It’s thanks to your leadership and unmatched strength that we were able to bring down these nightmare creatures so swiftly. Your power knows no bounds.”

“Over-flattery...” City Lord Longus chuckled, though his eyes narrowed slightly as he regarded Mirrel. The corner of his lips curled into an amused smile, yet there was a hint of wariness in his expression. He knew the leader of the Winged Tiger Clan well—an upright and righteous man, not prone to such overt praise without reason. “That’s rare coming from you, Mirrel. Tell me, what do you need?”

“Haha...” Mirrel Nortel chuckled awkwardly, a faint blush creeping up his neck. “Well, it seems I can never hide anything from you, can I?” He took a deep breath, clearly weighing his words carefully.

“You see, my Lord, it’s about my son...” he began, pausing to let the weight of the words settle in the air between them.

“Continue,” City Lord Longus urged, his interest piqued. With the battle nearly won, there was time to engage in this unexpected conversation while keeping a watchful eye on the remnants of the battlefield. He had heard rumors about Mirrel’s son—a young man notorious for his arrogance and conceit, who seemed to revel in bullying the weak and tormenting commoners. The complaints had reached Longus’s ears more than once, each more troubling than the last.

Longus often wondered how such a person could be Mirrel’s son. The difference between father and son was like heaven and earth. Mirrel was known for his integrity, his sense of justice, and his unwavering dedication to the greater good. It baffled Longus how the offspring of such a righteous man could stray so far from the path of virtue.

Seeing that the City Lord wasn’t annoyed, Mirrel continued, his voice tinged with a mix of hope and reluctance. “Actually, my Lord, my son is a bit upset about not receiving a recommendation for the ancient land.

I fully understand that he's not as talented as those who were chosen, but I can assure you he's incredibly hardworking. That's why I wanted to request, if possible, that you consider giving him one of your personal recommendations. I promise you, he won't let you down."

Mirrel paused briefly, his eyes flickering with concern before he continued. "Our clan, as you may know, wasn't fortunate enough to receive a single recommendation this time, while others have secured at least one. This puts our clan's future in jeopardy, weakening our position in the coming years. A personal recommendation from you would be an invaluable boost to our standing."

He hesitated, then added in a quieter tone, "Moreover, my son heard about a commoner boy receiving a recommendation from the city. That news has made him even more upset. It's difficult for me to see him like this, feeling overshadowed and overlooked."

As he spoke, the fatherly concern in Mirrel's voice was unmistakable. For the sake of his son, he was willing to break his own moral code, even if it meant snatching away an opportunity meant for someone else. The weight of guilt hung heavily on him, but he was prepared to bear it alone if it meant securing a better future for his son and the Winged Tiger Clan.

"Ohh..." City Lord Longus nodded in understanding. He had indeed heard about a commoner boy receiving a recommendation for exceptional talent, though he had yet to meet the young man himself.

"Alright, Mirrel. No need to say more. I understand."

"You just need a recommendation, right? Don't worry about it," City Lord Longus said with a reassuring smile. "Considering all the contributions you've made to this city over the years, it's a small favor. Besides, maintaining the power balance in Arcadia is crucial, and granting you one of those recommendation spots will help in that regard."

He could see the lengths to which Mirrel had gone for his son, and while the boy might be less capable, the gesture of fatherly love was something Longus couldn't ignore. It impressed him, seeing Mirrel lower his pride for the sake of his family.

City Lord Longus had been entrusted with three recommendations: one for his own clan, and two for the most talented individuals in Arcadia City. Though this information was supposed to be kept top secret, he suspected the noble clans had already caught wind of it.

"Thank you, my Lord. Thank you," Mirrel Nortel said, tears of gratitude welling up in his eyes.

"No need to thank me," City Lord Longus replied with a sigh, waving off the gratitude. "Those spots were going to be given out eventually."

With that, he turned his attention back to the battlefield, his mind already shifting back to the final stages of the battle.

He nodded to his men, signaling them to prepare for the final push. Victory was within their grasp, the prospect of returning home—albeit with new scars—tantalizingly close.

Rumble...

But just as those thoughts began to solidify, a deep rumble echoed across the battlefield, causing the ground beneath them to tremble ominously. The smiles that had begun to form on the hunters' faces faltered, their eyes darting anxiously across the horizon in search of the disturbance.

"What's that?" one of the A-Rank hunters whispered, his voice barely concealing the unease that rippled through the ranks.

"Boom!"

Before anyone could respond, the earth erupted near the center of the battlefield. From the gaping chasm that formed, a massive, hulking figure of darkness began to emerge.

It was another demonic creature known as Dreadnought Colossus in demon land. It was even more terrifying than the Obsidian Terrors.

The Dreadnought Colossus is a towering 250-meter embodiment of pure darkness, a demon forged from shadow and void. Its skull-like head, crowned with jagged obsidian horns, bears hollow eye sockets filled with swirling voids that devour light.

The Colossus's chest houses an abyssal core of darkness, surrounded by veins of pure shadow that pulse with malevolent energy, drawing in and consuming all life. Its colossal arms end in claws of blackened obsidian, capable of tearing through the fabrics of space itself. Its back was lined with jagged, shadowy spines flickering with dark energy.

As the demonic creature's ominous aura spread far and wide, it drew every beast and bird from the nearby wilderness, as if summoning them to its call. The remaining beasts on the battlefield turned their eyes a deep crimson, their bodies thrumming with a newfound, berserk energy.

Their strength increased exponentially, and they attacked the hunters with an unprecedented ferocity, cutting down hunters and knights alike with terrifying ease.

City Lord Longus's heart sank as he realized he didn't recognize the newly arrived demonic creature at all. There was only one explanation—it must be from the deepest

part of the Demon Land, the Abyss. Despite his extensive knowledge of demonic species, this creature was entirely unfamiliar to him, with abilities yet to be discovered.

“Fall back!” Longus bellowed, his voice slicing through the shock that had gripped his men. “Regroup and prepare for the final battle, everyone!”

The experienced hunters and leaders obeyed without hesitation, their earlier confidence now replaced with grim determination. They knew all too well that the odds had just shifted drastically, and this battle was far from over.

“My lord, it looks like they’re playing their final card,” Zephyr Stormclaw, the leader of Tunder Leopard clan, approached Longus with a grim expression, his voice laced with concern. Other clan leaders quickly gathered around, their faces etched with worry.

“I know..” City Lord Longus remained resolute, his gaze fixed on the colossal beast. He tightened his grip on his weapon, readying himself to face it head-on.

“Brother, will the City Lord be able to handle this one alone? That demonic creature is so massive and powerful,” Aria’s uncle asked, his voice trembling with fear.

Aria’s father stood beside him, his expression solemn as he watched the monstrous abomination before them. The air was charcoaled with tension, the stakes became higher than ever.

Chapter 64: Chapter 64: Netherhorn Minotaurs

“Oh, lord.. What a monstrosity!”

Ethan and the others nearby stared in shock at the colossal demonic entity on the frontline.

The creature, nearly 250 meters long, loomed over them like a mountain, its massive form dwarfing everything around it.

Even with the Sunfire Crow’s illumination, they struggled to see its full shape; the creature’s pitch-black color blended seamlessly with the darkness.

The Dreadnaught Colossus was the embodiment of pure darkness, a demon forged from darkness and skeletons. Its skull-like head, crowned with jagged obsidian horns, bears hollow sockets filled with swirling voids that could devour light.

With each step, its legs (pillars of darkness) crush the earth beneath them, leaving voids where the ground has been consumed by shadow.

Its entire being exudes an aura of dread, bending light and space around it, as the air grows cold and hope fades in its presence.

Some hunters had already lost control, wetting themselves in terror after locking eyes with the monstrous entity.

As soon as Ethan was about activate Appraisal, he felt an overwhelming amount of dread. It's as if his instincts was screaming not to do it at all cost. He felt like he could be turned to ashes instantly upon doing it.

Ethan felt cold head to toe, shivering all over.

“What the hell! Who in their right mind would face this thing?”

Roar!

Howl!

Screech!

But, their horror was short-lived as they watched yet another horde of beasts began to emerge from the wilderness, charging directly into the fray.

“Damn it,” Marcus cursed in frustration as he saw thousands of more beasts were on the way. His eyes turned red, but he felt overwhelming despair inside.

“Oh no! Are we going to die like this?” Panic spread among the ordinary hunters as the newly arrived beasts swarmed them.

By this time, they had nearly depleted all their Mana Reserves and supplies. Exhaustion weighed heavily on them after the prolonged battle.

Struggling to keep up with the berserk beasts' relentless assault, several hunters were crushed in the chaos.

“Run! Run!” Some scrambled away in fear, dragging their exhausted bodies.

“O Source of All Being, in Your hands, the stars are born, and the earth finds form. Guide us, Your humble servants, as we walk the paths You have shaped. May we be ever mindful of Your eternal light, which breathes life into all creation,” some prayed earnestly, preparing for what seemed like their inevitable deaths.

“Ahh!” A girl screamed as she saw a giant serpent propelling itself toward her, its gaping mouth and sharp teeth ready to seal her fate.



Ethan moved swiftly, his sword slicing through the air as he killed the serpent instantly, saving the girl from certain death.

“T-Thank you..!” The girl, snapping back to her senses, expressed her gratitude with a trembling voice.

Without wasting a moment, Ethan dashed off to aid another person in need. With plenty of Mana still at his disposal, he was determined to keep fighting. To him, these berserk beasts weren’t just threats—they were experience points.

As the essences of the fallen enemies flowed into him, he felt himself inching closer to leveling up.

“Phew....” Cedric, being exhausted, watched Ethan in disbelief and shook his head in defeat. “How can anyone keep up with this guy?” Still he felt pride knowing such a person was his friend.

Meanwhile, Yona was fully engaged in battle with a giant bird in the sky, her mind focused and sharp, while Marcus fought recklessly as ever.

Roar!

Without warning, a giant humanoid beast with long, fiery horns charged at Ethan. He was wielding a heavy stone axe, that resonated through the air.

The sound of the Minotaur’s hooves pounding against the ground was like distant thunder, each step resonating with primal force.

Ethan’s Predator Instincts flared, his senses sharpening as he turned to face the beast. The Minotaur swung its axe with immense power, the sheer force of the blow sending a gust of air that made Ethan’s hair nestled around.

“Damn it...” Ethan felt the crushing weight of the attack and knew he needed to act quickly. He activated Shadow Step, vanishing in a blur of shadow hoping to evade the strike.

Yet, to his dismay, the axe seemed to have the ability to track his every movement, its arc following him through the air.

“Shit!”

Realizing that fleeing wasn’t an option, Ethan stopped mid-movement, a cold sweat forming on his forehead.

He swiftly activated Earth Manipulation, channeling a substantial amount of Mana into the ground. With a focused effort, he conjured a massive Stone Boulder, hurling it into the path of the descending axe.

“Boom!” The collision was deafening. The stone boulder and the axe met with a thunderous impact, sending a shockwave rippling through the surrounding area.

“Bang!” The force of the blast knocked Ethan off his feet, sending him stumbling backward, his body crashing into the ground.

But, the Minotaur stood like mountain, his face turned into a scowl.

[ Appraisal ]

[ Netherhorn Minotaur ]

[ Power Level: 31 ]

[ Health: 7,000 ]

[ Abilities:]

[ ★ Devastating Swing: Unleashes a powerful axe swing with the potential to cause massive damage and create shockwaves.]

[★ Nether Horn burst: Channels nether fiery energy through its horns to create a massive, explosive shockwave that radiates outward. The burst inflicts substantial fire and dark damage, ignites and disorients enemies, and can cause structural collapse within the impact zone.]

[ ★ Horned Rampage: Uses its fiery horns to gore and smash through enemies, delivering both fire and physical damage.]

[★ Minotaur’s Outburst: Enters a berserk state when their health falls below 10%, increasing its strength, speed, and attack power, allowing it to perform rapid, ferocious strikes.]

“Level 31? Tough nut, aren’t you?” Ethan muttered, his eyes narrowing at the imposing Minotaur.

He quickly realized that the beast must have slipped through the frontline due to the sudden chaos. Normally, such a powerful creature wouldn’t breach the third defense line.

Surveying the battlefield, Ethan saw that the sight of the Minotaur had left everyone around him trembling with fear.

It meant everyone was in utmost danger.

“Roar... Roar...”

The ground shook with each thunderous roar, and the echo of more Minotaurs arriving became apparent. The rhythmic pounding of their hooves was like a relentless storm, making everyone’s hearts pound with dread.

Ethan cast a complicated glance over his surroundings. His mind raced to find a solution. There were nearly ten of these monstrous creatures, their power ranging from level 30 to level 35.

Marcus, his face a mask of despair, stared at the approaching Minotaurs. Despite his fierce determination, he knew that facing even one of them alone was an almost certain death sentence.

Still, he resolved himself and went to Ethan, to fight beside him, in company. That seemed to be the best option.

Cedric and Yona also followed along, finding no other options.

“Alright, time to get serious.”

Ethan glanced at them, then activated Lava Juggernaut’s (D), his most destructive skill. In an instant, he transformed into a towering seven-meter giant, a fearsome amalgamation of molten rock and searing magma.

“Inferno Leap (D)!” he commanded, charging upward amidst the Minotaurs.

The onlookers, frozen in terror and awe, gasped in amazement. “Wow!” they collectively exclaimed.

“Good heavens! What is this power? Who is this young man?” the elderly veteran hunters marveled, their eyes wide with shock. In their entire lives, they had never witnessed such a display of power.

Though they were familiar with transformation skills—typically possessed by individuals with powerful bloodlines, like those from the five great clans—Ethan’s form was entirely unprecedented.

Some veterans noted a resemblance to the Lava Giants from the newly discovered Rock Giants Cave.

“Guys, maybe he got that skill from the newly formed dungeon—Rock Giant’s Cave. I’ve seen similar monsters down there...” a young man suggested to his companions, capturing everyone’s attention.

“Ohh, Really?”

“What luck!” they whispered among themselves, their eyes gleaming with a mix of envy and excitement.

They began to plan a visit to the dungeon, hoping to survive and potentially acquire such incredible skills for themselves.

However, no one knew that it was just their wishful thinking.

Chapter 65: Chapter 65: The Finale

As the Dreadnaught Colossus began its catastrophic charge toward the city wall, City Lord Longus knew he had to act now. The ground shook beneath the beast’s colossal weight, and the very air seemed to tremble with its impending destruction.

City Lord Longus, his heart heavy as he stepped forward, fully aware of the dire consequences if he failed to defeat it. If this monstrosity breached the walls, the human casualties would be catastrophic—far worse than they had already endured.

One-third of the city’s defenders had already fallen at the hands of these beasts, and the numbers weighed heavily on his shoulders. If it increases more, the lives inside the city would be massacred in minutes.

Of course, he full well knew that there was also his wife and daughter inside the fortress.

With hardened determination etched into his handsome face, Longus glanced at the other A-Rank powerhouses who were locked in fierce combat, holding back the tide of smaller beasts.

Their efforts were praiseworthy, but this was his burden to bear. If he couldn’t kill the Dreadnaught Colossus, the city would be lost.

With a resolve forged in countless battles, City Lord Longus launched himself into the sky, his body a blur of motion.

“Heavenly Crow Transformation (S)!” he roared, his voice echoing through the battlefield.

In a blinding flash, his form began to shift, enveloped in flames that burned with the intensity of a dying star. His body expanded, feathers of dark fire sprouting from his back as he transformed into a massive, crow-like creature of nearly 100 meters long. His eyes blazed like molten gold, and his wings, now immense and awe-inspiring, crackling with fiery energy.

“KAAAWRR!”

As the transformation completed, City Lord Longus was no longer merely a man—he was an Heavenly Fire Crow, a living embodiment of celestial fire and wrath.

With a powerful flap of his wings, he ascended higher, the heat radiating from his body scorching the very air around him. The sky above darkened, as if night had fallen early, and the battlefield was illuminated by the eerie, fiery glow of his presence.

He fixed his burning gaze on the Dreadnaught Colossus below, its massive form still hurtling toward the city.

“KAAAWRR!”

With a cry that shook the heavens, Longus unleashed a torrent of searing flames from his wings, cascading down like a hellish rainstorm. The flames were not just ordinary fire—they were the Heavenly Crow’s Flames, capable of reducing even the mightiest of beasts to ashes.

The flames struck the Colossus with explosive force, engulfing it in a swirling inferno. The beast roared in pain and fury, its thick hide beginning to crack under the relentless heat. But the Dreadnaught Colossus was no ordinary foe; it continued its charge, undeterred, though its movements slowed as the flames ate away at its colossal form.

City Lord Longus circled above, his fiery wings leaving trails of light in the darkened sky. He knew that one attack would not be enough. Gathering more of the celestial fire within him, he prepared for another strike, determined to bring it down.

Then, the Colossus had enveloped itself in a shroud of pure darkness, becoming nearly invisible and intangible as it merges with the shadows. This shroud began to absorb all forms of light and energy, rendering most of the attacks useless.

“Uh...” City Lord Longus muttered, a flicker of surprise crossing his usually stoic face. He hadn’t expected the Dreadnaught Colossus to devour his celestial fire so effortlessly.

“Let’s see how many times you can do this,” he growled under his breath, his determination unwavering as he unleashed another torrent of celestial fire upon the beast.

But as the flames engulfed the Dreadnaught Colossus, something unexpected happened. Instead of being consumed by the searing heat, the creature absorbed the fire, its massive form pulsing with newfound strength. Each time it fed on the celestial flames, its power grew, the dark energy swirling around it becoming more intense.

City Lord Longus watched in disbelief as the beast not only withstood his attacks but seemed to grow stronger by devouring on them. His flames, which was meant to reduce the beast to ashes, were only making it stronger.

Realizing the futility of his current strategy, Longus ceased his assault, hovering in the sky as he stared down at the Dreadnaught Colossus with bewilderment. "What... what is this creature?" he murmured, the words barely escaping his lips.

In all his years of battle, he had never encountered such a strange and overwhelmingly powerful ability.

The creature was not merely resisting his attacks; it was feeding on them, growing stronger with each strike. "Isn't this too unfair?" he thought, the irony not lost on him that a creature named Dreadnaught Colossus would indeed fill him with dread.

He narrowed his eyes, the realization dawning on him. "This must be the work of that damned demon god," he concluded, his voice tinged with both anger and concern. Something much larger was at play here, a dark force must be manipulating events from the shadows.

Longus's sharp, piercing gaze scanned the battlefield, searching for any sign of a lurking presence, someone pulling the strings behind this monstrous power. But despite his efforts, he found nothing—no trace of the demons, no sign of any sinister figure orchestrating this chaos.

Left with no other choice, Longus refocused his attention on the Dreadnaught Colossus. The time for hesitation had passed. If he was going to defeat this monstrosity, he would need to go all out.

Unbeknownst to him, several figures were indeed watching him intently, hidden from sight. These shadowy beings blended seamlessly into the void, their presence so perfectly masked that even the most vigilant eye would pass over them without notice.

Had Aria's father been present, his unique affinity for the void might have revealed their lurking forms. But in the absence of his keen senses, the figures remained undetected, silently observing every move as the battle raged on.

Seeing his magical attack not working on the creature, Longus opened his mouth and let out a terrifying scream as if it shook the heavens. "KAAAWRR."

City Lord Longus watched intently as the Dreadnaught Colossus convulsed from the sound attack. The piercing scream had shaken the heavens, and it was clear that the creature was vulnerable to this auditory onslaught. This was a crucial discovery, one that he could exploit.

Seeing the effect, he grinned. He finally found its weakness—physical damage.

In his Heavenly Fire Crow form, he knew he had to press the advantage before the Colossus could recover.

With a swift motion, Longus spread his massive, Phoenix-like wings, each feather bristling with energy.

These weren't ordinary feathers—they were forged from the toughest components of the celestial flames and imbued with holy power, each one capable of delivering devastating damage.

He focused his energy, channeling all his power into his wings. The feathers began to glow with a fierce, golden light, their edges sharp as blades.

He could feel the destructive potential within them, each one ready to unleash holy retribution upon the dark creature below.

With a powerful flap of his wings, he sent thousands of these deadly feathers hurtling toward the Dreadnaught Colossus.

The sky above the battlefield darkened as the barrage of fiery daggers rained down, each one trailing a streak of light as it descended.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!”

The feathers struck with explosive force, each impact resonating across the battlefield like thunder. The holy power infused in the feathers tore through the dark shroud that surrounded the Colossus, each strike causing the creature to roar in agony.

The holy energy seared its flesh, leaving behind gaping wounds that sizzled and smoked.

The damage from the attack was significant. The creature's once-impenetrable darkness veil was now riddled with injuries, its dark energy wavering as the holy power disrupted its form.

The Dreadnaught Colossus staggered, its massive body trembling under the relentless assault..

Chapter 66: Chapter 66: The Finale (2)

“Buzz...!”

The creature unleashed a terrifying pulse of darkness that spread like an inky wave, melting everything in its path as if it were glue.

Even the relentless barrage of destructive feathers attacking it was consumed, disintegrating into nothingness upon contact with the malevolent energy.

“No...”

City Lord Longus’s heart beat quickened, but he maintained his composure, quickly assessing the situation. The Darkness pulse wasn’t just an ordinary attack—it was an annihilation force.

He watched as the thick walls, once sturdy and impenetrable, began to collapse under the immense corrosion of the darkness.

Beyond the crumbling walls, stationed guards who had been caught off guard by the sudden assault were engulfed by the darkness pulse.

Their bodies were instantly liquefied into a gooey, black substance, horrifyingly merging with the ground they once defended.

As the creature opened its gaping maw, a sickening sound reverberated through the air as it began to devour everything in its path—concrete, dirt, soil, and anything else unfortunate enough to be within reach. The devastation was nothing but brutal, leaving nothing behind but a barren, corrupted landscape.

Taking advantage of the chaos, hordes of beasts began pouring into the city through the newly created breach in the walls.

The city’s defenses were faltering, but the City Lord was calm. Instead, he focused on taking down the demonic creature. Or else it was going to devour the whole city eventually.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

THUD! THUD! THUD!

Then, from within the city, a battalion of knights surged forward like a bolt of lightning, their armor gleaming in the dim light as they raced toward the breach.

The air was thick with tension, but their resolve was unshakable.

“Knights! To arms! The city calls upon you, to protect Arcadia with your very lives!” the battalion commander shouted, his voice carrying over the chaos, a rallying cry meant to bolster their spirits.



“For Honor...! For Glory!”

“Long live Arcadia City! We raise our swords to protect!” the knights roared in unison, their voices echoing through the city streets. Swords drawn and shields raised, they charged toward the invading beasts, a wall of steel and courage ready to defend their home.

In the sky above, City Lord Longus activated his ultimate skill with a commanding presence.

“Body of Ruination (S)!”

Instantly, his massive fire crow form was enveloped in an ethereal glow of pure destruction. The once majestic and fiery feathers now crackled with dark, destructive energy, transforming each feather into a potent weapon of chaos.

The very air around him seemed to tremble as the aura of annihilation radiated outward, creating ripples of devastation in every direction.

With the power of Ruination coursing through him, City Lord Longus became a living embodiment of destruction.

“Now, time to end you, you abominable demon,” City Lord Longus declared, his eyes piercing like blades.

“Meteoric Dive (S).”

As he activated the skill, the power of Ruination seamlessly overlapped with this S-Rank skill. Overlapping skills was possible in Rank B or above. Although, Ethan’s case was totally different.

In the next moment, the massive fire crow ascended to an astonishing height of nearly 1 kilometer. The sound of massive Crow’s wings flapping was a constant, thunderous whup-whup-whup, reverberating through the sky with each powerful beat.

“Swoosh...” From this towering height, it began its descent with the unstoppable force of a meteor. As it plummeted, City lord Longus’s form was enveloped in a fiery aura, transforming him into a blazing, celestial projectile. The ethereal cocoon of ruination energy encased him, amplifying the destructive impact of his attack.

The fire crow, now a formidable comet of annihilation, hurtled towards the ground with unimaginable velocity, preparing to deliver a cataclysmic blow to the abominable demon below.

The Dreadnaught Colossus, sensing the imminent danger, ceased its annihilative actions. It turned its gaze skyward and released a fearsome roar, unleashing a

devouring ability that resembled a small black hole, aiming to engulf the fire crow completely.

Despite the overwhelming force pulling him in, City Lord Longus remained steadfast, undeterred in his ruination charge.

The colossal wings of the fire crow continued their whup-whup-whup rhythm, each beat a testament to his unwavering resolve.

In the next moment, the fire crow was swallowed by the creature's gaping maw. To those watching from the city below, it appeared as though City Lord Longus had been defeated and utterly annihilated.

Tension gripped the clan leaders and influential figures as they witnessed the dire scene. Their nerves were stretched taut, their thoughts racing with fear for the worst.

Before they could fully process the unfolding disaster, an earthshaking vibration surged through the Dreadnaught Colossus. The ground trembled violently, and a deafening roar followed.

"BOOM...!"

The BOOM... that followed was not merely a sound but a tremendous explosion of energy.

The Dreadnaught Colossus's body cracked open, fissures spreading like lightning across its dark, menacing surface. Its once-ominous aura of devouring darkness was abruptly disrupted, and the very essence of the creature began to unravel.

A blinding flash of light erupted from within the colossus, searing through the darkness and casting an intense, purifying glow over the battlefield.

The colossi demon's roar turned into a gurgling, agonized wail as it struggled against the force tearing it apart from the inside...

Chunks of the Dreadnaught Colossi's body were flung into the air like shattered debris, raining down upon the landscape.

The ground trembled and split apart, with shockwaves rippling outward from the epicenter of the explosion. Dust and debris blotted out the sky, and the very fabric of the surrounding terrain was reshaped by the colossal blast.

The force of the explosion generated a massive shockwave that swept across the battlefield, toppling structures and sending debris flying in all directions.

The once-imposing colossus was reduced to fragments, its remains scattered across the battlefield in a chaotic display of destruction.

In the moment of the cataclysmic explosion, the battlefield fell into a stunned silence, except for the distant echoes of the fire crow's wings, still beating rhythmically in the sky.

The once-feared Dreadnaught Colossus was no more, obliterated by the overwhelming power of City Lord Longus's final, devastating attack.

In the aftermath of the cataclysmic explosion, the battlefield fell into stunned silence. The once-feared Dreadnaught Colossus lay shattered, obliterated by City Lord Longus's final, devastating attack.

However, in that moment of victory, as the battlefield lay in silence, no one noticed the small, yet ominous object that silently slipped away.

The Abyssal Core of the Dreadnaught Colossus, no larger than an apple, drifted through the air, cloaked by a veil of invisibility. It moved with an eerie, deliberate purpose, heading toward the city.

But there was some presence that did notice—the lurking entities hidden deep within the void, far from the sight of those on the battlefield.

They whispered in hushed, demonic language as they observed the core's silent journey.

#@#&#%@".

Their voices, once barely audible, began to rise in urgency and concern as the core floated inside the city.

#### Chapter 67: Chapter 67: Their First Kiss

As the dust settled, City Lord Longus descended from the sky, transforming back into his humanoid form. His steps were unsteady as he clutched his stomach tightly, his usually composed demeanor strained by an overwhelming fatigue.

"Impressive as always, my lord," one of the clan leaders said as they approached him, having finished their own battles. They wore exhausted smiles, their faces lined with weariness after the long and grueling fight. Yet, despite their fatigue, they couldn't help but flatter the city lord, their voices carrying a tone of reverence.

"How could those abominable demons ever stand a chance against you? Only if they're tired of life would they dare to invade our city."

Another old man chimed in, his tone filled with reverence. “Truly, my lord, you are the shield and sword of Arcadia. With you leading us, no force in this world or the next could ever hope to breach our defenses.”

But the City Lord barely registered their words. His vision blurred, and he felt a wave of nausea washing over him. His body, once brimming with immense power, now felt weak and drained. ”

“Argh!”

“Cough! Cough!”

Without warning, he coughed over violently, spitting out a large amount of blood that stained the soil beneath him a deep red.

The clan leaders, who had been so absorbed in their praises, froze in shock as they watched the city lord collapse to one knee, his hand still pressed tightly to his stomach. The sight of the blood left them speechless, their expressions shifting from admiration to horror. They had never seen the city lord, the unshakable pillar of Arcadia, in such a weakened state.

“My lord, what’s happening to you?” Mirrel Nortel asked, his voice trembling with rare anxiousness.

Alger Silvermoon rushed forward, concern etched deeply into his face. “Someone, fetch a high grade healing potion, quick!”

Mirrel Nortel hurriedly rummaged through his space bracelet, his hands shaking slightly as he searched for something that could help.

“Here, Brother Alger,” he called out, his voice tinged with urgency. “I have an A-grade Health Restoration potion with me!”

In a flash, Mirrel pulled out a small vial filled with a shimmering red liquid, the glow of which seemed to pulse with potent life-giving energy.

That was no ordinary health potion—this was an A-grade Health Restoration potion. It could restore one’s health to a normal condition in mere seconds.

Alger Silvermoon, who had been anxiously watching over the city lord, exhaled a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding. “Ohh, an A-grade Health Restoration potion? That’s even better,” he said, relief washing over his face.

Without wasting a moment, Aria’s father carefully poured the potion into City Lord Longus’s mouth. The city lord, still barely conscious, instinctively gulped down the liquid. The effect was almost immediate—his face began glow of a healthy colour.

Then he recalled the horrifying experience of entering that black hole of the Dreadnaught Colossal demon.

As soon as he entered that void, he had felt that his strength and life force was slipping away fast. It was really a panicky situation.

Fortunately, he was eventually able to break the void confinement—due to the ruination force that had corroded the space shattering the place in explosive force.

He regretted his rash action, clenching his fist. He should have handled it more carefully. But now, there was no use crying over spilled milk. He had to pay the price—and it was no small one.

He stared at his system panel with a melancholic expression. He had lost 10 levels, dropping back to level 90. It was horrifying, to say the least. Who knew how long it would take him to recover his full power now?

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“Yes, Victory!”

“We won!”

The triumphant shouts echoed across the battlefield as the colossal demon’s demise became apparent. Knights and hunters alike cheered with unrestrained joy, their voices rising in a chorus of relief and exhilaration.

The sight of the monstrous Dreadnaught Colossus being obliterated had turned the tide of the battle, filling the air with renewed hope and the sweet taste of victory.

But, The battlefield was now covered with corpses of humans, beasts, and demonic creatures—a gruesome site. Some mourned for their loved one’s death, recalling their despairing tale.

Fortunately, at the last moment, the reserve forces from the multiple city outposts, joined in the fray, and turned situation around.

More importantly, as soon as Dreadnought Colossus died, the demonic enchantment from the beasts wore off, and became vulnerable.

Then the beasts suddenly fled from the battlefield, seemingly confused about how they had ended up there.

“Huff, huff, huff...”

Ethan panted heavily, as he transformed back to his human form. He gasped for breath feeling fatigue all over his body. After using overlapped skills again again, his body had been tormented beyond recognition.

The pain was not only physical but also from the Soul. He laid on the ground, closed his eyes for a moment to recover, surrounded by mountains of mountains of corpses.

Although his body was aching from all the pain, a faint smile could be seen at the corner of his lips.

And why not? His gains were not Small.

[ Status:]

[ Name: Aengus Degaro (Ethan Smith) ]

[ Occupation: Hunter ]

[ Race: Human ]

[ Level: 21 ]

[ Class: None [

[ Age: 18 ]

[ Strength: 40 ]

[ Agility: 37 ]

[ Defense: 35 ]

[ Mana: 560/8190 ]

[ Attribute points:15 ]

[ Skills:]

-Active: Inferno Leap-59 (D), Berserker's Might- 30 (D) Earth Manipulation-12(D), Lava Juggernaut -12 (D), Azula Sword Strike- 35 (E), Paralyzing Breath-10(E), Shadow Step -9 (E), Razor Claws – 4 (E), Netherhorn Burst (E)

– Passive: Rage of the Titan (D), Blaze Guard-8 (E), Fire Serpent's Digestion -5 (E), Predator's Instinct -23 (E), Health Regeneration -4 (E), Minotaur's Outburst (E)

[ Special skills: Monster Breeding (Level-1), Blood Regeneration (level-1) ]

[ Unique Skills: Appraisal (Basic), Skill Absorption (Mythic), Universal Synthesis (Ultimate) ]

[ Equipment: Holy Dragonian-blade (C) ]

His level had increased 3 levels, beside gaining a few new skills from the Minotaurs. He took the risk to gain them, finding them intriguing.

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As Ethan finished distributing his 15 attribute points, a sweet, floral fragrance drifted under his nose, so dense it felt as though it was right beside him. Curiosity piqued, he slowly opened his eyes and began to rise. But before he could fully sit up, something unexpected happened.

“Smooch!”

By accident, Ethan’s lips were met with another pair of soft and warm lips. The unexpected fluffy sensation sent a tingling shock through his entire being. As his eyes focused, he realized the source of the sweet lips: Aria.

She was impossibly close, her calm, emerald green eyes gazing into his. Ethan’s breath caught in his throat as he took in her face, the delicate curve of her pink lips still lingering on his.

Aria seemed to be in confusion but didn’t overreact.

Their eyes locked, and for a moment, the world around them seemed to fade, leaving only the two of them, as if a drift in a sea of unspoken emotions.

The air between them grew warmer, charged with a growing effect hormones. Slowly, almost instinctively, they leaned closer, closing the small distance between them inch by inch. When their lips met again, the sensation was electric—a connection that was both exhilarating and divine. On the dirt ground, their bodies were pressed together creating an sensual atmosphere.

Their kiss was awkward at first, due to inexperience and the uncertainty of new feelings. Yet, as their lips pressed together and their breaths exchanged, they began to find a rhythm. What started awkwardly soon became natural, as if they were learning together in that very moment.

The world outside their embrace ceased to matter, the intensity of the kiss pulling them deeper into each other. The closeness, the warmth, the softness of the moment—it was something neither had expected, yet something they both surrendered to fully.

Although Ethan had kissed before, there was no spiritual connection between them. However, with Aria, he felt an overwhelming peace.

As their kiss deepened, Ethan's mind began to wander, painting vivid pictures of a future he had never allowed himself to hope for. He imagined a life with Aria—getting married, sharing the joys of a wedding day, having children, and growing old together.

He could see themselves being as grandparents, playfully taunting each other over their gray hair, surrounded by the warmth of a family they had built together.

How peaceful that might be? He could finally fulfill his wish of getting familial love, fulfilling his long emptiness inside. "It shouldn't be that impossible, right?"

Chapter 68: Chapter 68: Yona's Vow of Loyalty  
"Ahem, ahem!"

Cedric and the others cleared their throats awkwardly, exchanging glances as they witnessed the passionate scene unfolding before them. Their curiosity was piqued by the identity of the girl Ethan was kissing so fervently.

From their point of view, they could only see Aria's graceful yet elegant back, her white combat dress adorned with black streaks accentuating her curves.

The sight drew the attention of everyone around, from the elderly to hunters of various age groups, who stared with a mix of surprise and amusement..

"Haha..What a pair of lovebirds?"

"This brought me my old memories."

"Young people surely know how to enjoy themselves!"

The battlefield, once filled with tension and bloodshed, now held a moment of unexpected tenderness, making it all the more striking against the backdrop of the recent carnage.

"So romantic!" a girl muttered, her eyes shining.

The difference between the fierce hunter they had seen moments ago and the tender moment now playing out left them intrigued and a little envious.

For a brief moment, the weight of the battles they had fought seemed to lift, replaced by the simple wonder of young love.



After what felt like an eternity, Ethan and Aria finally withdrew from their kiss, their lips glistening with a shared warmth. Aria's gaze met Ethan's, and the redness that had spread across her neck became more pronounced.

Yet, there was no trace of regret in her eyes; instead, the moment was etched into her memory as something she would cherish forever.

Ethan, on the other hand, scratched his head, a bit embarrassed as he realized the intimacy of what had just happened. His initial worry was whether Aria might be upset, but when he looked at her, he saw only happiness. Her blushing face and those captivating emerald eyes told the truth—she was in love.

Ethan's heartbeat quickened, overwhelmed by the raw emotion of tenderness he felt toward her. He found himself captivated by her side profile, but when she noticed his gaze, Aria quickly looked away, her composure breaking in a rare moment of panic.

Although both of them hadn't told each others their feelings, it just a matter of time. For now, a mutual understanding passed between them.

Marcus, all alone, looked at the scene sorrowfully, remembering his past with a heavy heart.

"Wow! So beautiful!" Yona, typically the calm and composed one, couldn't help but exclaim in admiration. She marveled at Aria's beauty and maturity, noticing the difference between herself, still a girl in many ways, and Aria, who was clearly more of a woman in every aspect.

"Hm.. But, why does she look so familiar?"

Gradually, she began to find Aria increasingly familiar, noting a striking resemblance to someone from her past. This resemblance stirred a flood of long-forgotten memories, rekindling emotions she had nearly buried.

Cedric, who had been standing nearby, hurried over and clasped Ethan's shoulder with a grin. "Ethan, you're such a player. You told us you didn't have a girlfriend, and now here you are, openly displaying your affection!" he teased, his voice filled with playful disbelief.

Ethan could only chuckle at Cedric's playful comment.

"Let me see who's going to be my sister-in-law," Cedric said with a grin as he stepped to the side, trying to catch a glimpse of the woman Ethan had just kissed. But as soon as his eyes landed on Aria's face, all the color drained from his own.

"Si-Sister Aria...?" Cedric stammered, his eyes wide with shock.

Aria's eyes narrowed slightly as she recognized the voice. "Oh, little Ced... I didn't expect to see you here. You're also fighting alongside everyone? What a surprise!" she responded, her tone warm yet teasing, as if she had known him for a long time.

Cedric, who was indeed shorter than both Aria and Ethan, mostly due to his younger age, stood there, momentarily speechless. He knew Aria from his past, but seeing her now, in this context, caught him completely off guard.

She was a frequent visitor of his house from his childhood. She mostly came to visit their house, because of the reason—she was his big brother's childhood friend, and dungeon partner. She used to call him as 'little Ced' from the beginning. He also knew about her noble background and unparalleled talent.

So, the intimate connection between her and Ethan, a commoner was mind blowing to him.

Exasperated, Cedric finally found his voice, "Sister Aria, what are you doing here? And... how do you know Ethan?" The questions flowed out, his mind racing to make sense of what he'd just witnessed.

Aria looked at Ethan and answered calmly, "Yep, Just a few days ago." The details were not provided, but he understood their intimacy was real.

"How can a noblewoman from a renowned family get so close to a commoner like Ethan?" Cedric wondered, his amazement evident. Not that he had any prejudice against commoners—his whole family was of common origins, after all.

But the situation between Ethan and Aria was far from the norm.

Ethan watched their interaction with intrigue.

He understood that there was a big seniority problems here.

Meanwhile, Yona, who had been quietly observing, finally recognised who she was—her savior.

"E-Excuse me? Are you really Lady Aria from the Silvermoon Clan? No, you must be," Yona stammered, her voice filled with both awe and uncertainty. She paused before continuing, "Actually, I've heard your name a lot. I am honored to meet your ladyship."

Yona's respectful tone hinted at something more, a personal connection or circumstance yet to be revealed. Her demeanor was noticeably different, more respectful than the others had seen before.

“Aria, let me introduce you. This is Yona, and over there is Marcus. They are both members of our party and our friends,” Ethan said, glancing at Marcus, who appeared disinterested.

Aria’s expression softened as she smiled at Yona. “There’s no need for such formality, Yona. You’re Ethan’s friend, so my friend as well.”

Yona nodded, but the respect in her eyes remained, as if she knew something about Aria that the others did not.

Yona’s mind drifted back to a stormy night at their poor village, 3 or 4 years ago. It was a night that was unforgettable.

At that time, during a fierce beast rampage, her family had been in grave danger, their lives hanging by a thread. It was Aria, like a valiant heroine, who had come to their rescue, fighting off the beasts with unmatched skill and bravery at the age of 16. She was most likely was on an adventure near Yona’s village.. Of course she was protected by a few clan elders, which was set up by her father.

The sight of Aria’s heroism and the relief she brought was something Yona and her family could never hope to repay.

From that moment on, Yona made a solemn promise to herself: she would become strong and serve Lady Aria’s family for three generations, dedicating her life to honoring the debt of gratitude she felt.

Yona, overcome with emotion and gratitude, knelt before Aria with a loud THUD.

“Lady Aria, I humbly request to please let me serve you as my master. I will do anything you ask,” she declared with unwavering resolve.

Chapter 69: Chapter 69: Yona’s Vow of Loyalty (2)

Aria’s eyes, along with everyone else’s, widened in astonishment. “Hey, girl, what are you doing?” Aria asked, clearly confused. “Why do you want to be my servant all of a sudden?” Her brows furrowed as she tried to make sense of Yona’s unexpected plea.

Still kneeling, Yona looked up at Aria with determined eyes. “Three years ago, during the beast rampage, you saved my family from certain death. Your bravery and kindness are something we can never repay, but I vowed myself to honor your kindness by dedicating my life to your service.” Her voice was firm, filled with the fierce resolve of someone who had made a life-altering decision.

The intensity of Yona’s words hung in the air, leaving the group momentarily speechless.

Aria, taken aback by the depth of Yona's dedication, could see the sincerity in her eyes. For a moment, she hesitated, unsure if she should accept such a serious vow.

Aria glanced at Ethan for approval, and Ethan nodded in silent agreement. She knew this decision wasn't just about her now; it would shape their future together. So she started to think about his opinion already. If this was any normal time, she would've refused already. There were thousands of people like Yona waiting at their doorsteps, who seek to be her personal attendee everyday.

However, she didn't want accept any of them finding it exhausting to deal with. She didn't want to rely on others strength for a single moment.

On the other hand, Ethan agreed, recognizing that Yona could be a valuable support to Aria in these uncertain times. Moreover, Yona was his friend, and he felt a strong obligation to help.

It wasn't such a bad thing for Yona to be an attendant for someone like Aria, with her noble background. With access to their resources and influence, Yona could quickly become more powerful.

Aria felt her heart soften. Ethan's approval reassured her that Yona's loyalty would not only be a gesture of gratitude but could also serve as a valuable alliance in the future.

"Yona," Aria began softly, "I never expected this, but I can see how much this means to you. If this is truly your wish, then I accept your offer. But know this, you are not just a servant to me. You are a friend, and I will treat you as such." Her eyes reflected the purity of her claim.

Yona's eyes shimmered with a mixture of relief and gratitude. "Thank you, Lady Aria. I will serve you with all my strength and loyalty."

Cedric rubbed his eyes, disbelief etched across his face. "How did one of our party members suddenly become someone else's attendant? Who's going to help clear dungeons with us now?" he muttered, trying to wrap his head around the situation.

His thoughts were abruptly interrupted by a commanding voice that echoed across the battlefield.

"Aria, come here!" Aria's uncle called out, his tone leaving no room for hesitation.

Aria's gaze immediately shifted towards her uncle, sensing the urgency in his voice. She quickly responded, but not before turning to Yona. "Come, Yona, let me introduce you to my uncle," she said with a smile, glancing bashfully at Ethan, signaling him to follow along.

As the trio moved towards Aria's uncle, Cedric and Marcus exchanged awkward glances. The sudden shift in dynamics left them both feeling a bit disoriented.

Cedric, trying to lighten the mood, patted Marcus on the back. "Don't worry, Marcus. You'll find another beautiful life partner soon enough."

Marcus, his eyes still red from the painful memories, shook his head. "I don't need anyone else. Emma was, and will always be, the only one for me." His voice was filled with sorrow and unwavering resolve, making it clear that no one could replace the woman he had lost.

....

"Hello, Uncle!" Ethan greeted with a smile, his voice steady despite the slight awkwardness he felt. Though initially uncertain about addressing Aria's uncle so informally, he resolved to do so, considering the future they might share.

Aria's uncle raised an eyebrow at Ethan's choice of words, a hint of surprise flashing across his features. "Hm... Directly 'Uncle'? Where's the 'Sir' part?" he mused inwardly, his gaze shifting between Aria and Ethan. The familiarity in their interaction was unmistakable, and it became clear to him just how close they had grown in such a short period.

He merely nodded in response, choosing not to comment further. Despite the unusual circumstances, he recognized that their futures weren't as uncertain as he had initially feared.

Ethan's growth over the past few days had been nothing short of remarkable, and it was clear that he had become significantly more powerful. "The boy was nothing but a miracle!"

As Aria's uncle observed Ethan's recent fights with the lower-level beasts, he couldn't help but be impressed by the young man's prowess. Each battle had shown Ethan's rapid improvement, his skills and strength evolving at a pace that was almost unbelievable.

However, this realization brought with it a new concern. His thoughts turned to his own son, Drake. Just a few days ago, Drake and Ethan had been evenly matched in strength and skill. But now, it was evident that if they were to face each other again, Ethan would likely dominate the fight.

A sense of protectiveness surged within him. "No," he thought firmly. "I must not allow them to duel again... Never ever..." The idea of his son's confidence being shattered by such a defeat was something he couldn't bear to imagine...

Shifting his gaze to the girl beside Aria, Aria's uncle asked, "Who is this, Aria?"

Aria smiled warmly, glancing at Yona before answering, “She’s my attendant, Uncle. We’ve already completed the ceremony.”

Her uncle, Astrid, couldn’t hide his surprise. Aria had been strongly encouraged before to get a personal attendant to enhance her image as a noble, but she had refused every time. This sudden change in her mentality was unexpected.

“What’s your opinion on it, Uncle?” Aria asked, her tone gentle yet curious.

Astrid studied Yona for a moment, noticing the seriousness in her demeanor and the resolve in her eyes. He was impressed by her poise but couldn’t shake the surprise that his niece had suddenly embraced this role reversal. His mind raced with questions.

He recalled how stubborn Aria had been in the past, insisting on her independence despite the pressures of her noble status. “What could have caused this shift?” he wondered. His gaze shifted subtly to Ethan, standing confidently beside Aria.

“Is it him?” Astrid mused internally. The thought lingered in his mind as he considered the possibility. Could Ethan be the exact reason for Aria’s sudden change in attitude?

After a moment, Astrid nodded approvingly, and replied with smile,

“That’s great! If it helps you, Aria, then I have no objections. Just remember that being a noble comes with responsibilities, and having an attendant isn’t just about enhancing your image—it’s about trust and loyalty.”

Aria smiled at her uncle’s words, feeling reassured. “Thank you, Uncle. I know, and I trust Yona completely. She’s already proven her loyalty.” When she said this, she glanced Ethan’s handsome profile, knowing full well that Yona was Ethan’s friend and thus the unwavering trust.

This action confirmed Astrid’s suspicions entirely. He heaved a helpless sigh, realizing that the connection between Aria and Ethan was indeed influencing her decisions in ways he hadn’t anticipated.

“Alright, Aria,” he finally said, his tone carrying a hint of resignation. “Now, let’s go. We’re going home. Your father is waiting for you. The battle is over.”

Chapter 70: Chapter 70: MANAS (1)

Ethan and Cedric watched Aria and Yona walk away before exchanging glances. A mischievous smirk spread across Cedric’s face.

“Haha... Ethan, you’ve really caught a big fish this time. A noble’s daughter, and an assassin at that. Should I start calling you brother-in-law from now on?”

Ethan shrugged with a playful glint in his eye. “Sure, if you’re looking to get smashed,” he smirked.

“Oops!” Cedric instantly stopped laughing, realizing he might have pushed too far.

“But seriously, Ethan,” Cedric continued, his tone shifting to a more serious note, “you just had to get involved with Sister Aria? You know my brother has a crush on her too. It’s going to be really awkward for me if you two ever meet.”

Ethan raised an eyebrow, considering Cedric’s words. “Ohh, I’ll keep that in mind,” he replied, sensing the underlying tension in the situation.

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As the battlefield slowly cleared, the hunters began their return to the city. Some limped toward the medical tents, seeking urgent treatment, while others walked with heads held high, their hearts swelling with pride from hard-won victories.

A few, however, were weighed down by grief, their eyes hollow from the loss of comrades in the brutal fight. They carried their comrades bodies like a lifeless statue.

Not long after, a specialized unit of harvesters arrived on the scene to begin their grim work. The air was heavy with the stench of decay, mingling with the sharp, metallic scent of blood from countless fallen beasts.

With practiced efficiency, the harvesters moved among the carcasses, their hands steady as they extracted demonic cores from the Obsidian Terrors and salvaged every valuable resource they could find—fangs, hides, rare organs, and even enchanted bones from the ferocious beasts.

Their precision was unmatched, ensuring that nothing of worth was left behind, even in the aftermath of such devastation. The ground was stained with the remnants of battle, but the harvesters worked methodically, knowing that these spoils would fuel the city’s economy and perhaps even the next great conflict.

In their hands, the remnants of the fallen beasts would be repurposed into tools, weapons, and potions, turning the tragedy of the battlefield into a resource for survival.

.....

It was nighttime, and the full moon shone brightly in the clear sky, casting a serene glow over the cobblestone path towards the camp.

After parting ways with Cedric and Marcus, Ethan walked by the cobblestone path to reach his tent, his footsteps light and casual. As he walked, his thoughts drifted to the earlier moments with Aria, and a faint smile curved his lips.

For the first time in a long while, he felt a genuine sense of happiness. The thought of a bright future filled him with hope, a future he was determined to build, no matter the challenges.

But Ethan knew that hope alone wouldn't be enough. To make that future a reality, he would need to work hard—harder than ever before.

His cheat abilities would give him an edge, but without hard work, even the most powerful skills would be wasted. For now, though, all those thoughts could wait. What he needed most at this moment was rest—a long-awaited, well-deserved sleep.

“Huh? What's this?”

Ethan's eyes were drawn to an eerie, apple-sized orb lying on the ground a few paces away. It pulsed with an ominous energy, dark and foreboding, casting long shadows in the moonlit night. A cold shiver ran down his spine as he instinctively took a step back, sensing something was terribly wrong.

His became alert, and immediately activated his Appraisal skill, hoping to discern the nature of the strange object. But the moment his ability latched onto the orb, a sharp, searing pain exploded in his eyes, as if they were being stabbed by red-hot needles. The pain quickly spread, enveloping his entire head in a blinding agony.

“Argh!” Ethan cried out, his hands flying to his face in a desperate attempt to rub away the pain. His vision blurred, and for a few terrifying moments, he could barely see. When his sight began to clear, he saw something that made his blood run cold.

The black orb, no longer inert, was now levitating a few feet off the ground, pulsating with dark energy that seemed to corrupt the very air around it. Tendrils of shadowy mist swirled around the orb, expanding outward like the creeping fingers of death itself.

“Damn... Why is it coming towards me?” Ethan muttered, fear lacing his words as he clutched his burning eyes with his hand. The orb, as if responding to his voice, began to move—slowly at first, then faster—closing the distance between them with terrifying speed.

Ethan's instincts screamed at him to run, and he bolted, pushing his exhausted body to its limits. His heart pounded in his chest, each beat a frantic drum urging him to go faster. But it was no use.

The orb was unstoppable, darting through the air with unnatural speed.



In a heartbeat, it closed the gap, and before Ethan could even react, it struck him from behind. A sharp, sickening sound echoed in the night as the orb pierced through his body, leaving a gaping, corroded hole in its way.

“Ahh!” The pain was immediate and overwhelming. It was as though a molten blade had been driven through his spine, and every nerve in his body screamed in agony.

Ethan staggered forward, his legs giving out beneath him as he gasped for breath. The pain wasn't just physical, it was as if the orb was tearing apart his very soul.

Yes, He could feel it. Deep inside him now, it was burrowing into his core. The dark energy spread through his veins like poison, burning him from the inside out.

“Argh...”

His vision dimmed, and the world around him began to blur, the edges of his consciousness fraying as he fought to stay awake.

But the pain was too much. It consumed him, drowning him in a sea of darkness as the orb nestled itself within him.

It was like it was trying consumed his very soul and claim his body of its own.

Ethan's mind was clouded with agony and confusion, leaving him unable to think clearly or activate his unique skills. The ominous entity had overwhelmed him completely, leaving him helpless.

As the darkness closed in around him, Ethan's thoughts drifted back to the beautiful moments he had shared with Aria. A fleeting smile crossed his pain-stricken face as he remembered her warmth and kindness.

“Is this finally the end?” he wondered, his thoughts fractured and fading. “Can I not even hope for a better future, where I might have a family of my own?”

He felt unconscious, and his body was slowly turning dark like the demons.

“Ding!”

[ Warning! Your unique Soul making an interference with the system ]

[ System rewriting....]

[ System rewriting complete ]

[ Congratulations, you have acquired a new active skill: MANAS (Divine)]

[ Description: MANAS (Melania Ava Norah Arabella Seraphine) is unique intelligent entity from higher dimensions, capable of doing task with unmatched intelligence ]

[ Ding! Due to lower dimensional restrictions, MANAS level had been reduced to SS level (Transcendental) ]

[ Ding! System rewriting again....]

[ Ding! Your System's default User Interaction programme is being replaced by MANAS ]

[ Goodbye, User....]

It all happened in the blink of an eye, and no one had noticed. Not even Ethan, as he was unconscious. Otherwise, he would have been shocked to death. "What type of power could interfere with system administration?"

Chapter 71: Chapter 71: MANAS ( 2)

Under the full moon's silvery light, Ethan's figure was bathed in its ethereal glow. Yet, instead of being illuminated, it seemed as though the light was being consumed by the darkness that surrounded him, swallowed into a void that defied the natural order.

His body, now enshrouded in a sinister darkness, was scarred by streaks of crimson that pulsed like malevolent veins through the inky blackness. The transformation was unmistakably demonic, a grotesque fusion of shadow and corruption that marked him as something otherworldly.

But even in the horror of the moment, a glimmer of hope emerged. Ethan's eyes, once burning red with pain and despair, began to shift. The crimson hue drained away, replaced by a vivid, glowing blue that radiated with an intense, otherworldly light.

The blue light grew brighter and more intense, casting a brilliant glow that pierced through the surrounding darkness, illuminating his face with a fierce and determined energy.

"Universal Synthesis, synthesize skills: Lava Juggernaut (D) + Rage of The Titan (D) + Berserker's Might (D). Create a body fortification skill," Ethan's internal AI, MANAS, commanded with unwavering precision.

As soon as the command was given, his three powerful skills began to merge, intertwining and melding into a single, cohesive force. The synthesis process flawlessly engraved this new power into his very soul.

[ Synthesis successful! Your skills have evolved into a new active skill: Doombringer Fortification (C) ]

[ Doombringer Fortification: Upon activation, it increases the user's overall physical capabilities by 1200% ]

[ Activate Doombringer Fortification ] MANAS commanded in the span of a millisecond, her thought processing speed far beyond human comprehension.

In an instant, Ethan—or rather, MANAS—felt the surge of power flood through his body, fortifying and empowering him beyond anything he had ever experienced. His dark, transformed body was now coated with a thin layer of energy, enhancing his physique and making him stronger than ever before.

But the next command she gave was far more ominous.

[ Universal Synthesis, synthesize the host's body with the demonic core ]

MANAS commanded, her thought processes calculating and exchanging data with other skills as if this was the norm for her.

She meticulously calculated all the variables, determining that the synthesis was now possible with minimal damage. Yet, what would happen to Ethan after this synthesis? Only time would tell.

[ Initiating synthesis...]

The process began.

[ 1%... 2%... 10%...]

Instantly, the chaotic movement of the dark entity within him began to slow, its influence diminishing as Ethan's body became encased in a cocoon of bright, ethereal light—the effect of Universal Synthesis.

45%... 47%... 67%

Suddenly, the process halted.

[ Error! Insufficient Mana! ]

[ Error! Insufficient Mana! ]

“...???”

Inside the cocoon, MANAS hesitated, confusion rippling through her normally flawless logic.

“Hmm... How could I forget to calculate this? Oh, it’s because my rank is deteriorating. I’m even losing my memories...” she murmured, a rare hint of emotion in her heavenly voice.

“Master Zero, it seems this humble servant still couldn’t deliver the warning in time,” she whispered with deep melancholy.

Despite her vast capabilities, including the ability to implant memories into another’s mind, MANAS was now limited. With Ethan’s body and soul in such a disarray, she couldn’t perform this simple yet critical task. And without it, Ethan’s far future was bleak.

“Use some of my micro energy constructs as a source of Mana,” MANAS commanded, her resolve as unyielding as a mountain.

The moment she gave the order, her micro energy constructs, small but potent reserves of power within her system, responded to her will. The synthesis continued without further interruption.

“Synthesis Complete!”

With the process finished, the silent cobblestoned path bore witness to Ethan’s newly transformed body. He lay on the ground, still unconscious, but undeniably changed.

Ethan’s skin remained the same pale white, but something new and sinister had emerged. Two black, twisted horns emerged from his head, giving him a menacing, demonic characteristics.

He had become something entirely different—neither fully human nor completely demon, but a fusion of both. A half-demon, half-human entity with a body that reflected the darkness and power now residing within him.

This transformation marked the beginning of a new and dangerous chapter in his life, where the line between humanity and monstrosity was blurred.

.....

“#&%@&%##!”

Although the area looked completely empty, there were some demonic entities lurking in the void—the same one’s from the battlefield.

They watched Ethan's transformation with their prying eyes through the void, with increased curiosity.

....

Meanwhile, within the depths of his mind, MANAS felt her own power diminish. Her level dropped to A-Rank, a significant decrease from her previous stature. The cost of aiding Ethan had been steep. Memories of her past, once vivid and clear, had become completely erased, and her abilities were now limited.

But She still had a level of intelligence far surpassing most beings in this world. Though her capabilities were reduced, she never forgot her responsibility..

Like an obedient, advanced intelligent assistant, she was prepared to achieve astonishing feats to protect Ethan and ensure his survival, no matter the cost.

....

In the void nearby, a group of entities conversed in a language both ancient and archaic, their voices resonating with a dark, guttural cadence.

"Mistress, did you see that? It's a miracle!" an elder demon exclaimed, addressing the demoness who stood at the forefront.

The demoness was unlike any other. With white flawless skin and long lustrous black hair, she boasted an array of striking features: Captivating purple eyes; long, wavy horns curling elegantly from her head, large dark-angelic wings extending from her back.

She was a succubus of exceptional allure, standing about 1.8 meters tall. Her curvaceous figure—big breasts, ample bust, slender waist, and well-defined hips—was accentuated by the minimal, thin dress she wore. She embodied a seductive blend of beauty and danger, a paragon of sensuality and power.

"I can see that!" The succubus demoness replied observing the young man's sudden transformation. It left her in awe. It was the first time a human turned into a demon. Although there are demonised humans, most of them are grotesque with no bloodline purity.

But, the young man was clearly radiating powerful bloodline aura. A powerful one at that.

Her captivating purple eyes glinted with unnatural light as she revealed a seductive smile, licking her luscious crimson lips. She was clearly somehow attracted to Ethan.

“Let’s go. We need to save the boy. He is one of us now,” the succubus commanded, her voice carrying a mix of authority and urgency.

Her alluring, curvaceous figure moved with a fluid grace as she stepped out of the void, her black wings unfurling behind her like a shadowy shroud.

Behind her, her servants and attendants followed, their eyes glowing with a dark, ethereal light, obediently trailing their mistress.

The succubus could feel it—a dark, ominous force was on the horizon, creeping closer with every passing moment. It was a presence that sent shivers down even her spine, a foreboding sense of doom that threatened to engulf everything.

She knew they had little time.

Chapter 72: Chapter 72: The End...

“Master Zero, wake up. Wake up.”

The soft, melodic chimes of the heavenly voice from MANAS, reverberated through his mind, pulling Ethan from the depths of unconsciousness. His eyelids twitched, and slowly, they began to flutter open, revealing his hazy, unfocused gaze as he gradually returned to consciousness.

He blinked several times, trying to clear the fog from his vision, and the disorienting sensation of waking in an unfamiliar place washed over him. The cold ground beneath him felt unyielding, and a faint chill lingered in the air, seeping into his bones.

Slowly, with some effort, he rubbed his eyes and pushed himself up from the ground, his body heavy with exhaustion and confusion.

“What’s this?” he murmured, his voice rough and hoarse from the recent incidents. “Am I still alive?”

His thoughts were muddled, and he struggled to piece together the fragments of his memory. The last thing he remembered was piercing pain from the back, followed by the sensation of his body being torn apart from within.

Just as panic began to set in, MANAS’s heavenly voice responded to his query, her tone as soothing as a gentle spring breeze, cutting through the haze of his mind.

“Yes, Master Zero. You are indeed alive,” she reassured him, her words a balm to his rising anxiety. “Your health is at 67%, Mana Depletion: 95.98%.”

The information sent a shiver down his spine, the reality of his situation sinking in. His health was dangerously low, his mana reserves nearly exhausted. Yet, despite the dire statistics, he was still breathing—still alive.

MANAS's voice, which had carried the depth and wisdom of a mature woman just moments ago, now shifted, becoming light and youthful, almost playful, as if a different persona had taken over.

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“Huh? Wait a sec...” Ethan was scared out of his wits upon realising the sudden ethereal voice echoing in his head. He didn't realise it at first. He thought it must some kind of system notification. However, her melodious voice told the truth.

“W-who are you?” he asked cautiously, “What are you doing in my head?”

A moment later, a live projection appeared before him—a small pixie, no more than a few centimeters tall, floating gracefully in the air. Her translucent wings shimmered with an ethereal light as she hovered in place.

“Master Zero, I am MANAS, your super-duper Advanced UI assistant. My mission is to serve you whole heartily. I can help you achieve anything you want—with just some data you provide. I am not omnipotent though,” she said solemnly, her tiny figure exuding a surprising sense of authority.

“Hm... MANAS? That's a strange name you've got there. Wait... Did you just call me Master Zero?” Ethan's brow furrowed in confusion as he tried to make sense of the situation. “Did I reincarnate again?”

Panic surged through him as he hurriedly touched his face and then ran his hands over his body, searching for any signs that he might have been reborn in a new form. He needed to confirm if he was still himself or if something drastic had changed.

But, to his relief, he realized that his body was mostly the same—his familiar features intact. However, something felt different, something foreign. He reached up and touched the top of his head, where he found something strong and long protruding from his skull.

“What the...?” he whispered, his heart pounding. His fingers traced the strange appendages until he realized what they were—horns. Wavy-shaped, with pointed sharp tips.

“Ah, what's this? A pair of horns? This is unacceptable,” he muttered in frustration, his voice laced with anger and disbelief. He could accept the existence of a strange AI entity like MANAS, but having horns like a demon was too much. He had always hated demons, and the thought of suddenly being one of them made his stomach churn with nausea.

As Ethan struggled to calm himself, MANAS hovered nearby, her delicate features showing a hint of concern. She was about to speak, but suddenly, the sky above them began to change in a way that neither of them could ignore.

“RUMBLE...!”

“RUMBLE...!”

The heavens roared as the sky darkened, thick shadows of storm clouds gathering ominously above. Thunderbolts crackled and flashed, illuminating the ominous scene with bursts of blinding light. It was as if an apocalypse had suddenly descended upon them, the atmosphere charged with a terrifying energy that made the air itself feel heavy.

Ethan looked up, his new horns forgotten for the moment, as a sense of dread washed over him. “What now?”

He asked MANAS, “Do you have any answers, MANAS? You said you’re an advanced intelligent entity, right?”

He communicated through mental communication.

MANAS, her ethereal form shimmering slightly, responded with a hint of embarrassment, “I’m sorry, Master Zero. I don’t have the proper data yet. I could have provided more accurate information if only my levels were higher.”

Ethan sighed in frustration, “Oh, right. You aren’t some omnipotent being, are you? I forgot.”

Before they could discuss further, an ear-splitting roar shattered the air, drawing their attention skyward. The voice, deep and resonant, echoed through the city with a bone-chilling intensity.

“WH-WHO? WHO DARES TO KILL MY SON? MY SON!”

“YOU PUNY HUMANS, YOU DARE TO LAY YOUR FILTHY HANDS ON MY SON!”

“ROAR! I WILL KILL YOU ALL!”

A nightmarish vision filled the sky as a colossal demonic creature manifested above them. Its immense figure was grotesque, swollen beyond natural proportions, and its skin seemed to ripple with an unnatural energy.



The creature's eyes glowed with a fierce, malevolent light, and its mouth, gaping wide like a yawning chasm, was filled with rows of jagged, razor-sharp teeth.

The beast's swollen form resembled a grotesque sun, its entire body pulsating with dark, chaotic energy as if it had consumed the very essence of the sky. The sight was both mesmerizing and horrifying, the sheer scale of its presence overwhelming.

"Oh my god!" Ethan exclaimed as he became horrified.

"Huala... Huala..."

From the gluttonous mouth of the creature, a dark, swirling vortex emerged, its edges crackling with raw, destructive power. The mouth of the beast was so enormous that it could easily engulf an entire mountain range. As the vortex expanded, it began to suck in everything within its reach, pulling the city into its deadly embrace.

Buildings, streets, and landmarks were torn apart and swallowed by the monstrous force. The black hole-like maw of the creature spewed forth a relentless torrent of destruction, consuming the city from the outer banks inward.

The once-proud city walls crumbled under the immense pressure, the commoner districts and noble quarters alike were reduced to rubble.

Even the City Lord's Mansion, once a symbol of authority and stability, was engulfed in the catastrophic onslaught.

The sky above the city darkened further, with ominous clouds swirling around the demonic entity, casting an eerie, foreboding light over the devastation below. The air was thick with the acrid stench of destruction, and the ground trembled violently as the city succumbed to the creature's wrath.

—

"No..." Ethan stared in horror at the apocalyptic scene unfolding before him. For a moment, he was paralyzed, his mind struggling to comprehend the scale of the destruction. Then, driven by a desperate need to save those he cared about, he charged toward the campsite, where Emily, Aunt Greta, Iris, her family, and his friends—Cedric and Marcus's family—were.

"Master, you shouldn't go... There is a 99.99% chance of failure," MANAS warned urgently, her voice filled with concern.

Ignoring the warning, Ethan pushed forward, his heart pounding with anxiety. Every step felt like a struggle as he raced toward the campsite, hoping against hope that he could reach them in time.

But, is it even possible?

“Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!” The sound of devouring became intense, as it targeted the campsite next.

“No... damn it!” Ethan cried out in despair, tears mingling with blood as he watched the campsite being sucked into the abyss in the blink of an eye. His heart seemed to stop, his pulse racing uncontrollably. He shook uncontrollably, the faces of his loved ones flashing before his eyes—now all gone.

“What about Aria?” Ethan’s voice wavered as he turned to look at the Noble’s district, but saw nothing but devastation.

“No... Aria...”

The entire area of Arcadia City, stretching 8 to 10 kilometers, had been consumed, leaving only a hollow expanse of dark, ominous radiation. The once-bustling city was now a desolate wasteland, the remnants of its former glory swallowed by the monstrous force.

In that moment, Ethan’s heart sank into a void of darkness. The future he envisioned was now shrouded in sorrow and loneliness, a bleak landscape devoid of hope. He had nothing left anymore.

“Master, run!” MANAS urged, her voice trembling with urgency.

Ethan, overwhelmed by the magnitude of the destruction and the loss, could only stumble backward, his mind reeling as the full weight of his grief and despair pressed down on him. The world around him had turned into a nightmare, and all he could do was try to escape the all-encompassing darkness that had claimed everything he once held dear.

MANAS was unable to take control of Ethan’s body without his permission, and her attempts to move him to safety failed. Realizing the gravity of the situation, she quickly employed her Prediction ability to find a viable countermeasure.

To her dismay, the best course of action was to—do nothing. It sounded bizarre, but it offered the highest chance of survival.

Just as the situation seemed dire, a seductive succubus emerged from the void, followed by a group of royal-blood demons. Her black wings fluttered as she moved with urgency towards Ethan. In her hands, she held a strange ancient artifact adorned with intricate runes.

Without hesitation, she tossed the artifact into the air. It spun and glowed with an otherworldly light, opening a shimmering portal to a dark, unknown realm.

“Swoosh!”

Pulling Ethan forcefully, she and others hurriedly moved toward the portal, just as the devouring force of the demonic creature reached the edge of their location.

The devouring demonic creature, its rage evident, watched their departure with a wrathful glare. Its eyes burned with fury as it roared in anger, “YOU TRAITORS! YOU’RE DEAD!”

The creature’s voice echoed through the void as it disappeared quickly, its rage fading into the darkness that enveloped the city.

Chapter 73: Chapter 73: A New Beginning

A lonesome dark mountain stood tall against the raging hot winds.

Jagged and proud, it dwarfed other peaks of the mountain chain, cutting the night sky with its sharp edges. A bloody moon bathed its slopes in the ghostly light.

Under that light, a young man with pale skin and black hair sat quietly, gazing upon the horizon.

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The landscape around Ethan was desolate, the same as him. The barren land stretched out as far as the eye could see, devoid of life or hope. The dark, hollow ground seemed to echo the grim reality of this forsaken place.

It was as if the very soil had been drained of its essence, just as Ethan felt his soul had been.

The pair of black horn protruding from his head—a constant reminder of the transformation he had undergone—marked him as something no longer entirely human.

He sat still, a figure of despair amidst the raging winds of emptiness.

It had been Five days since he had arrived in the Abyss—Demon Land, he now loathed with every fiber of his being.

The demons had destroyed everything he had—they’re cruel.

Beside him, MANAS floated in a pixie form, a small but radiant figure adorned in delicate fairy-like clothes. Her tiny wings fluttered as she hovered near him, her eyes filled with concern.

Her royalty toward him was unwavering. She watched him closely, her worry growing with each passing moment.

Her master, who had once been full of determination and fire now seemed on the brink of collapse, crushed by the weight of his grief and the enormity of his loss.

Ethan's mind was a storm of thoughts, each one more painful than the last. Faces of his friends and loved ones flashed before his eyes, their expressions filled with sorrow as they bade him farewell in his memories.

The image of Aria, the woman he had shared a fleeting moment of happiness with, lingered the longest. He wondered what she had felt in those final moments—had she thought of him? Had she remembered him as the darkness closed in?

The reality was too painful to accept. The chance of her survival was slim, almost nonexistent, and the thought of her suffering, of her dying alone in fear and despair, tore at his heart. The agony of that possibility was a burden he didn't know how to bear.

—

His thoughts drifted through the complexities of this world. Why was he reincarnated this world? Was it just to suffer?

What's with all this talk about Righteous and Demonic factions, Heroes and Demon Lords, Solis and Abyss? Why does such a stark division exist in the first place?

Moreover, why wasn't he reborn into a world of peace and prosperity, where he could have lived without the constant shadow of death looming over him?

MANAS, ever-attuned to his emotions, felt a sharp pang in her heart, seeing her master so vulnerable and lost.

"Master, I told you before," she said softly, her tiny voice filled with concern, "there's a 0.9% chance of reviving them if we could somehow kill that Demon Lord and take over his body."

Succubus Bella had revealed the true culprit—the Demon Lord Beelzebub, a terrifying entity with the demonic power to devour everything in his path. He had led the attack to their city with a motive to grow his children—Dreadnaught Colossus stronger.

There are a total of 99 Demon Lords in the Demon Land, each ruling over their own region with unmatched authority. These Demon Lords possess the terrifying ability to summon wind and storm with just a flick of their fingers, showcasing their immense control over the demonic powers.

Among them, seven Demon Lords stand out as the most powerful, each representing one of the seven deadly abilities tied to the seven deadly sins. These seven are feared and revered above all others for the sheer destruction they can unleash.

Beelzebub is one of these seven, embodying the deadly ability of Gluttony. His power is not just in his ability to consume, but to devour everything in his path—whether it be physical matter, energy, or even souls. His insatiable hunger knows no bounds, making him a force of nature that even other Demon Lords fear to confront. The sheer magnitude of his power is enough to bring entire cities to ruin in an instant.

With Gluttony as his weapon, Beelzebub's strength is unparalleled, and the devastation he can cause is beyond imagination.

....

"Defeat the Demon Lord?" Ethan found the idea both absurd and oddly amusing.

"Hahaha... Defeat that Demon Lord? What a joke!" His laughter rang out, tinged with bitterness as he recalled that horrific moment—the moment when that demon devoured an entire city of 200,000 souls as if they were nothing. How could anyone hope to defeat such a monstrous entity? Even the city lord, with his S-Rank power, had been utterly powerless.

So, how could he possibly do it? And how much time would it take to even reach that level of power?

This demon land was devoid of Mana, replaced instead by a corrupting demonic or abyssal energy. He couldn't even go back to human land at his condition. His own kind would butcher him if they would have seen him.

He couldn't even use his Unique skills. His Mana reserves were dangerously low, teetering on the brink of depletion. Who knows how long MANAS would last by his side? After all, she relied on his Mana to exist.

Although he had acquired some demonic abilities that allowed him to tap into this abyssal energy, it wasn't nearly enough to challenge a being like Beelzebub, a Demon Lord with the terrifying power of Gluttony/Devour.

In the past five days, Ethan had done nothing but wallow in despair, wasting away his time in this forsaken land. Succubus Bela, who had been surprisingly tolerant of his behavior, merely watched his lazy actions with silent disapproval.

As his maniacal laughter echoed through the barren landscape, MANAS, usually calm and composed, found herself growing irritated—a rare occurrence.

“MASTER!” she shouted, her tiny voice laced with urgency, her brows knitting together in frustration.

But Ethan didn't respond, lost in his hopeless thoughts, a foolish grin plastered on his face.

MANAS's irritation deepened, her brows furrowing further. “MASTER!” she yelled again, her voice resonating louder, amplified by the sheer force of her will.

Ethan halted his laughter, his curiosity piqued as he turned his gaze to her, wondering what could provoke such a reaction from his usually serene companion.

MANAS met his eyes, her expression fierce despite her small stature. “How can you be such a coward? My master can never be a coward. Don't you care about your friends at all? If you truly cared about them, you would already be searching for a way to grow stronger, to save them as soon as possible.”

She paused, catching her breath, her stern gaze never leaving his face, which now bore an expression of shock.

“So what if the chance is only 0.9%? So what if he's a Demon Lord? No one shall stand a chance against your might as long as you keep pushing forward.” Her eyes glowed a fiery red as if trying to sear these words into his very soul. She was desperate to wake him from his stupor, to reignite the hope that once burned so brightly within him, to remind him that his journey had only just begun.

A deep sense of shame washed over Ethan. Here he was, wallowing in self-pity, while MANAS, a tiny pixie, was the one reminding him of his responsibilities.

She was right. “Did he really not care about his friends?” he asked himself, the question gnawing at his conscience.

“Was it simply because he hadn't known them for long? It had only been two weeks, after all.”

“No...” He shook his head vigorously, casting away the nonsensical thoughts. Of course, he cared about them. And he would prove it to himself. He would save his friends. He would save Aria, no matter what.

A powerful surge of determination welled up within him, his spine straightening as his resolve hardened like steel.

He stood up tall, like an unyielding mountain, and spoke with newfound conviction, “Yes, you're right, MANAS. I'm sorry for putting you through so much.” His voice was heavy with guilt as he stared out at the desolate mountain ranges, the landscape a stark reminder of the challenges ahead.

He turned to MANAS, meeting her gaze with unwavering resolve. "Now, tell me how to conquer the whole world, not just these pesky demons."

Ethan's voice echoed through the desolate land, filled with newfound determination. He stood tall, shedding the weight of his past and embracing the resolve that surged within him.

"I shall rise above everyone else!" he declared, his eyes burning with intense fire. The person he had been was gone, replaced by someone stronger, forged through pain and suffering.

"I shall have a new identity!" His voice grew stronger, each word a vow etched into his soul. The name he now chose was not just a name, but a symbol of his rebirth and destiny.

"From now on, MY NAME IS AENGUS DEGARO!" he shouted, embracing his new identity with unshakable conviction.

Chapter 74: Chapter 74: A Demon Servant  
[ Name: Aengus Degaro ]

[ Occupation: Demon Servant ]

[ Race: Half-Human Half-Demon ]

[ Bloodline Lineage: Beelzebub (Partial-Royal) ]

[ Level: 20 ]

[ Class: None ]

[ Age: 18 ]

[ Strength: 43 ]

[ Agility: 40 ]

[ Defense: 39 ]

[ Mana: 0039/8190 ]

[ Nether Energy: 34/34 ]

[ Attribute points: 0 ]

[ Skills: ]

[ Active: Doombringer Fortification (C) Inferno Leap-59 (D), Earth Manipulation-12(D), Azula Sword Strike- 35 (E), Paralyzing Breath-10 (E), Shadow Step -9 (E), Razor Claws – 4 (E), Netherhorn Burst (E) ]

[ Passive: Blaze Guard-8 (E), Fire Serpent's Digestion -5 (E), Predator's Instinct -23 (E), Health Regeneration -4 (E), Minotaur's Outburst (E) ]

[ Special skills: Monster Breeding (Level-1)]

[ Demonic Abilities: Gluttony of Darkness (Basic), Darkness Pulse (Basic), Darkness Veil (Basic), Darkness Haki (Basic), Heart of Darkness (Peak), Blood Regeneration (Basic) ]

[ Unique Skills : Appraisal (Basic), Skill Absorption (Mythic), Universal Synthesis (Ultimate) ]

Equipment: None

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As Ethan—no, Aengus—descended from the dark mountain, MANAS projected his system panel before him. From now on, he didn't need to give commands; MANAS would execute them with just his thoughts.

Aengus took a brief glance at the screen but said nothing. His focus was singular, his mission clear: to grow powerful, no matter the cost.

“Master Zero, I will now enter standby mode to conserve Mana. You just need to gather the materials I asked for. Once you have them, I'll help you complete the process. Only then can we solve our Mana shortage. Until then, use your demonic skills to grow stronger.”

Aengus still didn't know why she insisted on calling him 'Zero.' When he asked, she simply replied that 'Zero' was the name registered in her system, though even she didn't know how or why. The name itself was a mystery.

Aengus just nodded without a word and continued along the hollow, elongated path. His duty as a Demon Slave of the Incubus Demon Duke's mansion awaited. Succubus Bella had granted him shelter in exchange for his service, and for now, he was bound to her command, like a Servant.

The change in occupation was more than just a title; Aengus had indeed become Bella's servant, though her treatment of him was unexpectedly kind. There was a strange, unspoken understanding between them, despite the nature of their relationship.



What gnawed at Aengus, however, was the bitter irony of his situation. Through a twist of fate and the powerful synthesis with the demonic core of the Dreadnaught Colossus, Aengus now carried the bloodline of his greatest enemy—Beelzebub.

His level, which had been 21 previously, ranked down level 20, because of the Dreadnaught Colossus's damage. Though it hardly mattered.

His level, which had previously been 21, had dropped to 20 due to the damage inflicted by the Dreadnaught Colossus, and the fusion.

After the synthesis, Aengus's body had gained the unique ability to hold two opposing energies—Mana and Nether energy—each contained within a newly added created space, where his demonic Core and Mana Reserve pool floated—opposite to each other.

These energy storages existed in a precarious state of harmony, as if compelled to coexist. However, if they ever fully embraced each other, it could be catastrophic, potentially destroying his already weakened body entirely.

The idea of synthesizing these energies storages into something greater had crossed MANAS's mind, but she knew his current body couldn't withstand the process.

So, she devised another plan to create an energy converter within him, allowing Nether energy to be transformed into Mana and vice versa. This innovation will solve their immediate Mana problem, providing a temporary yet vital solution to keep Aengus alive and growing stronger..

Coming to his newly obtained demonic abilities, he had received 4 from the Dreadnaught Colossus, and the heart of darkness had been formed inside within him because of the despair and hatred he felt due to the recent incidents.

1. Gluttony of Darkness (Basic): A dark, consuming force that allows Aengus to absorb energy, life force, or even objects to increase his own physical stats and recover power in time of need. It's both offensive / defensive ability—the most powerful one.

2. Darkness Pulse (Basic): A pulse of dark energy that emanates from Aengus, disorienting and weakening those around him. This ability is a direct manifestation of the chaos within his soul, pushing back against anything that threatens him. It's both an offensive and defensive move, used to destabilize his enemies.

3. Darkness Veil (Basic): A shroud of darkness that cloaks Aengus, making him nearly invisible and allowing him to move unnoticed. This ability mirrors his desire to hide his vulnerabilities and strike from the shadows, embodying the secrecy and stealth he has adopted in this new life.

4. Darkness Haki (Basic): An intimidation aura that exudes from Aengus, allowing him to command lower-ranked demons and beasts, even against their will. This ability bends weaker minds to his will, making them submit to his authority.

5. Heart of Darkness (Peak): The most profound change within Aengus. This ability represents the embodiment of his despair, hatred, and resolve.

– The Heart of Darkness grants him heightened control over dark energy, a near-immunity to lower-tier darkness attacks.

– An increased capacity for regeneration and endurance.

It is the core of his darkness power, constantly feeding on the emotions that brought it into existence. This power has a passive ability to keep his mind calm, no matter the situation. However, as a side effect, he can no longer feel any emotions within him. He has become a mere puppet, driven solely by his mind, devoid of any feelings.”

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And lastly he had lost his precious sword, the last equipment, that had the memory of his old self—Bright and cheerful self.

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Soon, Aengus arrived at the imposing mansion of the Demon Duke, an Incubus Lord who wielded considerable control over the region. This grand estate, reflection of his power, was the residence of the Incubus Duke—a figure renowned for embodying lust and charm. As it happened, he was also Bella’s father.

The Incubus Duke’s influence extended over millions of demons within his vast dukedom. His domain included several marquis states, each governed under his strict authority. His political power was far-reaching, while his military prowess was equally formidable, with an army numbering nearly 1,000,000 demon soldiers. This force contains different kind of demonic species and creatures, their ranks ranging from Lesser Demons to Elder Demons, each bringing their unique strengths to his need.

The Incubus Duke’s individual might was unmatched, marking him as a Demon General Rank powerhouse. His abilities were legendary, with a reputation for both his strategic acumen and sheer combat prowess, making him a central figure in the demon world’s power structure.

Chapter 75: Chapter 75: Bella Bellfrost

Hey, did you know the madness we stirred up last night?” a hellhound demon asked, his eyes gleaming with mischief.

“No, I was occupied at the brothel at that time,” the other demon replied, shrugging. “What did you do anyway?”

“Haha, we had quite the feast. We cooked a human alive and devoured him. The look of terror and desperation on his face was something to savor. It was absolutely delicious.”

“Wait, why would you do that? Didn’t Master explicitly forbid us from harming humans? What if he finds out?”

“Pfft, who cares?” The first demon sneered. “Everyone’s doing it these days, and nothing ever comes of it. Why should I deprive myself of a good time?”

The second hellhound demon sighed, frustration evident on his face. He didn’t want to be dragged down by his companion’s reckless behavior, especially with the risk of drawing Master’s wrath. He turned away, his attention shifting to a figure entering the Duke’s mansion.

“Look, that half-breed is here again,” he said, pointing with a clawed finger. “What’s he doing this time?”

“Tsk, I heard he’s just a servant of Lady Bella,” the hellhound demon sneered, his eyes narrowing with contempt. “Why should we bother with these ugly half-breeds? Humans are already repulsive, and these half-breeds are even worse. They should just vanish already.”

“Hey, be careful with your words!” his companion said, panic creeping into his voice. “Don’t forget, Lady Bella is also a half-breed. If she hears you, it could mean big trouble for us.” The second demon quickly distanced himself, as if trying to escape from the danger of his friend’s reckless comments.

Aengus overheard their conversation but chose to disregard it. Now His demonic bloodline had granted him the ability to understand their language. He didn’t know if he should feel lucky or not

As Aengus walked further down the grand hallway, he encountered a group of stunning spacious lawn. The space was adorned with multiple intricately designed stone statues, and furnitures of luxury ambiance.

There, a group of beautiful succubuses were gathered around an ornate table covered with an array of delicacies and fine wines. They were engaged in animated conversation, their laughter ringing out melodiously as they playfully teased one another. Their seductive charm spread far and wide, making the atmosphere sensual.

The succubuses, in clear different from Lady Bella, exhibited an otherworldly allure. Their skin, a mesmerizing shade of deep, regal purple, seemed to shimmer with an

ethereal glow, highlighting their royal lineage. Their elegantly curved horns and blood-red wings, symbols of their exalted status, set them apart as the elite among their kind.

Despite their stunning appearance, Aengus knew better than to be deceived by their beauty. Beneath their alluring exteriors, these succubuses were among the most dangerous of their kind.

Renowned for their predatory nature, they wielded their seduction skills with ruthless efficiency. Through sexual and emotional contact, they drained the life force of their victims, leaving them like empty husks.

This predation was particularly effective on males, who were most vulnerable to their charms.

Aengus passed them, his Darkness Shroud demonic ability ensuring he went unnoticed.

The mansion's guards, highly alert and perceptive, allowed him to pass without incident, recognizing him as new personal servant of Lady Bella.

Before that, he deactivated the Darkness Shroud near the guards to avoid drawing any suspicion. A slip of suspicion could lead to his immediate execution, even Bella's influence wouldn't be enough to save him then.

Soon, Aengus found himself standing before a massive, heavy metal door, its surface etched with dark, intricate runes that pulsed with a faint, ominous light.

Guarding the door were two towering Skeleton Knights—undead, their armor rusted yet formidable, with skeletal hands gripping ancient, corroded swords. Their hollow eye sockets glowed with an eerie, unnatural light, radiating an aura of death and decay that would make most men tremble. The stench of death and decay of the grave clung to them, an oppressive presence that suffocated the air around them.

But Aengus remained unperturbed, his expression calm and composed as he addressed them. "I wish to seek an audience with Mistress Bella," he declared, his voice steady, betraying not a hint of fear.

The powerful aura of the undead knights did not faze him; in fact, he seemed almost indifferent to their presence. Though he had accepted his current role as Bella's servant, his mind was already working, plotting the steps he would take to break free from this dark allegiance.

As if in response to his words, the oppressive silence was broken by a sudden, seductive melody that drifted through the air, weaving its way through the heavy door. It was a hauntingly beautiful tune, one that seemed to reach into the depths of the soul, stirring emotions of both desire and dread.

The melody lingered for a moment before being replaced by the sultry, inviting voice of Bella herself. "Come in," she said loudly, her tone as alluring as it was commanding.

The skeletal guards heaved open the heavy metal door, its hinges groaning under the weight. Aengus stepped through the threshold, the chill of the room seeping into his bones as the door clanged shut behind him.

Aengus, calm and composed, stepped inside, ready to face the seductress who awaited him.

Inside, the atmosphere was dimly lit with demonic pressure, the air almost heavy with the energy radiating from the woman seated on a high-raised throne at the far end of the chamber.

Bella Bellfrost, now Aengus' master, sat on her throne with an air of regal dominance. Her posture was both relaxed and commanding, one leg draped elegantly over the other as she rested her chin on her hand, her elbow propped against the armrest.

Bella's appearance was nothing short of mesmerizing. Her dark-angelic wings, with feathers as black as the void, spread partially behind her, casting ominous shadows across the room.

Twin black horns curved gracefully from her head, adding to her otherworldly allure. The black dress she wore clung to her voluptuous figure, accentuating every curve, from her ample breasts to her long, toned legs. The fabric shimmered in the dim light, enhancing the seductive aura she effortlessly exuded.

Her crimson lips curved into a wicked smile as she regarded Aengus with a mixture of amusement and desire.

"So, are you finally ready, sweetheart?" she spoke, her voice a silky caress that sent shivers down the spine. Her words were laced with a potent mix of seduction and command, the kind that made it clear she was used to getting what she wanted.

As she spoke, Bella's overwhelming charm flooded the room like a storm, an intoxicating presence that threatened to consume anyone who dared to resist. The air was thick with her allure, making it difficult to think clearly, let alone defy her will.

Her attendants, who stood neatly in front of her, were the picture of obedience, their heads bowed in reverence and submission, further emphasizing Bella's absolute control over her domain.

They lost their will, and a single command from her would put them to death by their own hands.

As Bella's charm took on a tangible form, it manifested as a dense pink mist, rolling off her like waves of heat and flowing towards Aengus with an intent as clear as it was sinister. The mist coiled around him, tendrils of enchantment seeking to ensnare him, to draw him into an intoxicating embrace designed to captivate and subdue, reducing him to a mere puppet—her love slave.

Yet, as the mist thickened and pressed against him, Aengus remained steadfast, as unmoved as a mountain rooted deep in the earth. His gaze, cold and unwavering, locked onto Bella's eyes, refusing to yield even a fraction to the overwhelming allure that had brought countless others to their knees.

The Heart of Darkness ability within him pulsed with an ancient power, a dark shield that repelled her enchantments, turning her seductive mist into nothing more than a fleeting illusion.

The room, heavy with anticipation, seemed to still as Bella's gaze narrowed. Her smile, once confident and predatory, faltered slightly, a crack in the facade of her otherwise unshakeable composure.

For a brief moment, frustration flickered across her elegant features as she realized her charms, which had ensnared so many before him, were powerless against Aengus.

"Hehehe... Quite impressive," Bella giggled, her voice a melody of amusement and delight. Her eyes sparkled with a mix of admiration and cunning as she observed Aengus, clearly intrigued by his resistance. "I knew you were nothing like these filthy men," she continued, her tone laced with a playful yet dangerous edge.

With an effortless grace, she rose from her throne, her dark wings unfurling slightly as she took a few slow, seductive steps toward him. Each movement was deliberate, calculated to draw his attention to the way her dress hugged her curves, the sway of her hips, and the sultry rhythm of her approach.

She closed the distance between them until she was right in front of him, her presence overwhelming and intoxicating.

Bella leaned in, her face just inches from his, lips curling into a seductive smile. "Now, tell me, what do you want, sweetheart?" she whispered, her voice soft and alluring. Her striking red lips hovered close as she exhaled a warm breath across his face.

Chapter 76: Chapter 76: Plan of Dominance

Aengus stared at the seductress with cold, indifferent eyes, even as she stood mere centimeters away, her presence overwhelming in its seductive power. Her crimson red lips, perfectly shaped, enticingly plump and juicy, were undeniably tempting. They

looked soft and smooth, the kind of lips that could draw any man in like a moth to a flame.

A normal man, faced with such proximity to her beauty, would likely have been unable to resist, driven by primal instincts to close the distance and claim those lips as his own.

But Aengus was no ordinary man, not after the catastrophe at least.

Though he could acknowledge her beauty, his face remained impassive, his expression betraying no hint of desire or emotion.

It wasn't that he lacked the ability to feel—he had not become impotent or numb in any physical sense. It was simply that her allure had no hold over him, his heart hardened like stone by the Heart of Darkness within him. This powerful ability made him immune to the kind of small, superficial temptations that might have ensnared someone else, leaving him unmoved by her efforts.

He understood that Bella was trying to seduce him for a reason, attempting to bend him to her will with her charms. Yet, even as he saw through her intentions, Aengus felt no anger toward her.

In fact, there was a sense of understanding—almost gratitude—beneath his icy exterior. She had been his savior, after all. Without her intervention, there would be no Aengus Degaro, nor would Ethan Smith exist to carry the hope of reviving his lost loved ones.

After what felt like an eternity of silence, Aengus finally spoke, his voice calm but edged with a grave seriousness.

“I would need some materials for myself, Lady Bella,” he began, his tone measured and deliberate. “There are residual dark energies corrupting my body. If I can't gather the necessary resources, I might not survive,” he added, feigning a frailness as if he could collapse at any moment.

Bella's seductive smile vanished, replaced by a furrowed brow as concern flickered across her alluring features.

The thought of losing Aengus was not one she could take lightly. She had invested too much in him, not merely out of a whim, but with a clear purpose. If he died now, all her efforts to save him would have been for nothing.

Bella's mind stirred, recalling the events that had brought them to this point. She had seen with her own eyes the moment when Aengus had been imbued with the bloodline of Beelzebub, one of the most powerful Demon Lords among the seven deadly demon lords.

The memory was vivid—an astonishing, almost miraculous moment.

Receiving Beelzebub's bloodline meant that some of the demon lord's abilities might awaken within Aengus' body. Even if they were inferior to Beelzebub's true powers, their potential could not be underestimated.

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"Really? Tell me quickly, what do you need? I'll gather everything as soon as possible," Bella demanded, her voice laced with urgency as she gracefully backed away. With a subtle motion, she extinguished the radiant charm that had enraptured the room.

The servants, who had been spellbound, blinked and exchanged puzzled glances. It wasn't the first time they had been caught under her charm, and they silently acknowledged it with a nod, understanding that their Mistress had once again used her overflowing charm against them.

Aengus, sensing the shift, allowed a sly smile to curl his lips as he dropped his act. "Thank you, Mistress," he said smoothly, his tone casual yet deliberate. "I need a Void Stone, Etherium Dust, and a drop of dragon blood."

"What! Preposterous!" a voice erupted from the shadows, filled with outrage. It belonged to a powerful female vampire, one of Bella's most feared servants. Her presence was commanding, and her crimson eyes glinted with anger as she stepped into view.

"Mistress, this servant is beyond audacious and insatiably greedy. How dare he make such demands of his master!" Her voice dripped with venomous disdain.

She bared her elongated, blood-stained fangs, their gleam accentuating her fury. "Such insolence cannot be tolerated. He should be executed immediately," she continued, her voice cold and merciless.

Hearing the vampire's outburst, Bella Bellfrost turned her icy gaze toward Vespera. The temperature seemed to drop as her cold, unyielding stare fixed on the offending servant.

"Silence, Vespera! We are discussing matters here. Do not interrupt," Bella's voice was icy and authoritative, carrying a palpable chill that made the air feel even colder.

Vespera flinched visibly, her confidence shattering under Bella's penetrating gaze. "Ah, I'm sorry, Mistress. You're right!" she stammered, her voice barely a whisper. Trembling with fear, she swiftly retreated into the shadows, vanishing from sight as though swallowed by the darkness.

Then, Bella turned her focus on Aengus, who seemed calm, even at the sudden deathly threat. She was impressed by his calmness, once again reminding herself that he was no ordinary boy.



“That’s... quite a lot! Sweetheart” she finally managed to say, her voice softer now, almost a whisper. She locked eyes with him, searching for any hint of uncertainty.

“Those are not just ordinary items. They’re real treasures, each worth a fortune in Cores. To gather them all would be no small feat. I think I’ll have to discuss this with my father,” she said, her expression thoughtful, weighing the cost. Then, her gaze sharpened as she asked, “But what will you offer in return?” she stared directly into his soul, as if to see through him.

Aengus didn’t miss a second. His lips curved into hidden sly smirk as he leaned in slightly, his eyes gleaming with mischief. “What do you desire, Mistress? My whole being is yours,” he replied with exaggerated sincerity, his voice dripping with charm. Not a trace of shame colored his expression; instead, there was only confidence and a hint of something more daring.

Bella’s eyes narrowed slightly as she studied him, her curiosity piqued. With a slow, deliberate motion, she licked her lips, the gesture both seductive and thoughtful. Her gaze never left his, the intensity of her stare growing.

“Sweetheart, are you being serious?” she asked, her voice low and tinged with a mix of suspicion and intrigue. She looked deep into his eyes, as if trying to decipher the truth hidden behind his words.

“Yes, Mistress,” Aengus responded without hesitation, his tone unwavering. “I’ll do whatever you command.” His shameless confidence radiated from him, leaving no doubt about his commitment.

He just wanted to achieve his goal, for that whatever needs to be done, he would do it within a heartbeat.

“Hehehe...” Bella’s lips curved into a smile, her earlier shock melting away into amusement. She let out a melodious giggle, the sound light and airy, like a breeze through wind chimes.

The hall seemed to brighten with her laughter, filling the space with a sound that was almost otherworldly, as if the very walls resonated with the joy she exuded.

She leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a provocative whisper. “What if I told you that you must sleep with me? How would you respond?” Her eyes glinted with a mixture of curiosity and challenge, testing the limits of his sincerity.

Aengus hesitated for a moment. For a fleeting instant, Aria’s face flashed before his eyes, a brief, poignant memory that quickly dissolved. Replacing it was a steely resolve, hardened by the relentless effects of the Heart of Darkness.

After a pause, his expression remained unwavering. “If that is your desire, Mistress, I will comply. I will sleep with you as you wish,” he replied with a calm determination, his voice betraying no hint of hesitation.

This was the moment to fake his loyalty to gain her trust and get what he wanted. Whether she would sleep with him or not, it didn’t matter either way. Even if she did, she wouldn’t be able to use her charm to make him her puppet.

As for any other malicious intentions if she had, she would have revealed then already. He was powerless in front of her.

He was truly puny and insignificant compared to her vast power. Not only did she possess charm and life-draining abilities, but she was also much, much more powerful. He could feel it.

#### Chapter 77: Chapter 77: Bella Bellfrost’s Goal

“Hahaha...” Bella suddenly burst into laughter, her voice echoing through the room. “Relax, sweetheart. I was just teasing you,” she said, her tone softening as she realized she had secured another loyal ally. To Bella, Aengus was more than just a servant; he was a potential partner in her grand plans for the future.

“Now, let’s go. I’ll take you to my lord father. He will decide whether to grant your request or not. But don’t worry—I’ll personally recommend you,” she added with a reassuring smile.

With a graceful motion, Bella Bellfrost signaled for Aengus to follow her. As she led the way, her hips swayed with a seductive allure, her dark, angelic wings unfurling to their full span, adding an ethereal beauty to her already captivating presence.

Aengus followed her out, leaving the servants behind, still shaken from the intense exchange that had just unfolded.

“Ho ho, look who it is? A half-breed master and her half-breed servant. Truly, a disgustingly fitting combination,” a mocking voice suddenly echoed through the corridor.

As Bella and Aengus approached the duke’s court, they were confronted by a succubus whose words dripped with disdain. Her voice was sharp, cutting through the air like a blade. The succubus had an air of arrogance, her eyes narrowing as she took in the sight of Bella and Aengus.

The succubus turned with a sneer, addressing the group of succubi behind her. “Didn’t I say that right, sisters?” she asked, her tone laced with venom. The succubi behind her were a stark contrast to Bella; their skin was a deep, rich purple, a stark difference from

Bella's pale, almost human-like complexion. Each of them exuded a dark, seductive energy, their eyes glowing with malicious amusement.

"Hahaha.."

In response, the group of succubuses burst into laughter, their voices filled with cruel delight as they echoed the insult. The sound of their mocking laughter filled the corridor, a twisted harmony that resonated with their shared contempt.

Bella's eyes flashed with a brief, icy fury, but she remained composed, her expression unreadable.

"Ruby, you're as immature as ever. Have you already forgotten your last lesson? Or do I need to remind you again?" Bella's eyes glinted dangerously as she spoke, her voice laced with a chilling threat. A powerful aura emanated from her, suffocating the very air with an unrelenting intensity.

Ruby's eyes flashed red, anger and fear mixing in her gaze as she recalled the humiliating defeat she had suffered the last time they fought. The memory of that bitter encounter clearly still haunted her, as it did the others who were watching closely.

Ruby and the other succubi were all Bella's half-sisters, sharing the same father, but different mothers. Their mothers were of royal demon blood, boasting lineage that was pure and powerful.

Bella, however, was different. Her mother was human, a rarity in the demon world. No one could explain how a human woman could give birth to a demon's child—a mystery that had baffled the entire realm at the time.

Shortly after Bella's birth, her mother vanished from the Duke's mansion, possibly leaving the demon lands altogether. Rumors swirled that she had another lover, and that she had fled to avoid making a cuckold of the Incubus Duke.

Yet, the Duke seemed unfazed by the rumors. Instead, he decreed that no human was to be harmed within his territory, a law that was strictly enforced. Despite the whispers and the scandal, the Duke's affection for Bella was undeniable—he cherished her more than any of his other children.

Bella had many half-brothers, half-sisters, and stepmothers, but she was the only half-breed among them. This distinction often made her a target of scorn and envy, yet none of her siblings could rival her power. Despite their royal blood, they were no match for Bella.

There was something else within her, a different, ancient bloodline that granted her strength far beyond what any of them possessed. It made her a formidable opponent—one that few dared to challenge, and even fewer could hope to defeat.

It's wasn't like all of them were bad. She have some people who seemed to be in supportive of her. Among them her father's support was most prominent.

"Let's go, sweetheart! And goodbye, my dear sisters!" Bella called out with a mischievous grin before sweeping Aengus into her arms and launching into the sky with a powerful flap of her black wings.

Ruby glanced at them angrily, throwing fit like a child. Well, she was Bella's younger half-sister after all.

The Duke's court was located a bit away from the mansion, nestled in a more secluded area. As she flew, she cradled Aengus in her arms like a prince carrying his princess. The wind rushed past them as they ascended, and Aengus found himself gazing down at the dark, desolate landscapes below, avoiding Bella's playful attempts to catch his eye.

"So, Aengus, I forgot to ask—do you still have that system thing with you?" Bella asked, her curiosity piqued as she glanced at him.

Aengus, ever cautious, responded, "No."

He knew that revealing the truth could put him in grave danger. His body harbored a secret—one capable of miracles. Within him, two powerful energies coexisted, a rare and unique phenomenon. If Bella were to discover this, it could lead to unpredictable consequences.

"Oh, I see," she replied, nodding as a hint of melancholy crept into her voice. Her gaze drifted to the sky, lost in thought.

"Humans are so blessed," Bella began, her voice tinged with bitterness. "They have fertile lands, delicious foods, and the system—granting them power just by killing monsters and beasts. Meanwhile, we have to train relentlessly to master our bloodline abilities. And those of us without any special bloodline? We're just cannon fodder, expendable. Isn't that unfair?"

She paused, her eyes darkening as she continued, "Why do we have to suffer so much? What have we ever done to humans? Just because our abilities differ from theirs, they brand us as demons—their mortal enemies."

Aengus listened quietly, feeling the tension in Bella's words. Her tone was a mix of bitterness and longing, a deep-seated resentment for the world she was born into. He could sense the weight of her thoughts, the frustration of being judged and hunted simply for existing.

Bella continued, her voice carrying over the wind as they flew, "We didn't choose to be born like this, Aengus. Yet, we're the ones branded as demons, forced to fight for our

survival every day. It's not just the humans' land and their so-called blessings that make me envious—it's their freedom. The freedom to live without being hunted, without constantly having to prove their worth or their right to exist."

Aengus remained silent, understanding the pain in her words but knowing better than to reveal too much of his own thoughts. He could feel the tension in her grip as she held him, the weight of her frustration and despair pressing down on her. Despite her seductive exterior, Bella was a creature burdened by her existence, struggling against a world that sought to destroy her simply for what she was.

As they neared the Duke's court, Bella's wings flapping began to slow down, the massive structure looming ahead. She glanced down at Aengus, her eyes still holding that melancholy gleam.

"I don't want to lose what little I have, Aengus. I have big dreams for the future, for our people. I want them to live peacefully alongside humans. But it's hard when the world is against you."

"So, I need every bit of help I can get to convince everyone in this demon realm that humans and demons can coexist peacefully, if only they choose to."

## Chapter 78: Chapter 78: The Council Meeting Capital City, Araknis Kingdom

In the heart of the Capital City of the Araknis Kingdom, stood the majestic King's Castle, an imposing structure that dominated the skyline.

Encircled by an artificial river that shimmered under the sunlight, the castle was a masterpiece of architecture and design, reflecting the wealth and power of the kingdom.

The castle itself rose like a colossal mountain, its towering height nearly 500 meters, with a sprawling radius of 50,000 square meters.

The castle's front walls were adorned with statues of legendary heroes, kings and the three guardians of Araknis kingdom, their lifelike features carved with such skill that they seemed ready to spring to life at any moment. Their power unmatched.

The thick stone walls, nearly impenetrable, wrapped around the castle like a fortress, their rough-shape surfaces bearing the marks of countless battles fought and won.

The air around the castle was charged with an aura of invincibility, a silent declaration that this was a stronghold not to be trifled with.

The King's Castle was not just a seat of monarchy; it was a symbol of the Araknis Kingdom's unyielding might and the unwavering rule of its king. The castle's very presence inspired both awe and fear, a poof of the legacy of kings who had ruled from its halls for generations.

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Passing through the expansive garden, where vibrant flowers bloomed in every color imaginable, we find a scene of royal leisure. The air was filled with the joyful laughter of princes and princesses, some chasing each other in playful games, while others engaged in friendly duels, their wooden swords clashing in spirited displays of skill.

Among them, a few valiant young princes, clad in gleaming armor, sparred with the precision of seasoned knights, their movements graceful and disciplined. The serene beauty of the garden, with its meticulously trimmed hedges and sparkling fountains, was a stark contrast to the tense atmosphere awaiting within the castle.

We arrive at the King's Council Hall, a grand chamber where the weight of the kingdom's fate rested. The hall was immense, its high ceiling supported by towering marble columns, and its walls adorned with banners representing the different houses and regions of the realm.

The room was filled with the most powerful figures in the kingdom—officials, nobles, ministers—all gathered to discuss matters of great importance. At the far end of the hall, behind the King's grand throne, sat the three guardian Generals, their presence alone a reminder of the kingdom's might.

The air in the Council Hall was heavy with tension. The faces of those gathered were solemn, reflecting the gravity of the situation at hand. The atmosphere was almost suffocating, as if the room itself could barely contain the immense power of those present.

Each figure seated at the long table emanated an aura of overwhelming authority, their mere presence bending the air around them. These were individuals whose strength could defy the very laws of nature, capable of reshaping the world with their will alone.

At the far end of the long table, seated on a majestic throne, was the King of Araknis. He was a man of 70 or 80 years, his once-vibrant hair now thinned and worn by the passage of time.

Yet, despite the marks of age, the light in his eyes had not dimmed. Those eyes, sharp and discerning, spoke of the wisdom and experience that comes from over four decades of rule.

They were the eyes of a king who had weathered countless storms, whose knowledge ran deep, far beyond what any of his subjects could claim.

As the room fell silent, the King finally spoke, his voice carrying the weight of authority and the sorrow of recent events.

“This king has heard of the disaster that has befallen Arcadia City,” he began, his tone solemn. “The once prosperous and lively city is now a hollow, dark land, devoid of any life. There were at least 200,000 souls within its walls...and the noble clans... But, alas...”

The King paused, a deep sigh escaping his lips as the gravity of the loss settled over the room. “May the Creation God offer them peace in heaven.”

He then shifted his gaze, his eyes sharp and piercing as they fixed on the Chancellor seated at the right side of the table.

“Now, we would like to hear the full report about the incident. Chancellor, what do you have to say on this matter? This king would like to hear it.”

The King’s voice, though calm, carried an edge that demanded the truth. The room held its breath, awaiting the Chancellor’s words.

The Chancellor, the kingdom’s Prime Minister, drew the attention of every powerful figure in the room as he prepared to speak.

Despite the immense pressure weighing on him, he remained steadfast, though a slight tremor betrayed his inner anxiety.

He stood up from his seat, his eyes quickly scanned the room, noting the presence of the Marshal, the three great Guardian Generals, the Minister of Finance, the Minister of Justice, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, a few patriarchs of prominent aristocratic families, and even a representative from the Kairos Empire. The responsibility on his shoulders was immense.

With a respectful bow to all present, the Chancellor began, “Your Majesty, from what we’ve gathered so far, the events leading up to the catastrophe in Arcadia City are deeply troubling. Before the disaster struck, the city was embroiled in a fierce battle against a beast rampage, which we now believe was orchestrated by demonic forces.

The defenders fought valiantly, united against the threat, and during the struggle, they encountered a Darkness-type colossus nearly 200 meters long. That creature was entirely unknown to them. Lord Longus Emberion, the city’s lord, led the charge and ultimately defeated the colossus, but it came at a tremendous cost.”

The Chancellor paused, his expression grim as he continued. “Then, just an hour or so later, something far more dreadful occurred. According to the few survivors who managed to escape the city’s territory, a colossal shadow—a demonic creature of unimaginable size—appeared, seemingly enraged.

The creature was so vast that its mouth alone could engulf an entire mountain range. In mere seconds, it devoured the entire city. The citizens, caught completely off guard, had no time to react, let alone comprehend what was happening. In the blink of an eye, Arcadia was reduced to a hollow, dark pit—a void where life once thrived.”

The Chancellor finished his report with a bow, then straightened up as he added, “That is all the information we have been able to gather so far, Your Majesty. Given the circumstances, your esteemed self may already have an idea of whose work this might be.”

With a final nod from the King, the Chancellor took his seat, the tension in the room thickening as everyone awaited the King’s response.

## **Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills - Chapter 79 - Chapter 79: Chapter 79: The Council Meeting (II)**

Chapter 79: Chapter 79: The Council Meeting (II)

King Araknis the 8th, Milphomor Araknis, turned his gaze to the three Guardian Generals seated beside him, his expression firm as he sought their counsel.

“What do you think, Leon?” the King inquired, his voice steady yet etched with the weight of his thoughts. “Is it the same person I suspect it to be?”

General Leon, whose face was etched with a serious and contemplative expression, met the King’s gaze and nodded solemnly.

“Indeed, Your Majesty,” General Leon replied, his ocean-blue eyes narrowing with a cold, steely resolve. “Your guess is correct. This devastation is undoubtedly the work of the Demon Lord of Gluttony, Beelzebub—one of the seven deadly Demon Lords.”

As he spoke, a fierce anger flashed across General Leon’s face. His grip on the armrests of his chair tightened until his knuckles turned white, the tension in his body reflecting the deep hatred he harbored for the creature responsible for the horrific destruction of Arcadia City.

The room grew even more silent as those present absorbed the gravity of the revelation, understanding the peril that now loomed over the kingdom.

“Bang!” A resounding crack echoed through the Council Hall as General Leon’s grip shattered the armrests of his chair. The air around him grew icy, a chill that seeped into the bones of those nearby. The armrests, crafted from the strongest materials known in



the kingdom, crumbled under his immense strength, now reduced to splintered fragments on the floor.

The King and the others present immediately noticed the intensity of his reaction, their eyes narrowing in concern. It was unlike General Leon to lose his composure, especially in such a grave tone.

The visible fury in his usually controlled demeanor hinted at something far deeper—an anger fueled by some type of personal grudge.

King Araknis leaned forward, his gaze locking onto Leon with a mix of curiosity and concern.

“Leon, what happened—why do you look so mad?” he asked, his voice calm but tinged with a note of inquiry.

King Araknis knew General Leon well. He was not someone with with such strong emotions—usually the calm and composed one.

Leon remained silent for a moment, his eyes still burning with cold fury as he stared at the shattered remains of the chair. His chest heaved slightly, the only sign of the inner turmoil that raged within him.

Finally, he looked up, meeting the King’s gaze, and the depth of his hatred became evident.

“Your Majesty,” Leon began, his voice low and laced with a venomous edge, “this isn’t just about Arcadia or the destruction it has suffered. The reason of my hatred is personal.”

He paused, his eyes narrowing further as memories seemed to flood back, darkening his expression even more.

“Years ago, before I took on the mantle of Guardian General, Beelzebub ravaged my homeland. My family... my entire village was consumed by that monster. I watched as everything I loved was devoured by his insatiable hunger. I was powerless to stop it.”

“And now, years later, it has happened once again,” General Leon murmured, his voice thick with regret.

He lifted his gaze to meet the King’s eyes, the pain in them unmistakable. “Your Majesty, a few days ago, I was there, in Arcadia, on a routine check. There had been reports of disturbances with demons, but I thought it was nothing serious—just another skirmish, something the local forces could handle.”

“But...” Leon’s expression darkened, the weight of his words bearing down on everyone in the room. “Because of my ignorance, because I underestimated the threat, the city has been completely destroyed. If only I had stayed... if only I had investigate it further... I might have been able to save them. I could have saved them all.”

His voice faltered as the memory of the city’s devastation washed over him. “There were some talented children who caught my eye during my visit—young prodigies with the potential to become the future powerhouses of our kingdom. Among them was one who stood out, a boy of exceptional promise. But now... he too is gone, taken by the same darkness that consumed Arcadia.”

Leon’s fists clenched at his sides, the pain of his failure evident in every line of his face. “It is a grave loss for our kingdom, Your Majesty. Not just the city, but the future that those children represented. The blood of the innocent is on my hands, and it is a burden I will carry for the rest of my days.”

The room fell into a heavy silence, the enormity of the tragedy sinking in. The King’s expression softened, a mixture of understanding and sorrow in his eyes. He knew that Leon’s regret ran deep, but there was no time to dwell on the past—only the future, and the battle that lay ahead.

“Leon,” the King said softly, “you cannot blame yourself for what has happened. It happens sometime. You don’t have ability to predict future, do you? It’s all those abominable demonic forces fault.”

Leon nodded in understanding, however the guilt still remained in his heart.

“Your Majesty, should we lead the troops to war against the demons? Although, it’s unlikely that we would win on our own,” Marshal Tyron suddenly spoke, his voice tinged with a mix of apprehension and determination. His eyes darted around the room, seeking some form of reassurance or approval from the other council members.

The grand hall fell silent as all eyes turned to King Araknis, who sat upon his throne with an air of calm authority. The King’s dark, contemplative eyes met the Marshal’s, and after a moment of silence, he shook his head slowly. The gesture was mirrored by the other formidable figures seated around the grand table, their expressions grave.

“No, Marshal Tyron,” King Araknis finally spoke, his deep voice resonating through the hall.

“It would be reckless, like the impulsive actions of a child. A war at this moment, without proper preparation and alliance, would lead to our downfall. We must not act out of desperation.”

The Marshal lowered his head, understanding the weight of the King’s words.

King Araknis continued, "We need to wait for the Emperor's command. Only when Emperor Kairos himself calls for battle will we move against the demons. To do otherwise would be to court disaster."

As the King's words settled over the room, he shifted his gaze to the far end of the table. There, sitting with a posture that bordered on insolence, was Envoy Feodor. The man appeared almost bored, his fingers casually tapping on the armrest of his chair, as if this royal council was of little consequence to him.

"Envoy Feodor," King Araknis addressed him, his voice cold, "What is your opinion on this matter? When will Emperor Kairos make his move against the other imperial alliances?"

Feodor barely lifted his eyes to meet the King's gaze, his expression one of indifference. The envoy's attire, adorned with the intricate symbols of the Kairos Empire, added to his air of arrogance. He had the backing of the most powerful empire, and he knew it.

He took these kings and generals were mere pawns in a game dictated by his Emperor.

"Your Majesty," Feodor began, his tone languid, almost dismissive, "The Emperor is indeed preparing for war. But as to when that will happen..."

He shrugged nonchalantly. "It's not for me to say. The timing is uncertain, and it will depend on factors known only to the Emperor himself."

The casualness of his response sent ripples of anger through the room. General Leon, a towering figure known for his icy demeanor and unwavering loyalty to King Araknis, clenched his fists. The temperature in the room seemed to drop as his eyes locked onto Feodor, as if he were considering freezing the envoy in place for his blatant disrespect.

Noticing the growing hostility, Feodor quickly straightened in his chair, the lazy arrogance slipping from his face. A flicker of fear crossed his eyes as he realized that he might have pushed too far.

"Of course, Your Majesty," Feodor added hastily, trying to regain control of the situation.

"I assure you, the Emperor is fully aware of the situation and will act when the time is right. We must remain patient and vigilant. The Empire does not move hastily, but when it does, it will strike with overwhelming force."

King Araknis narrowed his eyes, studying the envoy for a long moment. The other council members waited in tense silence, their eyes darting between the King and the now-uneasy envoy.

“Very well, Envoy Feodor,” the King said, his tone measured but carrying an edge of warning.

“We shall await the Emperor’s command. But remember this,” his voice dropped lower, more threatening, “We will not be pawns in your Emperor’s game. If Emperor Kairos intends to use us as such, he may find that we are not as compliant as he expects.”

There are a total of 13 affiliated kingdoms under Emperor Kairos’ rule, and the Kingdom of Araknis is one of them. These kingdoms have gathered together for survival against the demons and infiltrating empires like the Dragon Empire, which eyes their lands like a juicy piece of meat..

Feodor swallowed hard, realizing that beneath the King’s calm exterior lay a will as unyielding as steel. He nodded, offering a more respectful bow than before.

“Understood, Your Majesty,” he replied, his voice subdued. “I will convey your words to Emperor Kairos.”

“Just you wait, you old fart..I will tell his majesty Emperor how you didn’t showed respect to him. Then, we will see.” Envoy Feodor sneered inwardly.

On the other hand, General Leon found the whole charade disappointing. He clenched fist as icy cold power emanated from his palm.

He stood up and left the room in a huff.

The others just looked at each other, while the King understood Leon’s feeling. He didn’t mind the offence. Instead, he grew increasingly concerned that he might act recklessly.

Chapter 80: Chapter 80: Marquess Bella  
Back in the Abyss...

“So, Bella, my dear, you’ve taken this half-breed as your personal servant?” Bella’s father, the Incubus Duke, asked, his voice dripping with a mixture of curiosity and amusement. He was seated on a throne forged from the bones of countless creatures, their skeletal remains fused together in a display of ancient, terrifying power.

Not to forget, two succubi demonesses were seated on Aengus’s lap in a sensual, arousing manner. However, the others were accustomed to this sort of display, even Bella knew her father too well.

The Incubus Duke, Belial Bellfrost, was a figure of dark and overwhelming allure. Standing at 1.9 meters tall, his purple skin shimmered with an otherworldly glow, and his lean yet powerful muscles hinted at the strength he possessed.

His twin horns, also purple, curved menacingly from his head, while his crimson-red wings spread out behind him, adding to his imposing presence. Belial's entire being radiated a charm that could ensnare the heart of any female he desired.

Thankfully, his focus was not currently on anyone in particular, otherwise, even his daughter Bella might have found herself bewitched by his overwhelming allure.

He was the very embodiment of lust and lewdness, traits that came naturally to his kind.

Belial's harem was vast, comprising hundreds of wives from various demon species, including a number of succubi. It was well-known, however, that despite his infamous appetite, he had never engaged in incestuous relationships—a rare restraint in the demon world, where such taboos were often ignored.

His power was undeniable. He controlled a vast territory—Lust Dukedom—spanning tens of thousands of square kilometers, home to millions of inhabitants demonic species.

Suddenly a wave of invisible pressure descended upon Aengus from the duke seated on the throne with a casual expression of intrigue.

Aengus felt the invisible pressure, as if it was trying to crush him.

Yet, he remained composed, determined to withstand the duke's formidable presence. He understood this was a test, one he had to pass to reach his goal.

Bella and the other court officials observed with keen interest.

“Let's see how long you can endure, half-breed,” the Incubus Duke smiled devilishly, gradually intensifying the pressure.

If he unleashed his full aura all at once, Aengus would be reduced to nothing more than a pile of flesh and bones in an instant. He was demon general rank powerhouse after all.

And of course, there were demons far more powerful than him. In the demon race, the social hierarchy was ruthlessly determined by strength alone.

However, it wasn't just about individual power. A formidable army could elevate one's status to the pinnacle of the demon world. But therein lay the challenge—resources in the demon realm were scarce compared to the bountiful lands of humans. The few resource-rich territories were tightly controlled by the most dominant powers, leaving the rest to scramble for scraps.

Returning to the present, Aengus felt the pressure intensifying with each passing second, his chest tightening as if a massive mountain was bearing down on him, crushing the air from his lungs.

Gritting his teeth, he quickly channeled his dark power, drawing from the nether energy within him to activate the Heart of Darkness, followed by a Darkness Pulse.

“Buzz! Buzz!”

Dark energy pulsed from his body, spreading throughout the court in waves, pushing back against the overwhelming pressure, if only by a little.

Then he released Darkness Haki, to make it more stronger.

Still, it felt like nothing more than a faint tickle to the Incubus Duke and the other high-ranking demons.

But, the mere fact that Aengus could summon such power was surprising. For an ordinary demon, such a feat would be akin to reaching the heavens.

Bella, seated among the court officials, raised an eyebrow in mild surprise, a faint, almost imperceptible curve forming on her lips.

“Hehe, the game has begun, sweetheart,” Bella Bellfrost mused silently. “You will be my new pawn to conquer this demon world, and then the human lands. The secret within your body is far more valuable than anything else. If you can absorb the bloodlines of others, you’ll become unstoppable. And I just have to make you mine,” she thought, her confidence unwavering.

She didn’t completely tell the truth about his transformation to her father. She only said that she tried to make him demonised, but he became half-breed with noble blood Instead—like a miracle. The duke obviously took it for granted because of his trust on her.

Still, It was unknown if her ambition would come to fruition, or the opposite would happen.

After a while, even his full darkness power was unable to resist the relentless pressure.

Aengus was forced to his knees, gasping for breath, sweat beading on his handsome face. Despite his exhaustion, he remained resolute, his gaze lifting to the duke with an expression of indifference.

Seated on the Skeletal Throne, the Incubus Duke watched with a mixture of amusement and admiration. His two harem members—beautiful succubi draped across his lap in a sensual display—glanced at Aengus with impressed expressions.

“Power of the Darkness element! Impressive!” the duke praised, his voice resonating with approval. He then turned his attention to Bella.

“Alright, Bella, my dear. I approve of your servant. However, we must place a slave seal on him, to ensure he doesn’t betray you in the future.”

Aengus’s eyes narrowed with coldness at the proposal, but he quickly masked his expression, ensuring no hint of his thoughts betrayed him. He glanced toward Bella, trying to discern her intentions.

Bella met his gaze, her expression contemplative as she weighed the suggestion. The idea of the slave seal wasn’t entirely unappealing; it would ensure his loyalty completely.

However, she knew that such a measure would only hinder his growth. More importantly, she desired to win his allegiance on her own terms. For her, the real thrill lay in making him hers through sheer charm and seduction—anything less would rob her of the satisfaction she craved.

She knew that Aengus wasn’t entirely hers yet. But that would change—she would bind him to her, little by little, until he became her devoted love slave.

“There’s no need for concern, Lord Father. I can manage him on my own. All I ask is that you grant his request. His condition is severe.”

The Incubus Duke nodded, unconcerned. He had complete faith in her abilities—her prowess was unrivaled among her peers. The half-breed still had much to learn, and by the time he grew into his potential, the Duke would have gauged Aengus’ loyalty. He trusted his daughter to handle the situation, knowing she would bring the half-breed to heel in due time.

“Alright, Bella, my dear. We shall grant his wish as you requested. We’ll gather the necessary materials and send them to you soon. For now, take him to your territory and train him well. He must fully shed his old identity as a human.

“Train him to be stronger, to serve your cause. We don’t nurture the weak or the idle. Remember that well, Bella.”

Bella nodded, a fleeting smile playing across her lips.

“As you wish, Lord Father. I will make him the strongest.”

With that, she rose gracefully and began to walk out the court, signaling Aengus to follow her.