

# Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills

## - Chapter 81 – 100

Chapter 81: Chapter 81: The Game of Conquest

As Aengus finished his preparations for the journey to Bella's Marquis Territory, which a portion of her father's vast Dukedom, he reflected on how little he actually needed to prepare.

He packed only a few clothes, all made in the Demon Lands, and now he wore a black coat-like garment adorned with spiky bones jutting from the shoulders. The leather was likely from some demon or beast skin, and its rarity made it quite expensive.

However, given his royal bloodline, they had made at least some investment in him. The coat also had defensive properties, which might prove useful later on.

With everything ready, Aengus followed behind Bella, along with her servants—Vespera and several other noble-blooded demons. He mounted a dark, Pegasus-like flying creature and seated himself directly behind Bella, their proximity close enough to feel her presence.

Aengus gripped the creature's black fur tightly, trying to keep his eyes off Bella's alluring, curvaceous hips just inches away. Though he couldn't truly feel emotions, his body had a way of betraying him, reacting to the temptation before him.

Vespera, riding another dark Pegasus, shot daggers at him with her gaze. She despised his presence near her mistress, suspecting him of being deceitful and manipulative. To her, this new servant seemed too calculating, too willing to exploit Bella's trust. The treasures he had demanded before pledging his loyalty only deepened her mistrust, making her question his true motives.

From time to time, Aengus pretended to be in pain, feigning weakness to lower the others' guard. He knew how important it was to keep them from becoming too vigilant.

The journey to Bella's Marquisette would be a long one. Despite having wings of their own, so both Bella and Vespera and others chose to ride these dark Pegasus horses, whose shiny black wings radiated a powerful aura of majesty unlike any other.

Whoosh!

With a mighty flap of its wings, the dark Pegasus ascended higher into the sky, which was bathed in the eerie, dim light of the blood-red moon above. The landscape below grew smaller, swallowed by shadows, as they climbed toward the heavens. The moon's crimson glow painted the clouds in sinister hues, casting a haunting light on the riders.

As they flew, Aengus glanced over his shoulder, noticing strange, dark fissures forming in their wake. The air itself seemed to tear open, leaving behind rippling voids of darkness that shimmered ominously.

It didn't take long for Aengus to realize the purpose of these fissures—they served as a warning, a deterrent for any demonic flying creatures that might be tempted to follow them. The Pegasus, a creature of immense power, was making it clear that it was not to be trifled with.

Their journey through the sky remained unhindered for a time, the only sounds being the steady beat of the Pegasus's wings and the occasional rustle of wind. The vast expanse of the demon realm stretched out beneath them, a desolate, twisted landscape that seemed endless. Despite the ominous surroundings, their flight was calm, almost serene—until they encountered the swarm.

Screech! Screech!

A dark mass appeared on the horizon, growing larger as it rapidly approached. Within moments, they were surrounded by a swarm of enormous, bat-like creatures, their leathery wings flapping noisily as they closed in.

These weren't ordinary bats—they were vampiric creatures, with fangs as long as daggers and eyes that glowed with a malevolent red hunger. Their shrieks pierced the air, echoing in the vast sky as they moved to encircle the group.

But before anyone could act, Vespera took charge. With an air of authority that left no room for challenge, she extended her hand and spoke a command in the ancient tongue of her kind. Her voice, cold and commanding, carried a power that resonated through the air.

The effect was immediate. The vampiric bats hesitated, their movements faltering as if struck by an unseen force. Their red eyes flickered with recognition, and slowly, they began to retreat, their shrieks fading into the distance.

Vespera's authority as a noble vampire was absolute; these creatures, bound by the hierarchy of the demon realm, dared not defy her. Within moments, the swarm had dispersed, leaving the sky clear once more.

Their journey continued for two days, traversing thousands of kilometers of desolate, barren desert under the oppressive sun. The landscape was a vast expanse of shifting sands and parched earth, devoid of any significant landmarks or signs of life. The only relief came from the occasional gust of wind that stirred the dry, dust-mixed air.

As they pressed on, a fortress-like structure eventually came into view on the horizon. The fortress was covered far and wide with approximately 10-20 square kilometres area.

The sight was both imposing and eerie—a sprawling complex of buildings, each with its own strange architecture. Some were tall and foreboding, while others were squat and angular, casting long shadows that seemed to writhe in the dim light. The entire complex was shrouded in a perpetual gloom, just like outside.

As they approached, the dark Pegasus flew toward the fortress, ascending to the top of a massive, broad wall that stretched 200 meters high. The walls were constructed from ancient, weathered stone, giving them a foreboding presence.

Atop the walls, several guard posts were manned by vigilant sentinels. These demons, with their sharp skeletal weapons, stood poised and alert, their eyes scanning the horizon for any sign of trouble.

The moment Bella and her entourage arrived, the guards sprang into action.

“”Lady Bella!””

“”Lady Bella is here!””

They roared in unison, their voices echoing off the stone walls in a chorus of relief and respect.

However, for some reason their faces were etched with fatigue, bore expressions that suggested they had endured many long and sleepless nights. The weariness in their eyes spoke of countless hours spent on vigilant watch, their dedication unwavering despite the toll it had taken on them.

Upon their arrival, the sound of gongs reverberated throughout the fortress, marking Bella’s entrance with a traditional and ceremonious welcome. The gongs’ deep, resonant tones echoed through the fortress, signaling both the end of a long journey and the beginning of a new chapter within these ancient walls.

Aengus, seated behind Bella on the dark Pegasus, surveyed the imposing fortress with a blend of detached calculation and keen interest. The sight before him was a proof of the power and influence Bella wielded.

Her subordinates and servants, exuding an aura of formidable strength, were clearly not to be underestimated. If Aengus was to achieve his grand ambitions, this fortress would be a crucial starting point.

To succeed in his plan of conquest, Aengus knew he had to begin here. Gaining control over Bella Bellfrost could provide him with a solid foundation for his future operations. To do so, he needed to meticulously gather information, assessing both the strengths and weaknesses of those around him.

Establishing his own dominance within this base was essential for his strategy.

MANAS had been advising him, had outlined a perfect plan for building his own army. According to MANAS, conquering the world alone would be difficult; a formidable army was indispensable.

Aengus understood that to rise to power, he would need to amass a loyal and powerful force. His ultimate goal was not just to conquer but to seek vengeance against Beelzebub who had billions of demons under his command.

## Chapter 82: Chapter 82: The Game of Conquest (II)

"Lady Bella, thank god you're here!" one of her demon subordinates sighed in relief, rushing forward with a face full of exhaustion and relief. Several other demons also echoed, their tense expressions betraying their unease.

Suppressing her charm, Bella gracefully descended onto the hard stone wall, followed closely by Aengus, Vespera, and the rest of her servants. Her movements, naturally seductive and commanding, drew the attention of everyone present.

As she approached the group, her purple eyes shimmered with a subtle glow, a silent warning that she expected answers.

She raised an eyebrow, her tone both curious and authoritative as she asked, "Why? What's wrong?"

The demons exchanged nervous glances before the leader of the group spoke up, his voice strained with the weight of the situation. "My Lady, there's been unrest within our territory. Strange occurrences have been plaguing the vicinity of Dark forest. Several Lesser Demons have gone missing, and those who return are... different. Twisted, as if corrupted by something dark and malevolent. We've tried to contain it, but whatever it is, it's spreading."

Bella's eyes narrowed, her gaze sharp as she processed the information. "And you waited until now to inform me?" Her voice was cold, laced with a hint of displeasure.

The demon bowed his head, trembling slightly under her gaze. "Forgive us, Lady Bella. We believed we could handle it ourselves, but the Barron of that place is not co-operative at all. He hindered us from investigating through force. He looked like he had gone out of control as well.

We couldn't confront a Greater Demon like with our Lesser Demon power. And other Barrons are really far away to offer support. That's why we were anxious."

“Oh..” Bella remained silent for a moment, her mind racing through possible scenarios. She knew that whatever was happening could pose a significant threat to her territory, and possibly to her future.

Aengus, standing a few steps behind her, watched the exchange intently, already formulating his own plan on how this turn of events could play into his hands. He was not afraid of any greater demons.

The power of ranks of demons were divided by 7 ranks:

- Imps (Rank, not species)
- Lesser Demons
- Greater Demons
- Elder demons
- Archdemons
- Demon Generals
- Demon Lords
- 

Aengus had battled lesser demons before and he won, proving his strength. He knew that with his current abilities, defeating a greater demon was within reach—if he gave it everything he had.

But to do so, he needed to have more Nether energy to use his full power, and defeat it. And he can increase nether energy by eating demonic cores.

It might seem like a vile act to outsiders, akin to cannibalism, but in the demon world, it was simply a harsh reality of survival.

Demon cores was like a currency here, with different qualities.

Aengus would need a lot of demon core for his grand for raising a army using his [ Monster Breeding ] Skill, that was acquired from a dungeon.

MANAS had proposed a bold strategy to Aengus: if he could gather a large number of monsters, demons, or other creatures within his domain, he could level up his Monster Breeding skill significantly. However, this required subjugating these creatures first, which meant defeating and weakening them to bring them under his control.

Once subdued, Aengus could use his Synthesis ability to fuse these monsters and demons, making them more powerful and, more importantly, utterly loyal. They would never betray him. This was the cornerstone of his grand plan for conquest. It was just a matter of time.

But there was a problem: resources were scarce in this desolate territory. Gathering the necessary demon cores would take time. The scarcity of resources forced demons to resort to desperate measures, often consuming the flesh of their own kind to stave off hunger. Compared to that, consuming a demon core was a minor transgression.

Bella's voice snapped Aengus from his thoughts. "Sweetheart, let's go and see what's happening there. It won't take long," she said with a charming smile, her eyelashes fluttering slightly.

Aengus met her gaze, his expression neutral as he nodded. "As you say, Mistress."

Her subordinates exchanged surprised glances. They had never seen Bella act so intimately with anyone before. Many noble demon princes had tried to win her favor, only to be kept at a distance. Bella was like a thorny rose—beautiful and tempting but dangerous to touch. Her beauty and grace were admired and envied, but they were never to be claimed.

Bella then turned to Vespera. "Vespera, you too will come with me. The rest of you, return to your assigned posts," she commanded, her tone leaving no room for argument.

The servants quickly dispersed, leaving Bella, Aengus, and Vespera to investigate the disturbance.

They soared through the sky, wings unfurled, racing towards their destination like a comet streaking across the night. Bella's speed far outstripped Vespera's, leaving her trailing behind as Bella and Aengus cut through the dimly lit sky together.

Aengus found himself once again in Bella's arms, her enchanting purple eyes fixed on his face with a bemused expression. Her gaze was alluring, the kind that could make lesser men falter. But Aengus remained unbothered, his eyes cold and detached. He knew this woman had been trying to seduce him from the start, though her true intentions were unclear.

Was she aiming to make him a puppet, ensnaring him in a web of desire to bend him to her will?

“Hehe...” Bella’s lips curved into an imperceptible smile as she studied his expressionless face, her amusement growing. She enjoyed the challenge he presented, the resistance he offered.

Aengus, on the other hand, was fully aware of the game she was playing. But if she thought he would be an easy conquest, she was sorely mistaken.

They flew in silence, each lost in their own thoughts, yet fully aware of the undercurrent of tension between them. Bella’s smile widened slightly as she wondered just how long this boy could keep his guard up. But Aengus was already three steps ahead, determined not to fall prey to whatever scheme she had in mind.

### Chapter 83: Chapter 83: Lord Aengus (1)

As the sky turned a dark bloody red, signaling the imminent descent of night over the demon lands, Bella, Vespera, and Aengus landed before a moderately sized mansion. The eerie glow of the setting Red sun cast long shadows across the ground, making the mansion appear even more ominous.

Bella moved with the grace and allure of the seductress succubus she was, her every step drawing attention as she approached the moderate sized mansion’s gate.

Vespera and Aengus followed closely behind—Vespera ever vigilant, while Aengus remained casual, confident that as long as he was with Bella Bellfrost, his safety was assured. If not no one would be able to save them.

“Hey, stop!” A gruff voice interrupted their approach.

A demon guard with a crocodile-like head stepped forward, blocking their path. His eyes were wary, but he clearly didn’t recognize the danger he was facing.

“Audacious! How dare you try to stop Lady Bella?” Vespera snapped, stepping forward with an air of authority. Her eyes gleamed with a dangerous red light, and her vampiric red and black wings unfurled slightly, casting a menacing shadow over the demon guard.

“Do you have a death wish?” Vespera asked coldly, her voice dripping with malice as she glared at the crocodile-headed demon. The sharp edges of her wings hovered ominously above him, like a set of swords ready to strike.

Despite Vespera’s looming threat, the crocodile demon remained defiant, his expression stubborn and unyielding.

“No, you can’t pass! And who is this b\*tch Bella you’re talking about?” The crocodile demon sneered contemptuously, his voice dripping with disrespect.

“You...?” Vespera’s face darkened, her rage boiling over like a seething cauldron. The air around her seemed to ripple with the intensity of her anger, her eyes blazing with the promise of violence.

But before she could act, Bella let out a laugh, a sound that was both chilling and amused. “Hahaha...” She laughed as if she found the situation incredibly entertaining, though a murderous intent simmered just beneath the surface.

The idea that this insolent demon would dare speak to her in such a manner was both laughable and infuriating.

Vespera, on the verge of cutting the insolent guard into pieces, was suddenly halted by the arrival of another demon, also with a crocodile-like appearance.

“Paah!”

Without hesitation, the second guard delivered a powerful slap across the face of the first, the force of the blow sending him crashing to the ground with a Bang!

The first guard’s face twisted in pain, turning a deep shade of red, almost resembling a pig’s liver.

“You fool! What are you doing? Do you not even recognize Lady Bella? Are you blind?” The second guard berated the fallen demon sternly, his voice filled with authority and frustration.

Turning quickly to Bella and her entourage, the second guard’s demeanor shifted to one of deep apology. “I am sorry, Lady Bella, for this disrespect. I failed to ensure proper discipline among the guards. Please forgive us.”

Bella regarded the second guard with a cold, calculating gaze, the amusement gone from her expression. “And what has happened to him?” she asked, her tone icy as she gestured towards the fallen guard who was still writhing on the ground.

The second guard hesitated, choosing his words carefully. “Lady Bella, it is not entirely his fault. Ever since the incident at Dark Forest, he’s been... different. His memory is failing him. He’s losing it bit by bit, forgetting even the most basic things. It’s as if something is eating away at his mind.”

Bella’s eyes narrowed at this information. The Dark Forest—this was the same place where strange occurrences had been reported. It seemed whatever dark influence was spreading through her territory was affecting even her own guards.

She turned to Vespera, who was still bristling with anger. “Vespera, stand down. It seems there’s more going on here than we initially thought.” Bella’s voice was calm but carried an undertone of command.

Vespera reluctantly obeyed, though her eyes remained locked on the fallen guard with barely restrained fury. "As you wish, Lady Bella," she said through clenched teeth, retracting her wings and stepping back.

Bella then addressed the second guard. "Take this one away and keep him under close observation. I want a full report on his condition, as well as anyone else showing similar symptoms. Understand?"

The second guard nodded quickly. "Yes, Lady Bella. I will see to it immediately." He then bent down, dragging the still-dazed first guard away with surprising ease.

"Hey, wait!" Vespera called out, halting the crocodile demon as he began to lead them inside. "Tell us about your Baron first. Where is he? We need to speak with him immediately."

The crocodile demon paused, glancing back at Vespera with a wary expression. "He is inside, my lady. But be careful... the Baron's mental condition is also not good," he warned, his voice tinged with unease.

With that final caution, the crocodile demon hurried away, leaving Bella, Vespera, and Aengus to continue on their own.

The trio proceeded through the grand entrance and into the main hall of the mansion. The room was dimly lit, the air heavy with an oppressive atmosphere that matched the grim state of affairs in the territory.

As they entered, their eyes fell upon a humanoid demon sitting in a large, ornate chair. His skin was covered in iridescent fish scales that caught the faint light, reflecting it in a way that made him appear almost otherworldly.

However, despite his striking appearance, there was something deeply unsettling about the Baron. He sat slumped in the chair, his posture listless, and his eyes stared vacantly ahead as if his mind was far away, lost in some dark, unreachable place.

Bella's gaze hardened as she took in the sight before her. This was the Barron who was supposed to be managing the area, yet he looked more like a broken doll than a powerful Greater demon. Whatever had taken hold of him had clearly done significant damage.

Vespera approached cautiously, her hand resting on the hilt of her sword. "Baron Voldemort," she called out, her voice sharp and commanding. "Can you hear me? We need to speak with you."

The Baron didn't respond immediately. For a long, tense moment, it seemed as though he might not acknowledge them at all. Then, slowly, his head turned towards them, his eyes dull and unfocused. There was a flicker of recognition, but it was faint, like a dying ember struggling to stay lit.

"L-Lady Bella...Miss Vespera..." he muttered, his voice raspy and strained. "Why are you here...? It's... too late... for this place..."

Bella stepped forward, her expression unreadable as she stared down at the Baron. "We are here because of the disturbances in Dark Forest and about the disappearance of demons," she said, her voice cold and firm. "What has happened here, Baron? What has caused this madness?"

The Baron blinked slowly, his gaze drifting away from them as if he were struggling to hold on to his thoughts. "Darkness... it came from the forest... corrupted everything... even me... there's no escape... only... despair..."

His words were disjointed, fragmented as if his mind was barely holding together.

Bella's eyes narrowed, and she turned to Vespera and Aengus. "This is worse than I thought. The corruption has taken root in the Baron himself. We need to find the source of this darkness and eradicate it before it spreads any further."

Aengus, finding the situation mysterious, activated Appraisal to know what exactly happened here. He had to use his precious Mana for this.

Chapter 84: Chapter 84: Lord Aengus (2)  
[ Appraisal ]

[ Name: Voldemort ] [ Corrupted ]

[ Race: Demon ]

[ Species: Half Hydrothrax ]

[ Rank: Greater Demon ]

[ Affiliation: Dark Valley Fortress, Lust Dukedom ]

[ Abilities:

[ 1. Water Breathing: Hydrothrax can Submerged in water for a long time ]

[ 2. Aqua Cloak: Hydrothrax can shroud itself in a thick layer of water, making it difficult to see and giving it resistance to physical attacks. The cloak also provides it with increased speed and agility in aquatic environments ]

[ 3. Tidal Surge: The demon can summon powerful waves to crash against its enemies, knocking them back and potentially drowning those caught in the surge. The strength and size of the wave can vary depending on Hydrothrax's will ]

[ 4. Dread Maelstrom: It creates a massive vortex of corrupted water that draws in enemies and shreds them with shadow-infused currents. The maelstrom also distorts reality within its range, causing illusions and disorientation among those trapped inside ]

[ 5. Scalebane Torrent: Hydrothrax unleashes a barrage of razor-sharp scales, each infused with dark energy, that can slice through armor and flesh.]

Aengus quickly focused on the corrupted Barron, bringing up the information on the nature of the corruption:

[Corruption: Dark Wraiths, a type of darkness creature, have corrupted the target's mind. The Wraiths are sinister creatures that gradually take control of the soul, leading to death. Corruption progress: 98.89%.]

Aengus's eyes narrowed as he read the details. The Barron's corruption was almost complete, leaving him on the brink of losing himself entirely. The situation was more dangerous than he had anticipated. With the corruption at 99%, the Barron could become fully possessed at any moment.

And just as Aengus expected, the Barron's eyes turned pitch black, an ominous void replacing the dim light that had once been there. The transformation was swift—whatever fragment of the Barron remained was gone, replaced by the malevolent force of the Dark Wraiths. Without warning, the Barron lunged toward Vespera with terrifying speed, his movements no longer his own.

Aengus, alert to the change due to his affinity with darkness, saw the attack coming. He remained calm, knowing Vespera's capabilities, but recognized the opportunity to earn Bella's favor. He called out in a voice that was steady yet loud enough to be heard clearly, "Watch out!"

Vespera, caught off guard by the sudden shift, instinctively hesitated, unsure of the true nature of the threat. Before she could fully process Aengus's warning, Bella, always composed and in control, stepped forward. With a casual yet powerful motion, she extended her flawless hand, intercepting the Barron's charge effortlessly.

The impact was thunderous, as Bella's hand met the corrupted Barron with a force that sent a shockwave through the hall.

Bang!

The Baron was slammed into the ground with a deafening boom, the stone floor cracking beneath him from the sheer power of Bella's blow.

Pinned under Bella's unyielding grip, the Barron struggled in vain, the dark entity controlling him writhing in frustration. Bella's purple shimmering eyes bore into the Barron's, her expression one of cold authority.

"My, my, what do we have here? What's with the sudden violence, Baron?" Bella's voice dripped with mockery as they surveyed the chaotic scene.

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The Baron responded with a series of eerie, unsettling cackles that sounded like a grotesque mix of laughter and growls. Bella and Vespera exchanged puzzled glances, unable to make sense of the distorted sounds.

"What is it saying?" Vespera asked, her voice tinged with frustration as she struggled to decipher the Barron's response.

"MANAS, can you understand it?" he inquired telepathically.

A flickering white light manifested beside him, and MANAS's voice echoed in his mind with clarity. "Yes, Master. I can interpret its language. It says: 'Bitch, We will soon take over this fortress and then destroy it by consuming everyone's souls. They plan to launch the attack within a few hours. Just you wait.'"

The speaker's eyes narrowed. "Oh, I see!" He was bewildered by the wraith's audacity in revealing its plan. Was it simply a product of overconfidence, or did the wraith know that Bella and the others could understand their language at all?

"Mistress!" Aengus called out, his voice calm but his eyes betraying a deep seriousness.

Bella and Vespera turned to him, maintaining their focus on keeping the Baron at bay.

"What is it, sweetheart? Do you somehow understand its language?" Bella asked, her gaze fixed on Aengus.

"Yes," Aengus replied evenly. "The Baron—the creature inside, says they plan to attack the fortress tonight and destroy it. They have a large army assembled."

He deliberately left out the part about the Baron's 'Bitch' curse. Otherwise who knows what would Bella do out of anger.

Bella's eyes widened slightly. "Oh, that sounds serious. But how do you understand their language? Even the residents here can't make sense of it. How is that possible?" she asked, feeling curious. Her tone was also tinged with suspicion as she studied Aengus closely.

"That—That's because of my darkness affinity. This creature had similar darkness powers as I do. I can understand it somehow," Aengus said confidently, his tone steady despite the underlying tension.

Bella's eyes glinted with approval. "Fu fu fu... Very good, sweetheart. See, I knew you would be useful," she smiled, her voice dripping with seductive charm as she approached him, the air around her charged with an intoxicating allure.

Vespera, who had just been saved from imminent danger, regarded Aengus with a mixture of gratitude and suspicion. Her sharp eyes narrowed as she tried to gauge his true intentions.

"Do you know where their location is?" Vespera asked, her voice filled with concern. The urgency in her tone reflected the gravity of the situation.

Aengus shook his head slowly. "No. The creature did not reveal their exact location."

Bella's smile widened, revealing a hint of satisfaction. "No matter, sweetheart. You have done more than enough. For this contribution, you will be granted a Barony over this territory."

"This one," she said, nodding dismissively at the bound Baron, "is of no further use. What do you think?" Her offer was both generous and strategic, a move to secure Aengus's loyalty.

Vespera's eyes widened in surprise. "A Barony from the start? While she had to work hard for how long?" she thought, feeling a pang of unfairness. She had been through trials and tribulations to earn her position. But as Bella's command was absolute, she stifled her discontent, knowing better than to challenge her Mistress's decisions.

Aengus didn't miss the opportunity. His eyes gleamed with a cold determination. "Yes, Mistress. I shall do as you say. I will keep it safe no matter what," he replied with a resolute tone, his voice firm and unwavering.

Inwardly, Aengus was already formulating his next moves. The first phase of his plan had succeeded, and with the Barony in his grasp, he had the means to set his long-term strategy into motion.

## Chapter 85: Chapter 85: Greater Demon

"Alright," Bella said, her voice laced with satisfaction as she nodded approvingly.

"I will send an official notice appointing you as the new Baron of Dark Valley," she continued, her tone firm and decisive, as if the matter was already settled. The weight of her words hung in the air, solidifying Aengus's new position.

She then turned her attention to Vespera, her expression shifting from indulgent to commanding. "Let's go, Vespera. We need to prepare our forces to march into their hideout. Let's see who dares to invade our territory," Bella declared, her voice cold and resolute.

Her eyes glinted dangerously, a reminder her words were not to be taken lightly.

"Okay, Mistress," Vespera responded resolutely, her tone steady as she acknowledged Bella's command.

Bella turned back to Aengus, her gaze softening slightly as she addressed him.

"Sweetheart, you don't need to join us for now. You can't handle it at your condition," she said with a slight smile.

"For now, you need to focus on increasing your strength." Her voice was gentle, but there was an underlying firmness that made it clear this was not a suggestion but an order.

She paused, reaching for the space bracelet on her wrist. The bracelet was a delicate piece, shimmering with a subtle iridescence that hinted at its otherworldly origin.

Aengus couldn't help but feel intrigued.

A space bracelet was a rare and valuable artifact, capable of storing vast amounts of items in a small, easily accessible space. Its convenience was undeniable, but he knew its price must be equally astronomical.

"There are a total of 500 low grade Cores inside," Bella continued, withdrawing a few small pouches from the bracelet and handing them to Aengus. Her jade-like hand extended gracefully, the gesture both generous and commanding.

"These cores will increase your Nether energy and strengthen your physique slightly," she explained, her eyes meeting his with an intensity that underscored the importance of what she was giving him.

"Don't let me down. Use your talent wisely, so that we can continue on this path unhindered."

“Thank you, Mistress!” Aengus replied, his voice filled with genuine gratitude. He accepted the pouches with a slight bow.

He opened one of the pouches and peeked inside, revealing the glowing cores within. They were of various colors—black, red, yellowish, brown—each representing the essence of a different type of demons. These demonic cores, extracted from the bodies of powerful demons, were potent sources of energy that could be absorbed to enhance one’s strength.

Aengus’s eyes gleamed with determination as he looked at the cores.

As Bella and Vespera left the room of the Baron’s mansion, Aengus found himself alone in the dimly lit chamber.

The silence was heavy, pressing in on him from all sides, but his thoughts were anything but quiet.

He looked at the demonic cores in his hands with a mixture of fascination and anticipation. Each core pulsed with a dark, almost hypnotic glow, the nether energy within churning like a storm trapped inside a small, hardened shell. These cores held the essence of demons, which can only be consumed by the demons.

If a human attempted to consume these, they risked becoming something monstrous—mutated, wild, devoid of reason. Yet, Aengus felt no fear. Instead, he saw only the potential for growth, the opportunity to harness the power of these demonic essences and bend them to his will.

With resolve, he began consuming the cores one by one. The first one was bitter on his tongue, its taste sharp and acrid, but as he swallowed, the core seemed to dissolve instantly in his stomach, its energy flooding his veins. He felt a rush of power surge through him, followed by a series of notifications echoing in his mind:

[Strength +1]

[Agility +2]

[Strength +1]

[Defense +1]

[Agility +1]

Each core brought with it a new wave of energy, the dark, swirling essence melding with his own. His muscles tightened, his reflexes sharpened, and he could feel his body growing stronger, more resilient with each core he consumed.

MANAS advised that the most effective way to use them for now is by eating them. While his Gluttony of Darkness ability could do the same, it wouldn't give Nether energy. That's why he chose to consume them directly.

The essences didn't only focus at his physical attributes. He felt his Nether energy reserves also expanding, the dark, shadowy power within him growing more potent, more responsive:

[Nether Energy +1]

[Nether Energy +2]

[ Nether Energy +1 ]

....

The process was invigorating, yet there was an undercurrent of something primal, something dangerous, in the way his body absorbed the demonic energy. The cores melted into pure energy, dissolving into particles that spread throughout his body, strengthening him from within.

By this point, he had consumed nearly half of the demonic cores. Some provided a 0.5-point boost to his stats, while others offered as much as 2 points. The most significant increase, however, was in his Nether Energy core.

The remaining half of the cores stayed in his pouch, as he felt fatigued and strained. It was as though a wild energy surged within him, needing to be released for his body to adjust to the growing power.

With a thought, he examined his new improvement in stats.

[ Name: Aengus Degaro ]

[ Occupation: Demon Servant ]

[ Race: Half-Human Half-Demon ]

[ Bloodline Lineage: Beelzebub (Partial-Royal) ]

[ Level: 20 ]

[ Class: None ]

[ Age: 18 ]

[ Strength: 70 ]

[ Agility: 66 ]

[ Defense: 80 ]

[ Mana: 26/8190 ]

[ Nether Energy: 180/180 ]

[ 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 ]

—

He looked at the screen, feeling satisfied. His base stats had increased by 30 to 40 points, though his level remained unchanged.

This meant that the concept of levels no longer applied to him. A new, insurmountable gap was forming between him and both humans and demons. He now possessed the physical strength of a demon combined with the power of humanity's system.

However, that didn't mean he could confront a high-level human powerhouse with physical strength alone. Demons generally had far greater physical power than humans, yet they often couldn't win against them because of the humans' powerful skills.

Not everyone had bloodline powers like Bella and others. Most demons relied on their physical strength and their common species ability: Blood Regeneration, which wasn't bad in itself.

Aengus stood still for a moment, feeling the changes within him. His strength had increased, his agility had improved, and his defenses had solidified. More importantly, his Nether Energy core had expanded significantly.

Aengus felt as though he could crush an adult Minotaur with ease. He was now comparable to a Greater Demon in power.

#### Chapter 86: Chapter 86: Swearing Loyalty

After what felt like an eternity, the door to the dimly lit room creaked open, and two towering crocodile demons lumbered in. Their scales gleamed with a dark, oily sheen under the faint light, and their eyes glowed with a sinister red hue.

The air in the room seemed to grow heavier with their presence, charged with the raw, primal energy they exuded.

The demons paused as they entered, their gaze locking onto Aengus, the half-breed demon who stood before them. They had been of his sudden rise to power, but now, seeing him in person, their curiosity burned even brighter.

They were joined by four more of their kind, making a total of six crocodile demons, all neatly lined up in front of Aengus. Their powerful tails dragged across the floor, leaving faint scratches on the stone, but their posture was one of obedience.

"My Lord, congratulations on becoming the new Baron of the Dark Valley," they said in unison, their deep, gravelly voices resonating through the room. There was a subtle undercurrent of respect in their tone, a recognition of the power and authority Aengus now held.

"We have been notified officially," one of them continued, bowing his massive head slightly. "Now, we hereby swear loyalty in the name of the Demon God."

Aengus, who had been sitting quietly, deep in thought, furrowed his brows and rose to his feet. His muscles tightened as he stood, the recent influx of energy from the demonic cores making him feel stronger, more confident. He straightened his posture, his eyes narrowing as he regarded the crocodile demons before him with keen interest.

These were no ordinary demons; their loyalty was not given lightly. The fact that they had come to swear fealty meant that his new title as Baron of the Dark Valley had already started to ripple through the ranks. The power structure here was harsh and unyielding, but respect was earned through strength and cunning.

Although, their loyalty was not 100%, it was going to rise eventually. He would make them hundred percent loyal.

He stepped forward, his gaze never leaving the demons in front of him.

“Rise,” he commanded, his voice firm, yet tinged with a newfound authority. “Your loyalty is noted, and it will be rewarded. Together, we will strengthen the Dark Valley, and any who dare challenge us will be crushed.”

“Yes, My Lord... ”

The crocodile demons straightened their backs, their eyes filled with a mix of respect and uncertainty. Their new half-breed Lord was surprisingly ambitious it seemed.

Aengus’s words resonated with them, and they could sense the power radiating from him, a power that was still growing, still evolving.

Aengus studied them carefully, noting the raw physical strength they possessed, as well as the dark energy that seemed to ripple beneath their scales.

“So, now tell me,” he began, his voice carrying an edge of impatience, “how many people are in our ranks currently?”

The crocodile demons lowered their heads in shame, their massive bodies hunching slightly as they spoke. “My Lord, we only have 20 lesser demons in our ranks, including the butler and the maid who serve your needs,” one of them admitted, his voice mixed with frustration.

“The number was seriously low compared to the other baronies under the Fortress of Lady Bella’s rule. It’s due to our previous Baron’s reckless spending and carelessness.”

Aengus crossed his arms, his expression darkening as he absorbed the disappointing news. The room, which had been filled with a sense of triumph just moments before, now felt heavy with Aengus’ discontentment.

They felt the indistinct pressure from their new Baron, and shivered, not daring say anything out of proportion.

“Anyway, did the former Baron live alone or something? No family?” he asked, noticing their fear as he wanted ease the situation a little.

“Yes, my Lord,” the guards replied in unison, their heads slightly bowed. “He lived alone.”

Aengus seemed to ponder this for a moment, his mind already working on a plan to address the situation. The former Baron's mismanagement and reckless spending had left the Dark Valley in a vulnerable state, but Aengus saw this as an opportunity.

Such a small number of demons in his service could be a disadvantage, but it also meant there were fewer individuals to interfere with his business. .

"Alright," he finally said, his tone decisive. "Gather everyone. I need to talk to them."

The crocodile demons nodded and quickly left the room to carry out his orders. Aengus watched them go, his mind racing with thoughts of what needed to be done. Loyalty would be the first thing he would need to secure.

These demons had served under a weak leader, and their allegiance might still be shaky. He needed to ensure that they saw him as their only lord and master, that they understood their survival and prosperity depended on their unwavering loyalty to him.

But loyalty alone wouldn't be enough. Aengus would also need to assess their potential. The Dark Valley had been neglected for too long, and he needed to identify those with the strength and talent to rise above the rest.

He would make them stronger using Universal Synthesis, but only if they proved their worth. Those who showed promise would be rewarded; those who didn't have both, they will be casted out immediately.

He knew this process would take time. Rebuilding the ranks of his barony and transforming a disloyal and weakened force into a formidable one couldn't be done overnight.

But Aengus was confident. He would fill their mind with temptations of power, which no one could ever hope to possibly achieve.

Aengus observed the group gathered before him, his gaze sharp and unyielding. The demons stood in neat rows, their heads slightly bowed as they felt the weight of his Darkness Haki pressing down on them. The aura he exuded was palpable, filling the room with a sense of dread that made even the bravest among them tremble. Despite their attempts to stand tall, Aengus could see the fear in their eyes, the uncertainty in their stiff postures.

As he surveyed his new subjects, a wave of disappointment washed over him.

These demons were of common blood, lacking the powerful abilities or noble lineage that could have made them valuable assets. Most of them relied on their physical strength, and while they had some species-specific traits—like the crocodile demons'

scale armor or the fish scale demons' ability to breathe underwater—there was little else to commend them.

They were strong, but strength alone wasn't enough.

Among the twenty demons present, 13 were combatants of Imps and Lesser demons power rank, their sole purpose being to fight and defend the territory. (AN: Imps= lowest level demons, not the exact species)

The other five were administrative demons, tasked with handling the official matters of the barony.

And then there were the last two—a butler and a maid—whose duties revolved around attending to the Baron's personal needs. None of them stood out as particularly exceptional, and that was a problem.

Aengus needed more than just foot soldiers; he needed individuals who could help him execute his plans, expand his power, and ensure his dominion over the Dark Valley and beyond.

He let the silence stretch, allowing the pressure of his Haki to sink in deeper, making them feel small and insignificant.

Then, in a voice that was calm yet edged with authority, he spoke. "Look at you," he began, his tone laced with disappointment. "A ragtag group of demons, barely capable of holding onto what little power this barony has left. Do you think this is enough? Do you think you can serve me, protect this land, and rise above your current state with just this?"

The demons looked at each other uncomfortably, but no one dared to speak. They knew better than to challenge their new lord, especially when he was making it clear just how unimpressed he was with them.

"You are weak," Aengus continued, his words cutting like a blade. "But weakness can be overcome. I will not tolerate mediocrity in my ranks. If you wish to remain here, if you wish to serve me and not be cast aside as failures, then you must prove your worth. I will give you the opportunity to grow stronger, to rise above your current status. But know this—failure will not be forgiven."

He paused, allowing his words to sink in. The demons were listening intently now, fear mixed with a glimmer of hope. Aengus had them where he wanted them—desperate, eager to prove themselves, and willing to do whatever it took to gain his favor.

"You all will have unimaginable power, and I will make sure it by myself," Aengus declared, his voice growing darker.

“Power that you could never hope to achieve on your own. But this power comes with a price. You will serve me without question, without hesitation. You will dedicate your lives to my cause, and in return, I will make you stronger than you ever imagined. Together, we will rebuild this barony, and we will make those who look down on us tremble in fear.”

The room was silent, the weight of his words heavy in the air. The demons looked at each other, uncertainty giving way to determination. They knew they had little choice but to follow Aengus. He was their new lord, and he held their fates in his hands.

#### Chapter 87: Chapter 87: Black Swamp

“Now,” Aengus said, his voice dropping to a near whisper, yet still filled with authority, “Swear your loyalty to me, and vow that you will never betray me. Those who prove themselves will be rewarded. Those who betrays me, they will be executed immediately.”

His words sent a chill down their spines, and they trembled with fear. His intimidation Haki began to influence their mind to follow his command —like as if it was the law.

“”My Lord, we swear, You’re the only lord and the god to us. We will never betray you.””

One by one, the demons knelt before him, pledging their loyalty. Aengus watched them, a dark smile playing on his lips. He knew it would take time to mold them into the force he needed, but he was confident in his ability to do so.

This was just the beginning, and with each step he took, his power would grow.

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As everyone else left the room to attend to their respective duties, only Aengus and his butler—Yu Elvedaro, a fish-scale humanoid demon—remained.

“So, your name is Butler Yu, correct?” Aengus inquired, his gaze steady as he addressed the butler.

Butler Yu bowed slightly, placing his right hand on his chest in a gesture of respect.

“Yes, my lord,” Yu Elvedaro replied, his voice carrying a mixture of awe and caution. He met his new lord’s calm and indifferent gaze with a sense of reverence. Despite Aengus’s youthful appearance, Yu had witnessed a powerful presence that suggested there might be new hope on the horizon if he served this half-breed with unwavering loyalty.

“Do you need anything, my lord?” Yu asked, his tone more respectful and enthusiastic now, eager to attend to any needs Aengus might have.

Aengus studied Butler Yu with a scrutinizing gaze. The fish scale demon was a striking figure, his scales shimmering subtly in the light. Though his appearance was less imposing compared to some of the other demons, his demeanor suggested both dedication and a sharp mind. The respect Yu showed was evident, but Aengus could sense a flicker of hope in his eyes—a potential ally or a useful asset if handled correctly.

“Yes, Butler Yu,” Aengus said, his tone calm but carrying an edge of authority. “I need a detailed report on the current state of the barony. I want to know about our resources, the condition of the fortifications, and any other relevant information you think I should be aware of.”

Butler Yu nodded, his expression shifting to one of earnest attentiveness. “Of course, my Lord. I will provide you with a comprehensive overview of the barony. It will take a little time to gather all the necessary information, but I assure you it will be thorough.”

Aengus raised an eyebrow, noting the butler’s eagerness. “Good. I expect nothing less. In addition to that, I need you to prepare a list of potential allies and informants in the surrounding territories. We need to establish a network of intelligence and support if we’re to secure our position and expand our influence.”

“Understood, my Lord,” Yu responded, his voice steady and respectful. “I will begin immediately. Is there anything else you require at this moment?”

Aengus paused, considering the question. “Yes, actually. I want you to begin assessing the capabilities and loyalty of our current staff and combatants. I need to know who can be trusted and who might need... adjustment.”

Yu’s eyes flickered slightly, but he maintained his composure. “I will handle it with the utmost care, my Lord. I will ensure that all assessments are conducted discreetly.”

“Excellent,” Aengus said with a nod. “I trust you will carry out these tasks efficiently. Your dedication will be rewarded in due time.”

As Butler Yu bowed and began to leave, Aengus watched him go, his mind already racing with plans and strategies.

He knew that to achieve his goals, he would need to control every aspect of his new territory, from its resources to its people.

—

After a while, Butler Yu returned with a stack of documents and a map of the Lust Dukedom, along with comprehensive data on the hostile parties near Dark Valley.

“My lord, this is all we have in our archives,” Yu said, presenting the materials with a hint of apology. “I regret that I couldn’t bring the entire map of Demon Land. The Demon Land is so vast and ever-changing that it’s nearly impossible to map it accurately.

Even the Demon Lords’ single move can cause the very ground to shift, altering the landscape.” he said as he placed the documents on the table.

“Oh,” Aengus responded with a nod, taking a closer look at the documents.

The documents revealed that there were nearly 5,000 demon households in this region, now under his rule. His territory spanned approximately 20 to 30 square kilometers and was encircled by hostile tribes from the black swamp and dark forest, who eyed them with a predatory interest.

Beyond the great wall of the Fortress to the west lay the Dark Forest, where Bella had ventured to fight alongside her personal army.

“Alright, I’ve reviewed everything. For now, let things remain as they are,” Aengus said, rising from his seat from the table.

He rose from the seat, and continued, “I’m going to visit the Black Swamp to assess who controls that area. You handle matters here, Butler Yu.”

Butler Yu hesitated, concern evident in his voice. “But, my lord, wouldn’t it be dangerous for you to go alone?”

Aengus remained steadfast. “No, I won’t venture too deep. I just want to gauge their strength. You focus on your duties here. Leave the rest to me. Soon, we will conquer all the nearby tribes and strengthen our army.”

Butler Yu sighed, realizing further persuasion would be futile. Despite Aengus’s seemingly boastful words, Yu couldn’t help but feel a glimmer of hope for a better future.

Nowadays resources had become increasingly scarce, and they often went hungry. The process of hunting demonic creatures was grueling and rarely yielded enough to fill their bellies.

He watched his new Lord’s figure with hope and a rare emotion called worry.

No data found.

## **Reincarnated With Three Unique Skills - Chapter 88 - Chapter 88: Chapter 88: Surging Strength**

Chapter 88: Chapter 88: Surging Strength

As Aengus waded into the dark swamp, the eerie landscape stretched out before him like a twisted nightmare. The black, corrupted water lapped against his legs, its coldness seeping through his clothes, but it was more an unsettling sensation than a real discomfort.

The water seemed to recognize him, parting slightly as he moved deeper, almost as if acknowledging his presence.

The trees that dotted the swamp were ancient and grotesque, their gnarled branches reaching out like skeletal hands. Their bark was cracked and lifeless, devoid of any color or vitality, as if the very essence of life had been drained from them long ago.

A thick mist clung to the air, swirling around Aengus as he moved forward, making it difficult to see more than a few feet ahead.

The silence was oppressive, broken only by the occasional ripple in the water or the creaking of the decaying trees.

Despite the foreboding atmosphere, Aengus felt a strange sense of belonging. The swamp was inhospitable, a place where ordinary beings would be overcome with fear or despair. Yet for him, it felt almost welcoming, as if the darkness of the swamp resonated with the darkness within him.

He continued to move forward, the water sloshing quietly around him. Every step he took felt deliberate, as if the swamp itself was guiding him toward something hidden within its depths.

The map he had studied indicated that this place held secrets—ancient, powerful secrets that could further his plans and solidify his control over the Dark Valley.

As he pushed deeper into the swamp, the mist began to thicken, and the light from the gloomy sky above grew dimmer. The trees became more twisted and warped, their branches intertwined in unnatural patterns. Aengus felt the air grow colder, and a sense of anticipation began to build within him.

Suddenly, the ground beneath his feet shifted slightly, and Aengus paused, looking down. The water rippled unnaturally, and a faint glow began to emanate from beneath the surface. He could feel the energy pulsing through the swamp, a dark and ancient power that resonated with his very being. It was as if the swamp was alive, aware of his presence, and responding to his approach.

Without hesitation, Aengus knelt down, submerging his hands into the cold, dark water. The energy surged through him, a rush of power that made his Heart of Darkness race.

The water began to swirl around him, forming a vortex that pulled at his clothes and threatened to drag him under. But Aengus remained calm, allowing the power of the swamp to envelop him.

In an instant he used his Gluttony Of Darkness ability.

In an instant, a black vortex of darkness formed from his body in front.

As Aengus activated his Gluttony of Darkness ability, the atmosphere around him shifted dramatically. The dark power within him surged, manifesting as a swirling black vortex that spiraled out from his body. The vortex was an abyss of pure darkness, pulling in everything in its path with an insatiable hunger.

The black, corrupted water of the swamp was no exception. It began to swirl violently, drawn into the vortex with a sound like a distant roar. The water gurgled and churned as it was consumed, the dark energy within it being siphoned off and absorbed by Aengus. The vortex grew larger with each passing moment, expanding like a growing black hole that threatened to consume the entire swamp.

The power coursing through Aengus was intoxicating. He could feel his muscles tightening and growing stronger, his senses sharpening as his body adapted to the influx of dark energy. Every gulp of the swamp's tainted waters seemed to fortify his being, enhancing his physical attributes in a way that felt both exhilarating and overwhelming.

[ Strength +1 ]

[ Strength +2 ]

[ Strength +1 ]

[ Agility + 1 ]

[ Defense + 2 ]

[ Agility +2 ]

...

Yet, despite the immense power he was drawing in, Aengus was acutely aware of the limitations of his ability.

Unlike the legendary Devour ability of Beelzebub, which could convert all consumed matter into raw, undiluted Nether Energy added with more unique capabilities, Gluttony of Darkness was more specialized on a specific category.

It focused primarily on enhancing his physical form, his strength, agility, and endurance, but the amount of Nether Energy it provided was meager in comparison.

Still, the power he was absorbing was substantial. The vortex continued to expand, consuming more and more of the swamp.

The trees that stood near the water's edge began to tremble, their roots pulled free from the muck as the ground itself started to be drawn toward the vortex. The once vast swamp was rapidly shrinking, its dark waters being devoured by Aengus's insatiable hunger.

As Aengus stood in the corrupted swamp, siphoning the dark energy from the murky waters with his \*Gluttony of Darkness\* ability, the atmosphere was thick with an ominous stillness. The water around him churned, its malevolent essence being drawn into the vortex that swirled with increasing intensity. Just as Aengus began to feel the intoxicating power surging through him, a sudden disturbance broke the eerie calm.

Whoosh!

Without warning, a pack of lizard-like demons erupted from the depths of the swamp, their scaled bodies slicing through the water with predatory precision. They moved with astonishing speed, their wet, armored scales reflecting the faint, sickly light that filtered through the canopy above.

These creatures were monstrous in size, standing between 5 to 10 meters tall, with powerful limbs that ended in razor-sharp claws. Their elongated snouts were lined with jagged teeth, and their eyes burned with a primal hunger. Their dagger-like tails whipped through the air, slicing through anything in their path as they closed in on their target—Aengus.

His Predator Instinct flared to life, alerting him to the imminent danger. Without hesitation, Aengus pivoted on his heel, his reflexes heightened to near-superhuman levels. The dark vortex that had been absorbing the swamp's energy shifted, directed by his will. It surged forward, expanding rapidly to meet the oncoming threat.

The vortex's pull was terrifyingly strong, a force of nature that devoured everything in its path.

The first few lizard demons, caught off guard by Aengus's swift reaction, were sucked into the vortex before they could even react. Their bodies were twisted and distorted as

they were consumed by the swirling darkness, their agonized roars cut short as they disappeared into the abyss.

The sheer force of the vortex disintegrated their forms, leaving nothing but dark mist in the air where they had once stood.

However, the remaining lizard demons were not so easily defeated.

These creatures, though savage, were experienced predators, and their survival instincts kicked in. With a collective hiss, they recoiled, darting out of the vortex's reach with fluid, practiced movements. Their leader, a particularly large and cunning lizard demon with scarred scales and a fierce glare, barked orders at the others, his voice a guttural growl.

"Men, this guy is bad news," the leader hissed, his reptilian eyes narrowing as they fixed on Aengus. He recognized the threat that Aengus posed, his gaze calculating as he quickly assessed the situation.

"Number 3, go and inform the Chief that a Greater Demon with Darkness power is here. We need his immediate help."

"Okay, boss," Number Three, a slightly smaller but equally fearsome lizard demon, replied with urgency.

He didn't waste a moment, his body diving into the dark waters with a splash, disappearing into the murky depths with a powerful flick of his tail. The water rippled and then settled, leaving only the faint sound of his departure echoing through the swamp.

Chapter 89: Chapter 89: Declaration  
[ Appraisal ]

[ Scaled Horned Lizard ]

[ Power Rank: Lesser Demon ]

[ Abilities: ]

– [ Blood Regeneration ]

– [ Quick Reflexes ]

– [ Sharp Tail ]

In the midst of the Black Swamp, Aengus found himself surrounded by the ferocious lizard demons, their predatory eyes glinting with hunger as they circled him.

Recognizing the situation, Aengus deactivated his Gluttony of Darkness ability. He knew it wouldn't be of much help here—it drained his Nether Energy rapidly, and when he swallowed the two lizard demons earlier, he felt a slight tremor around his soul, indicating that continuing to absorb living beings at its basic level would be too taxing.

He remained vigilant, sharpening his focus as he kept watch on all sides.

Whoosh!

Without any warning, a lizard demon lunged at Aengus from behind, its razor-sharp claws slicing through the air with enough force to cut through steel like tofu.

Thanks to Aengus's newly enhanced physical stats, he reflexively spun around just in time to counterattack, delivering a powerful blow. However, the other four lizard demons were already on the move, their spiked, dagger-like tails glowing with an eerie light as they swung toward him, intent on sabotaging him from behind.

Despite his improved physical stats, Aengus knew they weren't invincible, and these coordinated attacks could easily overwhelm him. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up as his Predator's Instinct kicked in, sensing the imminent danger in the span of a heartbeat. Without a moment's hesitation, he activated Darkness Shroud, instantly rendering himself invisible and silently slipping away from the lizards' deadly strikes.

Aengus knew he had to finish this quickly; his Mana reserves wouldn't last long if his Predator's Instinct kept triggering repeatedly.

Reappearing in front of a large, horned lizard demon, Aengus channeled nearly 90 points of strength—about 12 times stronger than that of a normal human—into his fist. Still cloaked in invisibility, he drove his punch directly into the lizard's belly.

“Crunch...Boom!”

The lizard's tough scales shattered like glass under the impact, and the massive creature was sent flying 10 to 15 meters into the air.

“He's here! Kill him!” one of the lizard demons roared, furious at seeing their comrade fall.

In a coordinated attack, they swiftly swung their glowing long tails toward the spot where Aengus had just struck, determined to cut him down.

“THUD.”

As the previously crushed horned lizard fell to the ground—a mangled corpse—Aengus quickly activated his Darkness Pulse. Waves of corrosive darkness radiated from him, melting the lizard demons' tails like glue mere inches before they could reach his face.

Aengus watched them coldly as the horned lizards roared in agony, rolling on the ground in a desperate attempt to escape the searing pain. Their terror only deepened as they realized the extent of their injuries, and the futility of their struggle.

“D-Don’t kill us! We were just protecting our home! The Tribe Chief will be here very soon! Please, don’t kill us!” they pleaded, their voices trembling with fear.

But Aengus showed no mercy. His gaze remained indifferent, devoid of any compassion. He continued to advance, his intent clear—to kill them and absorb their essence, strengthening himself in the process.

Strength was all that mattered to him now.

As the half-breed demon approached, their hearts raced with terror. They could feel the impending doom, knowing that their pleas for mercy had fallen on deaf ears.

Just as Aengus was about to crush the lizards into a bloody pulp, readying himself for their final desperate struggle, a powerful, commanding voice echoed through the swamp, halting him in his tracks.

“Stop!”

The voice was deep and resonant, filled with authority. Aengus turned to find the source and saw a massive horned lizard, easily 20-30 meters wide and 10 meters tall, its presence imposing and undeniable.

“Why are you trespassing and killing my men, young lord? May I have an explanation?” The tribe chief’s tone was cautious yet firm, recognizing the powerful aura and royal bloodline in Aengus. Despite the situation, the chief sought to understand and possibly negotiate, knowing that provoking such an opponent could lead to disastrous consequences.

Aengus remained calm and composed, even as he assessed the situation. The tribe chief was clearly on the same power level as him, and while Aengus knew he could defeat the chief if he gave it his all, it would be a hard-fought battle. He also had the option to unleash the Gluttony of Darkness, though it would strain his soul.

But the real issue was the 20-30 lesser demon-rank horned lizards lurking behind the chief, ready to attack at a moment’s notice.

Understanding that this massive creature was likely the leader of the tribe, Aengus decided to negotiate first, realizing that diplomacy might serve him better than brute force, at least for the moment.

Standing before the towering ten-meter-tall giant, Aengus finally spoke, his voice cutting through the tense silence like a blade. Every creature in the vicinity seemed to hold its breath, their eyes locked on the young lord. The atmosphere crackled with anticipation, and the lizard demons were poised to strike at any moment.

"I am the new Baron of Dark Valley," Aengus declared, his tone commanding and unyielding. "Surrender to me, or you will perish."

His words were simple, but they carried an undeniable weight, radiating a sense of power and mortal threat. The ultimatum was clear, and his next words added a layer of temptation. "You will have the honor to serve me and become powerful beside me."

The lizards hissed in outrage, their whispers filled with venomous disdain.

"How arrogant! Does he think that just because he has some royal blood, he can do whatever he wants?"

"Tribe Chief, don't accept his offer. We won't bow to this arrogant upstart!"

"Yes, Tribe Chief! Kill him already!"

Despite the uproar, the Tribe Chief remained calm and composed. His years of experience told him that engaging this new Baron in battle might yield nothing but unnecessary loss. There was something in Aengus's presence, a dangerous undercurrent that suggested he wasn't to be underestimated. However, the Chief was still reluctant to simply submit.

"But, young lord," the Tribe Chief began, his deep voice measured and steady, "with you alone, I don't see why I should bow down to your power. Don't you think?"

He paused, his eyes narrowing as he assessed Aengus more closely. There was a calculating gleam in his gaze as he continued, "Besides, your army force in Dark Valley is nothing compared to us, the Horned Lizard tribe. So, I find your offer... unacceptable. If you still wish to fight, then this old one will have to comply."

His eyes glinted dangerously, a clear warning that he was not one to be taken lightly. The challenge was set, and the tension thickened as the two leaders stood off, each weighing their next move.

Aengus raised an eyebrow, his twin horns casting a shadow over his dark, piercing eyes. "Ohh...", he mused, his tone dripping with casual curiosity as he straightened up

and surveyed the horned lizards before him, noting every detail with a keen eye. “So that’s what you’re so proud of?” he asked, his voice carrying a hint of mockery.

The Tribe Chief was taken aback. Why wasn’t the young Baron taking this seriously? Was he arrogant, or was there something more to him—something elusive and dangerous? The Chief couldn’t help but feel a mix of confusion and unease.

Aengus took one last glance at the lizard demons, a small, knowing smile playing on his lips. Then, without another word, he turned and began to walk back the way he came, his movements slow yet brimming with confidence. His retreat was deliberate, almost as if he were making a point rather than showing any sign of defeat.

“We will see you soon, Tribe Chief,” Aengus called out over his shoulder, his voice calm and steady. “Be ready to swear your loyalty to me.”

The lizards watched him go, their expressions a mix of anger and uncertainty. The Tribe Chief remained silent, his eyes narrowing as he processed the encounter. There was something about Aengus that left him unsettled, something that hinted at a power yet unseen.

But for now, they held their ground, watching as the young Baron of Dark Valley disappeared into the distance, their minds already planning for future defense.

Chapter 90: Chapter 90: A Lesson To The Seductress  
[ Name: Aengus Degaro ]

[ Occupation: Demon Servant ]

[ Race: Half-Human Half-Demon ]

[ Bloodline Lineage: Beelzebub (Partial-Royal) ]

[ Level: 21 ]

[ Class: None ]

[ Age: 18 (30) ]

[ Strength: 102 ]

[ Agility: 104 ]

[ Defense: 101 ]

[ Mana: 12/8190 ]

[ Nether Energy: 340/340 ]

[ 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 Purge (D), (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

.....

Two days had passed since the declaration of war on the Horned Lizard tribe.

Aengus was still waiting for the materials he had requested from the duke's court, knowing that only then could he set his plan into motion.

During these two days, Aengus took the opportunity to familiarize himself with the barony and its territory. The citizens, though initially wary, welcomed him as per the duke's orders. They were common demons, with no rights to object to his presence, especially since Aengus had assured them that they would not have to pay any additional taxes.

As he was deep in thought, strategizing his next move, Donna, his maid and caretaker, approached him. Donna was a blue-skinned demoness from the Ice Frigga species. Despite her humble position, she bore noble blood, albeit partially, which granted her some black ice abilities of a Lesser Demon rank.

"Lord, please have something to eat. I have made it myself," Donna said, her voice gentle yet filled with a quiet strength.

Aengus looked up at her, momentarily breaking away from his thoughts. He nodded appreciatively, acknowledging the effort she had put into preparing the meal.

The meal contained, some demonic creatures meat, which was indigestible for humans but not for Aengus.

In the Demon Land, where delicacies were rare and costly, Aengus finished his meal after studying the maps of nearby territories. His supply of demon cores had been entirely depleted, and he urgently needed them to grow stronger. The best way to obtain more was by hunting wild demonic creatures or defeating opposing forces.

As he pondered this problem, Succubus Bella, ever seductive and dangerously beautiful, glided into the room, holding a box with an expensive appearance.

“Sweetheart, your parcel is here!” Bella called out with a sultry tone, her eyes locking onto Aengus as he sat at the dining table.

“Ohh...” Aengus murmured, standing up to take the box, his curiosity piqued by her alluring presence.

“Master, the Hex poison in your body has been neutralized by your new skill: Blazing Purge (D) passive,” MANAS, his internal AI, reported.

Blazing Purge, a passive defensive skill, combined Blaze Guard and Fire Serpent’s Digestion to neutralize the Hex poison within him. It also provided increased fire resistance.

“Understood,” Aengus responded internally.

From the start, he knew Bella wouldn’t trust him completely. She had been trying to feed him Hex poison, a tool to control him if he ever considered rebelling by Donna’s (his maid) hand.

But she didn’t know he had a super-intelligent AI and system powers at his disposal. So all of her plans failed badly.

Despite her enchanting exterior, Bella’s schemes ran deep. She had even manipulated Donna into helping her, or perhaps Donna had willingly participated, driven by greed.

Aengus bowed slightly, extending his hand to take the box, but Bella smirked and playfully pulled it away, her eyes glinting with mischief.

“Ah, not so fast, sweetheart. Give me a kiss first,” she teased playfully, her voice dripping with temptation as she licked her bright crimson lips, full and inviting.

Aengus, deciding it was time to teach her a lesson, closed the distance between them in an instant. As Bella opened her mouth to laugh, he caught her off guard, pulling her close and pressing his lips firmly against hers.

The room seemed to grow warmer as Aengus deepened the kiss, his hand tangling in Bella's hair while the other cupped her face, holding her steady. Bella's initial surprise quickly melted into a sensual surrender, her charming purple eyes fluttering shut as she responded, her body molding against his.

His tongue slid past her lips, exploring the sweet and salty taste of her mouth, sending shivers through her body. Bella's breath hitched, and she couldn't help but lose herself in the intoxicating mix of power and desire that Aengus exuded. Her own tongue met his in a heated dance, her hands clinging to him as she gave in to the rising wave of lust that clouded her thoughts.

For a moment, Bella considered using her ability to drain his life force, the power flickering at her fingertips. But the thought quickly dissipated as she realized it would be a waste. Besides, she enjoyed this far too much to ruin it. Aengus, too, was confident she wouldn't dare risk her ambitions just for a fleeting moment of dominance.

Maid Donna, who had been watching from the doorway, felt her cheeks burn with embarrassment. It was the first time she'd seen Lady Bella kiss anyone, and with such unbridled passion. Quickly sensing the growing heat in the room and catching a glimpse of Bella's sharp gaze, Donna hastily left, not wanting to be caught in her mistress's bad graces.

The air in the room grew thick with the scent of their mingled desire, the tension palpable as their lips moved together with increasing intensity. The sensation of Bella's supple body pressing against his only fueled Aengus further, yet he knew when to stop, releasing her with a final, lingering kiss.

When Bella finally pulled away, her lips were swollen and red, her breath coming in short gasps. Her face flushed a deep shade of crimson, and the heat of their encounter lingered in the air, making it almost suffocating.

Aengus smirked, pleased with the effect he had on her. He had wanted to teach her a lesson, and by the look of her now, he had succeeded.

"Wow, sweetheart. That was... bold," Bella finally managed to say, her voice a bit shaky but laced with amusement. "You've become so strong in such a short time. Keep it up, and you'll earn more kisses like that from me." Her words carried a promise, but also a hint of something more—something dangerous.

With that, Bella turned on her heel, swaying her hips slightly more than usual as she made her way to the door, her body still radiating heat from their encounter. She paused

for a moment, glancing back at him, her eyes smoldering with an unreadable expression.

Aengus watched her go, his expression indifferent, though his blood was still racing from the intense exchange. As she left the room, he muttered to himself, “I will,” a subtle promise that echoed in the silence she left behind.

## Chapter 91: Chapter 91: Energy Converter

“MANAS, it’s time!” Aengus commanded in his mind, his anticipation building after waiting for this moment for what felt like an eternity.

“I’m on it, Master,” MANAS replied, her voice calm and reassuring. In her pixie form, she materialized before him, her tiny figure shimmering as she gathered the necessary materials: the Void Stone, some etherium dust, and a single, extremely potent drop of dragon blood.

As she began the otherworldly process of crafting the Energy Converter inside Aengus’ body, he watched with rapt attention, absorbing every detail in an attempt to learn as much as possible. The process was intricate, the materials blending together in ways that defied normal understanding.

After completing some initial modifications, MANAS paused, awaiting his permission. Once Aengus granted it, she took full control of his body, her demeanor becoming more focused and precise. “Universal Synthesis,” she commanded, her tone authoritative, “synthesize these materials according to the specific data model and create an Internal Energy Converter.”

Aengus observed in awe as MANAS communicated with his skills, issuing precise commands to create the converter according to the blueprint stored in her mind. The process was both fascinating and complex, involving the integration of the Void Stone’s energy absorbing properties, the etherium dust’s energy-conducting abilities, and the unparalleled potency of the dragon’s blood.

Slowly but surely, the materials began to merge, forming a cohesive structure within Aengus’s body. The Energy Converter started to take shape, its design optimized to channel and convert raw energy into a form Ethan could use. MANAS worked tirelessly, her every action guided by the blueprint she had crafted, ensuring that the final product would meet Ethan’s exact specifications and needs.

As the process neared completion, Aengus felt a surge of Mana within him, a sign that the energy converter was beginning to function. MANAS, still in control, made final adjustments, fine-tuning the converter to ensure it operated at peak efficiency. With a final command, the synthesis process was complete, and the Internal Energy Converter

was successfully integrated into Ethan's energy storage, between Mana pool and Nether Energy core. It was interconnectedly attached with extraordinary craftsmanship.

He could now Nether Energy into Mana and vice versa

"Master, the Energy Converter is now operational," MANAS reported, her voice filled with satisfaction. "You should be able to access and manipulate energy more efficiently than ever before."

Aengus took a deep breath, feeling the steady pulse of power within him as he regained control of his body. "Thank you, MANAS. Now we can finally start with our plan."

"Yes, Master," MANAS replied, her voice clear in his mind. "Now I can communicate with you always. But first, you need to gather those Demon cores."

"True..." Aengus agreed, pulling out the last 100 low-grade demon cores he had. He added a few more from the baron's treasury that he had kept for himself.

With a focused mind, he began synthesizing the cores, merging two low-grade cores into one middle-grade core. The mid-grade cores were far more potent, each containing the demonic essence of five low-grade cores. When the process was complete, Aengus had 50 mid-grade cores in hand, their dark energy resonating in his palm.

Satisfied, Aengus called out for his butler, a man who had once been a mere shadow to him but had since come under his influence through the use of Darkness Haki. Aengus was confident now that Butler Yu won't betray him.

Butler Yu entered the room silently, bowing with practiced respect. "Lord, you need something?" he asked, his voice calm, though his eyes gleamed with newfound reverence.

Aengus, seated at his desk, gestured to the high-grade cores laid out before him. "Quickly, exchange these mid-grade cores for low-grade ones, but do so discreetly. Ensure that no one notices or becomes suspicious."

"Yes, my lord," Butler Yu responded with a deep bow. He carefully gathered the high-mid cores and left the room without another word.. Though curiosity gnawed at him, he knew better than to question his master's orders. His sole focus was to fulfill Aengus's command without drawing unwanted attention.

As Butler Yu made his way to the market nearby, Aengus leaned back in his chair, and waited back for butler Yu's return.

—

[ Name: Aengus Degaro ]

[ Occupation: Baron of Dark Valley, Demon Servant ]

[ Race: Half-Human Half-Demon ]

[ Bloodline Lineage: Beelzebub (Partial-Royal) ]

[ Special Trait: Energy Converter (Artificial) ]

[ Level: 21 ]

[ Class: None ]

[ Age: 18 (30) ]

[ Strength: 112 ]

[ Agility: 116 ]

[ Defense: 121 ]

[ Mana: 352/8190 ]

[ Nether Energy: 0/340 ]

[ 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 ]

—

Aengus checked his stats, noting with satisfaction that all of his Nether Energy had already been converted to Mana. However, he realized he still needed more demon cores to completely fill his reserves—or perhaps even upgrade them further.

After a while, Butler Yu returned, carrying 250 low-grade demon cores, as instructed. Without hesitation, Aengus began the synthesis process again, transforming the cores into 65 high-grade ones, which were equivalent to 650 low-grade cores.

Once again, Aengus handed the high-grade cores to Butler Yu for exchange. This time, Butler Yu's heart pounded with fear as he realized the incredible ability his new master possessed. But he knew he must not let anyone discover this secret.

Thanks to Butler Yu's hard work and caution, Aengus managed to gather more than 15,000 low-grade cores within 12 hours. The sheer quantity was astounding, and Aengus knew he was getting closer to achieving his goals.

"Here... take this for your hard work, Butler Yu," Aengus said, offering him 100 low-grade cores as a reward.

Butler Yu hurriedly declined, bowing deeply. "No, my lord, it was my duty as your humble servant. How can I accept such a gift from you?" His voice was sincere, reflecting the loyalty he felt deep within.

"It's fine... Take it. It's an order. If you wish to stay by my side and become one of my most trusted subordinates, you should do as I say," Aengus said firmly, his tone leaving no room for argument.

"Then, I will not refuse, my lord. This humble servant will be your shadow and sword," Butler Yu replied, bowing again as he accepted the low-grade cores. With a final nod, he left the room to carry out his duties.

Aengus turned his attention back to the task at hand. He synthesized the cores once more, but this time, he consumed them, feeling the power surge through him. The synthesis resulted in nearly 4,000 high-grade cores, equivalent to 40,000 low-grade cores. However, Aengus knew he couldn't continue at this pace without drawing attention. He would need to build a specialized army for such tasks in the future.

As he consumed the cores, Aengus felt his physical stats rise:

[Strength +2]

[Defense: +3]

[Agility +2.5]

Most importantly, he could feel the essence of the cores converting into pure Nether Energy more:

[Nether Energy +10]

[Nether Energy +12]

[Nether Energy +9]

...

The surge of power was intoxicating, and Aengus knew he was becoming stronger with each passing moment.

Chapter 92: Chapter 92: Hunt Begins

[ Name: Aengus Degaro ]

[ Occupation: Baron of Dark Valley, Demon Servant ]

[ Race: Half-Human Half-Demon ]

[ Bloodline Lineage: Beelzebub (Partial-Royal) ]

[ Special Trait: Energy Converter (Artificial) ]

[ Level: 21 ]

[ Class: None ]

[ Age: 18 (30) ]

[ Strength: 200 ]

[ Agility: 221 ]

[ Defense: 225 ]

[ Mana: 25,352 /30,352 ]

[ Nether Energy: 5,000 /30,352 ]

[ 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 – 6 (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 ]

—

Buzz... Buzz...

The ground began to tremble as Aengus moved, adjusting to the overwhelming surge of newfound strength coursing through his body. His muscles were brimming with explosive power, and both Mana and Nether energy pulsed through his veins with intensity.

The sensation of power was so immense that his body felt as if it were straining to contain it, like a dam on the verge of bursting after countless demon core consumptions. For anyone else, this would have been overwhelming, leading to mental fatigue or physical breakdown.

But Aengus was no ordinary person. His body was already near perfection, and after merging with the Royal Demon Core of the Dreadnaught Colossus, he had reached a new pinnacle.

Yet, he was acutely aware that he had now approached the limits of his body's balance. To continue growing, to harness even greater physical power and store more energy, he needed to push further. The solution was clear: he had to improve his physique by merging with different types of creatures, each with unique abilities, to enhance his potential.

This realization crystallized in his mind, and he added it to his list of priorities.

“MANAS, synthesize all the D and E rank skills into the highest rank possible,” Aengus commanded, his voice filled with authority and determination.

“As you wish, Master.” MANAS responded, her tone respectful yet tinged with anticipation. “I was just about to suggest it. I’m on it.”

As MANAS took control of a portion of his consciousness, Aengus could feel the energy within him being meticulously analyzed and combined, a process that would elevate his abilities to unprecedented levels.

Turning his attention to other matters, Aengus called out for Butler Yu. The loyal servant, who had served the Barony with unwavering devotion, approached and bowed deeply. As Butler Yu came closer, he could feel the subtle yet terrifying aura emanating from his new lord. It was an overwhelming presence, one that made him acutely aware of his insignificance in comparison. Aengus could crush him with a mere thought, yet this power only deepened Butler Yu’s reverence.

“You called for me, my lord?” Butler Yu asked, his voice trembling slightly, his eyes filled with both fear and respect.

“Yes, Butler Yu.” Aengus’s gaze was cold and commanding, a stark contrast to his previous demeanor. “Gather all the soldiers of the Barony. It’s time to rise.”

The weight of his words hung in the air, and Butler Yu felt a shiver run down his spine. He quickly bowed again, understanding the gravity of the command. “\*\*Y-Yes, my lord,\*\*” he stammered, before hurrying off to fulfill the order.

Meanwhile, within Aengus’s mind, MANAS was working tirelessly, her processes focused on perfecting the synthesis of his skills. She couldn’t help but notice the subtle shift in Aengus’s personality—an aura of darkness and authority that seemed to stem from deep within him. It was more than just the influence of the Darkness Heart; it was something intrinsic to his very being.

If only her memory were fully intact, she might have understood the true nature of this transformation already.

But for now, she continued her work, knowing that with each passing moment, Aengus was becoming something far more powerful, far more dangerous, than she could have anticipated. And it was actually beneficial for her. Her level would rise and she could serve him in various ways more. She wasn’t just made to be just an assistant. She could do far more..

“Follow me.” As soon as the guards and officials came in front upon receiving his call, Aengus ordered as he went out of the Baron’s residence...

As Aengus led his followers through the ominous dark forest, the atmosphere grew heavier with each step. The forest was a vast, foreboding place, filled with wild demonic creatures lurking in the shadows—an ideal battleground for Aengus to test his newfound power and build his army. The lesser demons following him, their crocodile heads bowed low, whispered among themselves in hushed tones, their voices tinged with fear and curiosity.

“Butler Yu, where is Lord Aengus taking us?” one of the demons dared to ask, his voice barely above a whisper.

Butler Yu, walking with a sense of pride and arrogance, shot them a stern look. “Lord Aengus is taking us to make us all powerful,” he replied, his tone dripping with superiority.

“Make us powerful? But how?” The demons exchanged puzzled glances, their confusion growing.

Butler Yu’s eyes narrowed in annoyance. “Hmph, are you doubting Lord Aengus’ capabilities now?” he growled in a low voice, his gaze piercing through the group.

The demons immediately shook their heads in denial, their fear evident. “Uh, N-No, we don’t dare,” they stammered, desperate to rid themselves of the accusation.

At the front, Aengus remained silent, his mind focused as he led them deeper into the forest. His presence exuded an intimidating aura, one that kept even the boldest of demons at bay. This was not the same man they once knew—something had changed within him, something dark and powerful.

Within Aengus’s mind, MANAS spoke, her voice gentle yet concerned. “Master Zero, you do realize that your personality is turning colder day by day, right?”

“Yes. What of it?” Aengus responded, his tone casual, almost indifferent.

“Nothing, Master. Do you not want to change this Heart of Darkness?” MANAS inquired carefully, aware of the delicate nature of the subject.

“No. I am fine. I can’t afford to be distracted right now,” Aengus replied sharply, his voice taking on a strict and harsh edge at the mention of changing the heart.

“As you wish, Master,” MANAS conceded, though she harbored her own concerns. In the depths of her consciousness, she noted the growing influence of the Heart of Darkness on Aengus. It was clear that it was taking root, leading him down a darker path.

“I will have to replace it sooner with a more suitable skill,” she thought to herself, her resolve firm.

[ Synthesis complete ]

“Master, you can now review your evolved skills. They should aid you further in your journey ahead,” MANAS announced, her voice returning to its usual calm and collected tone.

Aengus nodded and took a look, but he could feel their power from his soul already.

Inferno Leap -59 (D) + Netherhorn Burst (E) → Hellfire Dive (C); A destructive skill that could be used for jump or clash with combined ferocity of Netherhorns.

Paralyzing Breath -12 (E) + Razor claws – 6 (E) → Venomous Ripper (D) ; With each strike of claws it has effect to paralyze the opponent. Duration depends on target's resilience and body condition.

Azula Sword Strike- 35 (E) + Shadow Step -9 (E) → Azure Ghost Blade (D) – A spectral sword attack infused with blue flames, unleashed after a stealthy, ghost-like approach.

Chapter 93: Chapter 93: Evolving Subordinates  
Skills:

– [ Active: Doombringer Fortification (C) Hellfire Dive (C), Earth Manipulation-12(D), Azure Ghost Blade (D), Venomous Ripper (D)]

– [ Passive: Blazing Purge (D), Predator's Instinct -23 (E), Health Regeneration -4 (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) ]

“Master, these were the best fitting combinations so far. You need to gather more skills to upgrade the rest,” MANAS reported, noting the slight displeasure in Aengus's demeanor.

Aengus shrugged, his expression indifferent. “It's fine... I can manage for now.” He won't be able to gain anymore skills in Demon Land anyway. All he could absorb were the Demonic Abilities.

Then, he moved deeper into the dark forest, the dense canopy above casting eerie shadows on the ground. The forest seemed to respond to his presence, the air growing colder and the silence more oppressive. His muscles rippled with suppressed power, ready to be unleashed on whatever demonic creatures crossed his path.

Butler Yu and the lesser demons trailed closely behind, their eyes filled with a mix of caution and eagerness. Even though Aengus had intentionally slowed his pace to accommodate them, their effort to keep up was evident.

Ahead, Aengus spotted a large group of demonic creatures. A grin spread across his face as he realized that the hunt was about to begin.

[ Appraisal: ]

[ Hellfire Wolf ]

[ Rank: Lesser Demon ]

[ Abilities: Hellfire Control ]

—

“Perfect!” Aengus grinned, his eyes gleaming with anticipation.

Before him, nearly a few dozen Hellfire wolves prowled in packs, their eerie black flames flickering ominously, casting shadows across the darkened terrain. These creatures were ferocious, their very presence capable of turning lesser beings to ashes within seconds. The flames that wreathed their bodies were most intense around their heads, as if their very thoughts burned with a malevolent fire.

His subordinates, standing a short distance away, watched the scene with growing apprehension. The Hellfire wolves were legendary for their deadly power, and the thought of facing them filled the men with dread. Yet, as they nervously glanced at their lord, Aengus, they couldn’t help but feel a surge of admiration. He stood fearless, exuding a calm confidence that made them want to stand tall by his side. But they knew all too well that their power was insufficient to fight alongside him in this battle.

“All of you stay here,” Aengus commanded, his voice firm but reassuring as he looked down at his subordinates. “Very soon, you all will be powerful. Then you can help me in my cause.”

With that, he charged forward, storming directly into the heart of the pack. The Hellfire wolves growled menacingly, their flames crackling louder as they closed in on him. But Aengus was undeterred. The black flames surrounding the wolves were inextinguishable to most, but to him, they were nothing more than a minor obstacle.

Crunch... Punch!

With raw, unmatched physical strength, Aengus began crushing the skulls of the wolves, his fists smashing through their heads like they were mere watermelons. The dark flames that would have incinerated anyone else licked harmlessly at his skin, repelled by the invisible force of his Blazing Purge. His defenses were impenetrable, his body a fortress that the wolves' fiery wrath could not breach.

Butler Yu and the other subordinates watched in awe, their fear giving way to admiration as they witnessed the sheer power of their lord. However, they soon noticed that the remaining packs of Hellfire wolves had turned their attention fully to Aengus, their eyes blazing with fury.

Aengus welcomed the challenge, his grin widening. He moved with lethal precision, his legs delivering bone-shattering kicks that sent wolves flying. With his [ Venomous Ripper ] skill he sliced through the beasts as if they were mere vegetables, their black blood splattering across the already darkened ground, staining it further.

6, 13, 21, 36, 56...

By the time he had thrashed and slain nearly 60 of the Hellfire Wolves, Aengus paused to survey his surroundings. His body was covered in the blood and gore of his enemies, but with a simple thought, his [ Blazing Purge ] Skill activated once more. An invisible forcefield surrounded him, incinerating the blood and flesh clinging to his body, purging it in an instant. As the remnants burned away, his form was revealed once more—clean, unscathed, and as handsome as ever. The black coat he wore, now free of stains, only added to his mysterious, almost otherworldly aura.

The battlefield was silent save for the crackling of dying flames. Aengus stood tall, his presence a stark reminder of the power he wielded, and his subordinates couldn't help but feel that they were following someone destined for greatness...

As the last of the Hellfire wolves fell, Aengus nonchalantly activated his Skill Absorption ability. Dark energy pulsed from his hand, intertwining with the fading essence of the wolves. One by one, he absorbed their powers, feeling a surge of intense heat as the Hellfire Control ability took root within him. The flames that had once been his enemies' weapons were now under his command.

Satisfied, he straightened up and called out to his subordinates, his voice ringing with authority, "Come here!"

The group hesitated only for a moment before hurrying toward him, their expressions a mix of awe and apprehension. Butler Yu, ever the loyal attendant, stepped forward and spoke, "My lord, what do you want us to do?"

Aengus's gaze swept over them, his eyes sharp and calculating. "I'm going to merge you with these beasts to make you stronger. Are you willing?" His tone left no room for hesitation, and the implied threat hung heavy in the air. Any sign of disloyalty would be met with swift, lethal retribution.

Butler Yu and the others felt a shiver run down their spines. The intensity in Aengus's voice and the cold glint in his eyes made it clear that failure to comply was not an option. They nodded eagerly, though a sense of fear lingered beneath their anticipation. None of them knew exactly how their lord intended to achieve this transformation, but the prospect of gaining strength—of standing tall beside the man they revered—was too tempting to resist.

"Butler Yu, you're first in line," Aengus declared, his gaze locking onto the older man.

Butler Yu, ever dutiful, bowed deeply. "Thank you for the opportunity, my lord," he said, his voice steady despite the trepidation gnawing at him. He stepped forward, positioning himself beside the fresh corpse of a Hellfire wolf, its body still smoldering with residual flames.

Aengus approached, calm and steady.

"Brace yourself, for this might be painful," Aengus commanded, his hands beginning to glow with an ethereal blue light...

"Synthesis!" Aengus commanded, his voice echoing with authority. Instantly, the merging began. Butler Yu and the Hellfire Wolf fused together, and a spine-chilling scream of agony pierced the air. The pain was intense but brief, quickly replaced by a seamless transformation.

Butler Yu, once a fish-scaled humanoid demon, was now an intriguing amalgamation of his former self and the Hellfire Wolf. The other demons watched in rapt fascination, their eyes wide with a mixture of fear and awe. They had never witnessed such a transformation before.

As the process concluded, Aengus activated his Appraisal skill to inspect the results.

[ Appraisal ]

Name: Yu Elvedaro

Species: Hellfire Gillian

Rank: Lesser Demon

Abilities:

– Hellfire Control

– Water Breathing

Aengus surveyed the new form of Butler Yu with satisfaction. The demon now bore the head of a Hellfire Wolf, while his body was a blend of scales and fur, creating a fearsome and unique appearance—a true hybrid of two formidable species.

The surrounding imps and lesser demons gaped in amazement, their respect for Aengus deepening with each passing moment. The newly transformed Yu Elvedaro, now a tall and muscular demon, stepped forward and bowed deeply before Aengus.

“Thank you for this precious gift, my lord. I vow to serve you wholeheartedly.”

“Rise!” Aengus commanded, his tone indifferent but commanding. “I expect nothing less of you,” he added, reinforcing his expectations.

“Now, send the others one by one, and make it quick. We are not done yet.”

“Yes, my lord,” Butler Yu responded, his voice filled with reverence.

With a nod, the Crocodile demons stepped forward. Aengus performed the synthesis once more, transforming them into Double Hydras with Hellfire control and the explosive strength of Lesser Demons. The fish-scaled demons also underwent transformation, becoming Lesser Demons similar to Butler Yu.

In total, Aengus now commanded ten Double-Headed Hydras and six Hellfire Gillians. The newly transformed demons bowed in respect and gratitude, their worship of Aengus evident.

“Rise,” Aengus said, a grin spreading across his face. “This is just the beginning!” His eyes gleamed with ambition as he prepared to push his power and influence even further.

He examined the last of the half-dead wolves corpses and moved forward to put them to good use.

Activating the long-forgotten skill [ Monster Breeding ], he transported the half-dead bodies into the dimensional space for reproduction.

Chapter 94: Chapter 94: Growing Forces  
[ Monster Breeding ]

Level: 2

Dimensional Space: 100m (diameter)

Summonable Units:

– Fire Toads & Flame Serpents: 5x (Power Level: 7)

– Hellfire Wolves: 40x (Lesser Demons)

—

Aengus observed the newly summoned Hellfire Wolves with satisfaction. They appeared fully healed, as if some mysterious magic had restored them.

However, the Fire Toads and Flame Serpents were low-level creatures, so he decided to synthesize all five of them. The result:

[Pyrotoad Serpent]

Description: A hybrid species combining the amphibious traits of a toad with the elongated, flexible body of a serpent

Power Level: 20

The creature stood 10 meters long and 7 meters tall, with the body of a snake and the grotesque head of a toad. It looked strange, but what mattered was its power—now at level 20, comparable to that of a lesser demon.

“Awoooooo...”

The Hellfire Wolves howled in unison, ready to obey whatever command they were given, like obedient yet incredibly dangerous pets.

His subordinates watch in awe as the magical and incomprehensible thing played before them. It was not to all how hard it was tame these Hellfire Wolves, but their lord had done it so effortlessly.

Lord Aengus is so powerful

They all felt pride and their confident soared. As long they stay by Lord Aengus' side, what's there to fear?

Aengus could feel the strain on his Mana reserves after reviving and maintaining the summoned units outside of their dimensional space. Realizing that his resources were finite, he knew he needed to maximize the use of his forces before his energy ran too low.

“Let’s go. We need to move deeper,” Aengus ordered, his voice carrying an undeniable authority. His newly evolved subordinates—Hellfire Gillians and Double-Headed Hydras—bowed respectfully, their monstrous forms looming behind him as they followed in disciplined silence. The Hellfire Wolves, now under his control, prowled alongside them, their eerie flames flickering in the dim light.

It was a fearsome sight. The group moved like a dark tide through the forest, an unstoppable force. Smaller creatures, sensing the danger, scurried away or hid in terror, their instincts warning them of the approaching doom.

After some time, they encountered another swarm of Hellfire Wolves, around 30-35 in numbers. The Hellfire Wolves, known for their pack mentality, were unprepared for what they faced today. As Aengus gave the command, his legions and subordinates launched a coordinated attack.

The opposing wolves were bewildered, caught off guard by the betrayal of their own kind. They fought back with ferocity, their flames burning dark, but they were outmatched. Aengus’s forces overwhelmed them with sheer numbers and superior strength.

When the last of the wild Hellfire Wolves fell, Aengus stepped forward, his eyes gleaming with purpose. He synthesized the defeated wolves with his legion and subordinates, pushing them further towards greater power.

The grueling process was painful, but the rewards were undeniable. The amalgamated creatures emerged stronger, their ranks creeping closer to that of a Greater Demon rank, though still needing further upgrades to fully achieve it.

“Thank you, my lord, for your blessing!” His subordinates roared in unison, their voices echoing through the forest. The thrill of power surged through them, dulling the memory of the pain.

“Rise up. We need to continue,” Aengus commanded, his voice calm yet unyielding. He had depleted nearly half of his Mana, but there was still time. He was determined to strengthen his forces enough to conquer the nearby unconquered tribes and territories before he had to return.

As they pressed onward, they soon found themselves facing a new challenge—a group of demonic Nagas. These creatures were formidable, nearly 20 meters tall with giant, muscular snake bodies that coiled and twisted with latent power. Their eyes gleamed with malevolence as they watched Aengus and his legion approach.

Aengus paused to survey the scene. There were six Nagas in total, each one radiating an aura of Nether Energy. They each had five similar heads with sizzling forked tongues in motion.

[ Appraisal ]

[ Species: Viperscale Naga ]

[ Description: They are vengeful type of creature that stays in groups. Be careful of their numbers, as you might be deceived ]

[ Rank: Greater Demon ]

[ Abilities:

1. Poisonous Miasma Control.
2. Body Duplication.
3. Armoured Black Scales
4. Naganian Transformation.

Aengus now fully grasped the previous reminder as he reviewed the details. These creatures could duplicate their bodies, creating perfect copies—not illusions but real, tangible forms. This meant they could multiply into two, transforming into twelve Greater Demons in mere moments.

Yet, he remained undeterred, especially after his recent power-ups. The prospect of gaining Greater Demons under his command was too tempting to resist.

“My Lord, there are too many of them. Should we join you?” Butler Yu asked, fully aware that their current strength was no match for the Nagas.

“No need. I can handle them,” Aengus replied calmly, his mind already crafting a strategy to defeat the foes before him.

“B-But...” One of his subordinates began to protest, but Aengus cut him off with a sharp look.

His subordinates could do nothing but watch with anxiety. They were just beginning to grow stronger, and if something were to happen to their lord, it would be unbearable.

With a wave of his hand, Aengus retracted his legion into the Dimensional Space to conserve energy. Then, with steady, confident steps, he moved forward.

“MANAS, how many abilities can I activate at once with my current strength?” he asked.

MANAS responded with a flash, “Master, you can activate four abilities or skills simultaneously with your current strength. The number can increase if you use them more frequently, even exceeding the current limit.”

“Understood,” Aengus nodded, preparing to activate his abilities after a long time. He knew physical strength alone wouldn’t be enough to defeat them all.

“Doombringer Fortification!”

“Darkness Veil!”

With the first activation, his physical strength surged twelvefold, his muscles now covered with a sheen that radiated pure power.

With the second activation, he melded into the surroundings, becoming as stealthy as an assassin.

However, the Nagas were not so easily fooled. They immediately sensed something hostile but couldn’t pinpoint its exact location. This heightened their vigilance, causing them to watch each other’s backs warily.

Aengus then activated [Hellfire Control], summoning eerie, black, inextinguishable flames in his hand.

Boom!

He closed in on a Naga and delivered a powerful punch, sending it flying backward. Its tough scales shattered, and its body was engulfed in black flames.

“Hiss, hiss...” The other five Nagas reacted instantly, spewing poisonous miasma from their mouths, aiming it directly at Aengus.

The poisonous miasma spread rapidly, leaving Aengus with no apparent escape.

Yet, Aengus remained calm and composed. With a wave of his hand, he unleashed a combination of Darkness Haki and Hellfire, instantly evaporating the toxic miasma.

Aengus grinned as he noticed the Nagas had doubled their numbers. It was clear they had just used their body duplication ability.

Now, Aengus found himself facing ten Greater Demons.

As the demonic Nagas lunged at Aengus with terrifying speed, their enormous maws revealing rows of razor-sharp fangs, the air around them grew dense with a suffocating pressure. They closed in from all sides, intent on overwhelming him.

But Aengus was prepared. With a swift motion, he conjured a massive black fireball, its dark flames swirling with malevolent energy.

“Die...!” he shouted, his voice reverberating with the force of his power. He slammed the fireball onto the ground with precise timing, right where the Nagas were converging.

At the last second, Aengus activated his [Aure Ghost Blade] movement skill. Though he wielded no sword, the skill allowed him to vanish instantly, reappearing a safe distance away, much like the elusive [Shadow Step].

BOOM!

The fireball detonated with a deafening explosion. The ground trembled as the powerful blast sent shockwaves through the air, hurling the Nagas backward with brutal force. Their colossal bodies, once protected by hardened scales, were thrown into disarray, the impact shattering their seemingly impenetrable armor.

The black flames engulfed the Nagas, burning with an intensity that threatened to snuff out their lives in mere moments. Their writhing forms struggled against the searing heat, their agonized hisses filling the air.

However, Aengus, ever mindful of his resources, quickly extinguished the flames before they could reduce the Nagas to ashes. He needed their bodies intact, knowing the power within them could still be harnessed. Allowing them to be completely consumed would render all his efforts meaningless.

As the last of the flames died down, Aengus surveyed the smoldering battlefield. The Nagas lay defeated, their once-mighty forms now charred and broken. But the energy that remained within them was still potent, ready to be claimed and used to further bolster his growing legion.

With a satisfied smirk, Aengus began to plan his next move, however an unexpected shout halted his actions.

“Wait... Please don’t kill my father. Sniff, please don’t!”

Aengus turned toward the voice, and what he saw left him momentarily speechless.

A little ahead of him appeared a smaller, dark, snake-like creature resembling the Nagas, but unlike them, it began to shift and transform. In a matter of moments, the creature took on the form of a young girl, appearing around 16 to 18 years old.

Chapter 95: Chapter 95: Sienna Alsker

The snake girl possessed a striking, serpentine beauty. Her skin was a mesmerizing

shade of blue, adorned with intricate streaks of black that rippled like the scales of a snake. Her eyes, deep and penetrating, were a shade of gold with diagonal slits, glowing with an otherworldly intensity. She wore a stunning purple dress made from beast skin, which clung to her curves, accentuating her unique beauty.

[ Appraisal ]

[ Name: Sienna Alsker ]

[ Species: Viperscale Medusa ]

[ Rank: Lesser Demon ]

[ Affiliation: Naga Tribe of Dark Forest ]

[Abilities:

1. Poisonous Miasma Control

2. Petrifying Gaze.

3. Naganian Transformation.

Aengus watched her details with interest.

“So, there’s a whole hidden tribe of Snake demons in the Dark forest.” he grinned.

“And why should I do that, Sienna Alsker?” Aengus asked, his profound gaze fixed on the desperate for a particular badly burned Naga.

Sienna looked up at the half-breed demon, fear gripping her heart. Silent apprehension filled her as she realized her Petrifying Gaze had no effect on his overwhelming physical and demonic power. She also noticed the strange demons following him with respect and reverence.

Her eyes widened when he casually revealed her name, intensifying her fear. This man was deep and mysterious.

She realised that her only chance to save her father was to plead. She had to bring him back home, no matter what. Her mother was waiting for them.

However, she couldn’t help but ask herself, “Just why is this half-breed so strong?”\* The thought sent a shiver down her spine. Under Aengus’s chilling gaze, she felt her courage crumble, unable to muster the strength to speak back.

Just then, her father, standing beside her, reverted to his Naganian form. His body, badly burned and smoldering, bore the marks of their recent battle. The tough, blue-skinned demon, now scalded and pained, looked at his daughter with sorrowful eyes.

“Ss-Sienna... why are you here?” he stammered, his voice strained with both physical pain and emotional turmoil. “And... please, don’t plead for my sake with this outsider. I-I would feel even more like an incompetent father if you did.”

Sienna’s father’s face contorted with anguish as he heard his daughter’s words. He then turned to Aengus, desperation in his voice. “Please, Lord, let my daughter go. You can kill me whenever you like, and I won’t even complain. Just... please...let her go.”

“No, Father, you can’t do this!” Sienna cried out, her voice filled with panic. “Lord, I will be your slave, but please don’t kill my father. I’ll do anything for you. I can even be your concubine,” she pleaded, tears welling in her eyes.

Aengus’s expression remained cold and indifferent. “Shut up! I don’t need a slave, and I’m not interested in your body either,” he said, his tone emotionless. “If you have something valuable to offer, I might spare him—\*might\*—but only if I like your offer. You have five minutes to consider.”

Sienna was at a loss for words. Even her body wasn’t tempting to him. “Then what is he interested in?” She began to observe Aengus and his subordinates more closely, hoping to uncover their motives. “From there, I might find some clues.”

“Think, Sienna, think.” Her mind raced as she tried to understand what Aengus wanted. “If I were in his shoes, what would my motive be for venturing deep into the Dark Forest?”

Demonic cores, perhaps? Or loyal subordinates? Gaining more power? Her eyes darted to Aengus’s subordinates, who stood at a respectful distance, their demeanor subdued and obedient.

“Would he spare my father if we surrendered to him completely?” She wondered, her gaze meeting Aengus’s once more. His eyes were cold, but she could see the hunger for power and authority lurking within them.

There must be something... something he wants... Sienna thought, desperate to find a way to save her father.

As Sienna watched in horror, Aengus calmly finished off the remaining Nagas who were barely clinging to life. Panic gripped her heart as she realized the urgency of the situation.

“My Lord, we are willing to serve you wholeheartedly, just please spare us!” she blurted out, taking a desperate gamble.

Aengus paused, a pleased expression crossing his face. This was what he had been waiting for—a chance to gain loyal allies who could extend his power and influence. Turning them into his Legion would make them mindless puppets, but having them willingly serve him offered much greater potential.

“Oh? And what if you betray me?” he asked, his tone cold and calculating. “Why should I believe you?”

Seeing a glimmer of interest in Aengus’s eyes, Sienna exhaled a breath of relief. She knew this might be their only chance.

“Lord, we can offer our Naga Pearls to you. With them, you can control our lives and deaths, as they are spiritually connected to us,” she quickly offered, hoping it would be enough to sway him.

Without hesitation, Sienna magically produced a glowing green pearl from her body and handed it to Aengus.

Aengus examined the pearl with interest.

[Appraisal:]

[Medusa’s Pearl]

[Description: A spiritual object connected to the Naga/Medusa species, primarily used for communication over long distances. It can also increase a human’s soul strength.]

Aengus’s eyes widened in shock as he read the description. His gaze sharpened, suspicion growing. “Wait, did you use this pearl to call for help?” he asked, his voice hardening as he eyed Sienna and her father with growing mistrust.

Sienna’s face paled as she quickly replied, “No... I didn’t. Our tribe is too far from here. It only works within a certain distance. But I can’t promise anything about the others; their pearls are stronger and have a wider range of communication.” She glanced nervously at the dead bodies around them, hoping to assuage his concerns.

Aengus wasn’t satisfied. “Ask your father if he used his pearl,” he demanded, gripping Sienna’s pearl as if ready to crush it at any moment.

Sienna turned to her father, who winced in pain. “Argh... No, I didn’t. But I did try. It was likely only received by my daughter since she was the closest,” her father admitted, his voice strained as Sienna hurriedly tended to his wounds with some strange herbs.

“Yes, it’s true,” Sienna confirmed, her voice steady as she added, “We should leave this place, my lord.” She hoped this would earn her some trust from Aengus.

Aengus hummed in thought before nodding. “Okay. Give me your spiritual pearl first,” he commanded, his gaze shifting to Sienna’s father, Sanka.

Seeing no other choice, and urged by Sienna’s pleading eyes, Sanka reluctantly handed over his pearl. He sighed heavily, realizing that their fate now rested entirely in the hands of this powerful stranger.

#### Chapter 96: Chapter 96: Merging With Naga Species

Aengus’s tone softened slightly as he reassured the two Nagas. “Don’t worry, I won’t mistreat you. And one day, if I am pleased by your loyalty, I will grant you the freedom to choose whether to serve me or not. You can decide then.”

With that, he turned away, heading toward one of the dead bodies, leaving Sienna and her father, Sanka, to exchange a heavy glance.

Sanka sighed deeply, his voice filled with remorse. “Daughter, it’s all my fault for dragging you into this mess. I am such a failure.”

Sienna tried to comfort him, forcing a cheerful tone. “I’m fine, Father. This was all written in our fate. And who knows? Our fortune might turn for the better by following him.”

“But what about your mother and brother?” Sanka asked, his worry clear. “Will he let us meet them? If I don’t return in time, won’t they be left alone and at the mercy of those cruel people?”

“We’ll have to ask him about that,” Sienna replied, her gaze shifting to Aengus, who was now deeply focused on the dead body. “I’m sure he won’t be that unreasonable, especially after what he promised us.”

Just then, a voice interrupted their thoughts. “Hello, new ones!”

Sienna and Sanka turned to see one of Aengus’s subordinates approaching with a friendly smile. Sienna quickly responded, “Y-Yes, hello!” while her father simply nodded, still in pain.

The man introduced himself with a grin. “My name is Yu Elvedaro. I’m Lord Aengus’s local butler, in charge of his personal needs.”

“So, his name is Aengus?” Sienna mused, finding the name both strange and powerful.

“Yes, you may call him Lord Aengus from now on,” Butler Yu replied, his tone turning serious.

Sienna and Sanka nodded, though Sienna couldn't help but mentally nickname him 'Cold-faced Demon,' a name she found quite fitting given the situation. A mischievous smile played on her lips, but it quickly faded when Aengus's stern voice called out to them.

“Hey, stop talking. Come here.”

Butler Yu nudged Sanka forward, offering him a helping hand as Sienna followed, her curiosity piqued.

When they reached him, Aengus looked at them intently. “I am going to merge with this one. Guard me, all of you. And don't even think of betraying me—I can kill you with just a thought.”

His threat was clear, but Sienna and Sanka were more confused by his statement than intimidated. “Merge?” Sienna thought, her skepticism growing. “How is he going to merge with a Naga? Is that even possible?”

She sneered inwardly, finding the idea incomprehensible. But as she glanced at the other subordinates, all of whom wore expressions of nonchalance as if this were routine, she began to doubt her own understanding.

“Is he telling the truth? If so, how? Could he really be something more than just a royal blood—a devil, perhaps?” Sienna's mind raced with questions as she tried to grasp the extent of Aengus's power.

“MANAS, do it,” Aengus commanded with a resolute tone, initiating the process of merging with the Naga. He knew their noble blood could enhance his body's potential and grant him the abilities of the Naga species, a powerful addition to his arsenal.

As MANAS took control, Aengus's body was enveloped in a dome of blue light, radiating an otherworldly aura that left everyone around him in stunned silence.

From Sienna's perspective, the transformation was beyond anything she had ever witnessed. “What's happening there?” she muttered, her voice barely audible as she watched the scene unfold with bated breath. The air around Aengus seemed to shimmer with an alien energy, and she dared not make a sound.

When the synthesis finally concluded, Sienna could hardly believe her eyes. Where Aengus had stood, there now lay the once-dead Naga, very much alive. But this was no ordinary resurrection—the creature before her was a towering Naga with five heads, each one exuding a deathly chill that sent shivers down her spine. Aengus himself was nowhere to be seen.

“What the hell?” Sienna cursed inwardly, her mind reeling. “Did he somehow transform into a Naga? But that should be impossible!”

She struggled to make sense of it. “What kind of monster is my new master? He’s completely beyond anything I could have imagined.” The realization hit her hard: if Aengus could do this with a Naga, what else was he capable of? Could he transform into other powerful creatures, like the Darkness Demonic Dragon—a being of calamitous power? The possibilities were terrifying.

But then, a thought crossed her mind. “Wait, does this mean we’ve unknowingly hit a fortune? This could explain the respect and reverence his subordinates have for him.” Her fear began to give way to a strange hope. Could following Aengus be the key to escaping the tyranny of the Naga King? Could this be their chance to finally leave the dark forest that had been their prison for so long?

In his new Naga form, Aengus felt the immense power coursing through his veins. His senses were heightened, and the world around him seemed to shrink as he gazed down at his subordinates, who now appeared tiny in comparison.

He quickly accessed his stats to see the full extent of the changes and new abilities this transformation had granted him.

[ Name: Aengus Degaro ]

[ Age: 18 ]

[ Race: Half-Human Half-Demon ]

[ Level: 25 ]

[ Occupation: Baron of Dark Valley, Demon Servant ]

[ Class: None ]

[ Bloodline Lineage: Beelzebub (Partial-Royal), Viperscale Naga (Half-Noble) ]

[ Special Trait: Energy Converter (Artificial) ]

Physical Stats:

[ Strength: 240 ]

[ Agility: 259 ]

[ Defense: 245 ]

[ Mana: 18,352 /35,352 ]

[ Nether Energy: 5,000 /35,352 ]

[ Attribute points: 0 ]

Skills:

– [ Active: Doombringer Fortification -3 (C) Hellfire Dive (C), Earth Manipulation-12(D), Azure Ghost Blade (D), Venomous Ripper -2 (D)]

– [ Passive: Blazing Purge -2 (D), Predator's Instinct -25 (E), Health Regeneration -10 (E) ]

[ Special skills: Monster Breeding (Level-2) ]

[ Demonic Abilities:

– Basic: Darkness Pulse, Darkness Veil, Darkness Haki, Blood Regeneration, Hellfire Control, Poisonous Miasma Control, Body Duplication, Armoured Black Scales, Naganian Transformation

– Intermediate: Gluttony of Darkness

– Peak: Heart of Darkness.

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

[ Equipment: None ]

As he reviewed the data, Aengus felt a surge of satisfaction. This power was exactly what he needed to push forward in his quest for dominance.

Chapter 97: Chapter 97: March To Naga Tribe

Aengus quickly morphed back into his humanoid form, the power of his recent transformation still coursing through his veins. He looked at his subordinates, who stared back at him with awe, their eyes reflecting a mix of fear and reverence, like fanatical devotees witnessing a divine miracle.

“Congratulations, my lord!” Sienna and her father spoke in unison, their heads slightly bowed. Though their hearts were in turmoil, they masked their fear with forced smiles, knowing that showing any doubt could mean their end.

Butler Yu and the other subordinates quickly followed suit, their voices rising in a chorus of flattery. “Yes, my lord. Congratulations on becoming even more powerful!”

Aengus watched them with indifference, his expression unreadable. Their praise meant little to him; it was power he sought, and power he now possessed. “Butler Yu,” he commanded, his voice cold and authoritative, “choose three others to join you. I’m going to merge the four of you with the rest of the bodies.”

“As you wish, my lord,” Butler Yu responded, a glint of excitement in his eyes. He quickly began selecting three others, choosing those who were the most intelligent and hardworking among the group.

Sienna’s heart raced as she observed the scene, her mind reeling from the implications of Aengus’s power. “Oh, demon god, what kind of monster is he? Can he do this to others as well? Such a terrifying possibility!” She shivered, barely able to contain her fear.

Butler Yu soon returned with his choices. “My lord, these are the most suitable for your divine blessing,” he said, including himself among the chosen. The selected ones—Gabi, Maru, Beru, and Butler Yu—bowed their heads in submission. Two of them were Hellfire Gillians, while the other two were Double-headed Hydras..

Aengus eyed them, considering their potential. “Alright, you will do,” he finally said, his tone flat but commanding.

“Thank you for the generous reward, my lord. We will be your sword and shield,” they roared in unison, their voices filled with fervor.

As the process began, Sienna couldn’t tear her eyes away from the spectacle. The thought of what Aengus could achieve with such power both terrified and intrigued her. This man—no, this being—was unlike anything she had ever encountered. If he could turn others into beings as powerful as himself, what else was he capable of?

Sienna glanced at her father, who shared her unease.

Aengus activated his [Body Duplication] skill, watching as his form split into two identical bodies. He immediately noticed a significant drop in his stats, with his power reduced by 30%. Yet, despite this drawback, the ability to perform multiple tasks simultaneously and combine strength for more formidable attacks presented clear advantages.

His duplicated body and the original stood face-to-face, mirroring each other perfectly while sharing the same mind. Aengus could easily identify his true form by the larger reservoir of Consciousness power it possessed.

“Synthesis!” Aengus commanded, his voice echoing with authority as he initiated the merging process.

The transformations that followed were astonishing.

Gabi and Maru, who were originally Double-headed Hydras, underwent a dramatic change. Each of them grew an additional head, resulting in a terrifying Triple-headed Hydra. The new heads were not just reptilian but included a Naga head, a wolf head, and a crocodile head, each representing a unique and deadly aspect of the creatures they once were. Their size doubled, reaching an imposing 25 meters in height. The newly formed Hydras lowered their colossal heads in submission before Aengus, acknowledging his supreme power.

On the other side, the humanoid Hellfire Gillians—Beru and Butler Yu—experienced a different transformation. Though they retained their humanoid forms, their bodies became more muscular and robust, infused with Naganian characteristics. Their skin took on a subtle scale-like texture, and their eyes gleamed with a predatory light. Like Aengus, they now possessed the ability to transform into Nagas, further expanding their combat versatility.

Aengus observed his newly transformed subordinates with satisfaction. Gabi and Maru’s monstrous new forms radiated raw power, while Beru and Butler Yu, and embodied a perfect blend of humanoid intelligence and Naga ferocity.

Aengus climbed atop Gabi’s broad, scaly shoulder, towering over his subordinates like a living god. His gaze shifted toward Sienna, who instinctively began to fidget under his intense scrutiny, her nerves clearly rattled.

“Sienna and Sanka,” Aengus commanded, his voice cold and unwavering, “lead the way to your Naga tribe. We will conquer that place next.”

Sienna managed to muster a smile, though it was tinged with anxiety. “Yes, my lord,” she replied, her voice steady despite the storm of emotions churning inside her. She stepped forward, with her father following closely behind, leading the group toward their next target.

As they moved, Sienna’s initial happiness at the prospect of reuniting with her mother began to be overshadowed by worry. The Naga King, a powerful Elder demon, ruled her tribe with an iron fist, and his strength was legendary.

Could Aengus, despite his terrifying abilities, truly defeat someone like the Naga King? And what about the nearly one hundred Greater Demons that served him? Each one

was a formidable force in its own right, making the Naga King's domain a nearly impregnable fortress.

But despite her fears, Sienna felt no loyalty to the tribe she was leading Aengus to conquer. The Naga King's rule had been nothing but tyrannical, forcing the tribe members to toil endlessly under harsh conditions.

Most of them were as cruel as their ruler, with no sense of camaraderie or kindness to be found. Sienna's only concern was for her mother and little brother, the one person who had shown her any genuine care. The thought of seeing her again brought a glimmer of hope, but it was tempered by the dread of what lay ahead.

As they marched, Sienna couldn't help but glance back at Aengus, who sat atop Gabi with an air of absolute confidence.

—

The destination lay nearly 100 kilometers ahead. Along the way, they encountered numerous Hellfire wolves and other low-level creatures, which Aengus absorbed into his dimensional space to breed.

With each encounter, his forces within the dimensional space grew at an astonishing rate.

60, 80, 120, 170, 200, 350, 500.

From the initial 40 lesser demons, he now commanded over 500. These included not only wolves but also undead horses, skeletal warriors, spectral spiders, and Soulreaver tigers.

By absorbing their abilities, he enhanced his own demonic powers, making them more versatile with each acquisition. Alongside this he also collected some demonic cores from some of dead creatures to recover his energy and make use of those later on.

Sienna was too shocked to speak. In just a few hours, he had also gained control of 10 new greater demons, bringing his total to 15.

She could only regard him as an unfathomable being. The world was bound to change if he continued on this path.

Chapter 98: Chapter 98: Subjugation  
[ Monster Breeding ]

Level: 3

Dimensional Space: 500m (diameter)

Summonable Units:

- Pyrotoad Serpent: 1x (Level 20)
- Hellfire Wolves: 230x (Lesser Demons)
- Undead Horses: 50x (Lesser Demons)
- Skeletal Warriors: 69 (Lesser Demons)
- Spectral Spiders: 80x (Lesser Demons)
- Soulreaver Tigers: 75x (Lesser Demons)

As Aengus and his ever-growing army approached the outskirts of the Naga Tribe's territory, he surveyed the landscape from his vantage point atop Gabi, the three-headed Hydra.

The sight before him was both eerie and foreboding—a mid-sized village situated deep within swamps and marshlands, its wooden and bone-made houses huddled together behind a crude but imposing wall. The air was full with humidity, and the stench of decay wafted up from the stagnant waters surrounding the settlement.

Aengus's forces, now bolstered to over 500 Lesser Demons and 15 Greater Demons, moved silently through the marshes, their presence blending into the murky surroundings like shadows.

Each creature within his ranks was an embodiment of his power.

He also got some abilities from them: Spectral Spider Web for ensnaring enemies, Soul Drain to weaken foes and enhance his vitality, Pain Resistance to endure the harshest of battles, and Deathly Grasp to crush the life out of his enemies.

From his high perch, Aengus could see the flicker of torchlight within the village, the faint outlines of the Naga warriors patrolling the perimeter. The Naga King's forces were numerous and formidable, with dozens of Greater Demons under his command, but Aengus's confidence did not waver. He had come this far, amassing a small army in mere hours, and he knew that this village, and the power it held, would soon be his.

He turned his gaze toward Sienna, who was standing at the front of his forces with her father, Sanka. Both were visibly nervous, the gravity of what was about to unfold pressing down on them like the thick, oppressive air of the swamps. Sienna, despite her

anxiety, met Aengus's eyes and gave a slight nod, signaling that they had arrived at the threshold of their destination.

"Is that your tribe?" Aengus asked, his voice calm.

"Yes, my lord," Sienna replied, her voice steady despite the turmoil inside her. "That is the Naga Tribe's village. The Naga King resides within, surrounded by his strongest warriors. As I told before he had nearly 400 lesser demons and 50 Greater Demons that works under him. He is tyrannical and he won't wield so easily. "

Aengus looked back at the village, "We will see about that. It's time to show them the true meaning of power."

Sienna could only chuckled at that. "Only time will tell that."

With a gesture, he commanded his forces to halt just beyond the village's sight. The time for conquest was near, and he wanted to savor every moment of it. The Naga Tribe would soon learn that no wall could protect them from the might of Aengus and his ever-growing army.

"Prepare yourselves," Aengus ordered, his voice carrying across the ranks. "Tonight, we take this tribe, and with it, the power of the Naga King. Let no one stand in our way."

"Your wish is our command!"

The demons roared in unison, and his Legion howled that echoed through the marshes, signaling the beginning of the end for the Naga Tribe.

—

"Achoo!" One Naganian guard sneezed.

"Did you hear something?" The guard standing before the gate of the Naga tribe asked. There were three or four of them, all in their humanoid Naganian form.

"What? I didn't hear anything. You're imagining things," another guard replied with a laugh.

"Awoooo..."

"Huh, now you hear that? I told you I wasn't just hearing things," the first guard sneered.

"Yeah, I hear it too," the other guard admitted.

Paah!

“Bastard! If you can hear it, why haven’t you sounded the alert signal?” A stern-looking blue-skinned Naganian delivered a sharp slap, his face filled with anger at their stupidity.

“Uh, yes, right away, Captain!” The guard, holding his swollen cheek, replied hastily.

The captain cursed under his breath, “Useless morons.”

“Captain!” another guard called out, looking into the distance. “Captain, we’re under attack!” he shouted.

The captain turned to see and his heart skipped a beat. Hundreds of Hellfire wolves and other wild demonic creatures were charging toward them.

“Quick, inform everyone! Prepare for battle!” he shouted in panic.

“Yes, Captain!”

The sound of gongs echoed throughout the tribal community, alerting everyone.

Within minutes, nearly 300 lesser demons and 40 greater Nagas had gathered on the barren land before their tribe, ready for the imminent battle.

The tribesmen and women, along with the elders, watched anxiously from the gate and high-rise buildings.

In the distance, the Naganians spotted Aengus standing with an air of grace atop a three-headed Hydra. Surrounding him were his subordinates—sixteen mighty beasts, including three-headed Hydras and Hellfire Gillians, each radiating a formidable aura that sent shivers through the ranks of the Naga tribe.

“Who is that? He looks like the leader of this force. He seems powerful,” one of the guards muttered, his voice tinged with both awe and unease.

“Commander, should we inform the king?” a young Naga named Sentaro asked the robust and fierce-looking Naganian commander, his eyes wide with concern.

The Commander of the Nagas sneered, contempt dripping from his tone. “No need. He’s just another arrogant royal blood. I can sense it. Coming to defeat us with just sixteen greater demons? Ridiculous.”

Another guard, eager to curry favor, chimed in, “Yes, Commander! What a joke! We have forty greater demons here. We can crush him easily.”

“B-but... what if...” Sentaro stammered, his voice faltering as a sense of dread gnawed at him. Before he could voice his concerns, the commander cut him off sharply.

“Enough, Sentaro! Get back to your post. And why didn’t your father, Sanka, join us? Do you want this month’s resources or not?” the commander snapped, his eyes narrowing with irritation.

Sentaro hesitated, then replied, “Commander, my father went hunting but hasn’t returned since.” Without waiting for a response, he turned on his heel and walked away, ignoring the commander’s grumbling. A bitter sense of unfairness gnawed at him. His father risked his life on dangerous hunts, yet these cowards lounged around, hoarding the spoils and denying his family even a scrap of meat.

“Bastard! I’ll deal with your insolence later!” the commander cursed under his breath, but Sentaro didn’t care.

#### Chapter 99: Chapter 99: Spectral Death Strings

Aengus slowly dismounted from the three-headed Hydra, his every movement exuding a quiet, lethal grace. He walked to the frontline of his legion, where his subordinates stood ready, their eyes fixed on the enemy forces ahead. His expression remained calm, unreadable, betraying no hint of emotion as he surveyed the battlefield.

“Master, I have successfully combined Spectral Spider Web, Soul Drain, and Deathly Grasp to create a new technique: Spectral Death Strings ability. It’s highly effective against large numbers of targets, but the energy consumption is a little high,” Manas, his ever-present guide and strategist, spoke within his mind.

Aengus processed the information, his eyes narrowing slightly. “So, you couldn’t synthesize it with Gluttony of Darkness?” he asked, his thoughts calculated and measured.

“Apologies, Master, but you currently lack the sufficient energy required for that synthesis,” Manas responded with a hint of regret.

“Hmm... How much mana does it require?” Aengus inquired, his tone curious yet composed.

“Approximately 50,000 mana,” Manas informed him.

“Why is the energy requirement so high?” Aengus asked, his gaze still fixed on the enemy forces, though his mind was deeply engaged in the analysis.

“Master, it’s because the abilities you are attempting to combine are of royal bloodline origin. Such abilities inherently require a significant amount of energy to integrate with lower-level bloodline skills,” Manas explained, its tone matter-of-fact.

“I see,” Aengus acknowledged, his understanding deepening as he considered his options. “Then tell me, what are the chances of winning this fight?”

Manas took a fraction of a second, calculating the odds with precision before replying, “95.78%, Master.”

Aengus nodded slightly, the odds more than satisfactory. He exuded an air of quiet confidence as he prepared to unleash his full might against the Naganian forces.

Aengus gave the command telepathically to his legion, and within moments, his forces surged forward with terrifying speed and precision.

“Awooooo!” The Hellfire wolves howled, their cries echoing across the battlefield.

“Neigh! Neigh!” Undead horses reared, their hollow eyes glowing with a malevolent light as they charged ahead, skeletal warriors mounted on their backs. The spectral spiders scuttled forward with lightning speed, their movements fluid and deadly. Meanwhile, the Soulreaver Tigers, their black figures nearly invisible in the darkness, leaped forward like bolts of shadowy lightning, closing in on the enemy ranks.

Butler Yu, along with fifteen other greater demons, moved in unison with the rest, their powerful auras radiating a chilling presence as they advanced on Aengus’s orders.

Sienna glanced at her father, who had somehow recovered and now joined the fray at her side. Without hesitation, she leaped into action, to impress her new lord with actions.

“Sienna,” her father called out as they charged forward, his voice filled with concern, “your brother might be among the tribal forces. They must have already coerced him into joining them. I’m going to find and save him. Please, take care of yourself while I’m away.”

Sienna looked at him, offering a reassuring smile. “I’ll be fine, Father. That cold-faced demon didn’t send us here to die needlessly, right?”

Her father chuckled softly, his gaze filled with paternal affection before he transformed into his true Naga form, his body elongating and scales shimmering as he prepared to carry out his mission.

“Take care, Father!” Sienna called after him, her voice a mix of determination and worry.

With a steely resolve, Sienna transformed into her Medusa form, her stunning serpentine body gleaming with energy. Her eyes flashed dangerously as she unleashed her Petrifying Gaze on an enemy from the Naga tribe. She felt no remorse for betraying her own kind; the years of extortion and suffering they had inflicted on her family had fueled a deep-seated hatred within her.

In truth, she was enjoying the chance for revenge a little.

A wicked grin spread across her Snake face as she turned several of her former kin into stone statues, their expressions frozen in terror.

“Sienna! You treacherous bitch! How dare you harm your own kin? Have you really sided with an outsider?”

A voice, dripping with venom, cut through the chaos. Another Medusa from the Naga tribe slithered toward Sienna, her aura crackling with sinister intent.

Sienna sneered in response, her gaze cold and unyielding. “So what if I have? I’d rather be a whore for an outsider than continue to serve under a tyrant like you.”

“Y-You... Traitor! I’ll kill you!” the other Medusa hissed, her fury palpable.

Without another word, the two Medusas lunged at each other, their bodies coiling and twisting as they fought to crush one another. Their petrifying gazes were useless against each other, as both were immune to the very curse they wielded.

But Sienna had the upper hand. She was stronger now, having undergone a physical upgrade after synthesizing with the Hellfire Wolves. She had personally requested Aengus not to disfigure her Medusa form through the mutation caused by the synthesis, and he had obliged, thanks to Manas’s assistance.

Now, with her enhanced strength and the new ability to harness Hellfire, Sienna’s power was on a whole new level. Her scales gleamed with a fiery intensity, and the heat radiating from her body made the air around her shimmer.

As they struggled, Sienna let out a wicked laugh. “You have no idea what you’re up against. I’ve become more than just a Medusa now”

“Huh? What do mean by that?” The other Medusa felt a bad premonition as she began feel hot all around her body.

Without a word Sienna unleashed a burst of Hellfire, flames erupting from her body and engulfing her opponent.

“Argh! Hellfire? But how is that possible?”

The other Medusa screamed in agony, her flesh searing under the intense heat. Sienna tightened her grip, her strength bolstered by the flames, and began to crush her enemy with relentless force.

The battle was over quickly. The other Medusa’s body went limp, her once proud form now a smoldering, charred husk. Sienna released her lifeless foe, letting the body fall to the ground with a dull thud.

She looked down at her fallen kin with cold satisfaction. “This is what happens when you underestimate me. You should have known it bitch.”

With a flick of her tail, Sienna turned away from the corpse, only to be confronted by a towering demon—a Naga far more powerful than she had anticipated. “Uh, what bad luck!” she muttered under her breath.

The Naga loomed over her, releasing a breath of poisonous miasma, intent on corroding her to death.

“Die, you traitorous whore! How dare you kill my partner! You’re dead,” the Naga bellowed, his voice dripping with menace.

Sienna’s heart plummeted as she braced herself against his overwhelming strength, pouring every ounce of power she had into her defense.

But in the next moment, she witnessed a chilling sight—the Naga’s body convulsed, then crumpled to the ground with an ear-piercing shriek. The horrifying scene sent a shiver down her spine.

Chapter 100: Chapter 100: Fight With The Naga King  
A Few Moments Ago.

As Aengus observed the battle unfolding, he frowned, realizing that the greater demons were interfering far earlier than anticipated.

“It’s time...”

“Body Duplication!”

In an instant, Aengus split into two.

“Manas, calculate the distance and aim for Drath Strings on the larger targets,” he commanded.

“Calculating...

Calculation complete, Master. I can take control of your doppelganger to execute the strikes, if you prefer,” Manas suggested.

“Do it,” Aengus agreed, knowing it would be difficult to precisely target multiple enemies with just his own mind. But Manas was different—precise and calculating as an intelligent being.

“Great!” Manas’ cheerful voice echoed as she temporarily took over the doppelganger, and Aengus’s duplicate’s eyes shifted from black to a glowing blue.

“Wait! Don’t kill them completely—we need them for our Legion!” the real Aengus reminded.

The doppelganger smiled playfully, nodding. “Yes, Master. I know.” She seemed to relish the chance to stretch her muscles in the borrowed body.

“”Spectral Death Strings!””

Both Aengus and his doppelganger (Manas) activated the ability simultaneously, releasing invisible threads from their fingertips, delicate and deadly like spider webs.

With a swift wave of their hands, the Death Strings shot toward the enemy Nagas, all of whom were Greater Demon rank.

One of the strings even reached Sienna, saving her from certain doom.

Sienna glanced instinctively toward her new lord and gave him a grateful nod, understanding it was his doing.

In an instant, more than 15 Greater Demons were incapacitated, bound by the spectral strings but not entirely slain.

Aengus took note of the cost—each use of the ability drained 5,000 Nether energy. Without hesitation, he converted a portion of his remaining Mana into Nether energy. One more use of the ability, and victory would be his.

The enemy ranks were thrown into chaos, fear spreading like wildfire at the sight of their fallen comrades.

“Commander! Commander! Call the Naga King! That man is dangerous—we need his majesty’s help, or we’ll all be dead!” Naga soldiers shouted in terror.

The commander furrowed his brows. “Silence! His majesty will be here any moment. That man will be dealt with swiftly. Do not panic. Understood?”

But before they could respond, a towering figure loomed behind the commander—the Naga King himself had arrived. The soldiers immediately bowed in respect.

“Commander Zula, what happened here? Why wasn’t I informed sooner?” the King demanded sternly, his imposing presence dwarfing even the commander.

The Naga King towered at nearly 40 meters tall, with seven heads crowned by a gleaming, jeweled crown atop his largest head. His scales were a deep blue, streaked with red, and contrasted against the black of his formidable body.

“Your Majesty, a half-breed royal has declared war on us! Please, kill him immediately!” the commander bowed low, his snake-like head trembling with urgency.

“Hmph! Who dares to challenge me?” the Naga King scoffed, his many eyes scanning the battlefield. He soon spotted Aengus’s two forms, their synchronized gestures performing something beyond belief.

“Your Majesty, help!” came the panicked cries of his soldiers, as another ten Greater Demons fell, one by one, incapacitated by the unseen strings.

The Naga King’s expression darkened, fury surging through him. His many heads twisted in rage.

“Audacious! How dare he challenge me!” he roared. “Die!”

With a bellow of rage, the Naga King unleashed a dense cloud of poisonous miasma from his body, gliding with terrifying speed toward Aengus. Along the way, he crushed and slew any wolves that dared block his path, their bodies collapsing as he advanced.

However, his massacre of the wolves was futile. Aengus could revive them with some efforts later on.

Aengus sensed the Naga King’s presence and quickly activated Appraisal to see its information to counter them.

[ Appraisal ]

[ Name: Nagashar Drazzorth (Bestowed by Ancient Red Serpent)

[ Age: 199 years ]

[ Blessing: Blessing Of Ancient Red Serpent ]

[ Abilities:

- [ Venomous Domain ]
- [ Serpent Crown of Illusion ]
- [ Poisonous Miasma Control ]
- [ Petrifying Gaze ]
- [Body Duplication ]
- [ Naganian Transformation ]

“ ... ”

Aengus stared at the approaching Naga King, momentarily speechless as he took in the information and power of the creature.

“Manas, are you sure you calculated the odds correctly?” Aengus asked, raising an eyebrow in concern.

Manas, standing opposite him, grinned confidently. “Yes, Master. Don’t worry. I’ll be joining you as well. I can disperse his illusions, and you can use your darkness abilities to resist his Petrifying Gaze.” Manas flashed a bright smile, seemingly unfazed by the towering threat.

With a shrug, Aengus shifted his focus back to the battlefield, fully aware that the coming clash would be one of the toughest he’d ever faced.

The Naga King, with his seven heads and a body the size of a small mountain, suddenly leapt into the air, unleashing his Venomous Domain. Instantly, a 500-meter radius was consumed by a hellish atmosphere, toxic fumes choking the life from the very air.

“Doombringer Fortification!”

“Darkness Haki!”

“Armored Black Scales!”

Aengus and Manas activated their defensive and boost abilities, trying to hold off the overwhelming force of the venomous domain. Even with these layers of protection, Aengus felt a tingling sensation crawl across his skin. Glancing at his hand, he noticed faint blue smudges appearing—poison, though barely visible.

Thanks to his Pain Resistance, Aengus felt little discomfort, but the creeping poison was undeniable. He clenched his fist, feeling the raw power of his 2,400 stat points coursing through his body.

As the Naga King's massive form came crashing down from above, Aengus and Manas moved with enhanced agility, swiftly dodging to either side.

The Naga King, now enraged, roared, "Who are you? Why are you attacking our peaceful tribe?!"

Aengus met the creature's furious gaze with a laugh. "Conquer, of course. Surrender and serve me, and you'll be spared," Aengus said, his voice domineering and merciful.

"Hahaha... Puny half-breed, you really think with your meager power you can defeat me? I'll kill you first, then crush those ants!" the Naga King sneered, his seven heads twisting with malice.

Aengus, standing fearlessly with his arms crossed, smirked. "As you wish. You won't get a second chance."

While the exchange continued, Manas quickly took the opportunity and launched a black fireball at the Naga King.

Sensing the incoming threat, the Naga King turned with a menacing grin. "You're too young to try that trick on me, insolent one!"

With a terrifying hiss, he opened all seven of his mouths, gathering a massive amount of miasma into a single concentrated point. In an instant, he unleashed the deadly cloud, targeting both the fireball and Manas with devastating force.